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ROMANCES,
NOVELS, AND TALES.

BY

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND Co.

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES,

FINSBURY-SQUARE.

1806.

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!

Z A D I G;

OR,

F A T E.

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

†

A

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APPROBATION.

I The underwritten, who have obtained the character of a learned, and even of an ingenious man, have read this manuscript, which, in spite of myself, I have found to be curious, entertaining, moral, philosophical, and capable of affording pleasure even to those who hate romances. I have therefore decried it; and have assured the Cadi-lesquier that it is an abominable performance.

APPENDIX

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Government of the State of New York, since the year 1800, and who have since that time held the same. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and the year in which they were appointed is given in parentheses. The names of the persons who have held the same offices more than once are given in italics.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO THE

SULTANA SHERAA.

BY SADI.

*The 18th of the Month SCHEWAL, in the 837th
Year of the HEGIRA.*

DELIGHT of the eyes, torment of the heart, and light of the mind, I kiss not the dust of thy feet, because thou never walkest; or walkest only on the carpets of Iran, or in paths strewed with roses. I offer thee the translation of a book, written by an ancient sage; who, having the happiness to have nothing to do, amused himself in composing the history of Zadig; a work which performs more than it promises. I beseech thee to read and examine it; for, though thou art in the spring of life, and every pleasure courts thee to its embrace; though thou art beautiful, and thy beauty be embellished by thy admirable talents; though thou art praised from evening to morning, and, on all these accounts, hast a right to be devoid of common sense; yet thou hast a sound judgment, and a fine taste; and I have heard thee reason with more accuracy than the old dervises, with their long beards and pointed bonnets.

Thou

Thou art discreet, without being distrustful; gentle without weakness; and beneficent with discernment. Thou lovest thy friends, and makest thyself no enemies. Thy wit never borrows its charms from the shafts of detraction; thou neither sayest nor doest any ill, notwithstanding that both are so much in thy power. In a word, thy soul hath always appeared to me to be as pure and un sullied as thy beauty. Besides, thou hast some little knowledge in philosophy, which makes me believe that thou wilt take more pleasure than others of thy sex in perusing the work of this venerable sage.

It was originally written in the ancient Chaldee, a language which neither thou nor I understand. It was afterwards translated into the Arabic, to amuse the famous sultan Ouloug beg, much about the time that the Arabians and the Persians began to write the Thousand and One Nights, the Thousand and One Days, &c. Ouloug was fond of reading Zadig, but the sultanas were fonder of the Thousand and One. "How can you prefer (would the wise Ouloug say to them) those stories which have neither sense nor meaning?" "It is for that very reason (replied the sultanas) that we like them."

I FLATTER myself that thou wilt not resemble these thy predecessors; but that thou wilt be a true Ouloug. I even hope, that when thou art tired
with

with those general conversations, which differ from the Thousand and One in nothing but in being less agreeable, I shall have the honour to entertain thee for a moment with a rational discourse. Hadst thou been Thalestris, in the time of Scander the son of Philip; hadst thou been the queen of Sheba in the time of Solomon, these are the very kings that would have paid thee a visit.

I pray the heavenly powers, that thy pleasures may be unmixed, thy beauty never fading, and thy happiness without end.

SADI.

those general considerations which have
 been mentioned in the preceding chapter
 of the general principles of the law of
 evidence, and which are now to be
 applied to the particular case of the
 law of evidence in the trial of a
 criminal case. It is to be observed
 that the law of evidence in the trial
 of a criminal case is not the same
 as the law of evidence in the trial
 of a civil case. It is to be
 observed that the law of evidence
 in the trial of a criminal case is
 more liberal than the law of
 evidence in the trial of a civil
 case. It is to be observed that
 the law of evidence in the trial
 of a criminal case is more liberal
 than the law of evidence in the
 trial of a civil case.

I have the pleasure to inform you that
 the enclosed copy of the report
 of the committee on the subject
 of the proposed amendments to
 the law of evidence in the trial
 of a criminal case has been
 forwarded to you by the
 Secretary of the Department.

Yours faithfully,
 J. H. [Name]

Z A D I G*.

AN

ORIENTAL HISTORY.

The BLIND of One EYE.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of king Moabdar, a young man, named Zadig, of a good natural disposition, strengthened and improved by education. Tho' rich and young, he had learned to moderate his passions: he had nothing stiff or affected in his behaviour; he did not pretend to examine every action by the strict rules of reason, but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakness of mankind. It was matter of surprize, that, notwithstanding his sprightly wit, he never exposed by his raillery those vague, incoherent, and noisy discourses, those rash censures, ignorant decisions, coarse jests, and all that empty jingle of words which at Babylon went by the name of Conversation. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that self-love is a foot-ball swelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the most terrible tempests issue forth. Above all,

* The reader will at once perceive that this piece is a diverting picture of human life, in which the author has ingeniously contrived to ridicule and stigmatize the follies and vices that abound in every station.

VOL. I.

B

†

Zadig

Zadig never boasted of his conquests among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair sex. He was generous, and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful; remembering the grand precept of Zoroaster, "When thou eatest, give to the dogs, should they even bite thee." He was as wise as it is possible for man to be; for he sought to live with the wife. Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy, such as they were then supposed to be; and knew as much of metaphysics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all. He was firmly persuaded, notwithstanding the new philosophy of the times, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, and that the sun was in the center of the world. But when the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his sentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the state to believe that the sun revolved round its own axis, and that the year had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modesty and meekness*.

Possessed as he was of great riches, and consequently of many friends, blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might easily be happy. He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the first match in Babylon. He had a real and virtuous affection

* Alluding to the story of Galileo, who was imprisoned in the inquisition at Rome under Pope Urban VIII. for having taught the motion of the earth, and obliged to retract that doctrine.

for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate fondness. The happy moment was almost arrived, that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm-trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they saw some men approaching, armed with sabres and arrows. These were the attendants of young Orcan, the minister's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do every thing with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig; but thinking himself a much more accomplished man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him. This jealousy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was desperately in love with Semira; and accordingly he resolved to carry her off. The ravishers seized her; in the violence of the outrage they wounded her, and made the blood flow from a person, the sight of which would have softened the tygers of mount Imaus. She pierced the heavens with her complaints. She cried out, "My dear husband! they tear me from the man I adore." Regardless of her own danger, she was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the mean time, defended himself with all the strength that courage and love could inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the ravishers to flight, and carried home Semira, insensible and bloody as she was. On opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, "O Zadig, (said she,) I loved thee formerly as my intended husband; I now love thee as the preserver of my honour and my life." Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira. Never did a more charming mouth express more moving

sentiments, in those glowing words inspired by a sense of the greatest of all favours, and by the most tender transports of a lawful passion. Her wound was slight, and was soon cured. Zadig was more dangerously wounded; an arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a considerable depth. Semira wearied heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover. Her eyes were constantly bathed in tears; she anxiously waited the happy moment when those of Zadig should be able to meet her's; but an abscess growing on the wounded eye, gave every thing to fear. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He visited the patient, and declared that he would lose his eye. He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. "Had it been the right eye, (said he) I could easily have cured it; but the wounds of the left eye are incurable." All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. In two days the abscess broke of its own accord, and Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book, to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it: but, as soon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a visit to her in whom all his hopes of happiness were centered, and for whose sake alone he wished to have eyes. Semira had been in the country for three days past. He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that she had an unconquerable aversion to one-eyed men, had the night before given her hand to Orcan. At this news he fell speechless to the ground. His sorrows brought him almost to the brink of the grave. He was long indisposed; but reason at last

last got the better of his affliction; and the severity of his fate served even to console him.

“ Since (said he) I have suffered so much from the cruel caprice of a woman educated at court, I must now think of marrying the daughter of a citizen.” He pitched upon Azora, a lady of the greatest prudence, and of the best family in town. He married her; and lived with her for three months in all the delights of the most tender union. He only observed that she had a little levity; and was too apt to find that those young men who had the most handsome persons were likewise possessed of most wit and virtue.

The N O S E.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion, and uttering the most violent exclamations. “ What aileth thee, (said he) my dear spouse? what is it that can thus have discomposed thee?” “ Alas, (said she) thou wouldest be as much enraged as I am, hadst thou seen what I have just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who, within these two days, hath raised a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow. She vowed to heaven, in the bitterness of her grief, to remain at this tomb, while the water of the rivulet should continue to run near it.” “ Well, (said Zadig) she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection.” “ Ah, (replied Azora) didst thou but know in what she was employed when I went to wait upon her!” “ In what, pray, beautiful Azora? was she turning the course of the rivulet?” Azora broke out into such

such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue.

Zadig had a friend, named Cador, one of those young men in whom his wife discovered more probity and merit than in others. He made him his confidant, and secured his fidelity as much as possible, by a considerable present. Azora having passed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The servants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her husband died suddenly the night before; that they were afraid to send her an account of this mournful event; and that they had just been depositing his corpse in the tomb of his ancestors, at the end of the garden. She wept, she tore her hair, and swore she would follow him to the grave. In the evening, Cador begged leave to wait upon her, and joined his tears with her's. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador told her, that his friend had left him the greatest part of his estate; and that he should think himself extremely happy in sharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a passion, and at last became more mild and gentle. They sat longer at supper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praised the deceased; but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During supper, Cador complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to serve him, caused all kinds of essences to be brought, with which she anointed him, to try if some of them might not possibly ease him of his pain. She lamented that the great Hermes was not still in Babylon. She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain.

pain. "Art thou subject to this cruel disorder?" said she to him with a compassionate air. "It sometimes brings me (replied Cador) to the brink of the grave; and there is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man who is lately dead." "A strange remedy, indeed!" said Azora. "Not more strange (replied he) than the sachets of Arnou against the apoplexy*." This reason, added to the great merit of the young man, at last determined the lady. "After all, (says she) when my husband shall cross the bridge Tchinarar, in his journey to the other world, the angel Asrael will not refuse him a passage, because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first." She then took a razor, went to her husband's tomb, bedewed it with her tears, and drew near to cut off the nose of Zadig, whom she found extended at full length in the tomb. Zadig arose, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the razor with the other, "Madam, (said he) don't exclaim so violently against young Cosrou: the project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet †."

The DOG and the HORSE.

ZADIG found by experience, that the first month of marriage, as it is written in the

* There was at that time a Babylonian named Arnou, who, according to his advertisements in the Gazettes, cured and prevented all kinds of apoplexies, by a little bag hung about the neck.

† One sees the author had in his eye the well-known fable of the Ephesian matron.

book of Zend, is the moon of honey, and that the second is the moon of wormwood. He was some time after obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to be pleased; and he then sought for happiness in the study of nature. "No man (said he) can be happier than a philosopher, who reads in this great book, which God hath placed before our eyes. The truths he discovers are his own, he nourishes and exalts his soul; he lives in peace; he fears nothing from men; and his tender spouse will not come to cut off his nose."

Possessed of these ideas, he retired to a country-house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himself in calculating how many inches of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouse more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuchs running towards him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. "Young man, (said the first eunuch) hast thou seen the queen's dog?" "It is a bitch, (replied Zadig with great modesty) and not a dog." "Thou art in the right," returned the first eunuch. "It is a very small she-spaniel, (added Zadig); she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears." "Thou hast seen her," said the first

first eunuch, quite out of breath. "No, (replied Zadig) I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the other officers, run after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the first eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the king's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the king's stable, (replied Zadig); he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and an half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny-weights." "What way did he take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman. "I have not seen him, (replied Zadig) and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the assembly of the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia*. Hardly was the sentence passed when the horse and the bitch were both found. The judges were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of reversing

* Here the author seems to have forgot himself; otherwise he would never have dreamed of inflicting a Russian punishment on a Babylonian criminal; far less of sending him in exile from the banks of the Euphrates into the deserts of Siberia.

their sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the grand desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

“Ye stars of justice, abyss of sciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the splendour of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold: Since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Oromades, that I have never seen the queen’s respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking towards the little wood, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that therefore she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand near the marks of the fore-feet, shewed me that she had very long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our august queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

“With regard to the horse of the king of kings, you will be pleased to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a
horse’s

horse's shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees that formed an arbour five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen; from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touchstone, and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with silver eleven deniers fine." All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment. The news of this speech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet; and though many of the Magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a forcerer, the king ordered his officers to restore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The register, the attornies, and bailiffs, went to his house with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only retained three hundred and ninety-eight of them to defray the expenses of justice; and their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how extremely dangerous it sometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore resolved,

that on the next occasion of the like nature he would not tell what he had seen.

Such an opportunity soon offered. A prisoner of state made his escape, and passed under the windows of Zadig's house. Zadig was examined and made no answer. But it was proved that he had looked at the prisoner from this window. For this crime he was condemned to pay five hundred ounces of gold; and, according to the polite custom of Babylon, he thanked his judges for their indulgence. "Great God! said he to himself, what a misfortune it is to walk in a wood through which the queen's bitch or the king's horse have passed! how dangerous to look out at a window! and how difficult to be happy in this life!"

The ENVIOUS MAN.

ZADIG resolved to comfort himself by philosophy and friendship, for the evils he had suffered from fortune. He had in the suburbs of Babylon a house elegantly furnished, in which he assembled all the arts and all the pleasures worthy the pursuit of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to the learned. In the evening, his table was surrounded by good company. But he soon found what very dangerous guests these men of letters are. A warm dispute arose on one of Zoroaster's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin. "Why, said some of them, prohibit the eating of a griffin, if there is no such animal in nature?" "There must necessarily be such an animal, (said the others,) since Zoroaster forbids us to eat it." Zadig would fain have reconciled them by saying, "If there are no griffins,
we

we cannot possibly eat them; and thus either way we shall obey Zoroaster."

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was besides the chief theurgite, hastened away to accuse Zadig before one of the principal Magi, named Yebor, the greatest blockhead, and therefore the greatest fanatick among the Chaldeans. This man would have empaled Zadig to do honour to the sun, and would then have recited the breviary of Zoroaster with greater satisfaction. The friend Cador (a friend is better than a hundred priests) went to Yebor, and said to him, "Long live the sun and the griffins; beware of punishing Zadig; he is a faint; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them; and his accuser is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean." "Well, (said Yebor, shaking his bald pate) we must empale Zadig for having thought contemptuously of griffins, and the other for having spoke disrespectfully of rabbits." Cador hushed up the affair by means of a maid of honour who had bore him a child, and who had great interest in the college of the Magi. No body was empaled. This lenity occasioned a great murmuring among some of the doctors, who from thence predicted the fall of Babylon*. "Upon what does happiness depend, (said Zadig) I am persecuted by every thing in the world, even on account of beings that have no existence." He cursed those men of learning, and resolved for the future to live with none but good company.

* This is a severe satire upon those cruel bigots who persecute all such as presume to differ from established opinions, though purely speculative.

He assembled at his house the most worthy men, and the most beautiful ladies of Babylon. He gave them delicious suppers, often preceded by concerts of musick, and always animated by polite conversation, from which he knew how to banish that affectation of wit, which is the surest method of preventing it entirely, and of spoiling the pleasure of the most agreeable society. Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of the dishes, was made by vanity; for in every thing he preferred the substance to the shadow; and by these means he procured that real respect to which he did not aspire.

Opposite to his house lived one Arimazes, a man whose deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his still more deformed mind. His heart was a mixture of malice, pride, and envy. Having never been able to succeed in any of his undertakings, he revenged himself on all around him, by loading them with the blackest calumnies. Rich as he was, he found it difficult to procure a set of flatterers. The rattling of the chariots that entered Zadig's court in the evening filled him with uneasiness; the sound of his praises enraged him still more. He sometimes went to Zadig's house, and sat down at table without being desired; where he spoiled all the pleasure of the company, as the harpies are said to infect the viands they touch. It happened that one day he took it in his head to give an entertainment to a lady, who, instead of accepting it, went to sup with Zadig. At another time, as he was talking with Zadig at Court, a Minister of State came up to them, and invited Zadig to supper, without inviting Arimazes. The most implacable hatred has seldom a more solid foundation. This man, who in Babylon was called the *Envious*; resolved to ruin Zadig, because he was called the *Happy*.

Happy. “ The opportunity of doing mischief occurs a hundred times in a day, and that of doing good but once a year,” as sayeth the wife Zoroafter.

The envious man went to see Zadig, who was walking in his garden with two friends and a lady, to whom he said many gallant things, without any other intention than that of saying them. The conversation turned upon a war which the king had just brought to a happy conclusion against the prince of Hircania, his vassal. Zadig, who had signalized his courage in this short war, bestowed great praises on the king, but greater still on the lady. He took out his pocket-book, and wrote four lines extempore, which he gave to this amiable person to read. His friends begged they might see them; but modesty, or rather a well-regulated self-love, would not allow him to grant their request. He knew that extemporary verses are never approved by any but by the person in whose honour they are written. He therefore tore in two the leaf on which he had wrote them, and threw both the pieces into a thicket of rose bushes where the rest of the company sought for them in vain. A slight shower falling soon after, obliged them to return to the house. The envious man, who staid in the garden, continued to search, till at last he found a piece of the leaf. It had been torn in such a manner, that each half of a line formed a complete sense, and even a verse of a shorter measure; but what was still more surprising, these short verses were found to contain the most injurious reflections on the king; they ran thus:

To flagrant crimes
His Crown he owes,

To

To peaceful times
The worst of foes.

The envious man was now happy for the first time of his life. He had it in his power to ruin a person of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-like joy, he found means to convey to the king the satire written by the hand of Zadig, who, together with the lady and his two friends, was thrown into prison.

His trial was soon finished, without his being permitted to speak for himself. As he was going to receive his sentence, the envious man threw himself in his way, and told him with a loud voice, that his verses were good for nothing. Zadig did not value himself on being a good poet; but it filled him with inexpressible concern to find that he was condemned for high treason; and that the fair lady and his two friends were confined in prison for a crime of which they were not guilty. He was not allowed to speak because his writing spoke for him. Such was the law of Babylon. Accordingly he was conducted to the place of execution, through an immense crowd of spectators, who durst not venture to express their pity for him, but who carefully examined his countenance, to see if he died with a good grace. His relations alone were inconsolable; for they could not succeed to his estate. Three fourths of his wealth were confiscated into the king's treasury, and the other fourth was given to the envious man.

Just as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a rose bush in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and
had

had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket-book to which it stuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerness, and read the words, which formed no sense, and seemed to be the endings of verses. He loved poetry; and there is always some mercy to be expected from a prince of that disposition. The adventure of the parrot set him a thinking.

The queen, who remembered what had been written on the piece of Zadig's pocket-book, caused it to be brought. They compared the two pieces together, and found them to tally exactly: they then read the verses as Zadig had wrote them.

*Tyrants are prone to flagrant Crimes ;
To Clemency his Crown he owes ;
To Concord and to peaceful Times,
Love only is the worst of Foes.*

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig should be brought before him, and that his two friends and the lady should be set at liberty: Zadig fell prostrate on the ground before the king and queen; humbly begged their pardon for having made such bad verses, and spoke with so much propriety, wit, and good sense, that their majesties desired they might see him again: He did himself that honour, and insinuated himself still farther into their good graces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man; but Zadig restored him back the whole of it; and this instance of generosity gave no other pleasure to the envious man than that of having preserved his estate. The king's esteem

for Zadig increased every day. He admitted him into all his parties of pleasure, and consulted him in all affairs of state. From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderness, that might one day prove dangerous to herself, to the king her august consort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general. Zadig now began to think that happiness was not so unattainable as he had formerly imagined.

The GENEROUS.

THE time was now arrived for celebrating a grand festival, which returned every five years. It was a custom in Babylon solemnly to declare, at the end of every five years, which of the citizens had performed the most generous action. The grandees and the magi were the judges. The first satrape, who was charged with the government of the city, published the most noble actions that had passed under his administration. The competition was decided by votes; and the king pronounced the sentence. People came to this solemnity from the extremities of the earth. The conqueror received from the monarch's hands a golden cup adorned with precious stones, his majesty at the same time making him this compliment: "Receive this reward of thy generosity, and may the gods grant me many subjects like to thee."

This memorable day being come, the king appeared on his throne, surrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that

came

came to these games, where glory was acquired not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength of body, but by virtue. The first satrape recited, with an audible voice, such actions as might entitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize. He did not mention the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored the envious man his fortune, because it was not judged to be an action worthy of disputing the prize.

He first presented a judge, who having made a citizen lose a considerable cause by a mistake, for which, after all, he was not accountable, had given him the whole of his own estate, which was just equal to what the other had lost.

He next produced a young man; who being desperately in love with a lady whom he was going to marry, had yielded her up to his friend, whose passion for her had almost brought him to the brink of the grave, and at the same time had given him the lady's fortune.

He afterwards produced a soldier, who, in the wars of Hircania, had given a still more noble instance of generosity. A party of the enemy having seized his mistress, he fought in her defence with great intrepidity. At that very instant he was informed that another party, at the distance of a few paces, were carrying off his mother; he therefore left his mistress with tears in his eyes, and flew to the assistance of his mother. At last, he returned to the dear object of his love, and found her expiring. He was just going to plunge his sword in his own bosom; but his mother remonstrating against such a desperate deed, and telling him that he was the only support of her life, he had the courage to endure to live.

The judges were inclined to give the prize to

the soldier. But the king took up the discourse and said, "The action of the soldier, and those of the other two, are doubtless very great; but they have nothing in them surprising. Yesterday Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before disgraced Coreb, my minister and favourite. I complained of him in the most violent and bitter terms; all my courtiers assured me that I was too gentle, and seemed to vie with each other in speaking ill of Coreb. I asked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our histories of many people who have atoned for an error by the surrender of their fortune; who have resigned a mistress; or preferred a mother to the object of their affection; but never before did I hear of a courtier who spoke favourably of a disgraced minister, that laboured under the displeasure of his sovereign. I give to each of those whose generous actions have been now recited, twenty thousand pieces of gold; but the cup I give to Zadig."

"May it please your majesty, (said Zadig,) thyself alone deservest the cup; thou hast performed an action of all others the most uncommon and meritorious, since, notwithstanding thy being a powerful king, thou wast not offended at thy slave, when he presumed to oppose thy passion." The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his estate to his client; the lover who had resigned his mistress to his friend; and the soldier, who had preferred the safety of his mother to that of his mistress, received the king's presents, and saw their names inrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The day

day was celebrated by feasts that lasted longer than the law enjoined; and the memory of it is still preserved in Asia. Zadig said, "Now I am happy at last;" but he found himself fatally deceived.

The MINISTER.

THE king had lost his first minister, and chose Zadig to supply his place. All the ladies in Babylon applauded the choice; for since the foundation of the empire there had never been such a young minister. But all the courtiers were filled with jealousy and vexation. The envious man, in particular, was troubled with a spitting of blood, and a prodigious inflammation in his nose. Zadig having thanked the king and queen for their goodness, went likewise to thank the parrot. "Beautiful bird, (said he) 'tis thou that hast saved my life, and made me first minister. The queen's bitch and the king's horse did me a great deal of mischief; but thou hast done me much good. Upon such slender threads as these do the fates of mortals hang! but (added he) this happiness perhaps will vanish very soon." "Soon," replied the parrot. Zadig was somewhat startled at this word. But as he was a good natural philosopher, and did not believe parrots to be prophets, he quickly recovered his spirits, and resolved to execute his duty to the best of his power.

He made every one feel the sacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan; and every vizier might give his opinion without the fear of incurring the minister's displeasure. When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it,

it, it was the law ; the rigour of which, however, whenever it was too severe, he always took care to soften; and when laws were wanting, the equity of his decisions was such as might easily have made them pass for those of Zoroaster.

It is to him that the nations are indebted for this grand principle, to wit, that it is better to run the risk of sparing the guilty than to condemn the innocent. He imagined that laws were made as well to secure the people from the suffering of injuries as to restrain them from the commission of crimes. His chief talent consisted in discovering the truth, which all men seek to obscure. This great talent he put in practice from the very beginning of his administration. A famous merchant of Babylon, who died in the Indies, divided his estate equally between his two sons, after having disposed of their sister in marriage, and left a present of thirty thousand pieces of gold to that son who should be found to have loved him best. The eldest raised a tomb to his memory; the youngest increased his sister's portion, by giving her a part of his inheritance. Every one said that the eldest son loved his father best, and the youngest his sister; and that the thirty thousand pieces belonged to the eldest.

Zadig sent for both of them, the one after the other. To the eldest he said, "Thy father is not dead; he is recovered of his last illness, and is returning to Babylon." "God be praised, (replied the young man,) but his tomb cost me a considerable sum." Zadig afterwards said the same thing to the youngest. "God be praised, (said he) I will go and restore to my father all that I have; but I could wish that he would leave my sister what I have given her." "Thou shalt restore nothing,

thing, replied Zadig, and thou shalt have the thirty thousand pieces, for thou art the son who loves his father best."

A young lady possessed of a handsome fortune had given a promise of marriage to two magi; and after having, for some months, received the instructions of both, she, proved with child. They were both desirous of marrying her. "I will take for my husband, said she, the man who has put me in a condition to give a subject to the state." "I am the man that has done the work," said the one. "I am the man that has done it," said the other. "Well, replied the lady, I will acknowledge for the infant's father him that can give it the best education." The lady was delivered of a son. The two magi contended who should bring him up, and the cause was carried before Zadig. Zadig summoned the two magi to attend him. "What will you teach your pupil?" said he to the first. "I will teach him, (said the doctor) the eight parts of speech, logick, astrology, pneumatics, what is meant by substance and accident, abstract and concrete, the doctrine of the monades, and the pre-established harmony." "For my part, (said the second) I will endeavour to give him a sense of justice, and to make him worthy the friendship of good men." Zadig then cried, "Whether thou art his father or not, thou shalt have his mother.

The DISPUTES and the AUDIENCES.

IN this manner he daily discovered the subtilty of his genius and the goodness of his heart. The people at once admired and loved him. He passed for the happiest man in the world. The whole

whole empire re-founded with his name. All the ladies ogled him. All the men praised him for his justice. The learned regarded him as an oracle; and even the priests confessed that he knew more than the old archmagi Yebor. They were now so far from prosecuting him on account of the griffins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible.

There had reigned in Babylon, for the space of fifteen hundred years, a violent contest that had divided the empire into two sects. The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mitra with the left foot foremost*; the other held this custom in detestation, and always entered with the right foot first. The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the solemn feast of the sacred fire was to be celebrated, to see which sect Zadig would favour. All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was in the utmost suspense and perturbation. Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together; and afterwards proved, in an eloquent discourse, that the Sovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the persons of men, makes no distinction between the right and the left foot. The envious man and his wife alledged that his discourse was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains to dance with sufficient agility. "He is dry, (said they) and void of genius: he does not make the sea to fly, and stars to fall, nor the sun to melt like wax: he has not the true oriental stile." Zadig contented himself with having the stile of reason. All the

* This is probably a glance at the disputes about Jansenism, which, though in themselves insignificant, have divided France into two inveterate factions.

world favoured him, not because he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reason, or was a man of real merit, but because he was prime vizier.

He terminated with the same happy address the grand difference between the white and the black magi. The former maintained that it was the height of impiety to pray to God with the face turned towards the east in winter; the latter asserted that God abhorred the prayers of those who turned towards the west in summer. Zadig decreed that every man should be allowed to turn as he pleased.

Thus he found out the happy secret of finishing all affairs, whether of a private or public nature, in the morning. The rest of the day he employed in superintending and promoting the embellishments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the spectators, and comedies that shook their sides with laughter; a custom which had long been disused, and which his good taste now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artists themselves; he encouraged them by rewards and honours, and was never jealous of their talents. In the evening the king was highly entertained with his conversation, and the queen still more. "Great minister!" said the king. "Amiable minister!" said the queen; and both of them added, "it would have been a great loss to the state had such a man been hanged."

Never was man in power obliged to give so many audiences to the ladies. Most of them came to consult him about——no business at all, that so they might have some business with him. The wife of the envious man was among the first. She swore to him by Mitra, by Zenda Vesta, and by

the sacred fire, that she detested her husband's conduct: she then told him in confidence that he was a jealous brutal wretch; and gave him to understand that heaven punished him for his crimes, by refusing him the precious effects of the sacred fire, by which alone man can be rendered like the gods. At last she concluded by dropping her garter. Zadig took it up with his usual politeness, but did not tie it about the lady's leg; and this slight fault, if it may be called a fault, was the cause of the most terrible misfortunes. Zadig never thought of it more; but the lady thought of it with great attention.

Never a day passed without several visits from the ladies. The secret annals of Babylon pretend that he once yielded to the temptation, but that he was surprised to find that he enjoyed his mistress without pleasure, and embraced her without distraction. The lady to whom he gave, almost without being sensible of it, these marks of his favour, was a maid of honour to queen Astarte. This tender Babylonian said to herself by way of comfort, "This man must have his head filled with a prodigious heap of business, since even in making love he cannot avoid thinking on public affairs." Zadig happened, at the very instant when most people say nothing at all, and others only pronounce a few sacred words, to cry out, "The queen." The Babylonian thought that he was at last happily come to himself, and that he said, "My queen." But Zadig, who was always too absent, pronounced the name of Astarte. The lady, who in this happy situation interpreted every thing in her own favour, imagined that he meant to say, "Thou art more beautiful than queen Astarte." After receiving some handsome presents, she left the

the seraglio of Zadig, and went to relate her adventure to the envious woman, who was her intimate friend, and who was greatly piqued at the preference given to the other. "He would not so much as deign, said she, to tie this garter about my leg, and I am therefore resolved never to wear it more." "O ho, said the happy lady to the envious one, your garters are the same with the queen's! do you buy them from the same weaver?" This hint set the envious lady a-thinking; she made no reply, but went to consult with her envious husband.

Meanwhile Zadig perceived that his thoughts were always distracted, as well when he gave audience as when he sat in judgment. He did not know to what to attribute this absence of mind; and that was his only sorrow.

He had a dream, in which he imagined that he laid himself down upon a heap of dry herbs, among which there were many prickly ones that gave him great uneasiness, and that he afterwards reposed himself on a soft bed of roses, from which there sprung a serpent that wounded him to the heart with its sharp and venomous tongue. "Alas, said he, I have long lain on these dry and prickly herbs, I am now on the bed of roses; but what shall be the serpent?"

JEALOUSY.

ZADIG's calamities sprung even from his happiness, and especially from his merit. He every day conversed with the king, and Astarte his august consort. The charms of his conversation were greatly heightened by that desire of pleasing,

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which

which is to the mind what dress is to beauty. His youth and graceful appearance insensibly made an impression on Astarte, which she did not at first perceive. Her passion grew and flourished in the bosom of innocence. Without fear or scruple, she indulged the pleasing satisfaction of seeing and hearing a man, who was so dear to her husband, and to the empire in general. She was continually praising him to the king. She talked of him to her women, who were always sure to improve on her praises: "And thus every thing contributed to pierce her heart with a dart, of which she did not seem to be sensible." She made several presents to Zadig, which discovered a greater spirit of gallantry than she imagined. She intended to speak to him only as a queen satisfied with his services; and her expressions were sometimes those of a woman in love.

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a strong aversion to one-eyed men, or that other woman who had resolved to cut off her husband's nose. Her unreserved familiarity, her tender expressions, at which she began to blush; and her eyes, which, though she endeavoured to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inspired Zadig with a passion that filled him with astonishment. He struggled hard to get the better of it. He called to his aid the precepts of philosophy, which had always stood him in stead; but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the disorders of his love-sick-heart. Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind, as so many avenging gods. He struggled; he conquered; but this victory, which he was obliged to purchase afresh every moment,

ment, cost him many sighs and tears. He no longer dared to speak to the queen with that sweet and charming familiarity which had been so agreeable to them both. His countenance was covered with a cloud. His conversation was constrained and incoherent. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and when, in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, they encountered those of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of flame. They seemed to say, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we both burn with a fire which we both condemn.

Zadig left the royal presence full of perplexity and despair, and having his heart oppressed with a burden which he was no longer able to bear. In the violence of his perturbation he involuntarily betrayed the secret to his friend Cador, in the same manner as a man, who, having long supported the fits of a cruel disease, discovers his pain by a cry extorted from him by a more severe fit, and by the cold sweat that covers his brow.

“ I have already discovered, said Cador, the sentiments which thou wouldest fain conceal from thyself. The symptoms by which the passions shew themselves are certain and infallible. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have read thy heart, whether the king will not discover something in it that may give him offence. He has no other fault but that of being the most jealous man in the world. Thou canst resist the violence of thy passion with greater fortitude than the queen, because thou art a philosopher, and because thou art Zadig. Astarte is a woman: she suffers her eyes to speak with so much the more imprudence, as she does not as yet think herself guilty. Conscious of her own innocence, she unhappily neglects those external appearances which

which are so necessary. I shall tremble for her so long as she has nothing wherewithal to reproach herself. Were ye both of one mind, ye might easily deceive the whole world. A growing passion which we endeavour to suppress, discovers itself in spite of all our efforts to the contrary; but love, when gratified, is easily concealed." Zadig trembled at the proposal of betraying the king, his benefactor; and never was he more faithful to his prince, than when guilty of an involuntary crime against him. Meanwhile, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig so frequently, and with such a blushing and downcast look; she was sometimes so lively, and sometimes so perplexed, when she spoke to him in the king's presence, and was seized with such a deep thoughtfulness at his going away, that the king began to be troubled. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked, that his wife's shoes were blue, and that Zadig's shoes were blue; that his wife's ribbands were yellow; and that Zadig's bonnet was yellow; and these were terrible symptoms to a prince of so much delicacy. In his jealous mind suspicions were turned into certainty.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. They soon observed that Astarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous. The envious man persuaded his wife to send the king her garter, which resembled those of the queen; and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue. The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might best execute his vengeance. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowstring. The orders were given to a merciless eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance.

geance. There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, tho' dumb, was not deaf. He was allowed, on account of his insignificance, to go wherever he pleased; and, as a domestic animal, was a witness of what passed in the most profound secrecy. This little mute was strongly attached to the queen and Zadig. With equal horror and surprise he heard the cruel orders given. But how prevent the fatal sentence that in a few hours was to be carried into execution. He could not write, but he could paint; and excelled particularly in drawing a striking resemblance. He employed a part of the night in sketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen. The piece represented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch; a blue bowstring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbands; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig strangled at her feet. The horizon represented a rising sun, to express that this shocking execution was to be performed in the morning. As soon as he had finished the picture, he ran to one of Astarte's women, awaked her, and made her understand that she must immediately carry it to the queen.

At midnight a messenger knocks at Zadig's door, awakes him, and gives him a note from the queen. He doubts whether it is not a dream; and opens the letter with a trembling hand. But how great was his surprise! and who can express the consternation and despair into which he was thrown upon reading these words: "Fly, this instant, or thou art a dead man. Fly, Zadig, I conjure thee by our mutual love and my yellow ribbands. I have not
been

been guilty, but I find that I must die like a criminal."

Zadig was hardly able to speak. He sent for Cador, and, without uttering a word, gave him the note. Cador forced him to obey, and forthwith to take the road to Memphis. "Shouldest thou dare (said he) to go in search of the queen, thou wilt hasten her death. Shouldest thou speak to the king, thou wilt infallibly ruin her. I will take upon me the charge of her destiny; follow thy own. I will spread a report that thou hast taken the road to India. I will soon follow thee, and inform thee of all that shall have passed in Babylon." At that instant, Cador caused two of the swiftest dromedaries to be brought to a private gate of the palace. Upon one of these he mounted Zadig, whom he was obliged to carry to the door, and who was ready to expire with grief. He was accompanied by a single domestic; and Cador plunged in sorrow and astonishment, soon lost sight of his friend.

This illustrious fugitive arriving on the side of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and fainted away at the sight; nor did he recover his senses but to shed a torrent of tears, and to wish for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engrossed in lamenting the unhappy fate of the loveliest woman and the greatest queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himself, and cried, "What then is human life? O virtue, how hast thou served me! Two women have basely deceived me; and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual source of calamity

mity and affliction ; and I have only been raised to the height of grandeur, to be tumbled down the most horrid precipice of misfortune." Filled with these gloomy reflections, his eyes overspread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleness of death, and his soul plunged in an abyss of the blackest despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

The W O M A N beaten.

ZADIG directed his course by the stars. The constellation of Orion, and the splendid Dog-star, guided his steps towards the pole of Canopæa. He admired those vast globes of light, which appear to our eyes but as so many little sparks, while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as something so grand and noble. He then represented to himself the human species, as it really is, as a parcel of insects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image seemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him sensible of the nothingness of his own being, and of that of Babylon. His soul launched out into infinity, and detached from the senses, contemplated the immutable order of the universe. But when afterwards, returning to himself, and entering into his own heart, he considered that Astarte had perhaps died for him, the universe vanished from his sight, and he beheld nothing in the whole compass of nature but Astarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy. While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of sublime philosophy

and intolerable grief, he advanced towards the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful domestic was already in the first village, in search of a lodging. Meanwhile, as Zadig was walking towards the gardens that skirted the village, he saw, at a small distance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears, and calling heaven and earth to her assistance, and a man in a furious passion, pursuing her. This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithstanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behaviour of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady asked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he surveyed the woman more narrowly, and found her to be a lady of exquisite beauty, and even to have a strong resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt himself inspired with compassion for her, and horror towards the Egyptian. "Assist me, (cried she to Zadig with the deepest sighs) deliver me from the hands of the most barbarous man in the world; save my life." Moved by these pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himself between her and the barbarian. As he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addressed him in that tongue: "If (said he) thou hast any humanity, I conjure thee to pay some regard to her beauty and weakness. How canst thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the master-pieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and has no defence but her tears?" "Ah, ah! (replied the madman) thou art likewise in love with her; I must be revenged on thee too." So saying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twisted in her hair, and taking his lance, attempted to stab the stranger. Zadig, who was
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In cold blood, easily eluded the blow aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He seized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian strove to draw it back; Zadig to wrest it from the Egyptian; and in the struggle it was broke in two. The Egyptian draws his sword; Zadig does the same. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random; the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, seated on a turf, re-adjusts her head-dress, and looks at the combatants. The Egyptian excelled in strength; Zadig in address. The one fought like a man whose arm was directed by his judgment; the other like a madman, whose blind rage made him deal his blows at random. Zadig closes with him, and disarms him; and while the Egyptian, now become more furious, endeavours to throw himself upon him, he seizes him, presses him close, and throws him down; and then holding his sword to his breast, offers him his life. The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poniard, and wounds Zadig at the very instant that the conqueror was granting a pardon. Zadig, provoked at such a brutal behaviour, plunged his sword in the bosom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible shriek and a violent struggle, instantly expired. Zadig then approached the lady, and said to her with a gentle tone, "He hath forced me to kill him; I have avenged thy cause; thou art now delivered from the most violent man I ever saw; what further, madam, wouldest thou have me to do for thee?" "Die, villain, (replied she) die; thou hast killed my lover; O that I were able to tear out thy heart!" "Why truly, madam, (said Zadig) thou hadst a strange kind of a man for a lover; he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed me, be-

cause thou hadst entreated me to give thee assistance." " I wish he were beating me still, (replied the lady, with tears and lamentation;) I well deserved it; for I had given him cause to be jealous. Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou wast in his place." Zadig, struck with surprise, and inflamed with a higher degree of resentment than he had ever felt before, said, " Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deservest that I should beat thee in my turn for thy perverse and impertinent behaviour; but I shall not give myself the trouble." So saying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the town. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he turned back at the noise of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop. One of them, upon seeing the woman, cried, " It is the very same; she resembles the description that was given us." They gave themselves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but instantly seized the lady. She called out to Zadig; " Help me once more, generous stranger; I ask pardon for having complained of thy conduct; deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever." Zadig was no longer in the humour of fighting for her. " Apply to another, (said he) thou shalt not again ensnare me by thy wiles." Besides, he was wounded; his blood was still flowing, and he himself had need of assistance: and the sight of four Babylonians, probably sent by king Moabdar, filled him with apprehension. He therefore hastened toward the village, unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers should come to seize this Egyptian woman, but still more astonished at the lady's behaviour.

SLAVERY

S L A V E R Y .

AS he entered the Egyptian village, he saw himself surrounded by the people. Every one said, "This is the man that carried off the beautiful Missouf, and assassinated Clitofis." "Gentlemen, (said he) God preserve me from carrying off your beautiful Missouf; she is too capricious for me: and with regard to Clitofis, I did not assassinate him; I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavoured to kill me, because I humbly interceded for the beautiful Missouf, whom he beat most unmercifully. I am a stranger, come to seek refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I should begin by carrying off a woman, and assassinating a man."

The Egyptians were then just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town-house. They first of all ordered his wound to be dressed; and then examined him and his servant apart, in order to discover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an assassin; but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a slave. His two camels were sold for the benefit of the town: all the gold he had brought with him was distributed among the inhabitants; and his person, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was exposed to sale in the market-place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchase; but as the servant was fitter for labour than the master, he was sold at a higher price. There was no comparison between the two men. Thus Zadig became a slave subordinate to his own servant. They were linked together by a chain fastened to their feet, and in this condition they followed

followed the Arabian merchant to his house. By the way Zadig comforted his servant, and exhorted him to patience; but he could not help making, according to his usual custom, some reflections on human life. "I see (said he) that the unhappiness of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hitherto every thing has turned out to me in a most unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I should once have been empaled on account of a griffin. I have been sent to execution for having made some verses in praise of the king. I have been upon the point of being strangled, because the queen had yellow ribbands; and now I am a slave with thee, because a brutal wretch beat his mistress. Come, let us keep a good heart; all this perhaps will have an end. The Arabian merchants must necessarily have slaves; and why not me as well as another, since, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel; he must treat his slaves well, if he expects any advantage from them." But while he spoke thus, his heart was entirely engrossed by the fate of the queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant Setoc set out for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc set a much greater value on the servant than the master, because the former was more expert in loading the camels; and all the little marks of distinction were shewn to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the servants; and Zadig had his share among the rest. Setoc laughed to see all his slaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took
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the liberty to explain to him the cause, and inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was astonished, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raised his curiosity, encreased it still further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce; the specific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk; the properties of several useful animals; and the means of rendering those useful that are not naturally so. At last Setoc began to consider Zadig as a sage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly so much esteemed. He treated him well, and had no cause to repent of his kindness.

As soon as Setoc arrived among his own tribe, he demanded the payment of five hundred ounces of silver, which he had lent to a Jew in presence of two witnesses; but as the witnesses were dead, and the debt could not be proved, the Hebrew appropriated the merchant's money to himself, and piously thanked God for putting it in his power to cheat an Arabian. Setoc imparted this troublesome affair to Zadig, who was now become his counsel. "In what place (said Zadig) didst thou lend the five hundred ounces to this infidel?" "Upon a large stone, (replied the merchant) that lies near mount Oreb." "What is the character of thy debtor?" said Zadig. "That of a knave," returned Setoc. "But I ask thee, whether he is lively or phlegmatic; cautious or imprudent?" "He is, of all bad prayers, (said Setoc) the most lively fellow I ever knew." "Well, (resumed Zadig) allow me to plead thy cause." In effect, Zadig having summoned the Jew to the tribunal, addressed the judge in the following terms: "Pillow of the throne of equity, I come to demand of this man,
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in the name of my master, five hundred ounces of silver, which he refuses to repay." "Hast thou any witnesses?" said the judge. "No, they are dead; but there remains a large stone upon which the money was counted; and if it please thy grandeur to order the stone to be sought for, I hope that it will bear witness. The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the stone arrives: I will send for it at my master's expence." "With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himself to the discussion of other affairs.

When the court was going to break up, the judge said to Zadig, "Well, friend, is not thy stone come yet?" The Hebrew replied with a smile, "Thy grandeur may stay here till the morrow, and after all not see the stone. It is more than six miles from hence; and it would require fifteen men to move it." "Well, (cried Zadig) did not I say that the stone would bear witness? since this man knows where it is, he thereby confesses that it was upon it that the money was counted." The Hebrew was disconcerted, and was soon after obliged to confess the truth. The judge ordered him to be fastened to the stone, without meat or drink, till he should restore the five hundred ounces, which were soon after paid.

The slave Zadig and the stone were held in great repute in Arabia.

The FUNERAL PILE.

SETOC, charmed with the happy issue of this affair, made his slave his intimate friend. He had now conceived as great an esteem for him as ever

ever the king of Babylon had done; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He discovered in his master a good natural disposition, much probity of heart, and a great share of good sense; but he was sorry to see, that, according to the ancient custom of Arabia, he adored the host of heaven; that is, the sun, moon, and stars. He sometimes spoke to him on this subject with great prudence and discretion. At last he told him that these bodies were like all other bodies in the universe, and no more deserving of our homage than a tree or a rock. "But (said Setoc,) they are eternal beings; and it is from them we derive all we enjoy. They animate nature; they regulate the seasons; and, besides, are removed at such an immense distance from us, that we cannot help revering them."—"Thou receivest more advantage (replied Zadig,) from the waters of the Red Sea, which carry thy merchandize to the Indies. Why may not it be as ancient as the stars? and if thou adorest what is placed at a distance from thee, thou oughtest to adore the land of the Gangarides, which lies at the extremity of the earth." "No (said Setoc,) the brightness of the stars commands my adoration."

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to sup with Setoc; and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before these lighted tapers, and said, "Eternal and shining luminaries! be ye always propitious to me." Having thus said, he sat down at the table, without taking the least notice of Setoc. "What art thou doing?" said Setoc to him in amaze. "I act like thee (replied Zadig,) I adore these candles, and neglect their master and mine." Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this apologue. The wisdom of his slave sunk

deep into his soul; he no longer offered incense to the creatures, but adored the eternal Being who made them.

There prevailed at that time in Arabia a shocking custom, sprung originally from Scythia, and which, being established in the Indies by the credit of the Brachmans, threatened to over-run all the East. When a married man died, and his beloved wife aspired to the character of a saint, she burned herself publickly on the body of her husband. This was a solemn feast, and was called the Funeral Pile of Widowhood; and that tribe in which most women had been burned was the most respected.—An Arabian of Setoc's tribe being dead, his widow, whose name was Almona, and who was very devout, published the day and hour when she intended to throw herself into the fire, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets. Zadig remonstrated against this horrible custom; he shewed Setoc how inconsistent it was with the happiness of mankind to suffer young widows to burn themselves every other day, widows who were capable of giving children to the state, or at least of educating those they already had; and he convinced him that it was his duty to do all that lay in his power to abolish such a barbarous practice. "The women (said Setoc,) have possessed the right of burning themselves for more than a thousand years; and who shall dare to abrogate a law which time hath rendered sacred? Is there any thing more respectable than ancient abuses?" "Reason is more ancient (replied Zadig;) meanwhile, speak thou to the chiefs of the tribes, and I will go to wait on the young widow."

Accordingly he was introduced to her; and, after having insinuated himself into her good graces
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by some compliments on her beauty, and told her what a pity it was to commit so many charms to the flames, he at last praised her for her constancy and courage. "Thou must surely have loved thy husband (said he to her,) with the most passionate fondness." "Who, I? (replied the lady,) I loved him not at all. He was a brutal, jealous, insupportable wretch; but I am firmly resolved to throw myself on his funeral pile." "It would appear then (said Zadig,) that there must be a very delicious pleasure in being burnt alive." "Oh! it makes nature shudder (replied the lady,) but that must be overlooked. I am a devotee; I should lose my reputation; and all the world would despise me, if I did not burn myself." Zadig having made her acknowledge that she burned herself to gain the good opinion of others, and to gratify her own vanity, entertained her with a long discourse, calculated to make her a little in love with life, and even went so far as to inspire her with some degree of good will for the person who spoke to her.---- "And what wilt thou do at last (said he,) if the vanity of burning thyself should not continue?" "Alas! (said the lady,) I believe I should desire thee to marry me."

Zadig's mind was too much engrossed with the idea of Astarte not to elude this declaration; but he instantly went to the chiefs of the tribes, told them what had passed, and advised them to make a law, by which a widow should not be permitted to burn herself, till she had conversed privately with a young man for the space of an hour. Since that time not a single woman hath burned herself in Arabia. They were indebted to Zadig alone for destroying in one day a cruel custom, that had

lasted for so many ages; and thus he became the benefactor of Arabia.

The SUPPER.

SETOC, who could not separate himself from this man, in whom dwelt wisdom, carried him to the great fair of Balzora, whither the richest merchants in the earth resorted. Zadig was highly pleased to see so many men of different countries united in the same place. He considered the whole universe as one large family assembled at Balzora. The second day he sat at table with an Egyptian, an Indian, an inhabitant of Cathay, a Greek, a Celtic, and several other strangers, who, in their frequent voyages to the Arabian gulph, had learned enough of the Arabic to make themselves understood.----- The Egyptian seemed to be in a violent passion. "What an abominable country is Balzora! (said he,) they refuse me a thousand ounces of gold on the best security in the world." "How! (said Setoc,) on what security have they refused thee this sum?" "On the body of my aunt (replied the Egyptian,) she was the most notable woman in Egypt; she always accompanied me in my journies; she died on the road! I have converted her into one of the finest mummies in the world; and, in my own country, I could have as much as I please, by giving her as a pledge. It is very strange that they will not here lend me so much as a thousand ounces of gold on such a solid security." Angry as he was, he was going to help himself to a bit of excellent boiled fowl, when the Indian, taking him by the hand, cried out in a sorrowful tone, "Ah! what art

art thou going to do?" "To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy: "Take care that thou doest not, (replied the Indian.) It is possible that the soul of the deceased may have passed into this fowl, and thou wouldst not, surely, expose thyself to the danger of eating thy aunt*? To boil fowls is a manifest outrage on nature."—"What dost thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls? (replied the choleric Egyptian.) We adore a bull, and yet we eat heartily of beef." "You adore a bull! is it possible?" said the man of Ganges. "Nothing is more possible, (returned the other;) we have done so for these hundred and thirty-five thousand years; and no body amongst us has ever found fault with it." A hundred and thirty-five thousand years! (said the Indian.) This account is a little exaggerated; it is but eighty thousand years since India was first peopled, and we are surely more ancient than you: Bramah prohibited our eating of ox-flesh before you thought of putting it on your spits or altars." "This Brama of your's (said the Egyptian,) is a pleasant sort of an animal truly to compare with our Apis; what great things hath your Brama performed?" "It was he (replied the Bramin,) that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of chess." "Thou art mistaken (said a Chaldean who sat near him,) it is to the fish

* Many casts or tribes of Indians, especially the Bramins, believe in the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls.

† Brama, or Brahma, is one of the principal deities of the Tonquinese.

fish Oannes* that we owe these great advantages; and it is just that we should render homage to none but him. All the world will tell thee, that he is a divine being, with a golden tail and a beautiful human head, and that for three hours every day he left the water to preach on dry land. He had several children who were kings, as every one knows. I have a picture of him at home, which I worship with becoming reverence. We may eat as much beef as we please; but it is surely a great sin to dress fish for the table. Besides, you are both of an origin too recent and ignoble to dispute with me. The Egyptians reckon only a hundred and thirty-five thousand years, and the Indians but eighty thousand, while we have almanacks of four thousand ages. Believe me; renounce your follies; and I will give to each of you a beautiful picture of Oannes."

The man of Cathay took up the discourse, and said; "I have a great respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celts, Brama, the bull Apis, and the beautiful fish Oannes; but I could think that Li, or Tien †, as he is commonly

* Berosus, in his account of the Babylonian antiquities, says, that in the beginning of the Chaldean empire, an animal called Oannes came out of the Red Sea. He had the body of a fish, with the head and feet of a man. He conversed with the people, and imparted to them the knowledge of letters, arts, and sciences. He taught them to form societies, build cities, erect temples, measure and cultivate lands; in a word, civilized the whole nation. However, he neither ate nor drank with them, and at sun-set always retired into the sea. The fable probably alludes to some strangers who arrived on the coast in a ship, and took some pains to humanize the barbarous inhabitants.

† Chinese words. The first properly signifies Natural Light, or Reason; and the last Heaven, or God.

ly called, is superior to all the bulls in the earth, and all the fish in the sea. I shall say nothing of my native country; it is as large as Egypt, Chaldea, and the Indies, put together. Neither shall I dispute about the antiquity of our nation; because it is of little consequence whether we are ancient or not; it is enough if we are happy; but, were it necessary to speak of almanacks, I could say that all Asia takes ours, and that we had very good ones before Arithmetic was known in Chaldea."

"Ignorant men, as ye all are, (said the Greek;) do you not know that Chaos is the father of all; and that form and matter have put the world into its present condition?" The Greek spoke for a long time, but was at last interrupted by the Celtic, who, having drank pretty deeply while the rest were disputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and said with an oath, that there were none but Teutat * and the mistletoe of the oak that were worth the trouble of a dispute; that, for his own part, he had always some mistletoe in his pocket; and that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world; that it was true they had sometimes ate human flesh, but that, notwithstanding that circumstance, his nation deserved to be held in great esteem; and that, in fine, if any one spoke ill of Teutat, he would teach him better manners. The quarrel was now become warm; and

* Teutat is the same with Mercury. *Teut*, in the Celtic language, signifies People, and *tat* a Father. The word Mercury, according to Pezron, comes from the Gaulish words *mercs* and *ur*, the first importing Merchandize; the other signifying a Man; very little different from the Latin words *merc* and *vir*.

and Setoc saw the table ready to be stained with blood. Zadig, who had been silent during the whole dispute, arose at last. He first addressed himself to the Celtic, as the most furious of all the disputants; he told him that he had reason on his side, and begged a few mistletoes. He then praised the Greek for his eloquence; and softened all their exasperated spirits. He said but little to the man of Cathay, because he had been the most reasonable of them all. At last he said; "You were going, my friends, to quarrel about nothing; for you are all of one mind." At this word they all cried out together. "Is it not true (said he to the Celtic) that you adore not this mistletoe, but him that made both the mistletoe and the oak?" "Most undoubtedly," replied the Celtic. "And thou, Mr Egyptian, dost not thou revere, in a certain bull, him who gave the bulls?" "Yes," said the Egyptian. "The fish Oannes (continued he,) must yield to him who made the sea and the fishes. The Indian and the Cathaian (added he,) acknowledge, like you, a first principle. I did not fully comprehend the admirable things that were said by the Greek; but I am sure he will admit a superior being, on whom form and matter depend." The Greek, whom they all admired, said that Zadig had exactly taken his meaning. "You are all then (replied Zadig,) of one opinion, and have no cause to quarrel." All the company embraced him. Setoc, after having sold his commodities at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig; who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his absence, and was now going to be burned by a slow fire.

The RENDEZVOUS.

DURING his journey to Balzora, the priests of the stars had resolved to punish him. The precious stones and ornaments of the young widows whom they sent to the funeral pile belonged to them of right; and the least they could now do, was to burn Zadig for the ill office he had done them. Accordingly they accused him of entertaining erroneous sentiments of the heavenly host. They deposed against him, and swore, that they had heard him say that the stars did not set in the sea. This horrid blasphemy made the judges tremble; they were ready to tear their garments upon hearing these impious words; and they would certainly have tore them, had Zadig had wherewithal to pay them for new ones. But, in the excess of their zeal and indignation, they contented themselves with condemning him to be burnt by a slow fire. Setoc, filled with despair at this unhappy event, employed all his interest to save his friend, but in vain; he was soon obliged to hold his peace. The young widow Almona, who had now conceived a great fondness for life, for which she was obliged to Zadig, resolved to deliver him from the funeral pile, of the abuse of which he had fully convinced her. She revolved the scheme in her own mind, without imparting it to any person whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day: if she could save him at all, she must do it that very night; and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows:

She perfumed herself; she heightened her beauty by the richest and gayest apparel, and went to demand a private audience of the chief priest of the

stars. As soon as she was introduced to the venerable old man, she addressed him in these terms: "Eldest son of the great bear; brother of the bull; and cousin of the great dog, (such were the titles of this pontiff,) I come to acquaint thee with my scruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband; for, indeed, what had I worth preserving? perishable flesh, thou seest, that is already entirely withered." So saying, she drew up her long sleeves of silk, and shewed her naked arms, which were of an elegant shape and a dazzling whiteness. "Thou seest (said she,) that these are little worth." The priest found in his heart that they were worth a great deal; his eyes said so, and his mouth confirmed it: he swore that he had never in his life seen such beautiful arms. "Alas! (said the widow,) my arms, perhaps, are not so bad as the rest; but thou wilt confess that my neck is not worthy of the least regard." She then discovered the most charming bosom that nature had ever formed. Compared to it, a rose-bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like madder on the box-tree, and the whiteness of new-washed lambs would have seemed of a dusky yellow. Her neck; her large black eyes, languishing with the gentle lustre of a tender fire; her cheeks animated with the finest purple, mixed with the whiteness of the purest milk; her nose, which had no resemblance to the tower of mount Lebanon; her lips, like two borders of coral, inclosing the finest pearls in the Arabian Sea; all conspired to make the old man believe that he was but twenty years of age. Almona, seeing him enflamed, entreated him to pardon Zadig. "Alas! (said he,) my charming lady, should I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no service,

as it must necessarily be signed by three others, my brethren." "Sign it, however," said Almona. "With all my heart (said the priest,) on condition that thy favours shall be the price of my ready compliance." "Thou doest me too much honour (said Almona;) be pleased only to come to my chamber after sun-set; and when the bright star of Sheat shall appear in the horizon, thou wilt find me on a rose-coloured sofa; and thou mayest then use thy servant as thou art able." So saying, she departed with the signature, and left the old man full of love and distrust of his own abilities. He employed the rest of the day in bathing; he drank a liquor composed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and of the precious spices of Tidor and Ternate; and waited with impatience till the star Sheat should make its appearance.

Meanwhile, Almona went to the second pontiff. He assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven, were but glimmering meteors in comparison of her charms. She asked the same favour of him; and he proposed to grant it on the same terms. She suffered herself to be overcome; and appointed the second pontiff to meet her at the rising of the star Algenib. From thence she went to the third and fourth priest, always taking their signatures, and making an affignation from star to star. She then sent a message to the judges, entreating them to come to her house, on an affair of great importance. They obeyed her summons. She shewed them the four names, and told them at what price the priests had sold the pardon of Zadig. Each of them arrived at the hour appointed. Each was surprised at finding his brethren there, but still more at seeing the judges, before whom their shame was now mani-

test. Zadig was faved ; and Setoc was so charmed with the ingenuity and address of Almona, that he made her his wife. Zadig departed, after having thrown himself at the feet of his fair deliverer. Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, swearing an eternal friendship, and promising, that the first of them that should acquire a large fortune should share it with the other.

Zadig directed his course along the frontiers of Assyria, still musing on the unhappy Astarte, and reflecting on the severity of fortune, which seemed determined to make him the sport of her cruelty, and the object of her persecution. "What! (said he to himself,) four hundred ounces of gold for having seen a bitch! condemned to lose my head for four bad verses in praise of the king! ready to be strangled, because the queen had shoes of the colour of my bonnet! reduced to slavery for having succoured a woman who was beat! and on the point of being burnt for having saved the lives of all the young widows of Arabia!"

The ROBBER.

ARRIVING on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petraea from Syria, he passed by a pretty strong castle, from which a party of armed Arabians sallied forth. They instantly surrounded him, and cried, "All thou hast belongs to us, and thy person is the property of our master." Zadig replied by drawing his sword; his servant, who was a man of courage, did the same. They killed the first Arabians that presumed to lay hands on them; and, though the number was redoubled, they were not

not dismayed, but resolved to perish in the conflict. Two men defended themselves against a multitude; and such a combat could not last long. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having observed from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived a high esteem for this heroic stranger. He descended in haste, and went in person to call off his men, and deliver the two travellers. "All that passes over my lands (said he,) belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others; but thou seemest to be a man of such undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law. He then conducted him to his castle, ordering his men to treat him well; and in the evening Arbogad supped with Zadig. The lord of the castle was one of those Arabians who are commonly called robbers; but he now and then performed some good actions amidst a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favours with great generosity; intrepid in action; affable in company; a debauchee at table, but gay in his debauchery; and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behaviour. He was highly pleased with Zadig, whose lively conversation lengthened the repast. At last Arbogad said to him; "I advise thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue; thou canst not do better; this is not a bad trade; and thou mayest one day become what I am at present." "May I take the liberty of asking thee (said Zadig,) how long thou hast followed this noble profession?" "From my most tender youth (replied the lord.) I was servant to a pretty good-natured Arabian, but could not endure the hardships of my situation. I was vexed to find that fate had given me no share of the earth, which equally belongs to all men. I impart-

imparted the cause of my uneasiness to an old Arabian, who said to me; 'My son, do not despair; there was once a grain of sand that lamented that it was no more than a neglected atom in the deserts; at the end of a few years it became a diamond; and it is now the brightest ornament in the crown of the king of the Indies.' This discourse made a deep impression on my mind; I was the grain of sand, and I resolved to become the diamond. I began by stealing two horses; I soon got a party of companions; I put myself in a condition to rob small caravans; and thus, by degrees, I destroyed the difference which had formerly subsisted between me and other men. I had my share of the good things of this world; and was even recompensed with usury for the hardships I had suffered. I was greatly respected, and became the captain of a band of robbers. I seized this castle by force. The satrape of Syria had a mind to dispossess me of it; but I was too rich to have any thing to fear. I gave the satrape a handsome present, by which means I preserved my castle, and increased my possessions. He even appointed me treasurer of the tributes which Arabia Petraea pays to the king of kings. I perform my office of receiver with great punctuality; but take the freedom to dispense with that of paymaster.

The grand Desterham of Babylon sent hither a petty satrape in the name of king Moabdar, to have me strangled. This man arrived with his orders: I was apprised of all; I caused to be strangled in his presence the four persons he had brought with him to draw the noose; after which I asked him how much his commission of strangling me might be worth. He replied, that his fees would amount to above three hundred pieces of gold. I then

then convinced him that he might gain more by staying with me. I made him an inferior robber; and he is now one of my best and richest officers. If thou wilt take my advice, thy success may be equal to his; never was there a better season for plunder, since king Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confusion.

“Moabdar killed! (said Zadig,) and what is become of queen Astarte?” “I know not (replied Arbogad.) All I know is, that Moabdar lost his senses, and was killed; that Babylon is a scene of disorder and bloodshed; that all the empire is desolated; that there are some fine strokes to be struck yet; and that, for my own part, I have struck some that are admirable.” “But the queen (said Zadig;) for heaven’s sake, knowest thou nothing of the queen’s fate?” “Yes (replied he,) I have heard something of a prince of Hircania; if she was not killed in the tumult, she is probably one of his concubines; but I am much fonder of booty than news. I have taken several women in my excursions; but I keep none of them: I sell them at a high price, when they are beautiful, without enquiring who they are. In commodities of this kind rank makes no difference, and a queen that is ugly will never find a merchant. Perhaps I may have sold queen Astarte; perhaps she is dead; but, be it as it will, it is of little consequence to me, and I should imagine of as little to thee.” So saying, he drank a large draught, which threw all his ideas into such confusion, that Zadig could obtain no farther information.

Zadig remained for some time without speech, sense, or motion. Arbogad continued drinking; told stories; constantly repeated that he was the happiest man in the world; and exhorted Zadig

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to put himself in the same condition. At last the soporiferous fumes of the wine lulled him into a gentle repose. Zadig passed the night in the most violent perturbation. "What! (said he,) did the king lose his senses? and is he killed? I cannot help lamenting his fate. The empire is rent in pieces: and this robber is happy. O fortune! O destiny! A robber is happy, and the most beautiful of nature's works hath perhaps perished in a barbarous manner, or lives in a state worse than death. O Astarte! what is become of thee?"

At day break, he questioned all those he met in the castle; but they were all busy, and he received no answer. During the night they had made a new capture, and they were now employed in dividing the spoil. All he could obtain in this hurry and confusion was an opportunity of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the most gloomy and mournful reflections.

Zadig proceeded on his journey with a mind full of disquiet and perplexity, and wholly employed on the unhappy Astarte, on the king of Babylon, on his faithful friend Cador, on the happy robber Arbogad, on that capricious woman whom the Babylonians had seized on the frontiers of Egypt; in a word, on all the misfortunes and disappointments he had hitherto suffered.

The FISHERMAN.

AT a few leagues distance from Arbogad's castle, he came to the banks of a small river, still deploring his fate, and considering himself

self as the most wretched of mankind. He saw a fisherman lying on the brink of the river, scarcely holding, in his weak and feeble hand, a net which he seemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

“ I am certainly (said the fisherman,) the most unhappy man in the world. I was universally allowed to be the most famous dealer in cream-cheese in Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the most handsome wife that any man in my station could have; and by her I have been betrayed. I had still left a paltry house, and that I have seen pillaged and destroyed. At last I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other resource than fishing, and yet I cannot catch a single fish. Oh, my net! no more will I throw thee into the water; I will throw myself in thy place.” So saying, he arose and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himself into the river, and thus to finish his life.

“ What! said Zadig to himself, are there men as wretched as I?” His eagerness to save the fisherman’s life was as sudden as this reflection. He runs to him, stops him, and speaks to him with a tender and compassionate air. It is commonly supposed that we are less miserable when we have companions in our misery. This, according to Zoroaster, does not proceed from malice, but necessity. We feel ourselves insensibly drawn to an unhappy person as to one like ourselves. The joy of the happy would be an insult; but two men in distress are like two slender trees, which mutually supporting each other, fortify themselves against the storm. “ Why, said Zadig to the fisherman, dost thou sink under thy misfortunes?” “ Because (replied he,) I see no means of relief. I was the

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most considerable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the assistance of my wife I made the best cream-cheese in the empire. Queen Astarte, and the famous minister Zadig, were extremely fond of them. I had sent them six hundred cheeses, and one day went to the city to receive my money; but, on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I ran to the house of lord Zadig, whom I had never seen; but found there the inferior officers of the grand Desterham, who being furnished with a royal licence, were plundering it with great loyalty and order. From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, some of the lords of which told me that the queen was dead; some said she was in prison; and others pretended that she had made her escape; but they all agreed in assuring me that I would not be paid for my cheese. I went with my wife to the house of lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and begged his protection in my present distress. He granted it to my wife, but refused it to me. She was whiter than the cream-cheeses that began my misfortune; and the lustre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteness. For this reason Orcan detained her, and drove me from his house. In my despair I wrote a letter to my dear wife. She said to the bearer, 'Ha, ha! I know the writer of this a little; I have heard his name mentioned; they say he makes excellent cream-cheese; desire him to send me some, and he shall be paid.'

"In my distress I resolved to apply to justice. I had still six ounces of gold remaining: I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I consulted, two to the procurator who undertook my cause, and

and two to the secretary of the first judge. When all this was done, my business was not begun; and I had already expended more money than my cheese and my wife were worth. I returned to my own village, with an intention to sell my house, in order to enable me to recover my wife.

“My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold; but as my neighbours saw that I was poor, and obliged to sell it, the first to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces, the second twenty, and the third ten. Bad as these offers were, I was so blind that I was going to strike a bargain, when a prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way. My house was first sacked and then burnt.

“Having thus lost my money, my wife, and my house, I retired into this country, where thou now seest me. I have endeavoured to gain a subsistence by fishing; but the fish make a mock of me as well as the men. I catch none; I die with hunger; and had it not been for thee, august comforter, I should have perished in the river.”

The fisherman was not allowed to give this long account without interruption; at every moment, Zadig, moved and transported, said, “What! knowest thou nothing of the queen’s fate?” “No, my Lord, replied the fisherman; but I know that neither the queen nor Zadig have paid me for my cream-cheeses; that I have lost my wife, and am now reduced to despair.” “I flatter myself, said Zadig, that thou wilt not lose all thy money. I have heard of this Zadig; he is an honest man; and if he return to Babylon, as he expects, he will give thee more than he owes thee: but with regard to thy wife, who is not so honest, I advise thee not to seek to recover her. Believe me, go to Babylon; I shall be there before thee, because I am

on horseback, and thou art on foot. Apply to the illustrious Cador; tell him thou hast met his friend; wait for me at his house: go, perhaps thou wilt not always be unhappy.

“O powerful Oromazes! continued he, thou employest me to comfort this man; whom wilt thou employ to give me consolation?” So saying, he gave the fisherman half the money he had brought from Arabia. The fisherman, struck with surprise, and ravished with joy, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and said, “Thou art surely an angel sent from heaven to save me!”

Mean while Zadig continued to make fresh inquiries, and to shed tears. “What! my lord, cried the fisherman, art thou then so unhappy, thou who bestowest favours?” “An hundred times more unhappy than thee, replied Zadig.” “But how is it possible, said the good man, that the giver can be more wretched than the receiver?” “Because, replied Zadig, thy greatest misery arose from poverty, and mine is seated in the heart.” “Did Orcan take thy wife from thee?” said the fisherman. This word recalled to Zadig’s mind the whole of his adventures. He repeated the catalogue of his misfortunes, beginning with the queen’s bitch, and ending with his arrival at the castle of the robber Arbogad. “Ah! said he to the fisherman, Orcan deserves to be punished; but it is commonly such men as those that are the favourites of fortune. However, go thou to the house of lord Cador, and there wait my arrival.” They then parted: the fisherman walked, thanking heaven for the happiness of his condition; and Zadig rode, accusing fortune for the hardness of his lot.

The BASILISK.

Arriving in a beautiful meadow, he there saw several women, who were searching for something with great application. He took the liberty to approach one of them, and to ask if he might have the honour to assist them in their search. "Take care that thou dost not," replied the Syrian; "what we are searching for can be touched only by women." "Strange," said Zadig, "may I presume to ask thee what it is that women only are permitted to touch?" "It is a basilisk," said she. "A basilisk, madam! and for what purpose, pray, dost thou seek for a basilisk?" "It is for our lord and master Ogul, whose castle thou seest on the bank of that river, at the end of the meadow. We are his most humble slaves. The lord Ogul is sick. His physician hath ordered him to eat a basilisk, stewed in rose-water; and as it is a very rare animal, and can only be taken by women, the lord Ogul hath promised to choose for his well beloved wife the woman that shall bring him a basilisk; let me go on in my search; for thou seest what I shall lose if I am prevented by my companions.

Zadig left her and the other Assyrians to search for their basilisk, and continued to walk in the meadow; when coming to the brink of a small rivulet, he found another lady lying on the grass, and who was not searching for any thing. Her person seemed to be majestic; but her face was covered with a veil. She was inclined towards the rivulet, and profound sighs proceeded from her mouth. In her hand she held a small rod with which she was tracing characters on the fine sand that lay between the turf and the brook.

Zadig.

Zadig had the curiosity to examine what this woman was writing. He drew near; he saw the letter Z, then an A; he was astonished: then appeared a D; he started. But never was surprise equal to his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He stood for some time immoveable, At last breaking silence with a faltering voice, “ O generous lady! pardon a stranger, an unfortunate man, for presuming to ask thee by what surprising adventure I here find the name of Zadig traced out by thy divine hand.” At this voice, and these words, the lady lifted up the veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, sent forth a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy, and sinking under the various emotions which at once assaulted her soul, fell speechless into his arms. It was Astarte herself; it was the queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himself for adoring; it was she whose misfortunes he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been so anxiously concerned. He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses, when he had fixed his eyes on those of Astarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confusion and tenderness: “ O ye immortal powers! cried he, who preside over the fates of weak mortals, do ye indeed restore Astarte to me! at what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?” He fell on his knees before Astarte, and laid his face in the dust of her feet. The queen of Babylon raised him up, and made him sit by her side on the brink of the rivulet. She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow afresh: she twenty times resumed her discourse, which her sighs as often interrupted: she asked by
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what strange accident they were brought together ; and suddenly prevented his answers by other questions : she waved the account of her own misfortunes, and desired to be informed of those of Zadig. At last, both of them having a little composed the tumult of their souls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow. “ But, O unhappy and respectable queen ! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, clothed in the habit of a slave, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are searching for a basilisk, which, by order of the physician, is to be stewed in rose-water ? ”

“ While they are searching for their basilisk, said the fair Astarte, I will inform thee of all I have suffered, for which heaven has sufficiently recompensed me, by restoring thee to my sight. Thou knowest that the king, my husband, was vexed to see thee the most amiable of mankind ; and that for this reason he one night resolved to strangle thee and poison me. Thou knowest how heaven permitted my little mute to inform me of the orders of his sublime majesty. Hardly had the faithful Cador obliged thee to depart, in obedience to my command, when he ventured to enter my apartment at midnight by a secret passage. He carried me off, and conducted me to the temple of Oromazes, where the magi his brother shut me up in that huge statue, whose base reaches to the foundation of the temple, and whose top rises to the summit of the dome. I was there buried in a manner ; but was served by the magi, and supplied with all the necessaries of life. At break of day his Majesty’s apothecary entered my chamber with a potion composed of a mixture of henbane, opium, hemlock, black-hellebore, and aconite ; and another

ther officer went to thine with a bowstring of blue filk. Neither of us were to be found. Cador, the better to deceive the king, pretended to come and accuse us both. He said that thou hadst taken the road to the Indies, and I that to Memphis; on which the king's guards were immediately dispatched in pursuit of us both.

“ The couriers who pursued me did not know me. I had hardly ever shewn my face to any but thee, and to thee only in the presence, and by the order of my husband. They conducted themselves in the pursuit by the description that had been given them of my person. On the frontiers of Egypt they met with a woman of the same stature with me, and possessed perhaps of greater charms. She was weeping and wandering. They made no doubt but that this woman was the queen of Babylon, and accordingly brought her to Moabdar: Their mistake at first threw the king into a violent passion; but having viewed this woman more attentively, he found her extremely handsome, and was comforted. She was called Missouf. I have since been informed, that this name in the Egyptian language signifies the capricious fair one. She was so in reality; but she had as much cunning as caprice. She pleased Moabdar, and gained such an ascendancy over him as to make him chuse her for his wife. Her character then began to appear in its true colours. She gave herself up, without scruple, to all the freaks of a wanton imagination. She would have obliged the chief of the magi, who was old and gouty, to dance before her; and on his refusal, she persecuted him with the most unrelenting cruelty. She ordered her master of the horse to make her a pye of sweetmeats. In vain did he represent that he was not a pastry-cook; he was obliged

obliged to make it, and lost his place, because it was baked a little too hard. The post of master of the horse she gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did she govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loss of me. The king, who till the moment of his resolving to poison me and strangle thee, had been a tolerably good kind of man, seemed now to have drowned all his virtues in his immoderate fondness for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feast held in honour of the sacred fire. I saw him implore the gods in behalf of Miffouf, at the feet of the statue in which I was inclosed. I raised my voice, I cried out, "The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reasonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance." "At these words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became disordered. The oracle I had pronounced, and the tyranny of Miffouf, conspired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reason entirely forsook him.

"His madness, which seemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the signal to a revolt. The people rose, and ran to arms; and Babylon, which had been so long immersed in idleness and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody civil war. I was taken from the heart of my statue, and placed at the head of a party. Cador flew to Memphis to bring thee back to Babylon. The prince of Hircania, informed of these fatal events, returned with his army, and made a third party in Chaldæa. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Miffouf fell into the hands of the conqueror.

queror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince's tent, at the very moment that Misfouf was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtless be pleased to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian; but thou wilt be sorry to be informed that he designed me for his seraglio. He told me, with a blunt and resolute air, that as soon as he had finished a military expedition, which he was just going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great must have been my grief. My ties with Moabdar were already dissolved; I might have been the wife of Zadig; and I was fallen into the hands of a barbarian. I answered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble sentiment could inspire. I had always heard it affirmed, that heaven stamped on persons of my condition a mark of grandeur, which, with a single word or glance, could reduce to the lowliness of the most profound respect, those rash and forward persons who presume to deviate from the rules of politeness. I spoke like a queen, but was treated like a maid-servant. The Hircanian, without even deigning to speak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handsome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of favourites, that so my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favours, when he should be at leisure to honour me with them. I told him, that, rather than submit to his desires, I would put an end to my life. He replied with a smile, that women, he believed, were not so blood-thirsty, and that he was accustomed to such violent expressions; and then left me with the air of a man who had just put another parrot into his aviary.

ary. What a state for the first queen of the universe, and, what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!"

At these words Zadig threw himself at her feet, and bathed them with his tears. Altarte raised him with great tenderness, and thus continued her story. "I now saw myself in the power of a barbarian, and rival to the foolish woman with whom I was confined. She gave me an account of her adventures in Egypt. From the description she gave of your person, from the time, from the dromedary on which you was mounted, and from every other circumstance, I inferred that Zadig was the man who had fought for her. I doubted not but that you was at Memphis, and therefore resolved to repair thither. Beautiful Missouf, said I, thou art more handsome than I, and will please the prince of Hircania much better. Assist me in contriving the means of my escape; thou wilt then reign alone; thou wilt at once make me happy, and rid thyself of a rival. Missouf concerted with me the means of my flight; and I departed secretly with a female Egyptian slave.

"As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized me, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this castle, where lord Ogul resides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God sent him into the world for no other purpose than to sit at table. He is so extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of suffocation. His physician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digestion, governs him with a despotic sway when he has ate too much. He has persuaded him that a basilisk stewed in rose-

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water will effect a complete cure. The lord Ogul hath promised his hand to the female slave that brings him a basilisk. Thou seest that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honour; and never was I less desirous of finding the basilisk than since heaven hath restored thee to my sight."

This account was succeeded by a long conversation between Astarte and Zadig, consisting of every thing that their long suppressed sentiments, their great sufferings, and their mutual love, could inspire into hearts the most noble and tender; and the genii who preside over love carried their words to the sphere of Venus.

The women returned to Ogul without having found the basilisk. Zadig was introduced to this mighty lord, and spoke to him in the following terms: "May immortal health descend from heaven to bless all thy days! I am a physician: at the first report of thy indisposition I flew to thy castle, and have now brought thee a basilisk stewed in rose-water. Not that I pretend to marry thee. All I ask is the liberty of a Babylonian slave, who hath been in thy possession for a few days; and, if I should not be so happy as to cure thee, magnificent lord Ogul, I consent to remain a slave in her place."

The proposal was accepted. Astarte set out for Babylon with Zadig's servant, promising, immediately upon her arrival, to send a courier to inform him of all that had happened. Their parting was as tender as their meeting. The moment of meeting, and that of parting are the two greatest epochs of life, as sayeth the great book of Zend. Zadig loved the queen with as much ardour as he professed; and the queen loved Zadig more than she thought proper to acknowledge.

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Meanwhile Zadig spoke thus to Ogul: "My lord, my basilisk is not to be eaten; all its virtue must enter through thy pores. I have inclosed it in a little ball, blown up and covered with a fine skin. Thou must strike this ball with all thy might, and I must strike it back for a considerable time; and by observing this regimen for a few days, thou wilt see the effects of my art." The first day Ogul was out of breath, and thought he should have died with fatigue. The second, he was less fatigued, slept better. In eight days he recovered all the strength, all the health, all the agility and cheerfulness of his most agreeable years. "Thou hast played at ball, and hast been temperate, said Zadig, know that there is no such thing in nature as a basilisk; that temperance and exercise are the two great preservatives of health; and that the art of reconciling intemperance and health is as chimerical as the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, or the theology of the magi."

Ogul's first physician observing how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a design, in conjunction with the apothecary, to send Zadig to search for a basilisk in the other world. Thus, after having suffered such a long train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of losing his life for curing a gluttonous lord. He was invited to an excellent dinner, and was to have been poisoned in the second course; but, during the first, he happily received a courier from the fair Astarte. "When one is beloved by a beautiful woman, says the great Zoroaster, he hath always the good fortune to extricate himself out of every kind of difficulty and danger."

The COMBATS.

THE queen was received at Babylon with all those transports of joy which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princess who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquillity. The prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared that the queen should marry the man whom they should chuse for their sovereign. They were resolved that the first place in the world, that of being husband to Astarte and king of Babylon, should not depend on cabals and intrigues. They swore to acknowledge for king the man who, upon trial, should be found to be possessed of the greatest valour and the greatest wisdom. Accordingly, at the distance of a few leagues from the city, a spacious place was marked out for the list, surrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armour. Each of them had a separate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be seen nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights; and those that were so happy as to conquer four, were then to engage with one another; so that he who remained the last master of the field, would be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after, he was to return with the same arms, and to explain the ænigmas proposed by the magi. If he did not explain the ænigmas, he was not king; and the running at the lances was to begin afresh, till a man should be found who was conqueror in both these combats; for they were absolutely determined to have a king possessed of the greatest wisdom and the most invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be strictly guarded:
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She was only allowed to be present at the games, and even there she was to be covered with a veil; but was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, that so they might neither receive favour, nor suffer injustice.

These particulars Astarte communicated to her lover, hoping, that, in order to obtain her, he would shew himself possessed of greater courage and wisdom than any other person. Zadig set out on his journey, beseeching Venus to fortify his courage and enlighten his understanding. He arrived on the banks of the Euphrates on the eve of this great day. He caused his device to be inscribed among those of the combatants, concealing his face and his name, as the law ordained; and then went to repose himself in the apartment that fell to him by lot. His friend Cador, who, after the fruitless search he had made for him in Egypt, was now returned to Babylon, sent to his tent a complete suit of armour, which was a present from the queen; as also from himself, one of the finest horses in Persia. Zadig presently perceived that these presents were sent by Astarte; and from thence his courage derived fresh strength, and his love the most animating hopes.

Next day, the queen being seated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot; and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but possessed of little courage, of less address, and hardly of any judgment at all. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king; he had said in reply, "Such a man

as

as I ought to reign ;” and thus they had armed him cap-a-pee. He wore an armour of gold enamelled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands. It was instantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horse, that it was not for such a man as him that heaven reserved the scepter of Babylon. The first knight that ran against him threw him out of his saddle ; the second laid him flat on his horse’s buttocks, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himself, but with so bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burst out laughing. The third knight disdained to make use of his lance ; but, making a pass at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half-round, laid him prostrate on the sand. The squires of the games ran to him, laughing, and replaced him in his saddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other side. He was conducted back with scornful shouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to pass the night ; and as he limped along, with great difficulty, he said ; “ What an adventure for such a man as I !”

The other knights acquitted themselves with greater ability and success. Some of them conquered two combatants ; a few of them vanquished three ; but none but prince Otamus conquered four. At last Zadig fought in his turn. He successively threw four knights off their saddles, with all the grace imaginable. It then remained to be seen who should be conqueror, Otamus or Zadig. The arms of the first were gold and blue, with a plume of the same colour ; those of the last were white. The wishes of all the spectators were divided between the knight in blue and the knight in white.

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The queen, whose heart was in a violent palpitation, offered prayers to heaven for the success of the white colour.

The two champions made their passes and vaults with so much agility, they mutually gave and received such dexterous blows with their lances, and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every body but the queen wished there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horses being tired, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem: He passes behind the blue prince; springs upon the buttocks of his horse; seizes him by the middle; throws him on the earth; places himself in the saddle; and wheels around Otamus as he lay extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus rises in a violent passion, and draws his sword; Zadig leaps from his horse with his sabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat, where strength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their bracelets, and the rings of their armour, are driven to a great distance by the violence of a thousand furious blows. They strike with the point and the edge; to the right, to the left; on the head, on the breast; they retreat; they advance; they measure swords; they cloie; they seize each other; they bend like serpents; they attack like lions; and the fire every moment flashes from their blows. At last Zadig, having recovered his spirits, stops; makes a feint; leaps upon Otamus; throws him on the ground and disarms him; and Otamus cries out; "It is thou alone, O white knight, that oughtest to reign over Babylon!" The queen was now at the height of her joy. The

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knight, in blue armour, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others, according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to serve them at table. It may be easily supposed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themselves, to enjoy the sweets of repose till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himself known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was so much fatigued that he could not help sleeping. Itobad, who lay near him, never closed his eyes. He arose in the night, entered his apartment, took the white arms and the device of Zadig, and put his green armour in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that so great a man as he was conqueror. This was little expected; however, he was proclaimed while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte, surpris'd and filled with despair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almost empty, when Zadig awoke; he sought for his arms, but could find none but the green armour. With this he was obliged to cover himself, having nothing else near him. Astonished and enraged, he put it on in a furious passion, and advanced in this equipage.

The people that still remained in the amphitheatre and the circus received him with hoots and hisses. They surrounded him, and insulted him to his face. Never did man suffer such cruel mortifications. He lost his patience; with his sabre he dispersed such of the populace as dared to affront him; but he knew not what course to take. He could not see the queen; he could not claim the white
armour

armour she had sent him, without exposing her; and thus, while she was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and distraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that his star had destined him to inevitable misery; and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men; to that of his armour; "This (said he,) is the consequence of my having slept too long. Had I slept less, I should now have been king of Babylon, and in possession of Astarte: Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto served only to make me miserable." He then let fall some secret murmurings against Providence; and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and prospered knights in green armour. One of his greatest mortifications was his being obliged to wear that green armour which had exposed him to such contumelious treatment. A merchant happening to pass by, he sold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet. In this garb he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing Providence, which thus continued to persecute him with unremitting severity.

The HERMIT.

WHILE he was thus sauntering, he met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle. He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention. Zadig stopt, and made him a profound obeisance. The hermit returned the compliment with such a noble

and engaging air, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him. He asked him what book it was, that he had been reading? "It is the book of destinies (said the hermit;) wouldst thou choose to look into it?" He put the book into the hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly versed as he was in several languages, could not decypher a single character of it. This only redoubled his curiosity. "Thou seemest (said this good father,) to be in great distress." "Alas! (replied Zadig,) I have but too much reason." "If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee (resumed the old man,) perhaps I may be of some service to thee. I have often poured the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy." Zadig felt himself inspired with respect for the air, the beard, and the book of the hermit. He found, in the course of the conversation, that he was possessed of superior degrees of knowledge. The hermit talked of fate, of justice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakness, and of virtue and vice, with such a spirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himself drawn toward him by an irresistible charm. He earnestly entreated the favour of his company till their return to Babylon. "I ask the same favour of thee (said the old man;) swear to me by Oromazes, that whatever I do, thou wilt not leave me for some days." Zadig swore, and they set out together.

In the evening, the two travellers arrived at a superb castle. The hermit entreated a hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, whom one might have easily mistaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful civility. He presented them to a principal domestic, who shewed them

them his master's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower end of the table, without being honoured with the least mark of regard by the lord of the castle; but they were served, like the rest, with delicacy and profusion. They were then presented with water to wash their hands, in a golden basin adorned with emeralds and rubies. At last they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment; and, in the morning, a domestic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

“The master of the house (said Zadig, as they were proceeding on the journey,) appears to be a generous man, though somewhat too proud: he nobly performs the duties of hospitality.” At that instant he observed, that a kind of large pocket, which the hermit had, was filled and distended: and upon looking more narrowly, he found that it contained the golden basin adorned with precious stones, which the hermit had stolen. He durst not then take any notice of it; but he was filled with a strange surprize.

About noon, the hermit came to the door of a pauntry house, inhabited by a rich miser, and begged the favour of an hospitable reception for a few hours. An old servant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the stable, where he gave them some rotten olives, mouldy bread, and four beer. The hermit ate and drank with as much seeming satisfaction as he had done the evening before; and then addressing himself to the old servant, who watched them both, to prevent their stealing any thing, and rudely pressed them to depart, he gave him the two pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility:

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“ Pray (added he,) allow me to speak to thy master.” The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travellers. “ Magnificent lord! (said the hermit,) I cannot but return thee my most humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou hast entertained us. Be pleased to accept of this golden basin as a small mark of my gratitude.” The miser started, and was ready to fall backwards; but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, instantly departed with his young fellow-traveller. “ Father (said Zadig,) what is the meaning of all this? thou seemest to me to be entirely different from other men; thou stealest a golden basin adorned with precious stones, from a lord who received thee magnificently, and givest it to a miser who treats thee with indignity.” “ Son (replied the old man.) this magnificent lord, who receives strangers only from vanity and ostentation, will hereby be rendered more wise; and the miser will learn to practise the duties of hospitality. Be surprised at nothing, but follow me.” Zadig knew not as yet whether he was in company with the most foolish or the most prudent of mankind; but the hermit spoke with such an ascendancy, that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuse to follow him.

In the evening, they arrived at a house built with equal elegance and simplicity, where nothing favoured either of prodigality or avarice. The master of it was a philosopher, who had retired from the world, and who cultivated in peace the study of virtue and wisdom, without any of that rigid and morose severity, so commonly to be found in men of his character. He had chosen to build this country-house in which he received strangers with a generosity free from ostentation. He

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went himself to meet the two travellers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, where he desired them to repose themselves a little. Soon after he came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repast, during which he spoke with great judgment of the last revolutions in Babylon. He seemed to be strongly attached to the queen, and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to dispute the crown: "But the people (added he,) do not deserve to have such a king as Zadig." Zadig blushed, and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the course of the conversation, that the things of this world did not always answer the wishes of the wise. The hermit still maintained that the ways of Providence were inscrutable; and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they understood but the smallest part.

They talked of the passions; "Ah (said Zadig,) how fatal are their effects!" "They are the winds (replied the hermit,) that swell the sails of the ship: it is true, they sometimes sink her, but without them she could not sail at all. The bile makes us sick and choleric; but without the bile we could not live. Every thing in this world is dangerous, and yet every thing in it is necessary."

The conversation turned on pleasure; and the hermit proved that it was a present bestowed by the deity: "For (said he,) man cannot give himself either sensations or ideas; he receives all; and pain and pleasure proceed from a foreign cause as well as his being."

Zadig was surpris'd to see a man, who had been guilty of such extravagant actions, capable of reasoning with so much judgment and propriety. At last, after a conversation equally entertaining and instructive, the host led back his two guests to their
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their apartment, blessing heaven for having sent him two men possessed of so much wisdom and virtue. He offered them money, with such an easy and noble air as could not possibly give any offence. The hermit refused it, and said that he must now take his leave of him, as he proposed to set out for Babylon before it was light. Their parting was tender; Zadig especially felt himself filled with esteem and affection for a man of such an amiable character.

When he and the hermit were alone in their apartment, they spent a long time in praising their host. At break of day, the old man awakened his companion. "We must now depart (said he;) but while all the family are still asleep, I will leave this man a mark of my esteem and affection." So saying, he took a candle and set fire to the house. Zadig, struck with horror, cried aloud, and endeavoured to hinder him from committing such a barbarous action; but the hermit drew him away by a superior force, and the house was soon in flames. The hermit, who, with his companion, was already at a considerable distance, looked back to the conflagration with great tranquillity. "Thanks be to God (said he,) the house of my dear host is entirely destroyed! Happy man!" At these words Zadig was at once tempted to burst out a-laughing, to reproach the reverend father, to beat him, and to run away. But he did none of all these; for still subdued by the powerful ascendancy of the hermit, he followed him, in spite of himself, to the next stage.

This was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handsome and promising youth, and her only hope. She performed the honours of her house as well as she could. Next day, she ordered her
nephew

nephew to accompany the strangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in passing. The young man walked before them with great alacrity. As they were crossing the bridge, "Come, (said the hermit to the youth,) I must shew my gratitude to thy aunt." He then took him by the hair, and plunged him into the river. The boy sunk, appeared again on the surface of the water, and was swallowed up by the current. "O monster! O thou most wicked of mankind!" cried Zadig. "Thou promisedst to behave with greater patience (said the hermit, interrupting him.) Know, that under the ruins of that house which Providence hath set on fire, the master hath found an immense treasure: know, that this young man, whose life Providence hath shortened, would have assassinated his aunt in the space of a year, and thee in that of two." "Who told thee so, barbarian? (cried Zadig;) and thou hadst read this event in thy book of destinies, art thou permitted to drown a youth who never did thee any harm?"

While the Babylonian was thus exclaiming, he observed that the old man had no longer a beard, and that his countenance assumed the features and complexion of youth. The hermit's habit disappeared, and four beautiful wings covered a majestic body resplendent with light. "O sent of heaven! O divine angel! (cried Zadig, humbly prostrating himself on the ground,) hast thou then descended from the Empyrean, to teach a weak mortal to submit to the eternal decrees of Providence?" "Men, (said the angel Jesrad,) judge of all without knowing any thing; and, of all men, thou best deserveest to be enlightened." Zadig begged to be permitted to speak: "I distrust myself (said he,)

but may I presume to ask the favour of thee to clear up one doubt that still remains in my mind ; would it not have been better to have corrected this youth, and made him virtuous, than to have drowned him ?” Had he been virtuous (replied Jesrad,) and enjoyed a longer life, it would have been his fate to be assassinated himself, together with the wife he would have married, and the child he would have had by her.” “ But why (said Zadig,) is it necessary that there should be crimes and misfortunes, and that these misfortunes should fall on the good ?” “ The wicked (replied Jesrad,) are always unhappy : they serve to prove and try the small number of the just that are scattered thro’ the earth ; and there is no evil that is not productive of some good.” “ But (said Zadig,) suppose there were nothing but good and no evil at all.” “ Then (replied Jesrad,) this earth would be another earth : the chain of events would be ranged in another order and directed by wisdom ; but this other order, which would be perfect, can exist only in the eternal abode of the Supreme Being, to which no evil can approach. The Deity hath created millions of worlds, among which there is not one that resembles another. This immense variety is the effect of his immense power. There are not two leaves among the trees of the earth, nor two globes in the unlimited expanse of heaven, that are exactly similar ; and all that thou seest on the little atom in which thou art born, ought to be in its proper time and place, according to the immutable decrees of him who comprehends all. Men think that this child who hath just perished is fallen into the water by chance ; and that it is by the same chance that this house is burnt : but there is no such thing as chance ; all is either a trial, or a punishment,

nishment, or a reward, or a foresight. Remember the fisherman, who thought himself the most wretched of mankind. Oromazes sent thee to change his fate. Cease then, frail mortal, to dispute against what thou oughtest to adore." "But," (said Zadig) ——— As he pronounced the word "But," the angel took his flight towards the tenth sphere. Zadig on his knees adored Providence, and submitted. The angel cried to him from on high, "Direct thy course towards Babylon."

The AENIGMAS.

ZADIG, entranced as it were, and like a man about whose head the thunder had burst, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when those who had fought at the tournaments were assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to answer the questions of the grand magi. All the knights were already arrived, except the knight in green armour. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded round him; every eye was fixed on him, every mouth blessed him, and every heart wished him the empire. The envious man saw him pass; he frowned and turned aside; the people conducted him to the place where the assembly was held. The queen, who was informed of his arrival, became a prey to the most violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehension. She could not comprehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armour. A confused murmur arose at the sight of Zadig. They were equally sur-

prised and charmed to see him; but none but the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the assembly.

"I have fought as well as the other knights (said Zadig,) but another here wears my arms; and while I wait for the honour of proving the truth of my assertion, I demand the liberty of presenting myself to explain the ænigmas." The question was put to the vote, and his reputation for probity was still so deeply impressed in their minds, that they admitted him without scruple.

The first question proposed by the grand magi was, "What, of all things in the world, is the longest and the shortest; the swiftest; and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the most neglected and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done, which devours all that is little, and enlivens all that is great?"

Itobad was to speak. He replied, that so great a man as he did not understand ænigmas; and that it was sufficient for him to have conquered by his strength and valour. Some said that the meaning of the ænigma was Fortune; some, the Earth; and others, the Light. Zadig said that it was Time: "Nothing (added he) is longer; since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter, since it is insufficient for the accomplishment of our projects; nothing more slow to him that expects, nothing more rapid to him that enjoys; in greatness it extends to infinity, in smallness it is infinitely divisible; all men neglect it, all regret the loss of it; nothing can be done without it; it consigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being transmitted to posterity, and it immortalizes such actions as are truly great." The assembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

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The next question was: "What is the thing which we receive without thanks, which we enjoy without knowing how, which we give to others when we know not where we are, and which we lose without perceiving it?"

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone guessed that it was Life, and explained all the other ænigmas with the same facility. Itobad always said that nothing was more easy, and that he could have answered them with the same readiness, had he chosen to have given himself the trouble. Questions were then proposed on justice, on the sovereign good, and on the art of government.—Zadig's answers were judged to be the most solid.

"What a pity is it (said they,) that such a great genius should be so bad a knight!"

"Illustrious lords (said Zadig,) I have had the honour of conquering in the tournaments. It is to me that the white armour belongs. Lord Itobad took possession of it during my sleep. He probably thought that it would fit him better than the green. I am now ready to prove in your presence, with my gown and sword, against all that beautiful white armour which he took from me, that it is I who have had the honour of conquering the brave Otamus."

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest confidence. He never doubted, but that, armed as he was, with a helmet, a cuirass, and brassards, he would obtain an easy victory over a champion in a cap and a night-gown. Zadig drew his sword, saluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy. Itobad drew his without saluting any one. He rushed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear; he was ready to cleave him in two. Zadig knew how to ward off his blows,

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by opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest of that of his adversary, in such a manner that Itobad's sword was broken. Upon which Zadig, seizing his enemy by the waist, threw him on the ground; and fixing the point of his sword at the extremity of his breast-plate; "Suffer thyself to be disarmed, (said he,) or thou art a dead man." Itobad, always surpris'd at the disgraces that happened to such a man as he, was oblig'd to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great composure, his magnificent helmet, his superb cuirass, his fine brassarts, his shining cuisses; cloath'd himself with them, and in this dress ran to throw himself at the feet of Astarte. Cador easily proved that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, and especially by that of Astarte; who, after so many calamities, now tasted the exquisite pleasure of seeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of all the world, to be her husband. Itobad went home to be call'd lord in his own house.—Zadig was king, and was happy; he recollected what the angel Jesrad had said to him; he even remembered the grain of sand that became a diamond. The queen and Zadig adored Providence. He left the capricious beauty Mislouf to run thro' the world. He sent in search of the robber Arbogad, to whom he gave an honourable post in his army, promising to advance him to the first dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior; and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profession of a robber.

Setoc, with the fair Almona, was call'd from the heart of Arabia, and plac'd at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cador was preferred and distinguished according to his great services. He

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was the friend of the king ; and the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine house was given to the fisherman ; and Orcan was condemned to pay him a large sum of money, and to restore him his wife ; but the fisherman, who was now become wife, took only the money.

But neither could the beautiful Semirabe comforted, for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye ; nor did Azora cease to lament her having attempted to cut off his nose : their griefs, however, he softened by his presents. The envious man died of rage and shame. The empire enjoyed peace, glory, and plenty. This was the happiest age of the earth ; it was governed by love and justice. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed heaven.

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most new said she has pointed out to her
 all the things that are to be seen in the city of Paris.

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The WORLD as it GOES,

with a new edition of the same.

new said she has pointed out to her
 all the things that are to be seen in the city of Paris.

The Vision of BABOUĆ.

new said she has pointed out to her
 all the things that are to be seen in the city of Paris.

new said she has pointed out to her
 all the things that are to be seen in the city of Paris.

Written by himself.

new said she has pointed out to her
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AMONG the genii, who preside over the empires of the earth, Ithuriel held one of the first ranks, and had the department of Upper Asia. He one morning descended into the abode of Babouc, the Scythian, who dwelt on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him; "Babouc, the follies and vices of the Persians have drawn upon them our indignation; yesterday was held an assembly of the genii of Upper Asia, to consider whether we would chastise Persepolis, or destroy it entirely. Go to that city; examine every thing; return and give me a faithful account; and, according to thy report, I will then determine whether to correct or extirpate the inhabitants." "But, my lord, (said Babouc with great humility,) I have never been in Persia, nor do I know a single person in that country." "So much the better (said the angel,) thou wilt be the more impartial; thou hast received from heaven the spirit of discernment, to which I now add the power of inspiring confidence. Go, see, hear,

* This appears to be a satire on the city of Paris.

hear, observe, and fear nothing; thou shalt every where meet with a favourable reception.

Babouc mounted his camel, and set out with his servants. After having travelled some days, he met, near the plains of Senaar, the Persian army, which was going to attack the forces of India. He first addressed himself to a soldier, whom he found at a distance from the main army; and asked him what was the occasion of the war. "By all the gods, (said the soldier,) I know nothing of the matter. It is none of my business; my trade is to kill and be killed, to get a livelihood. It is of no consequence to me whom I serve. To morrow, perhaps, I may go over to the Indian camp; for it is said that they give their soldiers nearly half a copper drachma a day more than we have in this cursed service of Persia: if thou desirest to know why we fight, speak to my captain."

Babouc, having given the soldier a small present, entered the camp. He soon became acquainted with the captain, and asked him the subject of the war. "How canst thou imagine that I should know it? (said the captain,) or of what importance is it to me? I live about two hundred leagues from Persepolis; I hear that war is declared; I instantly leave my family, and, having nothing else to do, go, according to our custom, to raise my fortune, or to fall by a glorious death." "But are not thy companions (said Babouc,) a little better informed than thee?" "No, (said the officer,) there are none but our principal satrapes that know the true cause of our cutting one another's throats."

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

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

Next day, on a report being spread that peace was going to be concluded, the Persian and Indian generals made haste to come to an engagement. The battle was long and bloody. Babouc beheld every crime, and every abomination: he was witness to the arts and stratagems of the principal satrapes, who did all that lay in their power to expose their general to the disgrace of a defeat. He saw officers killed by their own troops, and soldiers stabbing their already expiring comrades, in order to strip them of a few bloody garments, torn and

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* Such indeed are the trifling causes, which often produce horror, misery, and devastation.

covered with dirt. He entered the hospitals, to which they were conveying the wounded, most of whom died through the inhuman negligence of those who were well paid by the king of Persia to assist these unhappy men. "Are these men, (cried Babouc,) or are they wild beasts? Ah! I plainly see that Persepolis will be destroyed."

Full of this thought, he went over to the camp of the Indians, where, according to the prediction of the genii, he was as well received as in that of the Persians; but he saw there the very same crimes which had already filled him with horror. "Oh! (said he to himself,) if the angel Ithuriel should exterminate the Persians, the angel of India must certainly destroy the Indians." But being afterwards more particularly informed of all that passed in both armies, he heard of such acts of generosity, humanity, and greatness of soul, as at once surprised and charmed him; "Unaccountable mortals! as ye are, (cried he,) how can you thus unite so much baseness and so much grandeur, so many virtues and so many vices!"

Meanwhile the peace was proclaimed; and the generals of the two armies, neither of whom had gained a complete victory, but who, for their own private interest, had shed the blood of so many of their fellow-creatures, went to solicit their courts for rewards. The peace was celebrated in public writings, which announced the return of virtue and happiness to the earth. "God be praised, (said Babouc,) Persepolis will now be the abode of spotless innocence, and will not be destroyed, as the cruel genii intended. Let us haste without delay to this capital of Asia."

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

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

temples paved with carcases? I am no longer surpris'd at those pestilential diseases * that frequently depopulate Persepolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the infected breath of such numbers of the living, assembled and crowded together in the same place, are sufficient to poison the whole terrestrial globe. Oh! what an abominable city is Persepolis! The angels probably intend to destroy it, in order to build a more beautiful one in its place, and to people it with inhabitants who are more virtuous and better fingers. Providence may have its reasons for so doing; to its disposal let us leave all future events."

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Meanwhile the sun approached his meridian height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady, for whom her husband, an officer in the army, had given him some letters: but he first took several turns in Persepolis; where he saw other temples, better built and more richly adorned, filled with a polite audience, and resounding with harmonious music; he beheld public fountains, which, tho' ill-placed, struck the eye by their beauty; squares where the best kings that had govern-
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* Indeed one would imagine that the European churches, especially in this kingdom, had been contrived in order to disgust the people, and deter them from public worship. The chilling dampness which reigns in every church, especially in the winter, is not more pernicious to the health, than the earthy cadaverous smell is to the sense; and the eye is entertained with a variety of funeral epiraphs and ornaments, which cannot fail to excite superstitious horror in minds naturally susceptible of gloomy impressions.

ed Persia seemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people crying out; "When shall we see our beloved master?" He admired the magnificent bridges built over the river; the superb and commodious quays; the palaces raised on both sides; and an immense house, where thousands of old soldiers, covered with scars and crowned with victory, offered their daily praises to the god of armies*. At last he entered the house of the lady, who, with a set of fashionable people, waited his company to dinner. The house was neat and elegant; the repast delicious; the lady young, beautiful, witty, and engaging; and the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment said to himself, "The angel Ithuriel has little regard for the world, or he would never think of destroying such a charming city."

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In the mean time he observed that the lady, who had begun by tenderly asking news about her husband, spoke still more tenderly to a young magi, towards the conclusion of the repast. He saw a magistrate, who, in presence of his wife, paid his court with great vivacity to a widow, while that indulgent widow had one arm around the magistrate's neck, and held out her other hand to a young citizen, remarkable for his modesty and graceful appearance. The magistrate's wife rose first from table, to go to converse

* We perceive our author has an eye to the celebrated fountain on the *Pont Neuf*, the *Place des Victoires*, the two great bridges over the *Seine*, with the stone quays on each side, the palace of the *Louvre*, and the hospital for invalids.

converse in an adjoining closet with her director, who came too late, and for whom they had waited dinner; and the director, a man of great eloquence, spoke to her with such vehemency and holy zeal, that when she returned, her eyes were humid, her cheeks inflamed, her gait irregular, and her voice trembling.

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

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Such were the gloomy ideas that possessed his mind, when a grave man in a black gown appeared at the gate, and humbly begged to speak to the young magistrate. This stripling, without rising or taking the least notice of the old gentleman, gave him some papers, with a haughty and careless air, and then dismissed him. Babouc asked who this man was. The mistress of the house said to him in a low voice, "He is one of the best advocates in the city, and hath studied the law these fifty years. The other, who is but twenty-five years of age, and has only been a satrape of the law for two days, hath

hath ordered him to make an extract of a process he is going to determine, though he has not as yet examined it." "This giddy youth acts wisely, said Babouc, in asking counsel of an old man. But why is not the old man himself the judge?" "Thou art surely in jest, said they; those who have grown old in laborious and inferior posts are never raised to places of dignity. This young man has a great post, because his father is rich; and the right of dispensing justice is purchased here like a farm." "O manners! O unhappy city! cried Babouc, this is the height of anarchy and confusion. Those who have thus purchased the right of judging will doubtless sell their judgments; nothing do I see here but an abyss of iniquity."

While he was thus expressing his grief and surprise, a young warrior, who that very day had returned from the army, said to him why wouldest thou not have seats in the courts of justice to be purchased? I myself purchased the right of braving death at the head of two thousand men, who are under my command: it has this year cost me forty thousand darics of gold to lie on the earth thirty nights successively in a red dress, and at last to receive two wounds with an arrow, of which I still feel the smart. If I ruin myself to serve the emperor of Persia, whom I never saw, the satrape of the law may well pay something for enjoying the pleasure of giving audience to pleaders." Babouc was filled with indignation, and could not help condemning a country, where the highest posts in the army and the law were exposed to sale. He at once concluded, that the inhabitants must be entirely ignorant of the art of war, and the laws of equity; and that though Ithuriel should not destroy them, they must

three hundred of his fellow-citizens ; but his intention was good ; and there is nothing in this that should occasion the destruction of Persepolis.”

Upon leaving the assembly, he was conducted to a public entertainment, which was exhibited every day in the year. It was in a kind of great hall, at the end of which appeared a palace. The most beautiful women in Persepolis, and the most considerable satrapes were ranged in order, and formed so fine a spectacle, that Babouc at first believed that this was all the entertainment. Two or three persons, who seemed to be kings and queens, soon appeared in the vestibule of their palace. Their language was very different from that of the people ; it was measured, harmonious, and sublime. No body slept. The audience kept a profound silence which was only interrupted by expressions of sensibility and admiration. The duty of kings, the love of virtue, and the dangers arising from unbridled passions, were all described by such lively and affecting strokes, that Babouc shed tears. He doubted not but that these heroes and heroines, these kings and queens whom he had just heard, were the preachers of the empire : he even purposed to engage Ithuriel to come and hear them ; confident that such a spectacle would for ever reconcile him to the city*.

As soon as the entertainment was finished, he resolved to visit the principal queen, who had recommended such pure and noble morals in the palace. He desired to be introduced to her majesty, and was led up a narrow staircase to an ill-furnished apartment in the second story, where he found a woman in a mean dress, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air, “ This employment does not afford
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me a sufficient maintenance; one of the princes whom thou sawest has got me with child; I shall soon be brought to bed; I want money, and without money there is no lying in." Babouc gave her an hundred darics of gold, saying, "Had there been no other evil in the city but this, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being so much offended."

From thence he went to spend the evening at the house of a tradesman who dealt in magnificent trifles. He was conducted thither by a man of sense, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. He bought whatever pleased his fancy; and the toyman with great politeness sold him every thing for more than it was worth. On his return home his friend shewed him how much he had been cheated. Babouc set down the name of the tradesman in his pocket-book, in order to point him out to Ithuriel as the object of peculiar vengeance on the day when the city should be punished. As he was writing, he heard somebody knock at the door: this was the toyman himself, who came to restore him his purse, which he had left by mistake on the counter. "How canst thou, cried Babouc, be so generous and faithful, when thou hast had the assurance to sell me these trifles for four times their value?" "There is not a tradesman, replied the merchant, of ever so little note in the city, that would not have returned thee thy purse; but whoever said that I sold thee these trifles for four times their value, is greatly mistaken; I sold them for ten times their value; and this is so true, that wert thou to sell them again in a month hence, thou wouldst not get even this tenth part. But nothing is more just, it is the variable fancies of men that set a value on these baubles; it is this fancy that

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maintains an hundred workmen whom I employ ; it is this that gives me a fine house and a handsome chariot and horses ; it is this, in fine, that excites industry, encourages taste, promotes circulation, and produces abundance.

“ I sell the same trifles to the neighbouring nation at a much higher rate than I have sold them to thee, and by these means I am useful to the empire.” Babouc, after having reflected a moment, erased the tradesman’s name from his tablets.



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

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

extremely desirous of edifying the world, that they wished to have it entirely under their dominion.

Soon after appeared a little man, who was a demimagi, and who said to him, "I plainly see that the work is going to be accomplished : for Zerdust is returned to earth ; and the little girls prophecy, pinching themselves before, and whipping themselves behind. We therefore implore thy protection against the great lama." "What! said Babouc, against the royal pontiff, who resides at Tibet?" "Yes, against him himself." "What! you are then making war upon him, and raising armies!" "No, but he says that man is a free agent, and we deny it. We have wrote several pamphlets against him, which he never read ; hardly has he heard our name mentioned ; he hath only condemned us in the same manner as a man orders the trees in his garden to be cleared from caterpillars." Babouc was incensed at the folly of these men who made profession of wisdom ; and at the intrigues of those who had renounced the world ; and at the ambition, pride, and avarice of such as taught humility and a disinterested spirit ; from all which he concluded that Ithuriel had good reason to destroy the whole race.

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On his return home, he sent for some new books to alleviate his grief, and, in order to exhilarate his spirits, invited some men of letters to dine with him ; when, like wasps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he desired. These parasites were equally eager to eat and to speak ; they praised two sorts of persons, the dead and themselves ; but none of their co-temporaries, except

cept the master of the house. If any of them happened to drop a smart and witty expression, the rest cast down their eyes and bit their lips, out of mere vexation that it had not been said by themselves. They had less dissimulation than the magi, because they had not such grand objects of ambition. Each of them behaved at once with all the meanness of a valet, and all the dignity of a great man. They said to each other's face the most insulting things, which they took for strokes of wit. They had some knowledge of the design of Babouc's commission; one of them entreated him in a low voice to extirpate an author who had not praised him sufficiently about five years before; another requested the ruin of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; and a third demanded the destruction of the academy, because he had not been able to get admitted into it. The repast being ended, each of them departed by himself; for in the whole crowd there were not two men that could endure the company or conversation of each other, except at the houses of the rich, who invited them to their tables. Babouc thought that it would be no great loss to the public if all these vermin were destroyed in the general catastrophe.

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

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

“Thou hast read very despicable performances, said the man of letters; but in all times, in all countries, and in all kinds of literature, the bad swarm and the good are rare. Thou hast received into thy house the very dregs of pedantry; for, in all professions, those who are least worthy of appearing, are always sure to present themselves with the greatest impudence. The truly wise live among themselves in retirement and tranquillity; and we have still some men and some books worthy of thy attention.” While he was thus speaking, they were joined by another man of letters; and the conversation became so entertaining and instructive, so elevated above vulgar prejudices, and so conformable to virtue, that Babouc acknowledged he had never heard the like. “These are men, said he to himself, whom the angel Ithuriel will not presume to touch, or he must be a merciless being indeed.

Though reconciled to men of letters, he was still enraged against the rest of the nation. “Thou art a stranger, said the judicious person who was talking to him; abuses present themselves to thy eyes in crowds, while the good, which lies conceal-

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

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

most iniquitous perverseness. It would doubtless be better to give these places gratuitously to those old civilians who have spent their lives in the study of the law."

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

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

Babouc concluded that the best things frequently arose from abuses. He saw the same day, that the riches of the receivers of the public revenue, at which he had been so much offended, were capable of producing an excellent effect; for the emperor having occasion for money, he found in an hour by their means what he could not have procured in six months by the ordinary methods. He saw that those great clouds, swelled with the dews of the earth, restored in plentiful showers what they had thence derived. Besides, the children of these

new gentlemen, who were frequently better educated than those of the most ancient families, were sometimes more useful members of society; for he whose father hath been a good accomptant may easily become a good judge, a brave warrior, and an able statesman.

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Babouc was insensibly brought to excuse the avarice of the farmer of the revenues, who in reality was not more avaricious than other men, and besides was extremely necessary. He overlooked the folly of those who ruined themselves, in order to obtain a post in the law or army; a folly that produces great magistrates and heroes. He forgave the envy of men of letters, among whom there were some that enlightened the world; and he was reconciled to the ambitious and intriguing magi, who were possessed of more great virtues than little vices. But he had still many causes of complaint. The gallantries of the ladies especially, and the fatal effects which these must necessarily produce, filled him with fear and terror.

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

chants, officers; and pedants; and all of them complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said, "Doubtless this man plunders the provinces." The capricious reproached him with fickleness; the voluptuary said, "He thinks of nothing but his pleasure." The factious hoped to see him soon ruined by a cabal; and the women flattered themselves that they should soon have a younger minister.

Babouc heard their conversation, and could not help saying, "This is surely a happy man; he hath all his enemies in his anti-chamber; he crushes with his power those that envy his grandeur; he beholds those who detest him grovelling at his feet." At length he was admitted into the presence-chamber, where he saw a little old man bending under the weight of years and business, but still lively and full of spirits.

The minister was pleased with Babouc, and to Babouc he appeared to be a man of great merit. The conversation became interesting. The minister confessed that he was very unhappy; that he passed for rich, while in reality he was poor; that he was believed to be all-powerful, and yet was constantly contradicted; that he had obliged none but a parcel of ungrateful wretches; and that, in the course of forty years labour, he had hardly enjoyed a moment's rest. Babouc was moved with his misfortunes; and thought that if this man had been guilty of some faults, and Ithuriel had a mind to punish him, he ought not to cut him off, but to leave him in possession of his place.

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While Babouc was talking to the minister, the

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

Babouc gave her his hand, and said, "Is it possible, madam, that thou canst take so much pains to serve a man whom thou dost not love, and from whom thou hast every thing to fear?" "A man whom I do not love! cried she; know, Sir, that my husband is the best friend I have in the world; that there is nothing I would not sacrifice for him, except my lover; and that he would do any thing for me, except that of leaving his mistress. I must introduce you to her acquaintance; she is a charming woman, sprightly, and sweet-tempered; we sup together this very night, with my husband and my little magi; come and share our joy.

The lady conducted Babouc to her own house. The husband, who was at last arrived, overwhelmed with grief, received his wife with transports of joy and gratitude. He embraced by turns his wife, his mistress, the little magi, and Babouc. Wit, harmony, cheerfulness, and all the graces, embellished the repast. "Know, said the lady with whom he supped, that those who are sometimes called dishonest women have almost always the merit of very honest men; and to convince thee

of this, I invite thee to dine with me to-morrow at the beautiful Theona's. There are some old vestals that tear her character in pieces; but she does more good than all of them together. She would not commit the least act of injustice to gain the greatest advantage; she gives the most generous advice to her lover; she consults only his glory; and he would blush before her, should he let slip any opportunity of doing good; for nothing can more effectually excite a man to the performance of virtuous actions, than to have for the witness and judge of his conduct a mistress whose esteem he wishes to deserve."

Babouc did not fail to keep the appointment. He saw a house where all the pleasures seemed to reign, with Theona at the head of them, who well knew how to preserve the most perfect order. Her easy wit made all around her happy; she pleased almost without intending to do so; she was as amiable as beneficent; and, what enhanced the merit of all her good qualities, she was a beauty.

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

This, however, he did in the following manner: he caused a little statue, composed of all kinds of metals, of earth, and stones the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by one of the best founders in the city, and carried it to Ithuriel. "Wilt thou break, said he, this pretty statue, because it is not wholly composed of gold and diamonds?" Ithuriel

thuriel immediately understood his meaning, and resolved to think no more of punishing Persepolis, but to leave "The world as it goes." "For, said he, if all is not well, all is passable." Thus Persepolis was suffered to remain; nor did Babouc complain like Jonas, who was so highly incensed at the preservation of Nineveh. But when a man has been three days in a whale's belly, he cannot be supposed to be in so good a humour as when he has been at an opera or a comedy, and hath supped with good company.

MICROMEGAS.

M I C R O M E G A S ;

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C O M I C R O M A N C E .

B E I N G

A S E V E R E S A T I R E

U P O N T H E

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M I C R O M E G A S †.

C H A P. I.

A Voyage to the Planet SATURN, by an Inhabitant of the Star SIRIUS.

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

Some of your mathematicians, a set of people always useful to the public, will, perhaps, instantly seize the pen, and calculate, that Mr Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, being from head to foot four and twenty thousand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet; that we, denizens of this earth, being at a medium little more than five feet high, and

* A name compounded of two Greek words, signifying *little and great.*

our globe nine thousand leagues in circumference : these things being premised, I say, they will conclude, that the periphery of the globe which produced him, must be exactly one and twenty millions six hundred thousand times greater than that of this our tiny ball. Nothing in nature is more simple and common. The dominions of some sovereigns of Germany or Italy, which may be compassed in half an hour, when compared with the empires of Ottoman, Muscovy, or China, are no other than faint instances of the prodigious difference which nature hath made in the scale of beings. The stature of his excellency being of these extraordinary dimensions, all our painters and statuaries will easily agree, that the round of his belly might amount to fifty thousand royal feet; a very agreeable and just proportion.

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

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

Micromégas defended his philosophy with such spirit as made all the female sex his proselytes; and the process lasted two hundred and twenty years; at the end of which, in consequence of the musti's interest, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author expelled from court, for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much afflicted at his banishment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humorous song upon the musti, who gave himself no trouble about the matter, and set out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the saying is) to improve his mind and finish his education. Those who never travel but in a post chaise or berlin, will, doubtless, be astonished at the equipages used above; for we that strut upon this little mole-hill, are at a loss to conceive any thing that surpasses our own customs. But our traveller was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulsion; and made such seasonable use of his knowledge, that sometimes, by the help

of a sun-beam, and sometimes by the convenience of a comet, he and his retinue glided from sphere to sphere, as a bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time, posted through the milky way; and I am obliged to own, he saw not a twinkle of those stars supposed to adorn that fair empyrean, which the illustrious doctor Derham brags to have observed through his telescope. Not that I pretend to say the doctor was mistaken. God forbid! but Micromegas was upon the spot, an exceeding good observer, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it will, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn; and, accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for his life repress that supercilious and conceited smile which often escapes the wisest philosopher, when he perceived the smallness of that globe, and the diminutive size of its inhabitants: for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country mere dwarfs, about a thousand fathoms high. In short, he at first derided those poor pigmies, just as an Italian fidler laughs at the music of Lully, at his first arrival in Paris: but as this Sirian was a person of good sense, he soon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six thousand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceased to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular, he contracted an intimate friendship with the secretary of the academy of Saturn, a man of good understanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed, in peace, the reputation of a little poet and great calculator.

And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very singular conversation that one day passed between Mr. secretary and Micromegas.

C H A P. II.

The conversation between MICROMEGAS and the inhabitant of SATURN.

HIS excellency having laid himself down, and the secretary approached his nose, "It must be confessed," said Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety."—"Yes," replied the Saturnian, "nature is like a parterre whose flowers—" "Pshaw!" cried the other, "a truce with your parterres."—"It is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of fair and brown women whose dresses—" "What a plague have I to do with your brunettes?" said our traveller. "Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the strokes of which—" "Not at all," answered Micromegas, "I tell you once for all, nature is like nature, and comparisons are odious." "Well, to please you," said the secretary—"I won't be pleased," replied the Sirian, "I want to be instructed: begin therefore, without further preamble, and tell me how many senses the people of this world enjoy."—"We have seventy and two," said the academician, "but, we are daily complaining of the small number; as our imagination transcends our wants; for, with these seventy two senses, our five moons and ring, we find ourselves very much restricted; and notwithstanding our curiosity, and the no small number of those passions that result from these few senses, we have still time enough to be tired of idleness." "I sincerely

ly believe what you say," cried Micromegas, "for, though we Sirians have near a thousand different senses, there still remains a certain vague desire, an unaccountable inquietude incessantly advertising us of our own unimportance, and giving us to understand, that there are other beings who are much our superiors in point of perfection. I have travelled a little, and seen mortals both above and below myself in the scale of being: but I have met with none who had not more desire than necessity and more want than gratification; perhaps, I shall one day arrive in some country, where nought is wanting; but, hitherto I have had no certain information of such an happy land." The Saturnian and his guest exhausted themselves in conjectures upon this subject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and uncertain, being fain to return to matter of fact, "To what age do you commonly live?" said the Sirian. "Lack-a-day! a mere trifle," replied the little gentleman. "It is the very same case with us," resumed the other, "the shortness of life is our daily complaint, so that this must be an universal law in nature." "Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few on this globe, outlive five hundred great revolutions of the sun; (these, according to our way of reckoning, amount to about fifteen thousand years.) So, you see, we in a manner begin to die the very moment we are born: our existence is no more than a point, our duration an instant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes, before we can profit by experience: for my own part, I am deterred from laying schemes, when I consider myself as a single drop in the midst of an immense ocean. I am particularly

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ashamed, in your presence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied, "If you were not a philosopher, I should be afraid of mortifying your pride, by telling you that the term of our lives, is seven hundred times longer than the date of your existence: but, you are very sensible, that when the texture of the body is resolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the consequence of what we call death: when that moment of change arrives, there is not the least difference betwixt having lived a whole eternity, or a single day. I have been in some countries where the people live a thousand times longer than with us, and yet they murmured at the shortness of their time: but one will find every where, some few persons of good sense, who know how to make the best of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profusion of variety scattered through the universe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs thro the whole: for example, all thinking beings are different among themselves, though at bottom they resemble one another, in the powers and passions of the soul: matter, though interminable, hath different properties in every sphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?" "If you mean those properties," said the Saturnian, "without which we believe this our globe could not subsist, we reckon in all three hundred, such as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, divisibility, et cætera."—"That small number," replied the traveller, "probably answers the views of the creator, on this your narrow sphere, I adore his wisdom in all his works. I see infinite variety,

variety, but every where proportion. Your globe is small; so are the inhabitants: you have few sensations; because your matter is endued with few properties: these are the works of unerring providence. Of what colour does your sun appear when accurately examined?" "Of a yellowish white," answered the Saturnian; "and in separating one of his rays, we find it contains seven colours." "Our sun," saith the Sirian, "is of a reddish hue, and we have no less than thirty-nine original colours. Among all the suns I have seen, there is no sort of resemblance; and in this sphere of your's, there is not one face like another."

After divers questions of this nature, he asked how many substances, essentially different, they counted in the world of Saturn; and understood that they numbered but thirty; such as God; space; matter; beings endued with sense and extension; beings that have extension, sense, and reflection; thinking beings who have no extension; those that are penetrable; those that are impenetrable, and the rest. But this Saturnian philosopher was prodigiously astonished, when the Sirian told him, they had no less then three hundred, and that he himself had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels. In short, after having communicated to each other what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a complete revolution of the sun, they resolved to set out together on a small philosophical tour.

C H A P. III.

The Voyage of those TWO INHABITANTS of the other World.

OUR two philosophers were just ready to embark for the atmosphere of Saturn, with a jolly provision of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress, having got an inkling of their design, came all in tears to make her remonstrances. She was a little handsome brunette, not above six hundred and threescore fathom high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the smallness of her stature. "Ah! cruel man," cried she, "after a resistance of fifteen hundred years, when at length I surrendered, and scarce have passed two hundred more in thy embrace, to leave me thus, before the honey moon is over, and go a rambling with a giant of another world! go, go, thou art a mere virtuoso, devoid of tenderness and love! if thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldst be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going? what is thy design? our five moons are not so inconstant, nor our ring so changeable as thee! but take this along with you, henceforth I ne'er shall love another man." The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithstanding his philosophy; and the lady, after having swooned with great decency, went to console herself with the conversation of a certain beau.

Meanwhile, our two virtuosi set out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious guess of an illustrious inhabitant of this our little earth: from thence they easily slipped from moon to moon; and a co-

met chancing to pass, they sprung upon it with all their servants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty million of leagues, they met with the satellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon the body of the planet itself, where they continued a whole year; during which they learned some very curious secrets, which would actually be sent to the press, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquisitors, who have found among them some corollaries very hard of digestion. Nevertheless, I have read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious archbishop of . . . who has granted me permission to peruse his books with that generosity and goodness which can never be enough commended: wherefore I promise he shall have a long article in the next edition of Moreri, where I shall not forget the young gentlemen his sons, who give us such pleasing hopes of seeing perpetuated the race of their illustrious father. But to return to our travellers. When they took leave of Jupiter, they traversed a space of about one hundred millions of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they descryed two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers. I know father Castel will write, and that pleasantly enough, against the existence of these two moons; but I entirely refer myself to those who reason by analogy: those worthy philosophers are very sensible that Mars, which is at such a distance from the sun, must be in a very uncomfortable situation, without the benefit of a couple of moons: be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet so small, that they were afraid they should not find room to take a little repose; so that they pursued their journey like two travellers who despise the

poultry

poultry accommodation of a village, and push forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented of their delicacy; for, they journeyed a long time, without finding a resting place, till at length they discerned a small speck, which was the Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compassion at sight of this miserable spot, upon which, however, they resolved to land, lest they should be a second time disappointed. They accordingly moved towards the tail of the comet, where, finding an Aurora Borealis ready to set sail, they embarked, and arrived on the northern coast of the Baltic on the fifth day of July, new stile, in the year 1737.

CHAP. IV.

What befel them upon this our GLOBE.

HAVING taken some repose, and being desirous of reconnoitring the narrow field in which they were, they traversed it at once from north to south. Every step of the Sirian and his attendants measured about thirty thousand royal feet: whereas, the dwarf of Saturn, whose stature did not exceed a thousand fathoms, followed at a distance quite out of breath; because, for every single stride of his companion, he was obliged to make twelve good steps at least. The reader may figure to himself, (if we are allowed to make such comparisons,) a very little rough spaniel dodging after a captain of the Prussian grenadiers.

As those strangers walked at a good pace, they compassed the globe in six and thirty hours; the sun, it is true, or rather the earth, describes the same

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

The dwarf, who sometimes judged too hastily, concluded at once that there was no living creature upon earth; and his chief reason was, that he had seen nobody. But, Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him sensible of the unjust conclusion; "For, (said he,) with your diminutive eyes you cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I distinctly perceive; and do you take it for granted that no such stars exist?" "But I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf. "Then your sense of feeling must be bad," resumed the other. "But this globe, (said the dwarf,) is ill contrived; and so irregular in its form as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but observe these little rivulets; not one of them runs in a strait line: and these ponds which are neither round, square, nor oval,
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nor indeed of any regular figure; together with those little sharp pebbles, (meaning the mountains,) that roughen the whole surface of the globe, and have tore all the skin from my feet. Besides, pray take notice of the shape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the sun in an awkward oblique manner, so as that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this sphere, is a full persuasion that no sensible being would live in such a disagreeable place." "What then? (said Micromegas,) perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, in all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Every thing here seems to you irregular; because you fetch all your comparisons from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reason of the seeming confusion which you condemn; have not I told you, that in the course of my travels I have always met with variety?" The Saturnian replied to all these arguments; and perhaps the dispute would have known no end, if Micromegas in the heat of the contest had not luckily broke the string of his diamond necklace; so that the jewels fell to the ground, consisting of pretty small unequal karats, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived, as they approached his eye, that every single diamond was cut in such a manner as to answer the purpose of an excellent microscope. He therefore took up a small one, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye; while Micromegas chose another of two thousand five hundred; though they were of excellent powers, the observers could perceive nothing by their assistance, so that they were altered and adjusted;

justed : at length, the inhabitant of Saturn discerned something almost imperceptible moving between two waves in the Baltic : this was no other than a whale, which, in a dexterous manner, he caught with his little finger, and, placing it on the nail of his thumb, shewed it to the Syrian, who laughed heartily at the excessive smallness peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than whales ; and being a mighty arguer, he forthwith set about investigating the origin and motion of this small atom, curious to know whether or not it was furnished with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this subject, he examined the animal with the most patient attention, and the result of his inquiry was, that he could see no reason to believe a soul was lodged in such a body. The two travellers were actually inclined to think there was no such thing as mind in this our habitation, when, by the help of their microscope, they perceived something as large as a whale floating upon the surface of the sea. It is well known, that at this period a flight of philosophers were upon their return from the polar circle, where they had been making observations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiser *. The
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* Cassini, who had measured a degree of the meridian in France, published in 1718 his book upon the size and figure of the earth, in which he concludes it is lengthened at the poles, in contradiction to the theory of Newton and Huygens; the French king ordered a company of academicians to measure a degree of the equator, and another to take the dimensions of a degree at the polar circle, in order to determine this dispute. Messrs. Goden, Bouguer, and de la Condamine, were sent to Peru; while

gazettes record, that their vessel ran ashore on the coast of Bothnia, and that they with great difficulty saved their lives; but in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things: for my own part, I will ingenuously recount the transaction just as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no small effort in a modern historian.

C H A P. V.

Micromegas stretched out his hand gently towards the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he instantly pulled back, for fear of being disappointed, then opening softly and shutting them all at once, he very dexterously seized the ship that contained those gentlemen, and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much pressure, which might have crushed the whole in pieces. "This," said the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former:" upon which, the Sirian placing the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand, the passengers and crew, who believed themselves thrown by a hurricane upon some rock, began to put themselves in motion. The sailors having hoisted out some casks of wine, jump-

while Maupertuis, Clairaut, Camus, Monnier, and Outhier, set out for Lapland. The observations of both companies, reinforced by those of Don Jorge Juan, and Antonio d'Ulloa, two Spanish philosophers employed by his Catholick Majesty, confirmed the theory of Sir Isaac Newton, that the earth was an oblate spheroid, flattened at the poles. A curious account of the voyage to Lapland, and of the observations there made, is to be found in the works of Maupertuis, published at Lyons in the year 1756.

jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas: the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, sectors, and Lapland mistresses, went over-board at a different place, and made such a bustle in their descent, that the Sirian at length felt his fingers tickled by something that seemed to move. An iron crow chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his fore finger; and from this prick he concluded that something had issued from the little animal he held in his hand; but at first he suspected nothing more: for the microscope, that scarce rendered a whale and a ship visible, had no effect upon an object so imperceptible as man.---I do not intend to shock the vanity of any person whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance, to consider, that supposing the stature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make just such a figure upon the earth, as an animal the sixty thousandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is endued with organs proportioned to those we possess, you will easily conceive that there must be a great variety of created substances;—and pray, what must such beings think of those battles by which a conqueror gains a small village, to lose it again in the sequel? I do not at all doubt, but if some captain of grenadiers should chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at least to the caps of his company: but I assure him his labour will be in vain; for, do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable. What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms of
which

which we have been speaking. When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoecker observed the first rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make such an astonishing discovery. What pleasure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas, in observing the motion of those little machines, in examining all their pranks, and pursuing them in all their operations! with what joy did he put his microscope into his companion's hand; and with what transport did they both at once exclaim, "I see them distinctly,—don't you perceive them carrying burdens, lying down and rising up again?" So saying, their hands shook with eagerness to see, and apprehension to lose such uncommon objects.—The Saturnian making a sudden transition, from the most cautious distrust, to the most excessive credulity, imagined he saw them in the very work of propagation, and cried aloud, "I have surpris'd nature in the very fact." Nevertheless, he was deceived by appearances: a case too common, whether we do or do not make use of microscopes.

C H A P. VI.

What happened in their intercourse with Men.

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

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imperceptible beings have the organs of speech? and what in the name of God can they say to one another? in order to speak, they must have something like thought, and if they think, they must surely have something equivalent to a soul: now, to attribute any thing like a soul to such an insect species, appears a mere absurdity.--“But just now,” replied the Sirian, “you believed they made love to each other; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without using some sort of language, or at least some way of making themselves understood? or do you suppose it is more difficult to advance an argument than to produce a child? for my own part, I look upon both these faculties as alike mysterious.” “I will no longer venture to believe or deny,” answered the dwarf: “in short I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavour to examine these insects, and we will reason upon them afterwards.--” “With all my heart,” said Micromegas, who taking out a pair of scissars, which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, of which he immediately formed a large kind of speaking trumpet, like a vast tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear: as the circumference of this machine included the ship and all the crew, the most feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail; so that, thanks to his industry, the philosopher could distinctly hear the buzzing of our insects that were below; in a few hours he distinguished articulate sounds, and at last plainly understood the French language. The dwarf heard the same, though with more difficulty.

The astonishment of our travellers increased every instant. They heard a nest of mites talk in a pretty sensible strain: and that *Lusus Naturæ* seemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the

Sirian

Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into conversation with such atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being understood by them, saw the necessity of diminishing the sound; each, therefore, put into his mouth a sort of small tooth-pick, the slender end of which reached to the vessel. The Sirian setting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship and crew upon his nail, held down his head and spoke softly.—In fine, having taken these and a great many more precautions, he addressed himself to them in these words:

“O ye invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyss of infinite littleness, I give praise to his goodness, in that he hath been pleased to disclose unto me those secrets that seemed to be impenetrable; perhaps the court of Sirius will not disdain to behold you with admiration: for my own part, I despise no creature, and therefore offer you my protection.”

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

that globe which seemed to be the property of whales; he also desired to know if they were happy in their situation, if they propagated their species, if they were inspired with souls? and put a hundred questions of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, more courageous than the rest, and shocked to hear his soul called in question, planted his quadrant, and having taken two observations of this interlocutor, "You believe then, Mr, what d'ye callum," said he, "that because you measure from head to foot a thousand fathoms"——"A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heaven! how should he know the height of my stature? a thousand fathoms! my very dimensions to an hair. What, measured by a mite! this atom, forsooth, is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am: while I, who can scarce perceive him through a microscope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!" "Yes, I have taken your measure," answered the philosopher, "and I will now do the same by your tall companion." The proposal was embraced; his excellency laid himself along: for, had he stood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree in a certain part of him which doctor Swift would have mentioned without hesitation, but which I forbear to call by its name, out of my inviolable respect for the ladies; then, by a series of triangles joined together, they discovered, that the object of their observation was a strapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet in length.

In consequence of this calculation, Micromegas uttered these words: "I am now more than ever convinced that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude." O God! who hast bestowed

flowed understanding upon such seemingly contemptible substances, thou canst with equal ease produce that which is infinitely small, as that which is incredibly great : and if it be possible, that among thy works there are beings still more diminutive than these, they may nevertheless, be endued with understanding superior to the intelligence of those stupendous animals I have seen in heaven, a single foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted." One of the philosophers bid him be assured, that there were intelligent beings much smaller than man, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees, but also described all that Swammerdam hath discovered, and Reaumur dissected. In a word, he informed him that there are animals which bear the same proportion to bees, which bees bear to man ; the same as the Sirian himself was to those vast beings whom he had mentioned ; and as those huge animals were to other substances, before whom they would appear like so many particles of dust. Here the conversation became very interesting, and Micromegas proceeded in these words.

C H A P. VII.

A conversation that passed between our travellers and the men they had encountered.

“ O YE intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleased to manifest his omniscience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth must be pure and exquisite : for being unincumbered with matter, and, to all appearance, little else than soul, you must spend your lives

lives in the delights of love and reflection, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect spirit. True happiness I have no where found; but certainly here it dwells." At this harangue, all the philosophers shook their heads, and one among the rest, more candid than his brethren, frankly owned, that, excepting a very small number of inhabitants, who were very little esteemed by their fellows, all the rest were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miserable wretches. "We have matter enough," said he, "to do abundance of mischief, if mischief comes of matter; and too much understanding, if evil flows from understanding; you must know, for example, that this very moment, while I am speaking, there are one hundred thousand animals of our own species, covered with hats, slaying an equal number of fellow-creatures who wear turbans; at least, they are either slaying or slain; and this hath been nearly the case all over the earth from time immemorial." The Sirian shuddering at this information, begged to know the cause of those horrible quarrels among such a puny race; and was given to understand, that the subject of the dispute was some pitiful mole-hill no bigger than his heel: not that any one of those millions who cut one another's throats pretends to have the least claim to the smallest particle of that clod; the question is to know, whether it shall belong to a certain person who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reason I know not) they dignify with the appellation of Cæsar. Neither one nor t'other has ever seen, or ever will see, the pitiful corner in question; and scarce one of those wretches who sacrifice one another hath ever beheld the animal on whose account they are mutually sacrificed!

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“ Ah miscreants ! (cried the indignant Sirian) such excess of desperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three steps, and trample the whole nest of such ridiculous assassins under my feet.” “ Don't give yourself the trouble, (replied the philosopher) they are industrious enough in procuring their own destruction ; at the end of ten years the hundredth part of those wretches will be no more : for, you must know, that though they should not draw a sword in the cause they have espoused, famine, fatigue, and intemperance, would sweep almost all of them from the face of the earth. Besides, the punishment should not be inflicted upon them, but upon those sedentary and slothful barbarians, who, from their close-stools, give orders for murdering a million of men, and then solemnly thank God for their success.”

Our traveller, moved with compassion for the little human race, in which he discovered such astonishing contrasts, “ Since you are of the small number of the wise, (said he) and in all likelihood do not engage yourselves in the trade of murder for hire, be so good as to tell me your occupation.” “ We anatomize flies, (replied the philosopher) we measure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we understand, and dispute upon two or three thousand that are beyond our comprehension.” Then the strangers being seized with the whim of interrogating those thinking atoms, upon the subjects about which they were agreed, “ How far (said the Sirian) do you reckon the distance between the great star of the constellation Gemini, and that called Caniculus ?” To this question all of them answered with one voice, “ Thirty-two degrees and

and an half." "And what is the distance from hence to the moon?" "Sixty femidiameters of the earth." He then thought to puzzle them by asking the weight of the air; but they answered distinctly, that common air is about nine hundred times specifically lighter than an equal column of the lightest water, and nineteen hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, astonished at their answers, was now tempted to believe those very people forcerers, whom, but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow to be inspired with souls.

"Well, (said Micromegas,) since you know so well what is without you, doubtless you are still more perfectly acquainted with that which is within; tell me what is the soul, and how your ideas are framed?" Here the philosophers spoke all together as before; but each was of a different opinion: the eldest quoted Aristotle; another pronounced the name of Descartes; a third mentioned Mallebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke: an old peripatetician lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "The soul is perfection and reason, having power to be such as it is:" as Aristotle expressly declares, page 633, of the Louvre edition.

Ἐπιλιχμα τις ἴσι, καὶ λόγος τῷ δυνάμει ἔχοντος σοῦδι ἵται.

"I am not very well versed in Greek," said the giant: "Nor I neither," replied the philosophical mite. "Why then do you quote that same Aristotle in Greek?" resumed the Sirian: "Because, (answered the other,) it is but reasonable we should quote what we do not comprehend in a language we do not understand."

Here the Cartesian interposing, "The soul (said he,)

he,) is a pure spirit or intelligence, which hath received in the mother's womb all the metaphysical ideas; but, upon leaving that prison, is obliged to go to school, and learn anew that knowledge which it hath lost, and will never more attain." "So it was necessary, (replied the animal of eight leagues,) that thy soul should be learned in thy mother's womb, in order to be so ignorant when thou hast got a beard upon thy chin: but, what dost thou understand by spirit?" "To what purpose do you ask me that question? (said the philosopher,) I have no idea of it: indeed it is supposed to be immaterial." "At least, thou knowest what matter is?" resumed the Sirian. "Perfectly well, (answered the other.) For example, that stone is grey, is of a certain figure, has three dimensions, specifick weight, and divisibility." "Right, (said the giant,) I want to know what that object is, which, according to thy observation, hath a grey colour, weight, and divisibility." "Thou seest a few qualities, but dost thou know the nature of the thing itself?" "Not I truly," answered the Cartesian. Upon which the other told him he did not know what matter was. Then addressing himself to another sage who stood upon his thumb, he asked what is the soul? and what are her functions? "Nothing at all, (replied this disciple of Mallebranche;) God hath made every thing for my convenience; in him I see every thing, by him I act; he is the universal Agent, and I never meddle in his work." "That is being a non-entity indeed," said the Sirian sage; who, turning to a follower of Leibnitz, "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the soul?" "In my opinion, answered this metaphysician, the soul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of a clock; or, if you please, the soul is the

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clock; and the body is the pointer; or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe; and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible.

A little partizan of Locke, who chanced to be present, being asked his opinion on the same subject, "I do not know (said he) by what power I think; but well I know, that I should never have thought without the assistance of my senses: that there are immaterial and intelligent substances, I do not at all doubt; but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal Power, to which it would ill become me to prescribe bounds: I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe that many more things are possible than are usually thought so." The Sirian smiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the least sagacious of the company: and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced this adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme disproportion in their different sizes. But unluckily there was another animalcule in a square cap, who, taking the word from all his philosophical brethren, affirmed that he knew the whole secret which was contained in the abridgement of St Thomas: he surveyed the two celestial strangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces that their persons, their fashions, their suns and their stars, were created solely for the use of man. At this wild assertion our two travellers let themselves tumble topsy turvy, seized with a fit of that inextinguishable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods; their bellies quivered, their shoulders rose and fell, and, during these convulsions, the vessel fell from the Sirian's nail into the

the Saturnian's pocket, where these worthy people searched for it a long time with great diligence.— At length, having found the ship, and set every thing to rights again, the Sirian resuming the discourse with those diminutive mites, promised to compose for them a choice book of philosophy, which would teach them abundance of admirable sciences, and demonstrate the very essence of things. Accordingly, before his departure, he made them a present of the book, which was brought to the academy of sciences at Paris; but when the old secretary came to open it, he saw nothing but blank paper, upon which “ Ay, ay, (said he) this is just what I suspected.”

the student's paper, where the writer speaks
 searched for it a long time without success—
 of length, having found the title, and in every
 where to find again the title, and in every
 course with those descriptive notes, printed to
 example for them a choice book of philosophy,
 which would teach them something of Aristotle,
 Cicero, and Demosthenes, the very authors of things,
 the writings, before the department, he was then
 a student of the book, which was brought to the
 academy of sciences in Paris; but when the old
 society came to give in, he was reading his
 paper upon which, (see p. 17.) that is the
 last of the paper.

The paper was read at the academy of sciences
 in Paris, and was highly praised. It was
 printed in the year 1777, and was
 the first of a series of papers which
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LE TAUREAU BLANC:

OR,

THE WHITE BULL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated from the SYRIAC,

By M. DE VOLTAIRE.

LE TAUREAU BLANC.

OF

THE WHITE BULL.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Translated from the French.

BY M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THE
 WHITE BULL.

CHAPTER I.

How the Princess Amasidia meets a Bull.

THE young Princess Amasidia, daughter of Amasi, King of Tanis in Egypt, took a walk upon the high-way of Pelusium with the ladies of her train. She was sunk in a deep melancholy; the tears gushed from her beautiful eyes. The cause of her grief is known, as well as the fears she entertained; lest that grief should displease the king her father. The old man Mambres, ancient magician and eunuch of the Pharaohs, was beside her, and seldom left her. He was present at her birth; he had educated her, and taught her all that a fair princess was allowed to know of the sciences of Egypt. The mind of Amasidia equalled her beauty; her sensibility and tenderness did not yield to the charms of her person; and it was this sensibility which cost her so many tears.

The Princess was four and twenty years old; the magician Mambres about thirteen hundred. It was he, as every one knows, who had that famous
 dispute

dispute with Moses, in which the victory was so long doubtful betwixt these two profound philosophers. If Mambres yielded, it was owing to the visible protection of the celestial powers who favoured his rival: it required gods to overcome Mambres.

Amasis made him superintendant of his daughter's household, and he acquitted himself in this office with his usual prudence. His compassion was excited by the sighs of the beautiful Amasidia.

“O my lover,” cried she sometimes to herself, “my young, my dear lover, O greatest of conquerors, most accomplished, most beautiful of men! Almost seven years hast thou disappeared from the world: What god has snatched thee from thy tender Amasidia? Thou art not dead. The wise Egyptian prophets confess this. But thou art dead to me, I am alone in the world; to me it is a desert. By what extraordinary prodigy hast thou abandoned thy throne and thy mistress? Thy throne, which was the first in the world;—however, that is a matter of small consequence:—but to abandon me who adores thee, O! my dear Na---.”

She was going on---“Tremble to pronounce that fatal name,” said Mambres, the ancient eunuch and magician of the Pharaohs,) “you would perhaps be discovered by some of the ladies of your court; they are all very much devoted to you, and all fair ladies certainly make it a merit to serve the noble passions of fair princesses. But there may be one amongst them indiscreet, and even treacherous. You know that your father, although he loves you, has sworn to put you to death, should you pronounce the terrible name always ready to escape
your

your lips. This law is severe; but you have not been educated in Egyptian wisdom to be ignorant of the government of the tongue: remember that Harpocrates, one of our greatest gods, has always his finger upon his mouth."

The beautiful Amasidia wept, and was silent.

As she pensively advanced towards the banks of the Nile, she perceived at a distance under a thicket, watered by the river, an old woman in a tattered grey garment, seated on a hillock; she had beside her a she-ass, a dog, a he-goat: opposite to her was a serpent, which was not like the common serpents; for its eyes were mild, its physiognomy noble and engaging, its skin shone with the liveliest and sweetest colours. A huge fish, half immersed in the river, was not the least astonishing figure in the groupe. And on a neighbouring tree were perched a raven and a pigeon. All these creatures seemed to carry on a very animated conversation.

"Alas!" said the princess in a low tone, these animals undoubtedly speak of their loves, and it is not so much as allowed me to mention the name of mine."

The old woman held in her hand a slender steel chain, a hundred fathoms long, to which was made fast a bull who fed in the meadow. This bull was white, perfectly well made, plump, and at the same time agile, which is a thing seldom to be found. He was the most beautiful that was ever seen of his kind. Neither the bull of Pasiphae, nor that in whose shape Jupiter appeared when he carried off Europa, could be compared to this noble animal. The charming young heifer into which Isis was changed would have scarce been worthy of him.

As soon as he saw the princess, he ran towards her with the swiftness of a young Arabian horse, who flies over the plains and rivers of the ancient Saana, to approach the lovely mare who reigns in his heart, and makes him prick up his ears. The old woman used her utmost efforts to restrain him. The serpent wanted to terrify him by its hissing. The dog followed him, and bit his beautiful limbs. The she-ass crossed his way, and kicked him to make him return. The great fish remounted the Nile, and darting himself out of the water, threatened to devour him : The he-goat remained immoveable, and struck with fear. The raven fluttered round his head as if he wanted to tear out his eyes. The pigeon alone accompanied him from curiosity, and applauded him by a sweet murmur.

So extraordinary a sight threw Mambres into serious reflections. In the meanwhile, the white bull, dragging after him his chain and the old woman, had already reached the princess, who was struck with astonishment and fear. He throws himself at her feet, he kisses them, he sheds tears, he looks upon her with eyes, in which there was an uncommon mixture of grief and joy. He dared not to low, lest he should terrify the beautiful Amasidia. He could not speak. A weak use of the voice, granted by Heaven to certain animals, was denied him ; but all his actions were eloquent. The princess was delighted with him ; she found that a trifling amusement could suspend for some moments even the most pungent grief. “ Here, said she, is a most amiable animal ; I could wish much to have him in my stable.”

At these words the bull bent himself on his four
knees

knees and kissed the ground. "He understands me, cried the princess; he shews me that he wants to be mine. Ah, heavenly magician; ah, divine eunuch, give me this consolation. Purchase this beautiful cherubim*. Settle the price with the old woman, to whom he no doubt belongs. This animal must be mine: do not refuse me this innocent comfort." All the ladies joined their requests to the entreaties of the princess. Mambres yielded to them, and went to speak to the old woman.

C H A P. II.

How the wise Mambres, formerly Magician of Pharaoh, knew again the old Woman, and was known by her.

"**M**ADAM," said he to her, "you know that ladies, and particularly princesses, have need of amusement. The daughter of the king is distractedly fond of your bull, I beg that you will sell him to us; you shall be paid in ready money."

"Sir," answered the old woman, "this precious animal does not belong to me. I am charged, together with all the beasts which you see, to keep him with care, to watch all his motions, and to give an exact account of them. God forbid that I should ever have any inclination to sell this invaluable animal."

Mambres, upon this discourse, began to have a

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* Cherubim signifies, in Chaldean, a Bull.

confused remembrance of something which he could not yet properly distinguish. He eyed the old woman in the grey cloak with greater attention.—“Respectable lady,” said he to her, “I either mistake, or I have seen you formerly.”—“I make no mistake,” replied the old woman, “I have seen you seven hundred years ago, in a journey which I made from Syria into Egypt some months after the destruction of Troy, when Hiram the second reigned at Tyre, and Nephel Keres in ancient Egypt.”—“Ah! madam,” cried the old man, “you are the remarkable witch of Endor.”—“And you, Sir,” said the sorceress, embracing him, “are the great Mambres of Egypt.”—

“O unforeseen meeting! memorable day! eternal decrees! said Mambres; it certainly is not without permission of the universal providence that we meet again in this meadow upon the banks of the Nile, near the noble city of Tanis. What, is it you who are so famous upon the banks of your little Jordan, and the first person in the world for raising apparitions?”

“What, is it you, Sir, who are so famous for changing rods into a serpent, the day into darkness, and rivers into blood?” “Yes, madam, but my great age has, in part, deprived me of my knowledge and power. I am ignorant from whence you have this beautiful bull, and who these animals are, that, together with you, watch around him.” The old woman recollecting herself, raised her eyes to heaven, then replied:

“My dear Mambres, we are of the same profession, but it is expressly forbidden me to tell you who this bull is. I can satisfy you with regard to the other animals. You will easily know them by
the

the marks which characterise them. The serpent is that which persuaded Eve to eat an apple, and to make her husband partake of it. The ass, that which spoke to your cotemporary Balaam in a hollow way. The fish, which always carries its head above water, is that which swallowed Jonas a few years ago. The dog is he who followed the angel Raphael and the young Tobit in their journey to Ragusa in Media, in the time of the great Salmanazar. This goat is he who expiates all the sins of your nation. The raven and the pigeon, those which were in the ark of Noah:---great event! universal catastrophe! of which almost all the world is still ignorant. You are now informed;---but of the bull you can know nothing."

Mambres, having listened with respect, said, "The Eternal, O illustrious witch! reveals and conceals what he thinks proper. All the animals, who, together with you, are entrusted with the custody of the white bull, are only known to your generous and agreeable nation, which is itself unknown to almost all the world. The miracles which you and your's, I and mine, have performed, shall one day be a great subject of doubt and scandal to false philosophers. But happily these miracles shall find belief with the real sages who shall prove submissive to the enlightened in one corner of the world; and this is all that is necessary."

As he spoke these words, the princess pulled him by the sleeve, and said to him, "Mambres, will you not buy my bull?" The magician, plunged into a deep reverie, made no reply, and Amasidia poured forth her tears.

She then addressed herself to the old woman,
"My

“My good woman,” said she, “I conjure you, by all you hold most dear in the world, by your father, by your mother, by your nurse, who are certainly still alive, to sell me not only your bull, but likewise your pigeon, which seems very much attached to him.

“As for the other animals, I do not want them; but I shall catch the vapours if you do not sell me this charming bull, who will be all the happiness of my life.”

The old woman respectfully kissed the fringe of her gauze robe, and replied, “Princess, my bull is not to be sold; your illustrious magician is acquainted with this. All that I can do for your service is, to permit him to feed every day near your palace: You may caress him, give him biscuits, and make him dance about at your pleasure; but he must always be under the eyes of all these animals who accompany me, and who are charged with the keeping of him. If he does not endeavour to escape from them, they will prove peaceable; but if he attempts once more to break his chain, as he did upon seeing you, woe be unto him, for I would not answer for his life: this large fish, which you see, will certainly swallow him, and keep him longer than *three* days in his belly; or this serpent, who appears to you so mild, will give him a mortal sting.”

The white bull, who understood perfectly the old woman's conversation, but was unable to speak, humbly accepted all the proposals; he laid himself down at her feet; he lowed softly; and looking tenderly at Amasidia, seemed to say to her, “Come and see me sometimes upon the grass.” The serpent now took up the conversation: “Princess,”

cess," said he, " I advise you to act implicitly as mademoiselle of Endor has told you." The sheafs likewise put in her word, and was of the opinion of the serpent.

Amasidia was afflicted that this serpent and this sheaf should speak so well ; while a beautiful bull, who had such noble and tender sentiments, was unable to express them. " Alas," said she in a low voice, " nothing is more common at court : one sees there every day fine lords who cannot converse, and contemptible wretches who speak with assurance."

" This serpent," said Mambres, " is not a contemptible wretch ; he is perhaps the personage of the greatest importance."

The day now declined, and the princess was obliged to return home, after having promised to come back next day at the same hour. Her ladies of the palace were astonished, and understood nothing of what they had seen or heard. Mambres made reflections. The princess recollecting that the serpent called the old woman Miss, concluded at random that she was a virgin, and felt some affliction that she was still one herself ; respectable affliction ! which she concealed with as much care as the name of her lover.

C H A P. III.

How the beautiful Amasidia had a secret Conversation with a beautiful Serpent.

THE beautiful princess recommended secrecy to her ladies with regard to what they had seen.

seen. They all promised it, and kept it for a whole day.

We may believe that Amasidia slept little this night; an inexplicable charm continually recalled the idea of her beautiful bull. As soon therefore as she was at freedom with her wife Mambres, she said to him: "O, sage! this animal turns my head." --- "He employs mine very much," said Mambres. "I see plainly that this cherubim is very much superior to those of his species. I see that there is a great mystery, and I suspect a fatal event. Your father Amasis is suspicious and violent; and this affair requires that you conduct yourself with the greatest precaution."

"Ah!" said the princess, "I have too much curiosity to be prudent. It is the only sentiment which can unite in my heart with that which preys upon me on account of the lover I have lost. Can I not know who this white bull is that gives me such strange disquiet?"

Mambres replied, "I have already confessed to you, madam, that my knowledge declines in proportion as my age advances; but I mistake much if the serpent is not informed of what you are so very desirous of knowing. He does not want sense; he expresses himself with propriety; he has been long accustomed to interfere in the affairs of the ladies." "Ah! undoubtedly," said Amasidia, "this is the beautiful serpent of Egypt, who, by fixing his tail into his mouth, is the emblem of eternity; who enlightens the world when he opens his eyes, and darkens it when he shuts them." --- "No, madam." --- "It is then the serpent of Esculapius." --- "Still less." --- "It is perhaps Jupiter under the figure of a serpent." --- "Not at all." --- "Ah, now I see, I see; it is the rod which you---formerly

merly changed into a serpent."---"No, madam, it is not, but all these serpents are of the same family; the present has a very high character in his own country; he passes there for the most extraordinary serpent that was ever seen. Address yourself to him. However, I warn you it is a dangerous undertaking. Were I in your place, I would hardly trouble myself either with the bull, the she-ass, the serpent, the fish, the raven, or the pigeon,---but passion hurries you on; and all I can do is to pity you, and tremble."

The princess conjured him to procure her a tete a tete with the serpent. Mambres, who was obliging, consented, and making profound reflections, he went and communicated to the witch in so insinuating a manner the whim of the princess, that the old woman told him Amasidia might lay her commands upon her; that the serpent was perfectly well bred, and so polite to the ladies, that he wished for nothing more than to oblige them, and would not fail the princess's assignation.

The ancient magician returned to inform the princess of this good news; but he still dreaded some misfortune, and made reflections.---"You desire to speak with the serpent, madam; this you may accomplish whenever your highness thinks proper. But remember you must flatter him; for every animal has a great deal of self-love, and he in particular. It is said he was formerly driven out of heaven for excessive pride."---"I have never heard of it," replied the princess.---"I believe it," said the old man. He then informed her of all the reports which had been spread about this famous serpent. "But, madam, whatever singular adventures may have happened to him, you never can extort these secrets from him but by flattery: hav-

ing formerly deceived women, it is reasonable that a woman in her turn should deceive him."—"I will do my utmost," said the princess; and departed with her maids of honour. The old woman was feeding the bull at a considerable distance.

Mambres left Amasidia to herself, and went and discoursed with the witch. One lady of honour chatted with the she-afs, the others amused themselves with the goat, the dog, the raven, and the pigeon. As for the large fish that frightened every body, he plunged himself into the Nile by order of the old woman.

The serpent then attended the beautiful Amasidia into the grove, where they had the following conversation.

Serpent.

"You cannot imagine, madam, how much I am flattered with the honour which your highness deigns to confer upon me."

Princess.

"Your great reputation, Sir, the beauty of your countenance, and the brilliancy of your eyes, have readily determined me to seek for this conversation; I know by public report (if it is not false) that you were formerly a very great lord in the empyrean heaven."

Serpent.

"It is true, madam, I had there a very distinguished place. It is pretended I am a disgraced favourite. This is a report which at once went abroad in India*. The Brachmans were the first who

* The Brachmans were in fact the first who imagined a re-
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who gave a history of my adventures. And I doubt not but, one day or other the poets of the north will make them the subject of an extravagant epick poem; for in truth it is all that can be made of them. Yet I am not so much fallen, but that I have left in this globe a very extensive dominion. I might venture to assert that the whole earth belongs to me."

Princess.

"I believe it; for they tell me that your powers of persuasion are irresistible, and to please is to reign."

Serpent.

"I feel, madam, while I behold and listen to you, that you have over me the same power which you ascribe to me over so many others."

Princess.

"You are, and I believe it, an amiable conqueror: it is said that your conquests among the fair-sex have been numerous, and that you began with our common mother, whose name I have forgot."

Serpent.

"They do me injustice. She honoured me with her confidence, and I gave her the best advice. I desired that she and her husband should eat heartily of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. I imagined in doing this that I should please the Ruler of all things. It seemed to me, that a tree so necessary to the human race was not planted to be entirely useless. Would the supreme Being have

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wished

volt in heaven, and this fable long after served as the groundwork for the history of the wars of the giants, and some other histories.

wished to have been served by fools and idiots? Is not the mind formed for the acquisition of knowledge and for improvement? Is not the knowledge of good and evil necessary for doing the one and avoiding the other? I certainly merited their thanks."

Princess.

"Yet, they tell me that you have suffered for it. Probably it is since this period that so many ministers have been punished for giving good advice, and so many real philosophers and men of genius persecuted for their writings that were useful to mankind."

Serpent.

"It is my enemies who have told you these stories: they cry that I am out of favour at court.—But a proof that my influence there has not declined, is their own confession that I entered into the council when it was in agitation to try the good man Job: and I was again called upon when the resolution was taken to deceive a certain petty king called Ahab*. I alone was charged with this honourable commission."

Princess.

"Ah, Sir! I do not believe that you are formed to deceive. But since you are always in the ministry,

* First book of Kings, chap. xxii. ver. 20, 21, 22.—"And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab king of Israel, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth Gilead?—And there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him: and the Lord said unto him, How? and he said, I will go forth and be a lying spirit in the mouths of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth, and do so."

nistry, may I beg a favour of you? I hope so amiable a lord will not deny me."

Serpent.

"Madam, your requests are laws; name your commands."

Princess.

"I intreat you will tell me who this white bull is, for whom I feel such extraordinary sentiments, that they both affect and alarm me. I am told that you would deign to inform me."

Serpent.

"Madam, curiosity is necessary to human nature, and especially to your amiable sex. Without it they would live in the most shameful ignorance. I have always satisfied, as far as lay in my power, the curiosity of the ladies. I am accused indeed of using this complaisance only to vex the Ruler of the world. I swear to you, that I could propose nothing more agreeable to myself than to obey you; but the old woman must have informed you that the revealing of this secret will be attended with some danger to you."

Princess.

"Ah! it is that which makes me still more curious."

Serpent.

"In this I discover the sex to whom I have formerly done service."

Princess.

"If you possess any feeling, if rational beings should mutually assist each other; if you have compassion for an unfortunate creature, do not refuse my request."

Serpent.

Serpent.

“ You affect me, I must satisfy you, but do not interrupt me.”

Princess.

“ I promise you I will not.”

Serpent.

“ There was a young king, beautiful, charming, in love, beloved. . . .”

Princess.

“ A young king! beautiful, charming, in love, beloved! and by whom? and who was this king? How old was he? what is become of him? where is his kingdom? what is his name?”

Serpent.

“ See, I have scarce begun, and you have already interrupted me: take care; if you have not more command over yourself, you are undone.”

Princess.

“ Ah, pardon me, Sir; I will not repeat my indiscretion: go on, I beseech you.”

Serpent.

“ This great king, the most valiant of men, victorious wherever he carried his arms, often dreamed when asleep, and forgot his dreams when awake; he wanted his magicians to remember and inform him what he had dreamed, otherwise he declared he would hang them, for that nothing was more equitable. It is now near seven years since he dreamed a fine dream, which he entirely forgot when he awoke; and a young Jew, full of experience, having revealed it to him, this amiable

able king was immediately changed into an ox for”

Princess.

“ Ah! it is my dear Nabu” She could not finish, she fainted away. Mambres, who listened at a distance, saw her fall, and believed her dead.

C H A P. IV.

How they wanted to sacrifice the Bull, and exorcise the Princess.

MAMBRES runs to her weeping. The serpent is affected; he, alas, cannot weep; but he hisses in a mournful tone, he cries out “ *She is dead.*” The ass repeats, “ *She is dead.*” the raven tells it over again. All the other animals appeared afflicted, except the fish of Jonas, which has always been merciful. The lady of honour, the ladies of the court, arrive and tear their hair. The white bull, who fed at a distance, and heard their cries, runs to the grove, dragging the old woman after him, while his loud bellowings made the neighbouring echoes resound. To no purpose did the ladies pour upon the expiring Amasidia their bottles of rose-water, of pink, of myrtle, of benjamin, of balm of Gilead, of amomum, of gilly flower, of nutmeg, of ambergrease. She had not as yet given the smallest signs of life.—But as soon as she perceived that the beautiful white bull was beside her, she came to herself, more blooming, more beautiful and lively than ever. A thousand times did she kiss this charming animal, who languishingly leaned his head on her snowy bosom. She called

called him "My master, my king, my dear, my life." She throws her fair arms around his neck, which was whiter than the snow; the light straw does not adhere more closely to the amber, the vine to the elm, nor the ivy to the oak. The sweet murmur of her sighs was heard, her eyes were seen now sparkling with a tender flame, and now obscured by those precious tears which love makes us shed.

We may easily judge into what astonishment the lady of honour and ladies of her train were thrown. As soon as they entered the palace, they related to their lovers this extraordinary adventure, and every one with different circumstances, which increased its singularity, and which always contributes to the variety of all histories.

No sooner was Amasis, king of Tanis, informed of these events, than his royal breast was inflamed with just indignation. Such was the wrath of Minos, when he understood that his daughter Pasiphae lavished her tender favours upon the father of the Minotaur. Thus raged Juno, when she beheld Jupiter carelling the beautiful cow Io, daughter of the river Inachus. Amasis shut up the fair Amasidia in her chamber, and placed upon her a guard of black eunuchs; then he assembled his privy council.

The grand magician presided there, but had no longer the same influence as formerly. All the ministers of state concluded that this white bull was a forcerer. It was quite the contrary; he was bewitched: but in delicate affairs they are always mistaken at court.

It was carried by a great majority that the princess should be exorcised, and the old woman and the bull sacrificed.

The

The wise Mambres contradicted not the opinion of the king and council. The right of exorcising belonged to him; he could delay it under some plausible pretence. The god Apis was lately dead at Memphis. A god ox dies just like another ox. And it was not allowed to exorcise any person in Egypt till a new ox was found to replace the deceased.

It was decreed in the council, to wait the nomination which should be made of a new god at Memphis.

The good old man, Mambres, perceived to what danger his dear princess was exposed. He knew who her lover was. The syllables NABU . . . which had escaped her, laid open the whole mystery to the eyes of this sage.

The dynasty of Memphis belonged at that time to the Babylonians; they preserved this remainder of the conquests they had gained under the greatest king of the world, to whom Amasis was a mortal enemy. Mambres had occasion for all his wisdom to conduct himself properly in the midst of so many difficulties. If the king Amasis should discover the lover of his daughter, her death was inevitable, he had sworn it. The great, the young, the beautiful king of whom she was enamoured, had dethroned the king her father, and Amasis had only recovered his kingdom about seven years. From that time it was not known what was become of the adorable monarch, the conqueror and idol of the nations, the tender and generous lover of the charming Amasidia; but sacrificing the bull would infallibly occasion the death of the beautiful Amasidia.

What could Mambres do in such critical circumstances?

stances? He went after the council broke up to find his dear foster daughter; "My dear child," he says, "I will serve you; but I repeat it, they will behead you if ever you pronounce the name of your lover."

"Ah! what signifies *my neck*," replied the beautiful Amasidia, "if I cannot embrace that of Nabuco... My father is a cruel man; he not only refuses to give me a charming prince whom I adore, but he declared war against him; and when he was conquered by my lover, he has found the secret of changing him into an ox. Did one ever see more frightful malice? If my father was not my father, I do not know what I should do to him."

"It was not your father who played him this cruel trick," said the wise Mambres; it was a native of Palestine, one of our ancient enemies, an inhabitant of a little country, comprehended in that crowd of kingdoms which your lover subdued, in order to polish and refine them.

"Such metamorphoses must not surprise you; you know that formerly I performed more extraordinary. Nothing was at that time more common than those changes which at present astonish philosophers. True history, which we have read together, informs us, that Lycaon, king of Arcadia, was changed into a wolf; the beautiful Calista, his daughter, into a bear; Io, the daughter of Inachus, our venerable Isis, into a cow; Daphnis into a laurel; Sirinx into a flute; the fair Edith, wife of Lot, the best and most affectionate father that ever was in the world, is she not become, in our neighbourhood, a pillar of salt very sharp tasted, which has preserved all the marks of her sex and periodical

cal returns*, as the great men attest who have seen it: I was witness to this change in my youth. I saw seven powerful cities in the most dry and parched situation in the world, all at once transformed into a beautiful lake. In the early part of my life the whole world was full of metamorphoses.

“ In fine, madam, if examples can sooth your grief, remember that Venus changed Ceraestes into an ox.” “ I do not know,” said the princess, “ that examples comfort us: If my lover was dead, could I comfort myself by the idea that all men die?” “ Your pain may at least be alleviated,” replied the sage; “ and since your lover has become an ox, it is possible from an ox he may become a man. As for me, I deserve to be changed into a tyger or a crocodile, if I did not employ the little power I have in the service of a princess worthy of the adoration of the world, for the beautiful Amasidia whom I have nursed upon my knees, and whom fatal destiny exposes to such rude trials.”

C H A P. V.

How the wise Mambres conducted himself wisely.

THE divine Mambres having said every thing he could to comfort the princess, but without having comforted her, ran to the old woman----

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“ My

* Tertullian, in his poem of Sodom, says, “ Dicitur et vivens alio sub corpore sexus, manificos, solito dispungere sanguine menses.” St. Ireneus, book 4th; per naturalia quæ sunt consuetudine fæminæ ostendens.”

“ My companion,” said he to her, “ ours is a charming profession, but it is very dangerous. You run the risk of being hanged, and your ox of being burnt, drowned, or devoured. I don’t know what they will do with your other animals; for prophet as I am, I know very little; but do you carefully conceal the serpent and the fish. Let not the one shew his head above water, nor the other go out of his hole. I will place the ox in one of my stables in the country; you shall be there with him, since you say that it is not allowed you to abandon him. The good scape-goat may upon the occasion serve as an expiation; we will send him into the desert loaded with the sins of all the rest; he is accustomed to this ceremony, which does him no harm; and every one knows that all is expiated by means of a he-goat who walks about for his amusement. I only beg of you to lend me immediately Tobit’s dog, who is a very swift greyhound; Balaam’s ass, who runs better than a dromedary; the raven and the pigeon of the ark, who fly with amazing swiftness. I want to send them on an embassy to Memphis; in an affair of great consequence.”

The old woman replied to the magician, “ You may dispose as you please of Tobit’s dog, of Balaam’s ass, of the raven and the pigeon of the ark, and of the scape-goat; but my ox cannot enter into a stable. It is said, Daniel, chap. v. That he must be always made fast to an iron chain, be always wet with the dew of heaven, and eat the grass of the field, and his portion be with the wild beasts.

“ He is trusted to me, and I must obey. What would Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, think of me, if I trusted my ox to any other than to myself? I see you know the secret of this extraordinary animal,

mal, but I have not to reproach myself with having revealed it to you. I am going to conduct him far from this polluted land, towards the lake Sirbon, where he will be sheltered from the cruelties of the king of Tanis. My fish and my serpent will defend me ; I fear nobody when I serve my master."

" My good woman," answered the wise Mambres, " let the will of God be done ! provided I can find your white bull again, the lake Sirbon, the lake Maris, or the lake of Sodom, are to me perfectly indifferent. I want to do nothing but good to him and to you. But why have you spoken to me of Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah ?" " Ah ! Sir," answered the old woman, " you know as well as I what concern they have in this important affair. But I have no time to lose. I don't desire to be hanged ; I want not that my bull should be burned, drowned, or devoured ; I go to the lake Sirbon by Canopus, with my serpent and my fish. Adieu."

The bull followed her pensively, after having testified his gratitude to the beneficent Mambres.

The wife Mambres was greatly troubled ; he saw that Amasis king of Tanis, distracted by the foolish passion of his daughter for this animal, and believing her bewitched, would pursue every where the unfortunate bull ; who would infallibly be burnt as a forcerer in the public place of Tanis, or given to the fish of Jonas, or be roasted and served up to table.—Mambres wanted at all events to save the princess from this cruel disaster.

He wrote a letter to the high priest of Memphis, his friend, in sacred characters, upon the paper of Egypt, which was not yet in use. Here are the identical words of his letter :

" Light

“Light of the world, lieutenant of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, chief of the circumcised, you whose altar is justly raised above all thrones! I am informed that your god the ox Apis is dead. I have one at your service. Come quickly with your priests to acknowledge, to worship him, and to conduct him into the stable of your temple. May Isis, Osiris, and Horus, keep you in their holy and worthy protection, and likewise you the priests of Memphis in their holy care.

Your affectionate friend,

I Mambres.”

He made four copies of this letter for fear of accidents, and enclosed them in cases of the hardest ebony. Then calling to him his four couriers; whom he had destined for this employment; (these were the ass, the dog, the raven, and the pigeon,) he said to the ass, “I know with what fidelity you served Balaam my brother, serve me with the same. There is not an unicorn who equals you in swiftness. Go, my dear friend, and deliver this letter to the person himself to whom it is directed, and return.”

The ass answered, “Sir, as I served Balaam, I will serve you; I will go, and I will return.” The sage put the box of ebony into her mouth, and she departed, swift as lightning.

Then he called Tobit's dog. “Faithful dog,” said Mambres, “more speedy in thy course than the nimble-footed Achilles, I know what you performed for Tobit son of Tobit, when you and the angel Raphael accompanied him from Nineveh to Ragusa in Media, and from Ragusa to Nineveh; and that he brought back to his father ten* talents, which the

* About 20 thousand crowns of France, present currency.

the slave Tobit the father had lent to the slave Gabellus; for the slaves at that time were very rich. Carry this letter as it is directed, which is much more valuable than ten talents of silver." The dog then replied, "Sir, if I formerly followed the messenger Raphael, I can with equal ease execute your commission." Mambres put the letter into his mouth.

He next spoke in the same manner to the pigeon, who replied, "Sir, if I brought back a bough into the ark, I will likewise bring you back an answer." She took the letter in her bill, and the three messengers were out of sight in a moment.

Then Mambres addressed the raven: "I know that you fed the great prophet Elias * when he was concealed near the torrent of Carith, so much celebrated in the world. You brought him every day good bread and fat pullets; I only ask of you to carry this letter to Memphis."

The raven answered in these words: "It is true, Sir, that I carried every day a dinner to the great prophet Elias the Thibbite; I saw him mount in a chariot of fire drawn by fiery horses; altho' this is not the usual method of travelling: but I always took care to eat half the dinner myself. I am very well pleased to carry your letter, provided you make me certain of two good meals every day, and that I am paid money in advance for my commission."

Mambres, angry, replied, "Gluttonous and malicious creature, I am not astonished that Apollo has made you black as a mole, from being white as a swan, as you was formerly, before you betrayed in the plains of Thessaly the beautiful Coronis,
the

* IIId. book of Kings, chap. 17.

the unfortunate mother of Esculapius. Tell me, did you eat ribs of beef and pullets every day when you was ten whole months in the ark?"—"Sir," said the raven, "we had there very good cheer; they served up roast meat twice a-day to all the fowls of my species who live upon nothing but flesh, such as the vultures, kites, eagles, buzzards, sparrow-hawks, owls, tarsels, falcons, great owls, and an innumerable crowd of birds of prey. They furnished with the most plentiful profusion the tables of the lions, leopards, tigers, panthers, hyænas, wolves, bears, foxes, polecats, and all sorts of carnivorous quadrupeds. There were in the ark eight persons of distinction, (and the only ones who were then in the world,) continually employed in the care of our table and our wardrobe; Noah and his wife, who were about six hundred years old, their three sons, and their three wives. It was charming to see with what care, what dexterity, what cleanliness, our eight domestics served four thousand of the most ravenous guests, without reckoning the amazing trouble which about ten or twelve thousand other animals required, from the elephant and the gyrafse to the silk-worm and fly. What astonishes me is, that our purveyor Noah is unknown to all the nations of whom he is the stem, but I don't much mind it. I had already been present at a similar * entertainment with Xesustres king of Thrace; such things as these happen from time to time for the instruction of the ravens. In a word,

* Berosus, a Chaldean author, relates an affair that the same adventure happened to Xesustres king of Thrace: it was still more wonderful, for his ark was about 5 stadii long, and 2 broad. There is a great dispute amongst the learned, whether king Xesustres or Noah was the most ancient.

word, I want to have good cheer, and to be paid in ready money."

The wife Mambres took care not to give his letter to such a discontented and babbling animal; and they separated very much dissatisfied with each other.

But it is necessary to know what became of the white bull, and not to lose the traces of the old woman and the serpent. Mambres ordered his intelligent and faithful domestics to follow them; and as for himself, he advanced in a litter by the side of the Nile, always making reflections.

"How is it possible," said he to himself, "that a serpent should be master of almost all the world, as he boasts, and as so many learned men acknowledge, and that he nevertheless obeys an old woman? How is it, that he is sometimes called to the council of the Most High while he creeps upon earth? In what manner can he enter by his power alone into the bodies of men, and that so many men pretend to dislodge him by means of words? In short, why does he pass with a small neighbouring people for having ruined the human race? and how is it that the human race are entirely ignorant of this? I am old, I have studied all my life, but I see a crowd of inconsistencies which I cannot reconcile; I cannot account for what has happened to myself, neither for the great things which I long ago performed, nor those of which I have been witness. Every thing well considered, I begin to think that this world subsists by contradictions, *rerum concordia discors*, as my master Zoroaster formerly said in his language."

While he was plunged in this obscure metaphysical reasoning, such are all metaphysics, a boat-

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man singing a jovial song, made fast a small boat by the side of the river, and three grave personages, half clothed in dirty tattered garments, landed from it, but preserved, under the garb of poverty, the most majestic and august air. These were *Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiab.*

C H A P. VI.

How Mambres met three Prophets, and gave them a good Dinner.

THREE three great men who had the prophetic light in their countenance, knew the wise Mambres to be one of their brethren, by some marks of the same light which he had still remaining, and prostrated themselves before his litter. Mambres likewise knew them to be prophets, more by their dress, than by those gleams of fire which proceeded from their august heads; he conjectured that they came to learn news of the white bull; and conducting himself with his usual propriety, he alighted from his carriage, and advanced a few steps towards them, with a politeness mixed with dignity. He raised them up, caused tents to be erected, and prepared a dinner, of which he judged that the prophets had very great need.

He invited the old woman to it, who was only about five hundred paces from them, who accepted the invitation, and arrived, leading her white bull.

Two soups were served up, one *de Bisque*, and the other *a la Reine*. The first course consisted of a carp's tongue-pye, livers of eel-pouts, and pikes; fowls dressed with pistachios, pigeons with truffles
and

and olives; two young turkeys with gravy of cray fish, mushrooms, and morels; and a chipotata. The second course was composed of pheasants, partridges, quails, and ortolans, with four fallads; the epargne was in the highest taste; nothing could be more delicious than the side dishes; nothing more brilliant and more ingenious than the desert. But the wise Mambres took great care to have no boiled beef, nor short ribs, nor tongue, nor palate of an ox, nor cows udder, lest the unfortunate monarch near at hand should think that they insulted him.

This great and unfortunate prince was feeding near the tent; and never did he feel in a more cruel manner the fatal revolution which had deprived him of his throne for seven long years. "Alas!" said he to himself, "this Daniel who has changed me into a bull, and this forcerefs my keeper, make the best cheer in the world; while I, the sovereign of Asia, am reduced to the necessity of eating grass, and drinking water."

When they had drank heartily of the wine of Engaddi, of Tadmor, and of Schiras, the prophets and witch conversed with more frankness than at the first course. "I must acknowledge," said Daniel, "that I did not live so well in the lion's den." "What, Sir," said Mambres, "did they put you into a den of lions? how came you not to be devoured?"

"Sir," said Daniel, "you know that lions never eat prophets."—"As for me," said Jeremiah, "I have passed my whole life starving of hunger. This is the only day I have ever ate a good meal; and were I to spend my life over again, and had it in my power to choose my condition, I must own

I would much rather be comptroller-general or bishop of Babylon, than prophet at Jerusalem."

Ezekiel cried (chap. iv.) "I was once ordered to sleep three hundred four score and ten days upon my left side, and to eat all that time bread of barley, millet, vetches, beans, and wheat, covered in the most delicious manner. All that I was able to obtain was to cover it with cows dung. I must own that the cookery of Seigneur Mambres is much more delicate; however the prophetic trade has its advantages, and the proof is, that there are thousands who follow it."

After they had spoken thus freely, Mambres entered upon business; he asked the three pilgrims the reason of their journey into the dominions of the king of Tanis. Daniel replied, "That the kingdom of Babylon had been all in a flame since Nabucodnosor had disappeared; that according to the custom of the court, they had persecuted all the prophets, who passed their lives in sometimes seeing kings humbled at their feet, and sometimes receiving a hundred lashes from them; that at length they had been obliged to take refuge in Egypt for fear of being starved.—Ezekiel and Jeremiah likewise spoke a long time in so very fine terms that it was almost impossible to understand them. As for the witch, she had always a strict eye over her charge: the fish of Jonas continued in the Nile opposite to the tent, and the serpent sported upon the grass. After drinking coffee, they took a walk by the side of the Nile; and the white bull, perceiving the three prophets, his enemies, bellowed most dreadfully, ran furiously at them, gored them with his horns; and as prophets never have any thing but skin upon their bones, he would certainly have run them through; but the Ruler

of the world who sees all and remedies all, changed them immediately into magpies; and they continued to chatter as before. The same thing happened since to the Pierides; so much has fable always imitated history.

This incident promoted new reflections in the mind of the wise Mambres. "Here," said he, "are three great prophets changed into magpies; this ought to teach us never to speak too much, and always to observe a suitable discretion:" he concluded that wisdom was better than eloquence, and thought profoundly as usual, when a great and terrible spectacle presented itself to his eyes.

C H A P. VII.

How King Amasis wanted to give the White Bull to be devoured by the Fish of Jonas, and did not do it.

CLOUDS of dust floated from south to north; the noise of drums, fifes, psalteries, harps, and sackbuts was heard, several squadrons and battalions advanced, and Amasis king of Tanis was at their head upon an Arabian horse, caparioned with scarlet trappings embroidered with gold, while the heralds proclaimed that they should seize the white bull, bind him, and throw him into the Nile, to be devoured by the fish of Jonas; "for the king our lord, who is just, wants to revenge himself upon the white bull, who has bewitched his daughter."

The good old man Mambres made more reflections than ever. He saw very plainly that the malicious

licious raven had told all to the king, and that the princess ran a great risk of being beheaded. "My dear friend," said he to the serpent, "go quickly and comfort the fair Amasidia, my foster daughter; bid her fear nothing whatever may happen, and tell her stories to alleviate her inquietude; for stories always amuse the ladies, and it is only by them that one can succeed in the world."

Mambres next prostrated himself before Amasis king of Tanis, and thus addressed him; "O king, live for ever, the white bull should certainly be sacrificed, for your majesty is always in the right; but the Ruler of the world has said, this bull must not be swallowed up by the fish of Jonas till Memphis shall have found a god to supply the place of him who is dead; then thou shalt be revenged, and thy daughter exorcised, for she is possessed. Your piety is too great not to obey the commands of the Ruler of the universe."

Amasis king of Tanis remained some time pensive. "The god Apis," said he at last, "is dead! God rest his soul! when do you think another ox will be found to reign over the fruitful Egypt?"

"Sire," replied Mambres, "I ask but eight days." "I grant them to you," replied the king, who was very religious, "and I will remain here the eight days; after which I will sacrifice the seducer of my daughter." Amasis immediately ordered his tents, his cooks, his musicians, and remained here eight days, as it is related in Manethon.

The old woman was in despair that the bull she had in charge had but eight days to live. She raised phantoms every night, in order to dissuade the king from his cruel resolution; but Amasis forgot in the morning the phantoms he had seen in
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the night ; similar to Nebuchadnezar, who had always forgot his dreams.

C H A P. VIII.

How the Serpent told Stories to the Princess to comfort her.

MEAN while the serpent told stories to the fair Amafidia to sooth her. He related, to her, how he had formerly cured a whole nation of the bite of certain little serpents, only by shewing himself at the end of a staff. He informed her of the conquests of a hero who made a charming contrast with Amphion, architect of Thebes in Bœotia. Amphion assembled hewn stones by the sound of his violin ; to build a city he had only to play a rigodoon and a minuet ; but the other hero destroyed them by the sound of rams horns ; he caused to hang thirty-one powerful kings in a country of four leagues in length and four in breadth ; he made stones rain down from heaven upon a battalion of routed Amorites ; and having thus exterminated them, he stopped the sun and moon at noon day between Gibeon and Askalon, in the road to Bethoron, to exterminate them still more, after the example of Bacchus, who had stopt the sun and the moon in his journey to the Indies.

The prudence which every serpent ought to have, did not allow him to tell the fair Amafidia of the powerful Jephthah, son of —, who beheaded his daughter, because he had gained a battle. This would have struck too much terror into the mind of the fair princess ; but he related to her the adventures of the great Sampson, who killed a thousand

land

ſand Philiftines with the jaw-bone of an afs, who tied together three hundred foxes by the tail, and who fell into the ſnares of a lady, leſs beautiful, leſs tender, and leſs faithful than the charming Amafidia.

He related to her the unfortunate loves of Sechem and the lovely Dinah, who was fix years old; and the more fortunate amours of Ruth and Boaz; thoſe of Judah with his daughter-in-law Tamar; thoſe even of Lott, with his two daughters, who did not chuſe that the human race ſhould be extinguished; thoſe of Abraham and Jacob with their ſervant maids; thoſe of Ruben with his mother; thoſe of David and Bathſheba; thoſe of the great king Solomon; in ſhort, every thing which could diſſipate the grief of a fair princeſs.

C H A P. IX.

How the Serpent did not comfort the Princeſs.

“ALL theſe ſtories tire me,” ſaid Amafidia, for ſhe had underſtanding and taſte; “they are good for nothing but to be commented upon amongſt the Iriſh by that madman Abbadie, or amongſt the Welch* by that prattler d’Houteville. Stories which might have amused the great, great, great grandmother of the great, great, great grandmother of my grandmother, appear inſipid to me who have been educated by the wiſe Mambres, and who have read *human underſtanding* by the Egyptian philoſopher named Locke, and the *Matron of Ephesus*; I chuſe that
a ſtory

* The French.

a story should be founded on probability, and not always resembling a dream; I desire to find nothing in it trivial or extravagant; and I want, above all, that under the appearance of fable there may appear some latent truth, obvious to the discerning eye, though it escape the observation of the vulgar.

“ I am weary of a sun and of a moon, which an old beldame disposes at her pleasure, of mountains which dance, of rivers which return to their sources, and of dead men who rise again; but I am above measure disgusted when such insipid stories are written in a bombast and unintelligible manner. A lady who expects to see her lover swallowed up by a great fish, and who is apprehensive of being beheaded by her own father, has need of amusement; but suit my amusement to my taste.”

“ You impose a very difficult task upon me,” replied the serpent. “ I could have formerly made you pass a few hours agreeably enough, but for some time past I have lost both my imagination and memory. Alas! what is become of that time when I amused the ladies? Let me try, however, if I can recollect one moral tale for your entertainment.

“ Five and twenty thousand years ago king Gnaof and queen Patra reigned in Thebes with its hundred gates. King Gnaof was very handsome, and queen Patra still more beautiful; but his attempts to have children were unsuccessful. The king Gnaof proposed a reward for the person who should discover the best method of perpetuating the royal race.

“ The faculty of medicine, and the academy of surgery, wrote excellent treatises upon this question.

Not one of them succeeded. The queen was sent to drink mineral waters; she fasted and prayed; she made magnificent presents to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, from whence comes the sal armo- niac; but all was to no purpose. At length a young priest of five and twenty presented himself to the king: "Sire, said he, I imagine that I am in possession of the charm which will produce the effect your majesty so earnestly desires. I must whisper something in private to madam, your spouse, and if she does not become fruitful, I consent to be hanged." "I accept the proposal," said king Gnaof. "They left the queen and the priest but a quarter of an hour together; the queen became pregnant, and the king wanted to hang the priest."

"My God!" said the princess, "but I see where this leads: this story is too common, and I must likewise tell you that it offends my modesty. Relate some very true and moral story, which I have never yet heard, to complete the improvement of my understanding and my heart, as the Egyptian professor Lenro says."

"Here then, madam," said the beautiful serpent, "is one most incontestibly authentic.

"There were three prophets all equally ambitious and discontented with their condition they had in common the folly to wish to be kings for there is only one step from the rank of a prophet to that of a monarch, and man always aspires to the highest step in the ladder of fortune. In other respects, their inclinations and their pleasures were totally different. The first preached admirably to his assembled brethren, who applauded him by clapping their hands; the second was
distracted

distractedly fond of music; and the third was a passionate lover of the fair sex.

“ The angel Ithuriel presented himself one day to them when they were at table discoursing on the sweets of royalty. “ The Ruler of the world, said the angel to them, sends me to you to reward your virtue; not only shall you be kings, but you shall constantly satisfy your ruling passions. You, first prophet, I make king of Egypt, and you shall continually preside in your council, who shall applaud your eloquence and your wisdom; and you, second prophet, I make king over Persia, and you shall continually hear most heavenly music; and you, third prophet, I make king of India, and I give you a charming mistress who shall never forsake you.

“ He, to whose lot Egypt fell, began his reign by assembling his council, which was composed only of two hundred sages. He made them a long and eloquent speech, which was very much applauded, and the monarch enjoyed the pleasing satisfaction of intoxicating himself with praises uncorrupted by flattery.

“ The council for foreign affairs succeeded to the privy council; this was much more numerous. And a new speech received still greater encomiums; and it was the same in the other councils. There was not a moment of intermission in the pleasures and glory of the prophet king of Egypt. The fame of his eloquence filled the world.

“ The prophet king of Persia began his reign by an Italian opera, whose choruses were sung by fifteen hundred eunuchs; their voices penetrated his soul even to the very marrow of the bones, where it resides. To this opera succeeded another, and to the second a third without interruption.

“ The king of India shut himself up with his mistress, and enjoyed perfect pleasure with her. He considered the necessity of always careffing her as the highest felicity, and pitied the wretched situation of his two brethren, of whom one was obliged always to convene his council, and the other to be continually at an opera.

“ It happened at the end of a few days, that each of these kings beheld from his window wood-cutters who came from an ale-house, and were going to work in a neighbouring forest; they walked arm in arm with their sweet-hearts, with whom they were happy, and changed them at pleasure.—The kings begged of the angel Ithuriel that he would intercede with the Ruler of the world, and make *them* wood-cutters.”

“ I do not know whether the Ruler of the world granted their request,” interrupted the tender Amasidia, “ and I do not care much about it; but I know very well that I should ask for nothing of any one, were I in private with my lover, with my dear NABUCODNOSER.”

The vaults of the palace resounded this mighty name; at first Amasidia had only pronounced Na—afterwards Nabu—then Nabuco—at length passion hurried her on, and she pronounced entire the fatal name, notwithstanding the oath she had sworn to the king her father. All the ladies of the court repeated NABUCODNOSER, and the malicious raven did not fail to carry the tidings to the king. The countenance of Amasis, king of Tanis, sunk, because his heart was troubled. And thus it was that the serpent, the wisest, and most subtle of animals, always beguiled the women, thinking to do them service.

Amasis, in a fury, sent twelve alguazils for his
daugh-

daughter; these men are always ready to execute barbarous orders, because they are paid for it.

C H A P. X.

How they wanted to behead the Princess, and did not behead her.

NO sooner had the princess entered the camp of the king, than he said to her; "My daughter, you know that all princesses who disobey their fathers are put to death; without which it would be impossible that a kingdom could be well governed. I charged you never to mention the name of your lover Nabucodnosor, my mortal enemy, who dethroned me about seven years ago, and disappeared. In his place you have chosen a white bull, and you have cried NABUCODNOSOR. It is just that I behead you."

The princess replied; "My father, thy will be done! but grant me some time to bewail my virginity." "That is reasonable," said king Amasis; "and it is a rule established amongst the most judicious princes. I give you a whole day to bewail your virginity, since you say that you have it. Tomorrow, which is the eighth day of my encampment, I will cause the white bull to be swallowed up by the fish, and I will behead you precisely at nine o'clock in the morning."

The beautiful Amasidia then went forth to bewail all that remained to her of her virginity by the side of the Nile, accompanied with the ladies of her train.

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The wise Mambres pondered beside her, and reckoned the hours and the moments. "Well! my dear Mambres," said she to him, "you have changed the waters of the Nile into blood, according to custom, and cannot you change the heart of Amasis, king of Tanis, my father? Will you suffer him to behead me to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning?"—"That depends," replied the reflecting Mambres, "upon the speed and diligence of my couriers."

The next day, as soon as the shadows of the obelisks and pyramids marked upon the ground the ninth hour of the day, the white bull was bound to be thrown to the fish of Jonas; and they brought to the king his large sabre. "Alas! alas!" said Nabucodnozer to himself, "I a king have been an ox for near seven years; and scarcely have I found the mistress I had lost when I am condemned to be devoured by a fish."

Never had the wise Mambres made such profound reflections; and he was quite absorbed in his melancholy thoughts when he saw at a distance all he expected. An innumerable crowd drew nigh. Three figures of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, joined together, advanced, drawn in a carriage of gold and precious stones by a hundred senators of Memphis, preceded by a hundred girls playing upon the sacred sistrums. Four thousand priests, with their heads shaved, were each mounted upon a hippopotamus.

At further distance appeared with the same pomp the sheep of Tpebes, the dog of Babastes, the cat of Phæbe, the crocodile of Arsinoe, the goat of Mendez, and all the inferior gods of Egypt, who came to pay homage to the great ox, to the mighty
 Apis

Apis, as powerful as Isis, Osiris, and Horus, united together.

In the midst of the demigods, forty priests carried an enormous basket filled with sacred onions: these were, it is true, gods, but they resembled onions very much.

On both sides of this file of gods, followed by an innumerable crowd of people, marched forty thousand warriors, with helmets on their heads; scymetars upon their left thighs, quivers at their shoulders, and bows in their hands.

All the priests singing in chorus, with a harmony which ravished the soul, and which melted it,

“ Alas! alas! our ox is dead——

“ We'll have a finer in his stead.”

And at every pause was heard the sound of the sistrums, of cymbals, of tabors, of psalteries, of bagpipes, harps, and sackbuts.

Amasis, king of Tanis, astonished at this spectacle beheaded not his daughter; he sheathed his scymetar.

C H A P. XI.

How the Princess married her Ox.

“ GREAT king,” said Mambres to him, “ the order of things is changed; your majesty must set the example: O king! quickly unbind the white bull, and be the first to adore him.”

Amasis obeyed, and prostrated himself with all his people. The high priest of Memphis presented to the new god Apis the first handful of hay; the princess Amasidia tied to his beautiful horns festoons

floons of roses, anemonies, ranunculuses, tulips, pinks, and hyacinths. She took the liberty to kiss him, but with a profound respect. The priests strewed palms and flowers on the road, by which they were to conduct him to Memphis. And the wise Mambres, making reflections, whispered to his friend the serpent: "Daniel changed this monarch into an ox, and I have changed this ox into a god."

They returned to Memphis in the same order, and the king of Tanis, in some confusion, followed the band. Mambres, with a serene and composed air, walked by his side. The old woman came after, much amazed; she was accompanied by the serpent, the dog, the she-ass, the raven, the pigeon, and the scape-goat. The great fish mounted up the Nile; Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, changed into magpies, brought up the rear. When they had reached the frontiers of the kingdom, which are not far distant, king Amasis took leave of the ox Apis, and said to his daughter, "My daughter, let us return into my dominions, that I may behead you, as it has been determined in my royal breast, because you have pronounced the name of Nabucodnosor my enemy, who dethroned me seven years ago. When a father has sworn to behead his daughter, he must either fulfil his oath, or sink into hell for ever; and I will not damn myself out of love to you."

The fair princess Amasidia replied to the king Amasis: "My dear father, whom it pleases you go and behead, but it shall not be me: I am now in the territories of Isis, Osiris, Horus, and Apis; I will never forsake my beautiful white bull, and I will continue to kiss him till I have seen his apotheosis in his stable in the holy city of Memphis."

It

It is a weakness pardonable in a young lady of high birth."

Scarce had she spoke these words, when the ox Apis cried out, "My dear Amasidia, I will love you whilst I live." This was the first time that the god Apis had been heard to speak during forty thousand years that he had been worshipped. The serpent and the she-afs cried out, "*the seven years are accomplished.*" And the three magpies repeated, "*the seven years are accomplished.*" All the priests of Egypt raised their hands to heaven. The god on a sudden was seen to lose his two hind legs; his two fore legs were changed into two human legs; two white strong muscular arms grew from his shoulders; his taurine phyz was changed to the face of a charming hero; and he once more became the most beautiful of mortals. "I choose," cried he, "rather to be the lover of the beautiful Amasidia than a god. I am NABUCODNOSER, KING OF KINGS."

This metamorphosis astonished all the world, except the wife Mambres; but what surprised nobody was, that Nabucodnoser immediately married the fair Amasidia in presence of this assembly. He left his father-in-law in quiet possession of the kingdom of Tanis, and made noble provision for the she-afs, the serpent, the dog, the pigeon, and even for the raven, the three magpies, and the large fish; shewing to all the world that he knew how to forgive as well as to conquer. The old woman had a considerable pension; the scape-goat was sent for a day into the wilderness, that all past sins might be expiated; and had afterwards twelve she-goats for his reward. The wife Mambres returned to his palace, and made reflections.

Nabucodnofer, after having embraced the magician his benefactor, governed in tranquillity the kingdoms of Memphis, Babylon, Damascus, Babel, Tyre, Syria, Asia *minor*, Scythia, the countries of Thiras, Mosok, Tubal, Madai, Gog, Magog, Javan, Sogdiana, Aroriana, the Indies, and the Isles; and the people of this vast empire cried out aloud every morning, "Long live Nabucodnofer, king of kings, who is no longer an ox!" Since which time it has been a custom in Babylon, when the sovereign, deceived by his satraps, his magicians, treasurers, or wives, at length acknowledges his errors, and amends his conduct, for all the people to cry out at his gate, "Long live our great king, who is no longer an ox."

THE

THE

History of the TRAVELS of

SCARMENTADO.*

Written by himself.

I Was born in Candia in the year 1600. My father was governor of the city; and I remember that a poet of middling parts, and of a most unmusical ear, whose name was Iro, composed some verses in my praise, in which he made me to descend from Minos in a direct line; but my father being afterwards disgraced, he wrote some other verses, in which he derived my pedigree from no nobler an origin than the amours of Pasiphae and her gallant. This Iro was a most mischievous rogue, and one of the most troublesome fellows in the island.

My father sent me at fifteen years of age to prosecute my studies at Rome. There I arrived in full hopes of learning all kinds of truth; for I had hitherto been taught quite the reverse; according to

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* The reader will at once perceive that this is a spirited satire on mankind in general, and particularly on persecution for conscience sake.

the custom of this lower world from China to the Alps. Monsignor Profondo, to whom I was recommended, was a man of a very singular character, and one of the most terrible scholars in the world. He was for teaching me the categories of Aristotle, and was just on the point of placing me in the category of his minions; a fate which I narrowly escaped. I saw processions, exorcisms, and some robberies. It was commonly said, but without any foundation, that *la Signora Olimpia*, a lady of great prudence, sold several things that ought not to be sold. I was then of an age to relish all these comical adventures. A young lady of great sweetness of temper, called *la Signora Fate'o*, thought proper to fall in love with me: she was courted by the reverend father *Poignardini*, and by the reverend father *Aconiti* *, young monks of an order which is now extinct; and she reconciled the two rivals, by granting her favours to me; but at the same time I ran the risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I left Rome highly pleased with the architecture of St Peter.

I travelled to France: it was during the reign of Lewis the Just. The first question put to me was, whether I chused to breakfast on a slice of the mareschal D'Ancre †, whose flesh the people had roasted,

* Alluding to the infamous practice of poisoning and assassination, at that time prevalent in Rome.

† This was the famous Conçini, who was murdered on the draw-bridge of the Louvre by the intrigues of De Luines, not without the knowledge of the king, Lewis XIII. His body, which had been secretly interred in the church of St Germain de l'Auxerrois, was next day dug up by the populace, who dragged it through the streets, then burned the flesh, and threw the bones into the river. The mareschal's greatest crime was his being a foreigner.

roasted, and distributed with great liberality to such as chused to taste it?

This kingdom was continually involved in civil wars, sometimes for a place at court, sometimes for two pages of theological controversy. This fire, which one while lay concealed under the ashes, and at another burst forth with great violence, had desolated these beautiful provinces for upwards of sixty years. The pretext was, the defending the liberties of the Gallican church. "Alas! said I, these people are nevertheless born with a gentle disposition: what can have drawn them so far from their natural character? They joke and keep holy days*. Happy the time when they shall do nothing but joke!"

I went over to England, where the same disputes occasioned the same barbarities. Some pious Catholics had resolved, for the good of the church, to blow up into the air with gun-powder the king, the royal family, and the whole parliament, and thus to deliver England from all these heretics at once. They shewed me the place where queen Mary of blessed memory, the daughter of Henry VIII. had caused more than five hundred of her subjects to be burnt. An Irish priest assured me that it was a very good action; first, because those who were burnt were Englishmen; and, secondly, because they did not make use of holy water, nor believe in St Patrick's Hole. He was greatly surpris'd that queen Mary was not yet canonized; but he hoped she would receive that honour as soon as the cardinal nephew should be a little more at leisure.

From

* Referring to the massacre of the Protestants, perpetrated on the eve of St Bartholomew.

From thence I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquillity among a people of a more cold and phlegmatic constitution. Just as I arrived at the Hague, the people were cutting off the head of a venerable old man. It was the bald head of the prime minister Barneveldt, a man who deserved better treatment from the republic. Touched with pity at this affecting scene, I asked what was his crime, and whether he had betrayed the state? "He has done much worse," replied a preacher in a black cloak; he believed that men may be saved by good works as well as by faith. You must be sensible, adds he, that if such opinions were to gain ground, a republic could not subsist; and that there must be severe laws to suppress such scandalous and horrid blasphemies." A profound politician said to me with a sigh, "Alas! Sir, this happy time will not last long; it is only by chance that the people are so zealous: they are naturally inclined to the abominable doctrine of toleration, and they will certainly at last grant it." This reflection set him a-groaning. For my own part, in expectation of that fatal period, when moderation and indulgence should take place, I instantly quitted a country where severity was not softened by any lenitive, and embarked for Spain.

The court was then at Seville; the galleons were just arrived; and every thing breathed plenty and gladness in the most beautiful season of the year. I observed at the end of an alley of orange and citron trees, a kind of large ring, surrounded with steps covered with rich and costly cloth. The king, the queen, the infants, and the infantas, were seated under a superb canopy. Opposite to the royal family was another throne, raised higher than that on which his majesty sat. I said to one of my fellow

fellow travellers, "Unless this throne be reserved for God, I don't see what purpose it can serve." This unguarded expression was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and cost me dear. Mean while, I imagined we were going to a carousal, or a match of bull-baiting, when the grand inquisitor appeared on that elevated throne, from whence he blessed the king and the people.

Then came an army of monks, who filed off in pairs, white, black, grey, shod, unshod, bearded, beardless, with pointed cowls, and without cowls: next followed the hangman; and last of all were seen, in the midst of the guards and grandees, about forty persons clad in sackcloth, on which were painted the figures of flames and devils. Some of these were Jews, who could not be prevailed upon to renounce Moses entirely; others were Christians, who had married women with whom they had stood sponsors to a child; who had not adored our Lady of Atocha, or who had refused to part with their ready money in favour of the Hieronymite brothers. Some pretty prayers were sung with much devotion, and then the criminals were burnt at a slow fire; a ceremony with which the royal family seemed to be greatly edified.

As I was going to bed in the evening, two members of the inquisition came to my lodging with a figure of St Hermandad. They embraced me with great tenderness, and conducted me in solemn silence to a well-aired prison, furnished with a bed of mat and a beautiful crucifix. There I remained for six weeks; at the end of which the reverend father, the inquisitor, sent for me. He pressed me in his arms for some time with the most paternal affection, and told me that he was sorry to hear that I had been so ill lodged; but that all the
apart-

apartments of the house were full, and hoped I should be better accommodated the next time. He then asked me with great cordiality if I knew for what reason I was imprisoned? I told the reverend father that it was evidently for my sins. "Very well, says he, my dear child; but for what particular sin? Speak freely," I racked my brain with conjectures, but could not possibly guess. He then charitably dismissed me.

At last I remembered my unguarded expression. I escaped with a little bodily correction, and a fine of thirty thousand reals, I was led to make my obeisance to the grand inquisitor, who was a man of great politeness. He asked me how I liked his little feast? I told him it was a most delicious one; and then went to press my companions to quit the country; beautiful as it was. They had found time to inform themselves of all the great things which the Spaniards had done for the interest of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous bishop of Chiapa, by which it appears that they had massacred, or burnt, or drowned, about ten millions of infidels in America, in order to convert them. I believe the accounts of the bishop are a little exaggerated; but suppose we reduce the number of victims to five millions, it will still be a most glorious achievement.

The itch of travelling still possessed me. I had proposed to finish the tour of Europe with Turkey; and thither we now directed our course. I put on a firm resolution not to give my opinion of the public feasts I might see for the future. "These Turks, said I to my companions, are a set of miscreants that have not been baptized, and of consequence will be more cruel than the reverend fathers
the

the inquisitors. Let us observe a profound silence while we are among the Mahometans."

Accordingly we arrived among them. I was greatly surpris'd to see more Christian churches in Turkey than in Candia. I even saw some numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the virgin Mary with great freedom, and to curse Mahomet; some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian. "What good-natured people are these Turks," cried I. The Greek Christians, and the Latin Christians in Constantinople were mortal enemies. These slaves persecuted each other in much the same manner as dogs fight in the streets, till their masters part them with a cudgel. The grand vizier was at that time the protector of the Greeks. The Greek patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch; and I was condemned in full divan to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, redeemable for five hundred sequins. Next day the grand vizier was strangled. The day following his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month after, condemned me to suffer the same punishment, for having supped with the Greek patriarch. Thus was I reduced to the sad necessity of absenting myself entirely from the Greek and Latin churches. In order to console myself for this loss, I took into keeping a very handsome Circassian. She was the most obliging lady I ever knew in a private conversation, and the most devout at the mosque. One night as she was embracing me in the sweet transports of love, she cried, "Alla, Illa, Alla;" these are the sacramental words of the Turks. I imagined they were the expressions of love, and therefore cried in my

turn, and with a very tender accent, "Alla, Illa, Alla." "Ah! said she, God be praised, thou art then a Turk. I told her that I was blessing God for having given me so much strength, and that I thought myself extremely happy. In the morning the iman came to circumcise me; and, as I made some difficulty to submit to the operation, the cadi of that district, a man of great loyalty, proposed to have me impaled. I saved my prepuce and my posteriors by paying a thousand sequins, and then fled directly into Persia, resolved for the future never to hear Greek or Latin mass, nor to cry "Alla Illa; Alla," in a love rencounter.

On my arrival at Ispahan, the people asked me whether I was for white or black mutton? I told them it was a matter of indifference to me, provided it was tender. It must be observed that the Persian empire was at that time split into two factions, that of the white mutton and that of the black. The two parties imagined that I made a jest of them both; so that I found myself engaged in a very troublesome affair at the gates of the city, and it cost me a great number of sequins to get rid of the white and the black mutton.

I proceeded as far as China, in company with an interpreter, who assured me that this country was the seat of gaiety and freedom. The Tartars had made themselves masters of it, after having destroyed every thing with fire and sword. The reverend fathers the Jesuits on the one hand, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, alledged that they had gained many souls to God in that country, without any one knowing aught of the matter. Never were seen such zealous converters: they alternately persecuted one another: they transmitted to Rome whole volumes of slander,

der, and treated each other as infidels and prevaricators for the sake of one soul. But the most violent dispute between them was with regard to the manner of making a bow. The Jesuits would have the Chinese to salute their parents, after the fashion of China; and the Dominicans would have them to do it after the fashion of Rome. I happened unluckily to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican. They represented me to his Tartarian majesty as a spy of the pope. The supreme council charged a prime mandarin, who ordered a serjeant, who commanded four sires of the country, to seize me and bind me with great ceremony. In this manner I was conducted before his majesty, after having made about an hundred and forty genuflexions. He asked me if I was a spy of the pope's and if it was true that that prince was to come in person to dethrone him. I told him that the pope was a priest of seventy years of age; that he lived at the distance of four thousand leagues from his sacred Tartaro-chinese majesty; that he had about two thousand soldiers, who mounted guard with umbrellas; that he never dethroned any body; and that his majesty might sleep in perfect security. Of all the adventures of my life this was the least fatal. I was sent to Macao, and there I took shipping for Europe.

My ship required to be refitted on the coast of Golconda. I embraced this opportunity to visit the court of the great Aureng-Zeb, of whom such wonderful things have been told, and who was then in Deli. I had the pleasure to see him on the day of that pompous ceremony in which he receives the celestial present sent him by the Sherif of Mecca: this was the besom with which they had swept the holy house, the Caaba, and the Beth

Alla. It is a symbol that sweeps away all the pollutions of the soul. Aureng-Zeb seemed to have no need of it: he was the most pious man in all Indostan. It is true, he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poisoned his father. Twenty Rajas, and as many Omras, had been put to death; but that was a trifle; nothing was talked of but his devotion. No king was thought comparable to him, except his sacred majesty Muley-Ismael, the most serene emperor of Morocco, who cut off some heads every Friday after prayers.

I spoke not a word. My travels had taught me wisdom. I was sensible that it did not belong to me to decide between these august sovereigns. A young Frenchman, indeed, a fellow-lodger of mine, was wanting in respect to the emperor of the Indies, and to that of Morocco. He happened to say very imprudently, that there were sovereigns in Europe, who governed their dominions with great equity, and even went to church without killing their fathers or brothers, or cutting off the heads of their subjects. This impious discourse of my young friend our interpreter transmitted to Indou. Instructed by former experience, I instantly caused my camels to be saddled, and set out with my Frenchman. I was afterwards informed that that very night the officers of the great Aureng-Zeb, having come to seize me, found only the interpreter, who was executed in public; and all the courtiers declared without flattery that his punishment was extremely just.

I had now only Africa to visit, in order to enjoy all the pleasures of our continent; and thither I went in reality. The ship in which I embarked was taken by the Negro-Corfsairs. The master of the vessel complained loudly, and asked why they
 thus

thus violated the laws of nations. The captain of the Negroes replied: "You have a long nose and we have a short one: your hair is strait and ours is curled: your skin is ash-coloured, and ours is of the colour of ebon; and therefore we ought, by the sacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coast of Guiney like beasts of burden, to make us labour in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mountains for a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and is not so valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner, wherever we meet you, and are superior to you in strength, we make you slaves, and oblige you to manure our fields; or in case of refusal cut off your nose and ears."

To such a learned discourse it was impossible to make any answer. I went to labour in the ground of an old female Negro, in order to save my nose and ears. After continuing in slavery for a whole year, I was at last ransomed. I had now seen all that was rare, good, or beautiful on earth. I resolved for the future to see nothing but my own home. I took a wife, and was cuckolded; and found that of all conditions of life this was the happiest.

How

How far we ought to impose upon the P E O P L E.

IT is a question of great importance, however little regarded, how far the people, i. e. nine tenths of the human kind, ought to be treated like apes. The deceiving party have never examined this problem with sufficient care; and for fear of being mistaken in the calculation, they have heaped up all the visionary notions they could in the heads of the party deceived.

The good people, who sometimes read Virgil, or the Provincial Letters, do not know that there are twenty times more copies of the Almanac of Liege and of the "Courier boiteux" printed, than of all the ancient and modern books together. No one, surely, has a greater veneration than myself for the illustrious authors of these Almanacs and their brethren. I know, that ever since the time of the ancient Chaldeans, there have been fixed and stated days for taking physic, paring our nails, giving battle, and cleaving wood. I know that the best part of the revenue of an illustrious academy consists in the sale of these kind of Almanacs. May I presume to ask, with all possible submission, and a becoming diffidence of my own judgment, what harm it would do to the world, were some powerful astrologer to assure the peasants and the good inhabitants of little villages, that they might safely pare their nails when they please, provided it be done

done with a good intention? The people, I shall be told, would not buy the Almanacs of this new astrologer. On the contrary, I will venture to affirm, that there would be found among your great geniuses many who would make a merit in following this novelty. Should it be alledged that these geniuses would form factions, and kindle a civil war, I have nothing farther to say on the subject, but readily give up, for the sake of peace, my too dangerous opinion.

Every body knows the king of Boutan. He is one of the greatest princes in the universe. He tramples under his feet the thrones of the earth; and his shoes (if he has any) are provided with sceptres instead of buckles. He adores the devil, as is well known, and his example is followed by all his courtiers. He, one day, sent for a famous sculptor of my country, and ordered him to make a beautiful statue of Beelzebub. The sculptor succeeded to admiration. Never was there such a handsome devil. But, unhappily, our Praxiteles had only given five clutches to his animal, whereas the Boutaniers always gave him six. This capital blunder of the artist was aggravated, by the grand master of the ceremonies to the devil, with all the zeal of a man justly jealous of his master's rights, and of the sacred and immemorial custom of the kingdom of Boutan. He insisted that the sculptor should atone for his crime by the loss of his head. The sculptor replied, that his five clutches were exactly equal in weight to six ordinary clutches; and the king of Boutan, who was a prince of great clemency, granted him a pardon. From that time the people of Boutan were undeceived with regard to the devil's six clutches.

The same day his majesty needed to let blood.

A

A surgeon of Gascony, who had come to his court in a ship belonging to our East-India company, was appointed to take from him five ounces of his precious blood. The astrologer of that quarter cried out, that the king would be in danger of losing his life, if he opened a vein while the heavens were in their present state. The Gascon might have told him, that the only question was about the state of the king's health; but he prudently waited a few minutes; and then taking an Almanac in his hand, "You was in the right, great man!" said he to the astrologer of the quarter; "the king would have died, had he been bled at the instant you mention: the heavens have since changed their aspect; and now is the favourable moment." The astrologer assented to the truth of the surgeon's observation. The king was cured; and by degrees it became an established custom among the Boutaniers, to bleed their kings whenever it was necessary.

A blustering Dominican at Rome said to an English philosopher, "You are a dog; you say it is the earth that turns round, never reflecting that Joshua made the sun to stand still." "Well! my reverend father," replied the other; "and since that time the sun hath been immoveable." The dog and the Dominican embraced each other; and even the Italians were, at last, convinced that the earth turns round.

An augur and a senator, in the time of Cæsar, lamented the declining state of the republic. "The times, indeed, are very bad," said the senator; "we have reason to tremble for the liberty of Rome." "Ah!" said the augur, "that is not the greatest evil; the people now begin to lose the respect which they formerly had for our order: we seem barely to be tolerated; we cease to be necessary

cessary. Some Generals have the assurance to give battle without consulting us ; and, to compleat our misfortunes, those who sell us the sacred pullets begin to reason. “ Well; and why don't you reason likewise?” replied the senator, “ and since the dealers in pullets in the time of Cæsar are more knowing than they were in the time of Numa, ought not you modern augurs to be better philosophers than those who lived in former ages ?”

Vol. I.

D d f

The

 The Two COMFORTERS.

ONE day the great philosopher Citofile said to a woman who was disconsolate, and who had good reason to be so, "Madam, the queen of England; daughter to Henry IV. was as wretched as you: she was banished from her kingdoms; was in the utmost danger of losing her life in a storm at sea; and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold." "I am sorry for her," said the lady; and began again to lament her own misfortunes.

"But, said Citofile, remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved, but with a most chaste and virtuous affection, an excellent musician, who played admirably on the bass-viol. Her husband killed her musician before her face; and, in the sequel, her good friend and relation, queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years." "That was very cruel," replied the lady, and presently relapsed into her former melancholy.

"Perhaps, said the comforter, you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled." "I have a confused remembrance of her story," said the afflicted lady.

"I must relate to you, added the other, the adventure of a sovereign princess, who, within my memory, was dethroned after supper, and who died in

in a desert island." "I know her whole history," replied the lady. "Well, then, I will tell you what happened to another great princess whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have: her father entered the chamber, and surpris'd the lover, whose countenance was all on fire, and his eyes sparkling like a carbuncle. The lady too had a very florid complexion. The father was so highly displeas'd with the young man's countenance, that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover took a pair of tongs and broke the head of the father-in-law, who was cur'd with great difficulty, and still bears the mark of the wound. The lady in a fright leaped out of the window and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she still halts, though possess'd in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemn'd to death for having broken the head of a great prince: you can easily judge in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison: she always talk'd to me of her own misfortunes."

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" said the lady. "Because, said the philosopher, you ought not to think of them; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to despair. Think on Hecuba; think on Niobe." "Ah! said the lady, had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and had you endeavour'd to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have list'ned to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and

was like to have died with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it; found it very exact; and wept nevertheless. Three months after, they renewed their visits, and were surpris'd to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humour. They caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription, *To him who comforts.*

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THE

 THE
 PRINCESS

 OF
 BABYLON.

THE aged Belus, king of Babylon thought himself the first man upon earth ; for all his courtiers told him so, and his historiographers proved it. What might excuse this ridiculous vanity in him was, that, in fact, his predecessors had built Babylon upwards of 30,000 years before him, and he had embellished it. We know that his palace and his park, situated at a few parasangs from Babylon, extended between the Euphrates and the Tigris, which washed those enchanted banks. His vast house, three thousand feet in front, almost reached the clouds. The platform was surrounded with a balustrade of white marble, fifty feet high, which supported colossal statues of all the kings and great men of the empire. This platform, composed of two rows of bricks, covered with a thick surface of lead from one extremity to the other, bore twelve feet of earth ; and upon this earth were raised groves of olive, orange, citron, palm, cocoa, and cinnamon trees, and stock gilliflowers, which formed alleys that the rays of the sun could not penetrate.

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The waters of the Euphrates running by the assistance of pumps, in a hundred canals, into the vast marble basons in this garden, and afterwards falling by other canals, formed cascades of six thousand feet in length in the park, and a hundred thousand *jets d'eau*, whose height was scarce perceptible; they afterwards returned into the Euphrates, of which they were part. The gardens of Semiramis, which astonished Asia several ages after, were only a feeble imitation of these ancient prodigies; for in the time of Semiramis, every thing began to degenerate amongst men and women.

But what was more admirable in Babylon, and eclipsed every thing else, was the only daughter of the King, named Formosanta. It was from her pictures and statues, that in succeeding times Praxiteles sculptured his Aphrodita, and the Venus of Medicis. Heavens! what a difference between the original and the copies! so that Belus was prouder of his daughter than of his kingdom. She was eighteen years old: it was necessary she should have a husband worthy of her; but where was he to be found? An ancient oracle had ordained, that Formosanta could not belong to any but him who could bend the bow of Nembrod.

This Nembrod, the strong hunter before the Lord, had left a bow seventeen Babylonian feet in length, made of ebony, harder than the iron of mount Caucasus, which is wrought in the forges of Derbent; and no mortal since Nembrod could bend this astonishing bow.

It was again said, that the arm which should bend this bow would kill the most terrible and ferocious lion that should be let loose in the Circus of Babylon. This was not all; the bender of the
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bow, and the conqueror of the lion, should overthrow all his rivals: but he was above all things to be very sagacious, the most magnificent and most virtuous of men, and possess the greatest curiosity in the whole universe.

Three kings appeared, who were bold enough to claim Formosanta; Pharaoh of Egypt, the Shah of India, and the great Khan of the Scythians. Belus appointed the day and place of combat, which was to be at the extremity of his park, in the vast extent surrounded by the joint waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Round the lists a marble amphitheatre was erected, which might contain five hundred thousand spectators. Opposite the amphitheatre was placed the king's throne; he was to appear with Formosanta, accompanied by the whole court; and on the right and left between the throne and the amphitheatre, there were other thrones and seats for the three kings, and for all the other sovereigns who were desirous to be present at this august ceremony.

The king of Egypt arrived the first, mounted upon the bull Apis, and holding in his hand the cithern of Isis. He was followed by two thousand priests clad in linen vestments whiter than snow, two thousand eunuchs, two thousand magicians, and two thousand warriors.

The king of India came soon after in a car drawn by twelve elephants. He had a train still more numerous and more brilliant than Pharaoh of Egypt.

The last who appeared was the king of the Scythians. He had none with him but chosen warriors, armed with bows and arrows. He was mounted upon a superb tyger, which he had tamed, and which was as tall as any of the finest Persian horses.

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The majestic and important mien of this king, effaced the appearance of his rivals; his naked arms, as nervous as they were white, seemed already to bend the bow of Nembrod.

These three lovers immediately prostrated themselves before Belus and Formosanta. The king of Egypt presented the princess with two of the finest crocodiles of the Nile, two sea-horses, two zebras, two Egyptian rats, and two mummies, with the books of the great Hermes, which he judged to be the scarcest things upon earth.

The king of India offered her a hundred elephants, each bearing a wooden gilt tower, and laid at her feet the Vedam wrote by the hand of Xaca himself.

The king of the Scythians, who could neither write nor read, presented a hundred warlike horses with black fox-skin housings.

The princess appeared with a down-cast look before her lovers, and reclined herself with such a grace as was at once modest and noble.

Belus ordered the kings to be conducted to the thrones that were prepared for them. Would I had three daughters, said he to them, I should make six people this day happy! He then made the competitors cast lots which should try Nembrod's bow first. Their names inscribed were put into a golden casque. That of the Egyptian king came out first; then the name of the king of India appeared. The king of Scythia, viewing the bow and his rivals, did not complain at being the third.

Whilst these brilliant trials were preparing, twenty thousand pages and twenty thousand youthful maidens distributed, without any disorder, refreshments to the spectators between the rows of the seats. Every one acknowledged, that the gods had

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instituted kings for no other cause than every day to give festivals, upon condition they should be diversified; that life is too short to be made any other use of; that law-suits, intrigues, wars, the altercations of theologians, which consume human life, are horrible and absurd; that man is born only for happiness; that he would not passionately and incessantly pursue pleasure, were he not designed for it; that the essence of human nature is to enjoy ourselves, and all the rest is folly. This excellent moral was never controverted but by facts.

Whilst preparations were making for determining the fate of Formosanta, a young stranger, mounted upon an unicorn, accompanied by his valet, mounted on a like animal, and bearing upon his hand a large bird, appeared at the barrier. The guards were surpris'd to observe in this equipage a figure that had an air of divinity. He had, as hath been since related, the face of Adonis upon the body of Hercules; it was majestically accompanied by the graces. His black eye-brows and flowing fair tresses wore a mixture of beauty unknown at Babylon, and charmed all observers. The whole amphitheatre rose up, the better to view the stranger: all the ladies of the court viewed him with looks of astonishment. Formosanta herself, who had hitherto kept her eyes fixed upon the ground, rais'd them and blush'd; the three kings turned pale; all the spectators, in comparing Formosanta with the stranger, cried out, There is no other in the world but this young man who can be so handsome as the princess.

The ushers, struck with astonishment, asked him if he was a king? The stranger replied, that he

had not that honour, but that he had come very distant, excited by curiosity, to see if there were any king worthy of Formosanta. He was introduced into the first row of the amphitheatre, with his valet, his two unicorns, and his bird. He saluted with great respect Belus, his daughter, the three kings, and all the assembly. He then took his seat, not without blushing. His two unicorns lay down at his feet, his bird perched upon his shoulder; and his valet, who carried a little bag, placed himself by his side.

The trials began. The bow of Nemrod was taken out of its golden case. The first master of the ceremonies, followed by fifty pages, and preceded by twenty trumpets, presented it to the king of Egypt, who made his priests bless it; and supporting it upon the head of the bull Apis, he did not question his gaining this first victory. He dismounted, and came into the middle of the Circus; he tries, exerts all his strength, and makes such ridiculous contortions, that the whole amphitheatre re-echoes with laughter, and Formosanta herself cannot help smiling.

His high almoner approached him: Let your majesty give up this idle honour, which depends solely upon the nerves and muscles; you will triumph in every thing else. You will conquer the lion, as you are possessed of the fabre of Osiris. The princess of Babylon is to belong to the prince who is most sagacious, and you have solved ænigmas. She is to wed the most virtuous: you are such, as you have been educated by the priests of Egypt. The most generous is to carry her, and you have presented her with two of the handsomest crocodiles, and two of the finest rats in all Delta. You are possessed of the bull Apis and the books of
Hermes,

Hermes, which are the scarcest things in the universe. No one can dispute Formofanta with you. You are in the right, said the king of Egypt, and resumed his throne.

The bow was then put into the hands of the king of India. It blistered his hands for a fortnight; but he consoled himself in presuming that the Scythian king would not be more fortunate than himself.

The Scythian handled the bow in his turn. He united skill with strength: the bow seemed to have some elasticity in his hands; he bent it a little, but he could never bring it any thing near a curve. The spectators, who had been prejudiced in his favour by his agreeable aspect, lamented his ill success, and concluded that the beautiful princess would never be married.

The unknown youth leaped into the area, and addressing himself to the king of Scythia said, Your Majesty need not be surpris'd at not having entirely succeeded. These ebony bows are made in my country; there is only one peculiar twist to give them. Your merit is greater in having bent it, than if I were to curve it. He then took an arrow, and placing it upon the string, bent the bow of Nembrod, and made the arrow fly beyond the gates. A million of hands at once applauded the prodigy. Babylon re-echo'd with acclamations; and all the women agreed how happy it was for so handsome a youth to be so strong.

He then took out of his pocket a small ivory tablet, and wrote upon it with a golden pencil, fix'd the tablet to the bow, and presented it all together to the princess with such a grace as charmed every spectator. He then modestly returned to his place between his bird and his valet. All Babylon

was in astonishment, the three kings were confounded whilst the stranger did not seem to pay the least attention to what had happened.

Formosanta was still more surpris'd to read upon the ivory tablet tied to the bow, these verses written in good Chaldean :

L'arc de Nembrod est celui de la guerre ;

L'arc de l'amour est celui du bonheur ;

Vous le portez. Par vous ce Dieu vainqueur

Est devenu le maître de la terre.

Trois Rois puissants, trois rivaux aujourd'hui

Osent pretendre a l'honneur de vous plaire.

Je ne fais pas qui votre cœur préfere,

Mais l'univers sera jaloux de lui *.

This little madrigal did not displease the princess. It was criticis'd by some of the lords of the ancient court, who said, that formerly, in good times, Belus would have been compared to the sun, and Formosanta to the moon ; his neck to a tower, and her breast to a bushel of wheat. They said the stranger had no sort of imagination, and that he had lost sight of the rules of true poetry, but all the ladies thought the verses very gallant. They were astonish'd that a man, who handled a bow so well, should have so much wit. The lady of honour to the princess said to her, Madam, what numerous talents are here entirely lost ? What benefit will this young man derive from his wit and Belus's bow ?

* Nembrod's is the warlike bow :—The bow of love is that of happiness :—This you bear. Through you the victorious god is become master of the earth. Three powerful kings, rivals of the day, have dared pretend to the honour of pleasing you. I know not which your heart prefers, but the whole universe must be jealous of him.

bow? Being admired, said Formosanta. Ah! said the lady, one more madrigal, and he might very well be beloved!

Nevertheless, Belus, having consulted his sages, declared, that though none of these kings could bend the bow of Nembrod, his daughter was, nevertheless, to be married, and that she should belong to him who could conquer the great lion, which was purposely in training in his great menagerie. The king of Egypt, upon whose education all the wisdom of Egypt had been exhausted, judged it very ridiculous to expose a king to the ferocity of wild beasts in order to be married. He acknowledged, he considered the possession of Formosanta of inestimable value; but he imagined, that if the lion should strangle him, he could never wed this fair Babylonian. The king of India was of the same way of thinking with the Egyptian; they both concluded that the king of Babylon was laughing at them, and that they should send for armies to punish him; that they had many subjects, who would think themselves highly honoured to die in the service of their masters, without its costing them a single hair of their sacred heads; that they could easily dethrone the king of Babylon, and then they would draw lots for the fair Formosanta.

This agreement being made, the two kings sent each an express into his respective country, with orders to assemble three hundred thousand men to carry off Formosanta.

However, the king of Scythia descended alone into the area with his scymetar in hand. He was not distractedly enamoured with Formosanta's charms; glory till then had been his only passion, and it had led him to Babylon. He was willing

to shew, that if the kings of India and Egypt were so prudent as not to tilt with lions, he was courageous enough not to decline the combat, and he would repair the honour of diadems. His uncommon valour would not even allow him to avail himself of the assistance of his tyger. He advanced singly, slightly armed with a shell casque ornamented with gold, shaded with three horses tails as white as snow.

One of the most enormous and ferocious lions, that fed upon the Antilibanian mountains, was let loose upon him. His tremendous talons appeared capable of tearing the three kings to pieces at once, and his gullet to devour them. The two proud champions flew with the utmost precipitancy and in the most rapid manner at each other. The courageous Scythian plunged his sword into the lion's throat; but the point meeting with one of those thick teeth that nothing can penetrate, was broke to shatters; and the monster of the woods, more furious from his wound, had already impressed his bleeding claws into the monarch's sides.

The unknown youth, touched with the peril of so brave a prince, leapt into the arena swift as lightning; when he cut off the lion's head with as much dexterity, as we have lately seen, in our carousals, youthful knights knock off the heads of black images.

Then drawing out a small box, he presented it to the Scythian king, saying to him, Your majesty will there find the genuine dittany, which grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be healed in a moment. Accident alone prevented your triumph over the lion; your valour is not the less to be admired.

The Scythian king, animated more with grati-
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tude than jealousy, thanked his benefactor; and after having tenderly embraced him, returned to his seat to apply the dittany to his wounds.

The stranger gave the lion's head to his valet, who having washed it at the great fountain which was beneath the amphitheatre, and drained all the blood, took an iron instrument out of his little bag, with which having drawn the lion's forty teeth, he supplied their place with forty diamonds of equal size.

His master, with his usual modesty returned to his place; he gave the lion's head to his bird: Beauteous bird, said he, carry this small homage, and lay it at the feet of Formosanta. The bird winged his way with the dreadful triumph in one of his pounces, and presented it to the princess, bending, with humility, his neck, and crouching before her. The sparkling diamonds dazzled the eyes of every beholder. Such magnificence was unknown even in superb Babylon; the emerald, the topaz, the saphire, and the pyrope, were as yet considered as the most precious ornaments. Belus and the whole court were struck with admiration. The bird which presented this present surprised them still more. It was of the size of an eagle, but its eyes were as soft and tender as those of the eagle are fierce and threatening. Its bill was rose-colour, and seemed somewhat to resemble Formosanta's handsome mouth. Its neck represented all the colours of Iris, but still more lively and brilliant; gold, in a thousand shades, glittered upon its plumage; its feet resembled a mixture of silver and purple, and the tails of those beautiful birds, which have since drawn Juno's car, did not come up to the splendor of this bird's.

The attention, curiosity, astonishment, and extasy

fy of the whole court, were divided between the jewels and the bird. He had perched upon the balustrade between Belus and his daughter Formofanta; she flattered it, caressed it, and kissed it. It seemed to receive her embraces with a mixture of pleasure and respect. When the princess gave the bird a kiss, it returned to the embrace, and then looked upon her with languishing eyes. She gave it biscuits and pistachoes, which it received in its purple-silvered paw, and carried them to its bill with inexpressible grace.

: Belus, who had attentively considered the diamonds, concluded, that scarce any one of his provinces could repay so valuable a present: He ordered that more magnificent gifts should be prepared for the stranger than those that were destined for the three monarchs. This young man, said he, is doubtless son to the king of China, or of that part of the world called Europe, which I have heard spoken of; or of Africa, which, it is said, is in the neighbourhood of the kingdom of Egypt.

He directly sent his first equerry to compliment the stranger, and ask him, whether he was himself the sovereign, or son to the sovereign of one of those empires; and why, being possessed of such surprising treasures, he had come with nothing but the valet and a little bag?

Whilst the equerry advanced towards the amphitheatre to execute his commission, another valet arrived upon an unicorn. This valet, addressing himself to the young man, said, Ormar, your father is approaching the end of his life: I am come to acquaint you with it. The stranger raised his eyes to heaven, whilst tears streamed from them, and answered only by saying, *Let us depart.*

The equerry, after having paid Belus's compliments

ments to the conqueror of the lion, to the giver of the forty diamonds, and to the master of the beautiful bird, asked the valet, Of what kingdom was the father of this young hero sovereign? The valet replied, His father is an old shepherd, who is much beloved in the district.

During this conversation, the stranger had already mounted his unicorn. He said to the equerry, My lord, vouchsafe to prostrate me at the feet of Belus and his daughter. I must entreat her to take particular care of the bird I leave with her, as it is a nonpareil like herself. In uttering these last words he set off, and flew like lightning; the two valets followed him, and he was in an instant out of sight.

Formosanta could not refrain from shrieking. The bird turning towards the amphitheatre, where his master had been seated, seemed greatly afflicted to find him gone; then viewing stedfastly the princess, and gently rubbing her beautiful hand with his bill, he seemed to betrothe himself to her service.

Belus, more astonished than ever, hearing that this very extraordinary young man was the son of a shepherd, could not believe it. He dispatched messengers after him; but they soon returned with advice, that the three unicorns, upon which these men were mounted, could not be come up with; and that according to the rate they went, they must go a hundred leagues a day.

§ 2.

Every one reasoned upon this strange adventure, and wearied themselves with conjectures. How can the son of a shepherd make a present of forty large diamonds? How comes it that he is mounted

upon an unicorn? This bewildered them, and Formosanta, whilst she caressed her bird, was sunk into a profound reverie.

Princess Alda, her cousin-german, who was very well shaped, and almost as handsome as Formosanta, said to her, Cousin, I know not whether this demigod be the son of a shepherd; but methinks he has fulfilled all the conditions stipulated for your marriage. He has bent Nembrod's bow, he has conquered the lion, he has a great share of sense, having wrote for you a very pretty extempore; and after having presented you with forty large diamonds, you cannot deny that he is the most generous of men. In his bird he possessed the most curious thing upon earth. His virtue cannot be equalled, since though he might have staid with you, he departed without hesitation, as soon as he heard his father was ill. The oracle is fulfilled in every particular, except that wherein he is to overcome his rivals; but he has done more, he has saved the life of the only competitor he had to fear; and when the object is beating the other two, I believe you cannot doubt that he will easily succeed.

All that you say is very true, replied Formosanta: but is it possible, that the greatest of men, and perhaps the most amiable too, should be the son of a shepherd?

The lady of honour joining in the conversation, said, that the title of Shepherd was frequently given to kings; that they were called Shepherds, because they attended very closely their flocks; that this was doubtless a piece of ill-timed pleasantry in his valet; that this young hero had not come so badly equipped, but to shew how much his personal merit alone was above the fastidious parade of kings.

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The princess made no answer but in giving her bird a thousand tender kisses.

A great festival was nevertheless prepared for the three kings, and for all the princes who were come to the feast. The king's daughter and niece were to do the honours. The king received presents worthy the magnificence of Babylon. Belus, during the time the repast was serving up, assembled his council upon the marriage of the beautiful Formosanta, and this is the way he delivered himself as a great politician :

I am old : I know not what longer to do with my daughter, or upon whom to bestow her. He who deserved her is nothing but a mean shepherd ; the kings of India and Egypt are cowards ; the king of the Scythians would be very agreeable to me, but he has not performed any one of the conditions imposed. I will again consult the oracle. In the meanwhile, deliberate among you, and we will conclude agreeable to what the oracle says ; for a king should follow nothing but the dictates of the immortal gods.

He then repaired to the temple : the oracle answered in few words according to custom : *Thy daughter shall not be married till she has traversed the globe.* Belus returned in astonishment to the council, and related this answer.

All the ministers had a profound respect for oracles ; they therefore all agreed, or at least appeared to agree, that they were the foundation of religion ; that reason should be mute before them ; that it was by their means that kings reigned over their people ; that without oracles there would be neither virtue nor repose upon earth.

At length, after having testified the most profound veneration for them, they almost all con-

cluded that this oracle was impertinent, and that he should not be obeyed; that nothing could be more indecent for a young woman, and particularly the daughter of the great king of Babylon, than to run about, without any particular destination; that this was the most certain method to prevent her being married or else engage her in a clandestine, shameful, and ridiculous one; that, in a word, this oracle had not common sense.

The youngest of the ministers named Onadase, who had more sense than the rest, said, that the oracle doubtless meant some pilgrimage of devotion, and offered to be the princess's guide. The council approved of his opinion, but every one was for being her equerry. The king determined that the princess might go three hundred parasangs upon the road to Arabia, to the temple, whose saint had the reputation of procuring young women happy marriages, and that the dean of the council should accompany her. After this determination they went to supper.

§ 3.

In the centre of the gardens, between two cascades, was erected an oval saloon, three hundred feet in diameter, whose azure roof, intersected with golden stars, represented all the constellations and planets, each in its proper station; and this cieling turned about, as well as the canopy, by machines as invisible as those which direct the celestial motions. A hundred thousand flambeaux, inclosed in rich crystal cylinders, illuminated the out and inside of the dining-hall. A buffet with steps contained twenty thousand vases and golden dishes; and opposite the buffet, upon other steps, were seated a
great

great number of musicians.—Two other amphitheatres were decked out; the one with the fruits of each season, the other with crystal decanters, in which sparkled every kind of wine upon earth.

The guests took their seats round a table divided into compartments, which resembled flowers and fruits, all in precious stones. The beautiful Formosanta was placed between the kings of India and Egypt; the amiable Aldea next the king of Scythia. There were about thirty princes, and each was seated next one of the handsomest ladies of the court. The king of Babylon, who was in the middle, opposite his daughter, seemed divided between the chagrin of being yet unable to marry her, and the pleasure of still beholding her. Formosanta asked leave to place her bird upon the table next her; the king approved of it.

The music, which played, furnished every prince with an opportunity of conversing with his female neighbour. The festival was as agreeable as it was magnificent. A ragout was served before Formosanta; which her father was very fond of. The princess said it should be carried to his Majesty; the bird immediately took hold of it, and carried it in a miraculous manner to the king. Never was any thing more astonishing at supper. Belus caressed it as much as his daughter had done. The bird afterwards took its flight to return to her. It displayed in flying so fine a tail, and its extended wings set forth such a variety of brilliant colours, the gold of its plumage made such a dazzling eclat, that all eyes were fixed upon him. All the musicians were struck motionless, and their instruments afforded harmony no longer. None ate, no one spoke, nothing but a buzzing of admiration was to be heard. The princess of Babylon kissed it dur-

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ing the whole supper, without considering whether there were any kings in the world. Those of India and Egypt felt their spite and indignation rekindle with double force, and they resolved speedily to set their three hundred thousand men in motion to obtain revenge.

As for the king of Scythia, he was engaged in entertaining the beautiful Aldea: his haughty soul despising, without malice, Formosanta's inattention, had conceived for her more indifference than resentment. She is handsome, said he, I acknowledge; but she appears to me one of those women who are entirely taken up with their own beauty; and who fancy that mankind are greatly obliged to them when they deign to appear in public. I should prefer an ugly complaisant woman, that testified some regard, to that beautiful statue. You have, Madam, as many charms as she possesses, and you condescend to converse, at least, with strangers. I acknowledge to you with the sincerity of a Scythian, that I prefer you to your cousin. He was, however, mistaken in regard to the character of Formosanta; she was not so disdainful as she appeared; but his compliments were very well received by princess Aldea. Their conversation became very interesting; they were very well contented, and already certain of one another before they left table.

After supper the guests walked in the groves. The king of Scythia and Aldea did not fail seeking for a place of retreat. Aldea, who was sincerity itself, thus declared herself to the prince:

I do not hate my cousin though she be handsomer than myself, and is destined for the throne of Babylon; the honour of pleasing you may very well stand in the stead of charms. I prefer Scythia
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with you, to the crown of Babylon without you. But this crown belongs to me by right, if there be any right in the world; for I am the elder branch of Nembrod, and Formosanta is only of the younger. Her grandfather dethroned mine, and put him to death.

Such, then, is the force of blood in the house of Babylon! said the Scythian. What was your grandfather's name? He was called Aldea like me; my father bore the same name; he was banished to the extremity of the empire with my mother; and Belus, after their death, having nothing to fear from me, was willing to bring me up with his daughter. But he has resolved that I shall never marry.

I will avenge the cause of your father, of your grandfather, and your cause, said the king of Scythia. I am responsible for your being married: I will carry you off the day after to-morrow by day-break; for we must dine to-morrow with the king of Babylon; and I will return and support your rights with three hundred thousand men. I agree to it, said the beauteous Aldea; and after having exchanged their words of honour, they separated.

The incomparable Formosanta had been for a long time retired to rest. She had ordered a little orange tree, in a silver case, to be placed by the side of her bed, that her bird might perch upon it. Her curtains were drawn, but she was not in the least disposed to sleep: her heart and her imagination were too much awake. The charming stranger was ever before her sight; she fancied she saw him shooting an arrow with Nembrod's bow; she contemplated him in the action of cutting off the lion's head; she repeated his madrigal; at length, she saw him retiring from the crowd upon his unicorn:—

tears,

tears, sighs, and lamentations, overwhelmed her at this reflection.—At intervals she cried out, Shall I then never see him more? Will he never return?

He will return, Madam, replied the bird from the top of the orange tree. Can one once have seen you, and not desire to see you again?

Heavens! eternal powers! my bird speaks the purest Chaldean. In uttering these words she drew back the curtain, put out her hand to him, and knelt upon her bed, saying, Art thou a god descended upon earth? Art thou the great Orosmaes concealed under this beautiful plumage? If thou art, restore me this charming young man.

I am nothing but a winged animal, replied the bird; but I was born at the time when all animals still spoke; when birds, serpents, asses, horses, and griffins, conversed familiarly with man: I would not speak before company, lest your ladies of honour should have taken me for a forcerer; I would not discover myself to any but you.

Formosanta was speechless, bewildered, and intoxicated with so many wonders: desirous of putting a hundred questions to him at once, she at length asked him how old he was? Twenty-seven thousand nine hundred years and six months, Madam; I date my age from the little revolution of heaven which your magi call the precession of the equinoxes, and which is accomplished in about twenty-eight thousand of your years. There are revolutions of a much greater extent, so are there beings much older than me. It is twenty-two thousand years since I learnt Chaldean in one of my travels. I have always had a very great taste for the Chaldean language, but my brethren, the other animals, have renounced speaking in your climate.

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And why so, my divine bird? Alas! because men have accustom'd themselves to eat us, instead of conversing and instructing themselves with us. Barbarians! should they not have been convinced, that having the same organs with them, the same sentiments, the same wants, the same desires, we had what is called a Soul, the same as them; that we were their brothers, and that none should be dress'd and ate but the wicked? We are so far your brothers, that the Supreme Being, the Omnipotent and Eternal Being, having made a compact with men, expressly comprehended us in the treaty. He forbid you to nourish yourselves with our blood, and we to suck yours*.

The fables of your ancient Locman, translated into so many languages, will be a testimony eternally subsisting of the happy commerce you formerly carried on with us. They all begin with these words; *In the time when beasts spoke*. It is true, there are many families among you who keep up an incessant conversation with their dogs; but they have resolv'd not to answer, since they have been compelled by whipping to go a-hunting, and become accomplices in the murder of our ancient and common friends, stags, deers, hares, and partridges.

You have still some ancient poems in which horses speak, and your coachmen daily address them in words; but in so barbarous a manner, and in uttering such infamous expressions, that horses, which formerly entertained so great a kindness for you, now detest you.

The country which is the residence of your charm-

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* See chapter ix. of Genesis, and chap. iii. xviii. and xix. of Ecclesiast.

ing stranger, the most perfect of men, is the only one in which your species has continued to love ours, to converse with us; and this is the only country of the world where men are just.

And where is this country of my dear incognito? what is the name of his empire? for I will no more believe he is a shepherd than that you are a bat.

His country, madam, is that of the Gangarids; a virtuous and invincible people, who inhabit the eastern shore of the Ganges. The name of my friend is Amazan. He is no king; and I know not whether he would so much humble himself as to be one; he has too great a love for his fellow-countrymen; he is a shepherd like them. But do not imagine that those shepherds resemble yours; who, covered with rags and tatters, watch their sheep, far better clad than themselves; who groan under the burthen of poverty, and who pay to an extortioner half the miserable stipend of wages which they receive from their masters. The Gangaridian shepherds are all born equal, are the masters of innumerable herds, which cover their fields in constant verdure. They are never killed; it is a horrid crime towards the Ganges to kill and eat one's fellow creature. Their wool is finer and more brilliant than the finest silk, and constitutes the greatest traffic of the East. Besides, the land of the Gangarids produces all that can flatter the desires of man. Those large diamonds which Amazan had the honour of presenting you with, are from a mine which belongs to him. An unicorn, on which you saw him mounted, is the usual animal the Gangarids ride upon. It is the finest, the proudest, most terrible, and at the same time most gentle animal, that ornaments the earth. A hundred
Gangarids,

Gangarids, with as many unicorns, would be sufficient to disperse innumerable armies. About two centuries ago, a king of India was mad enough to want to conquer this nation: he appeared, followed by ten thousand elephants and a million of warriors. The unicorns pierced the elephants, just as I have seen upon your table beads pierced in golden brooches. The warriors fell under the sabres of the Gangarids, like crops of rice mowed by the people of the East. The king was taken prisoner, with upwards of six thousand men. He was bathed in the salutary water of the Ganges, followed the regimen of the country, which consists only of vegetables, and in which nature there hath been amazingly liberal to nourish every breathing creature. Men who are fed with carnivorous aliments, and drenched with spirituous liquors, have a sharp adust blood, which turns their brains a hundred different ways. Their chief rage is a fury to spill their brother's blood, and laying waste fertile plains to reign over church-yards. Six full months were taken up in curing the king of India of his disorder; when the physicians judged that his pulse was in a greater state of tranquillity, they certified this to the council of the Gangarids. The council, having followed the advice of the unicorns, humanely sent back the king of India, his silly court, and impotent warriors, to their own country. This lesson made them wise, and from that time the Indians respected the Gangarids, as ignorant men, willing to be instructed, revere the Chaldean philosophers they cannot equal. Apropos, my dear bird, said the princess to him, do the Gangarids profess any religion? have they one? Madam, we meet to return thanks to God on the days of the full moon: the men in a great temple made of cedar, and the wo-

men in another, to prevent their devotion being diverted: all the birds assemble in a grove, and the quadrupeds on a fine down. We thank God for all the benefits he has bestowed upon us. We have in particular some parrots that preach wonderfully well.

Such is the country of my dear Amazan; there I reside: my friendship for him is as great as the love with which he has inspired you. If you will credit me, we will set out together, and you shall pay him a visit.

Really, my dear bird, this is a very pretty profession of yours, replied the princess smiling, and who flamed with desire to undertake the journey, but did not dare say so. I serve my friend, said the bird; and, after the happiness of loving you, the greatest is to be an assistant in your amours.

Formosanta was quite fascinated; she fancied herself transported from earth. All she had seen that day, all she then saw, all she heard, and particularly what she felt in her heart, so ravished her, as far to surpass what those fortunate Mussulmen now feel, who, disencumbered from their terrestrial ties, find themselves in the ninth heaven in the arms of their Houris, surrounded and penetrated with glory and celestial felicity.

§ 4.

She passed the whole night in speaking of Amazan. She no longer called him any thing but her shepherd; and from this time it was that the names of Shepherd and Lover were indiscriminately used throughout every nation.

Sometimes she asked the bird whether Amazan had had any other mistresses. He answered No, and

and she was at the summit of felicity. Sometimes she asked how he passed his life; and she, with transport, learnt, that it was employed in doing good, in cultivating arts, in penetrating into the secrets of nature, and improving himself. She at times wanted to know if the soul of her lover was of the same nature as that of her bird; how it happened that he had lived twenty thousand years, when her lover was not above eighteen or nineteen. She put a hundred such questions, to which the bird replied with such discretion as excited her curiosity. At length sleep closed their eyes, and yielded up Formosanta to the sweet delusion of dreams sent by the gods, which sometimes surpass reality itself, and which all the philosophy of the Chaldeans can scarce explain.

Formosanta did not wake till very late. The day was far advanced, when the king her father entered her chamber. The bird received his majesty with respectful politeness, went before him, fluttered his wings, stretched his neck, and then replaced himself upon his orange tree. The king seated himself upon his daughter's bed, whose dreams had made her still more beautiful. His large beard approached her lovely face, and after having twice embraced her, he spoke to her in these words:

My dear daughter, you could not yesterday find a husband agreeable to my wishes; you nevertheless must marry; the prosperity of my empire requires it. I have consulted the oracle, which you know never errs, and which directs all my conduct. His commands are, that you should traverse the globe: You must therefore begin your journey.—Ah! doubtless, to the Gangarids, said the princess; and in uttering these words, which escaped her, she was
sensible

of her indiscretion. The king, who was utterly ignorant of geography, asked her what she meant by the Gangarids? She easily diverted the question. The king told her she must go upon a pilgrimage, that he had appointed the persons who were to attend her, the dean of the counsellors of state, the high almoner, a lady of honour, a physician, an apothecary, her bird, and all necessary domestics.

Formosanta, who had never been out of her father's palace, and who till the arrival of the three kings and Amazan had led a very insipid life, according to the *etiquette* of rank and the parade of pleasure, was charmed at setting out upon a pilgrimage. Who knows, said she, whispering to her heart, if the gods may not inspire Amazan with the like desire of going to the same chapel, and I may have the happiness of again seeing the pilgrim? She affectionately thanked her father, saying, she had always entertained a secret devotion for the saint she was going to visit.

Belus gave an excellent dinner to his guests, who were all men. They formed a very ill assorted company; kings, princes, ministers, pontiffs, all jealous of each other; all weighing their words, and equally embarrassed with their neighbours and themselves. The repast was very gloomy, though they drank pretty freely. The princesses remained in their apartments, each meditating upon their respective journey. They dined at their little cover. Formosanta afterwards walked in the gardens with her dear bird, who, to amuse her, flew from tree to tree, displaying his superb tail and divine plumage.

The king of Egypt, who was heated with wine, not to say drunk, asked one of his pages for a bow and arrow. This prince was, in truth, the most

unskilful archer in his whole kingdom. When he aimed at a mark, the place of the greatest safety was generally the spot he hit. But the beautiful bird, flying as swiftly as the arrow, seemed to court it, and fell bleeding in the arms of Formosanta. The Egyptian, bursting into a foolish laugh, retired to his place. The princess rent the skies with her moans, melted into tears, tore her hair and beat her breast. The dying bird said to her in a low voice, Burn me, and fail not to carry my ashes to the east of the ancient city of Aden or Eden, and expose them to the sun upon a little pile of cloves and cinnamon: after having uttered these words he expired. Formosanta was for a long time in a swoon, and saw the light again only to burst in sighs and groans. Her father partaking of her grief, and imprecating the king of Egypt, did not doubt but this accident foretold some fatal event. He went hastily to consult the oracle of his chapel. The oracle replied; *A mixture of every thing; life and death, infidelity and constancy, loss and gain, calamities and good fortune.* Neither he nor his council could comprehend any meaning in this reply; but, at length, he was satisfied with having fulfilled the duties of devotion.

His daughter was bathed in tears, whilst he consulted the oracle; she paid the funeral obsequies to the bird, which he had directed, and resolved to carry its remains into Arabia at the risk of her life. He was burnt in incombustible flax, with the orange-tree on which he used to perch. She gathered up the ashes in a little golden vase, set with rubies, and the diamonds taken from the lion's mouth. Oh! that she could, instead of fulfilling this melancholy duty, have burnt alive the detestable king of Egypt! This was her sole wish. She, in spite, put
to

to death the two crocodiles, his two sea horses, his two zebras, his two rats, and had his two mummies thrown into the Euphrates. Had she been possessed of his bull Apis, she would not have spared him.

The king of Egypt, enraged at this affront, set out immediately to forward his three hundred thousand men. The king of India, seeing his ally depart, set off also upon his return the same day, with a firm intention of joining his three hundred thousand Indians to the Egyptian army. The king of Scythia decamped in the night with the princess Aldea, fully resolved to fight for her at the head of three hundred thousand Scythians, and to restore her the inheritance of Babylon, which was her right, as she was descended from the elder branch.

As for the beautiful Formosanta, she set out at three in the morning with her caravan of pilgrims, flattering herself that she might go into Arabia, and execute the last will of her bird; and that the justice of the gods would restore her the dear Amazon, without whom life was become insupportable.

When the king of Babylon awoke, he found all his company gone. How mighty festivals terminate! said he; and what a surprising vacuum they leave in the soul, when the hurry is over! But he was transported with a rage truly royal, when he found that princess Aldea was carried off. He ordered all his ministers to be called up, and the council to be convened. Whilst they were dressing, he failed not to consult the oracle; but he could never get from it any other than these words, so celebrated since throughout the universe: *When girls are not married by their relations, they marry themselves.*

Orders

Orders were immediately issued to march three hundred thousand men against the king of Scythia. Thus was the torch of the most dreadful war lighted up, which was produced by the amusements of the finest festival ever given upon earth. Asia was upon the point of being over-run by four armies of three hundred thousand men each. It is plain, that the war of Troy, which astonished the world some ages after, was mere childrens play in comparison to this; but it should also be considered, that in the Trojans quarrel, the object was nothing more than a very libidinous old woman, who had contrived to be twice run away with; whereas, in this case, the cause was tripartite—two girls and a bird.

The king of India went to meet his army upon the large fine road which then led straight to Babylon, at Cachemir. The king of Scythia flew with Aldea by the fine road which led to mount Immaus. All these fine roads have disappeared in a series of time, by reason of bad government. The king of Egypt had marched to the west, along the coast of the little Mediterranean sea, which the ignorant Hebrews have since called the Great Sea.

As to the charming Formosanta, she pursued the road of Bassora, planted with lofty palm trees, which furnished a perpetual shade, and fruits at all seasons. The temple, in which she was to perform her pilgrimage, was in Bassora itself. The saint, to whom this temple had been dedicated, was pretty nearly in the style of him who was afterwards adored at Lampfacus. He not only procured young women husbands, but he often supplied the husband's place. He was the holiest saint in all Asia.

Formosanta had no sort of inclination for the saint of Bassora; she only invoked her dear Gangaridian shepherd, her charming Amazan. She proposed embarking at Bassora, and landing in Arabia Felix, to perform what her deceased bird had commanded.

At the third stage, scarce had she entered into a fine inn, where her harbingers had made all the necessary preparations for her, when she learnt that the king of Egypt was arrived there also. Informed by his emissaries of the princess's route, he immediately altered his course, followed by a numerous escort. Having alighted, he placed centinels at all the doors; then repaired to the beautiful Formosanta's apartment, when he addressed her by saying, Miss, you are the lady I was in quest of; you paid me very little attention when I was at Babylon; it is just to punish scornful capricious women: you will, if you please, be kind enough to sup with me to-night; you will have no other bed than mine, and I shall behave to you according as I am satisfied with you.

Formosanta saw very well that she was not the strongest; she judged that good sense consisted in knowing how to conform to one's situation; she resolved to get rid of the king of Egypt by an innocent stratagem: she looked to him through the corners of her eyes, which after-ages has called ogling; and thus she spoke to him, with a modesty, grace, and sweetness, a confusion, and a thousand other charms, which would have made the wisest man a fool, and deceived the most discerning:

I acknowledge, Sir, I always appeared with a downcast look when you did the king my father the honour of visiting him. I had some apprehensions for my heart, I dreaded my too great simplicity;

city; I trembled lest my father and your rivals should observe the preference I gave you, and which you so highly deserved. I can now declare my sentiments. I swear by the bull Apis, which after you is the thing I respect the most in the world, that your proposals have enchanted me. I have already supped with you at my father's, and I will sup again here with you, without his being of the party; all that I request of you is, that your high almoner should drink with us: he appeared to me at Babylon to be an excellent guest; I have some Chiras wine remarkably good, I will make you both taste it. As to your second proposition, it is very engaging; but a girl well brought up should not dwell upon it; satisfy yourself with being informed, that I consider you as the greatest of kings, and the most amiable of men.

This discourse turned the king of Egypt's head; he agreed to have the almoner's company. I have another favour to ask you, said the princess, which is to allow me to speak to my apothecary: women have always some little ails that require attention, such as vapours in the head, palpitations of the heart, colics, and the like, which at particular times require some assistance; in a word, I at present stand in need of my apothecary, and I hope you will not refuse me this slight testimony of love.

Miss, replied the king of Egypt, though the designs of an apothecary are directly opposite to mine, and the objects of his art are directly contrary to those of mine, I know life too well to refuse you so just a demand; I will order him to attend you whilst supper is preparing. I imagine you must be somewhat fatigued by the journey; you will also have occasion for a chamber-maid, you may order her you like best to attend you; I will afterwards

wait your commands and conveniency. He retired, and the apothecary, and chamber-maid, named Irla, entered. The princess had an entire confidence in her; she ordered her to bring six bottles of Chiras wine for supper, and to make all the centinels, who had her officers under arrest, drink the same; then she recommended her apothecary to infuse in all the bottles certain pharmaceutic drugs, which made those who took them sleep twenty-four hours, and with which he was always provided: She was punctually obeyed. The king returned with his high almoner in about half an hour's time; the conversation at supper was very gay; the king and the priest emptied the six bottles, and acknowledged there was no such good wine in Egypt: the chamber-maid was attentive to make the servants in-waiting drink. As for the princess, she took great care not to drink any herself, saying, that she was ordered by her physician a particular regimen, They were all presently asleep.

The king of Egypt's almoner had one of the finest beards that a man of his rank could wear. Formosanta lopt it off very skilfully; then sewing it to a ribbon, she put it on her own chin. She then dressed herself in the priest's robes, and decked herself in all the marks of his dignity, and her waiting-maid clad herself like the sacristan of the goddess Isis; at length, having furnished herself with his urn and jewels, she set out from the inn amidst the centinels, who were asleep like their master. Her attendant had taken care to have two horses ready at the door. The princess could not take with her any of the officers of her train; they would have been stopt by the great guards.

Formosanta and Irla passed through several ranks of soldiers, who, taking the princess for the high-priest,

priest, called her, My most Reverend Father in God; and asked his blessing. The two fugitives arrived in twenty-four hours at Bassora, before the king awoke. They then threw off their disguise, which might have created some suspicion. They fitted out with all possible expedition a ship, which carried them by the Straights of Ormus, to the beautiful banks of Eden in Arabia Felix. This was that Eden, whose gardens were so famous, that they have since been the residence of the justest of mankind; they were the model of the Elysian fields, the gardens of the Hesperides, and those of the Fortunate Islands; for in those warm climates men imagined there could be no greater felicity than shades and murmuring brooks. To live eternally in heaven with the Supreme Being, or to walk in the garden of paradise, was the same thing to those who incessantly spoke without understanding one another, and who could scarce have any distinct ideas or just expressions.

As soon as the princess found herself in this land, her first care was to pay her dear bird the funeral obsequies he had required of her. Her beautiful hands prepared a small pile of cloves and cinnamon. What was her surprize, when, having spread the ashes of the bird upon this pile, she saw it blaze of itself! They were all presently consumed. In the place of the ashes there appeared nothing but a large egg, from whence she saw her bird issue more brilliant than ever. This was one of the most happy moments the princess had ever experienced in her whole life; there was but another that could ever be dearer to her; it was the object of her wishes, but almost beyond her hopes.

I plainly see, said she to the bird, you are the phoenix which I have heard so much spoken of.

I am

I am almost ready to expire with joy and astonishment. I did not believe in your resurrection; but it is my good fortune to be convinced of it. Resurrection, Madam, said the phoenix to her, is one of the most simple things in the world. There is nothing more astonishing in being born twice than once. Every thing in this world is the effect of resurrection; caterpillars are regenerated into butterflies; a kernel put into the earth is regenerated into a tree. All animals buried in the earth regenerate into vegetations, herbs, and plants, and nourish other animals, of which they speedily compose part of the substance; all particles which composed bodies are transformed into different beings. It is true, that I am the only one to whom Orosmade has granted the favour of regenerating in my own form.

Formosanta, who from the moment she first saw Amazan and the phoenix, had passed all her time in a round of astonishment, said to him, I can easily conceive that the Supreme Being may form out of your ashes a phoenix nearly resembling yourself; but that you should be precisely the same person, that you should have the same soul, is a thing, I acknowledge, I cannot very clearly comprehend. What became of your soul when I carried you in my pocket after your death?

Good heavens, Madam! is it not as easy for the great Orosmade to continue action upon a single atom of my being, as to begin afresh this action? He had before granted me sensation, memory, and thought; he grants them to me again; whether he united this favour to an atom of elementary fire latent within me, or the assemblage of my organs, is, in reality, of no consequence; men, as well as phoenixes, are equally ignorant how things come

come to pass ; but the greatest favour the Supreme Being has bestowed upon me, is to regenerate me for you. Oh ! that I may pass the twenty-eight thousand years which I have still to live before my next resurrection, with you and my dear Amazon !

My dear phoenix, remember what you first told me at Babylon, which I shall never forget, and which flattered me with the hope of again seeing my dear shepherd, whom I idolize ; we must absolutely pay the Gangarids a visit together, and I must carry him back with me to Babylon. This is precisely my design, said the phoenix ; there is not a moment to lose. We must go in search of Amazon by the shortest road, that is, thro' the air. There are in Arabia Felix two griffins, who are my particular friends, who live only a hundred and fifty thousand leagues from hence ; I am going to write to them by the pigeons post, and they will be here before night. We shall have time to work you a little convenient canopy with drawers, in which you may place your provisions. You will be quite at your ease in this vehicle, with your maid. These two griffins are the most vigorous of their kind ; each of them will support one of the poles of the canopy between their claws. But, once for all, time is very precious. He immediately went with Formosanta to order the canopy at an upholsterer's of his acquaintance. It was made complete in four hours. In the drawers were placed small fine loaves, biscuits superior to those of Babylon, large lemons, pine-apples, cocoa and pistachio nuts, Eden wine, which is as superior to that of Chiras, as Chiras is to that of Surinam.

The canopy was as light as it was commodious and solid. The two griffins arrived at Eden by the

appointed time. Formofanta and Irla placed themselves in the vehicle. The two griffins carried it off like a feather. The phoenix sometimes flew after it, and sometimes perched upon its back. The two griffins winged their way towards the Ganges with the velocity of an arrow which rends the air. They never stopt but a moment at night, for the travellers to make some refreshment, and the carriers to take a draught of water.

They at length reached the country of the Gangarids. The princess's heart palpitated with hope, love, and joy. The phoenix stopt the vehicle before the Amazan's house; he desired to speak with him; but he had been absent from home three hours, without any one knowing whether he was gone.

There are no words, even in the Gangaridian language, that could express Formofanta's extreme despair. Alas! this is what I dreaded, said the phoenix: the three hours which you passed at the inn upon the road to Bassora with that wretched king of Egypt, have perhaps been at the price of the happiness of your whole life; I very much fear we have lost Amazan, without the possibility of recovering him.

He then asked the servants, if they could salute the lady his mother? She answered, Her husband had died only two days before, and she could speak to no one. The phoenix, who was not without influence in the house, introduced the princess of Babylon into a saloon, the walls of which were covered with orange-tree-wood inlaid with ivory. The inferior shepherds and shepherdesses, who were dressed in long white garments with gold-coloured trimmings, served her up, in a hundred plain porcelain baskets, a hundred various delicious meats,

amongst which no disguised carcases were to be seen; they consisted of rice, sago, vermicelli, macaroni, omelets, milk-eggs, cream, cheese, pastry of every kind, vegetables, fruit peculiarly odoriferous and grateful to the taste, of which no idea can be formed in other climates; and they were accompanied with a profusion of refreshing liquors superior to the finest wine.

Whilst the princess regaled herself, seated upon a bed of roses, four peacocks, who were luckily mute, fanned her with their brilliant wings; two hundred birds, one hundred shepherds and shepherdesses, warbled a concert in two different choirs; the nightingales, thistlefinches, linnets, chaffinches, sung the higher notes with the shepherdesses, and the shepherds sung the tenor and the bass. The princess acknowledged, that if there was more magnificence at Babylon, nature was infinitely more agreeable among the Gangarids; but whilst this consolatory and voluptuous music was playing, tears flowed from her eyes, whilst she said to the damsel Irla, These shepherds and shepherdesses, these nightingales, these linnets, are making love; and for my part, I am deprived of the Gangaridian hero, the worthy object of my most tender and impatient desires.

Whilst she was taking this collation, and tears and admiration kept pace with each other, the phoenix addressed himself to Amazan's mother, saying: Madam, you cannot avoid seeing the princess of Babylon; you know—I know every thing, said she, even her adventure at the inn upon the road to Bassora; a black-bird related the whole to me this morning; and this cruel black-bird is the cause of my son's going mad, and leaving his paternal abode.—You do not know, then, that the

princess regenerated me?—No, my dear child, the black bird told me that you were dead, and this made me inconsolable. I was so afflicted at this loss, the death of my husband, and the precipitate flight of my son, that I ordered my door to be shut to every one. But since the princess of Babylon has done me the honour of paying me a visit, I beg she may be immediately introduced; I have matters of the last importance to acquaint her with, and I chuse you should be present. She then went to meet the princess in another saloon. She could not walk very well; this lady was about three hundred years old; but she had still some agreeable vestiges of beauty; it might be discovered, that about her two hundred and thirtieth, or two hundred and fortieth year, she must have been a most charming woman. She received Formosanta with a respectful nobleness, blended with an air of interest and chagrin, which made a very lively impression upon the princess.

Formosanta immediately paid her the compliments of condolence upon her husband's death. Alas! said the widow, you have more reason to lament his death than you imagine. I am, doubtless, greatly afflicted, said Formosanta, he was father to——here a flood of tears prevented her from going on. For his sake only I undertook this journey, amidst many perils, and narrowly escaped many dangers. For him I left my father, and the most splendid court in the universe. I was detained by a king of Egypt, whom I detest. Having escaped from this ravisher, I have traversed the air, in search of the only man I love. When I arrive, he flies from me!—Here sighs and tears stopt her farther harangue.

His mother then said to her, Madam, when the king

allied; and yet so miserable as to have offended him!

My son is, I tell you, said his mother; your cousin; and I shall presently convince you of it; but in becoming my relation, you rob me of my son; he cannot survive the grief which the embrace you gave to the king of Egypt has occasioned him.

Ah! my dear aunt, cried the beautiful Formosanta, I swear by him and the all-powerful Orontides; that this embrace, so far from being criminal, was the strongest proof of love your son could receive from me. I disobeyed my father for his sake. For him I went from the Euphrates to the Ganges. Fallen into the hands of the worthless Pharaoh of Egypt, I could not escape his clutches, but by artifice. I call the ashes and soul of the phoenix, which were then in my pocket, to witness; he can do me justice. But how can your son, born upon the banks of the Ganges, be my cousin? His whose family have reigned upon the banks of the Euphrates for so many centuries?

You know, said the venerable Gangaridian lady to her, that your grand-uncle, Aldea, was king of Babylon, and that he was dethroned by Belus's father?—Yes, Madam.—You know that this Aldea had in marriage a daughter named Aldea, brought up in your court. It was this prince, who, being persecuted by your father, took refuge in our happy country under another name: he married me: by him I bore young prince Aldea Amazan, the most beautiful, the most courageous, the strongest, and most virtuous of mortals; and at this hour the maddest. He went to the Babylonian festival upon the credit of your beauty; since that time he idolizes you, and, perhaps, I shall never again set eyes upon my dear son.

She

She then displayed to the princess all the titles of the house of the Aldeas. Formosanta scarce deigned to look at them. Ah! Madam, do we examine what is the object of our desire? My heart sufficiently believes you. But where is Aldea Amazan? where is my kinsman, my lover, my king? where is my life? what road has he taken? I will seek for him in every sphere the Eternal Being has framed, and of which he is the greatest ornament. I will go into the star Canope, into Sheath, into Aldebaran; I will go and convince him of my love and my innocence.

The phoenix justified the princess with regard to the crime that was imputed to her by the black-bird, fondly embracing the king of Egypt; but it was necessary to undeceive Amazan and recal him. Birds are dispatched on every side, unicorns set forward on every road: news at length arrives that Amazan took that towards China. Well, then, said the princess, let us set out for China; the journey is not long, and I hope I shall bring you back your son in a fortnight at farthest. At these words the tears of affection streamed from his mother's eyes and those of the princess; --- they most tenderly embraced in the great effusion of their hearts.

The phoenix immediately ordered a coach with six unicorns. Amazan's mother furnished two thousand horsemen, and made the princess her niece a present of some thousands of the finest diamonds of her country. The phoenix, afflicted at the evil occasioned by the black-bird's indiscretion, ordered all the black-birds to quit the country; and from that time none have been met with upon the banks of the Ganges.

§ 5. The unicorns, in less than eight days, carried Formosanta, Irla, and the phoenix, to Cambalu, the capital of China. This city was larger than that of Babylon, and its magnificence very different. These fresh objects, these new manners, would have amused Formosanta could any thing but Amazan have engaged her.

As soon as the emperor of China learnt that the princess of Babylon was at one of the city gates, he dispatched to her four thousand Mandarines in ceremonial robes: they all prostrated themselves before her, and presented her with a compliment written in golden letters upon a sheet of purple silk. Formosanta told them, that if she were possessed of four thousand tongues, she would not omit replying immediately to every Mandarin; but that having only one, she hoped they would be satisfied with her general thanks. They conducted her, in a respectful manner, to the emperor.

He was the most just, the politest, and wisest monarch upon earth. It was he who first tilled a small field with his own imperial hands, to make agriculture respectable to his people. He first allotted premiums to virtue: laws in all other countries were shamefully confined to the punishment of crimes. This emperor had just banished from his dominions a gang of foreign Bonzes, who had come from the extremities of the West, with the frantic hope of compelling all China to think like themselves; and who, under pretence of teaching truths, had already acquired honours and riches. In expelling them, he delivered himself in these words, which are recorded in the annals of the empire:

“ You may here do as much harm as you have
 elte-

elsewhere; you are come to preach dogmas of intolerance, in the most tolerating nation upon earth. I send you back, that I may never be compelled to punish you. You will be honourably conducted to my frontiers; you will be furnished with every thing necessary to return to the confines of the hemisphere from whence you came. Depart in peace, if you can be at peace, and never return."

The princess of Babylon learnt with pleasure this speech and determination; she was the more certain of being well received at court, as she was very far from entertaining any dogmas of intolerance. The emperor of China, in dining with her *tete-a-tete*, had the politeness to banish all disagreeable *etiquettes*: she presented the phoenix to him, who was greatly caressed by the emperor, and who perched upon his chair. Formosanta, towards the end of the repast, ingenuously acquainted him with the cause of her journey, and intreated him to search for the beautiful Amazan in the city of Cambalu; and in the mean while she acquainted the emperor with her adventures, without concealing the fatal passion with which her heart burnt for this youthful hero. Who do you mention him to? said the emperor of China; he did me the pleasure of coming to my court: I was enchanted with this amiable Amazan. It is true, that he is deeply afflicted; but his graces are thereby the more affecting. No one of my favourites has more wit than him, there is not a gown Mandarin who has more knowledge, not a military one who has a more martial or heroic air. His extreme youth adds an additional value to all his talents. If I were so unfortunate, so abandoned by the Tien and Chang-ni, as to desire being a conqueror, I would desire Amazan to put himself at the head of my armies,
and

and I should be sure of conquering the whole universe. It is a great pity that his melancholy sometimes disconcerts him.

Ah! Sir, said Formosanta, with much agitation and grief, blended with an air of reproach, why did you not make me dine with him? This is a mortal stroke you have given me!—send for him immediately. Madam, replied the emperor, he set out this very morning, without acquainting me with his destination. Formosanta, turning towards the phoenix, said to him, Did you ever know so unfortunate a damsel as myself? But, resuming, she said, Sir, how came he to quit so polite a court, and in which, methinks, one might pass one's life, in so abrupt a manner?

This was the case, Madam, said he: One of the most amiable of the princesses of the blood, falling desperately in love with him, fixed a rendezvous to meet him at noon; he set out at day-break, leaving this billet for my kinswoman, whom it hath cost a deluge of tears:

“ Beautiful princess of the blood of China, you are deserving of a heart that was never offered up to any other altar; I have sworn to the immortal gods, never to love any other than Formosanta princess of Babylon, and to teach her how to conquer one's desires in travelling. She has had the misfortune to yield to a worthless king of Egypt; I am the most unfortunate of men; I have lost my father and the phoenix, and the hope of being loved by Formosanta. I left my mother in affliction, and my country, unable to live a moment in that spot where I learnt that Formosanta loved another than me: I swore to traverse the earth, and be faithful: You would despise me, and the gods punish

punish me, if I violated my oath: chuse another lover, Madam, and be as faithful as I am."

Ah! give me that miraculous letter, said the beautiful Formosanta, it will afford me some consolation: I am happy in the midst of my misfortunes. Amazan loves me; Amazan for me renounces the embraces of princesses of China; there is no one upon earth but himself endowed with so much fortitude; he sets me a most brilliant example; the phoenix knows I did not stand in need of it: how cruel it is to be deprived of one's lover for the most innocent embrace given through pure fidelity! But, in fine, whither is he gone? what road has he taken? Deign to inform me, and I will set out.

The emperor of China told her, that, according to the reports he had received, her lover had taken the road towards Scythia. The unicorns were immediately harnessed, and the princess, after the most tender compliments, took leave of the emperor, with the phoenix, her chamber-maid Irla, and all her train.

As soon as she arrived in Scythia, she was more convinced than ever how much men and governments differed, and would differ, till such time as some more enlightened people should by degrees remove that cloud of darkness which had covered the earth for so many ages; and till there should be found in barbarous climes, heroic souls, who would have strength and perseverance enough to transform brutes into men. There are no cities in Scythia, consequently no agreeable arts; nothing was to be seen but extensive fields, and whole nations whose sole habitations were tents and chars. Such an appearance struck her with terror. Formosanta enquired in what tent or char the king was lodged? She was informed that he had set out eight days

before with three hundred thousand cavalry to attack the king of Babylon, whose niece, the beautiful princess Aldea, he carried off.

What! hath he run away with my cousin, cried Formosanta? I could not have imagined such an incident. What! is my cousin, who was too happy in paying her court to me, become a queen, and I am not yet married? She was immediately conducted, by her desire, to the queen's tent.

Their unexpected meeting in such distant climes; the uncommon occurrences they mutually had to impart to each other, gave such charms to this interview, as made them forget they never loved one another: they saw each other with transport; and a soft illusion supplied the place of real tenderness: they embraced with tears; and there was a cordiality and frankness on each side that could not have taken place in a palace.

Aldea remembered the phoenix and the waiting-maid Irla. She presented her cousin with zibelin skins, who in return gave her diamonds. The war between the two kings was spoken of. They deplored the state of men, the victims of the caprice of princes, when two honest men might settle the difference, without a single throat being cut, in less than an hour; but the principal topic was the handsome stranger, who had conquered lions, given the largest diamonds in the universe, the writer of madrigals, now become the most miserable of men from the intelligence of a black-bird. He is my dear brother, said Aldea. He is my lover, cried Formosanta: you have, doubtless, seen him; is he still here? for, cousin, he knows he is your brother; he cannot have left you so abruptly as he did the king of China.

Have I seen him? good heaven! Yes, he passed

four

four whole days with me. Ah! cousin, how much my brother is to blame! A false report has absolutely turned his brain; he roams about the world, without knowing whither he is destined. Image to yourself, that his phrensy is so great, that he has refused the favours of the handsomest Scythian lady in all Scythia. He set out yesterday, after writing her a letter which has thrown her into despair. As for him, he is gone to visit the Cimmerians. God be thanked! cried Formosanta; another refusal in my favour! My good fortune is beyond my hope, as my misfortunes surpassed my greatest apprehensions. Procure me this charming letter, that I may set out and follow him, loaded with his sacrifices. Farewell, cousin! Amazan is among the Cimmerians, and I fly to meet him.

Aldea judged that the princess her cousin was still more frantic than her brother Amazan. But as she had herself been sensible of the effects of this epidemic contagion, having given up the delights and magnificence of Babylon for a king of Scythia; and as the women always excuse those follies that are the effects of love, she felt for Formosanta's affliction, wished her a happy journey, and promised to be her advocate with her brother, if ever she was so fortunate as to see him again.

§ 6.

From Scythia the princess of Babylon, with her phoenix, arrived soon at the empire of the Cimmerians, a country indeed much less populous than Scythia, but of far greater extent.

After a few days journey, she entered a very large city, which has of late been greatly improved by the reigning empress: she herself was not there

at that time, but was making a progress through her dominions, on the frontiers of Europe and Asia, in order to judge of their state and condition with her own eyes, to enquire into their grievances, and to provide the proper remedies for them.

The principal magistrate of that antient capital, as soon as he was informed of the arrival of the Babylonian lady and the phoenix, lost no time in paying her all the honours of the country; being certain that his mistress, the most polite and generous princess in the world, would be extremely well pleased to find that he had received so illustrious a lady with all that respect which she herself, if on the spot, would have shewed her.

The princess was lodged in the palace, and entertained with great splendor and elegance. The Cimmerian lord, who was an excellent natural philosopher, diverted himself in conversing with the phoenix, at such times as the princess chose to retire to her own apartment. The phoenix told him, that he had formerly travelled among the Cimmerians, but that he should not have known the country again. How comes it, said he, that such prodigious changes have been brought about in so short a time? Formerly, when I was here, about three hundred years ago, I saw nothing but savage nature in all her horrors; at present, I perceive industry, arts, splendor, and politeness. This mighty revolution, replied the Cimmerian, was begun by one man, and is now carried to perfection by one woman; a woman who is a greater legislator than the Isis of the Egyptians, or the Ceres of the Greeks. Most lawgivers have been unhappy in a narrow genius and an arbitrary disposition, which confined their views to the countries, they governed: each of them looked upon his own, as
the

the only people existing upon the earth, or as if they ought to be at enmity with all the rest: they have formed institutions, introduced customs, and established a religion for them alone. Thus the Egyptians, so famous for those heaps of stones called Pyramids, have dishonoured and besotted themselves with their barbarous superstitions. They despise all other nations as profane; refuse all manner of intercourse with them; and, excepting those conversant in the court, who now and then rise above the prejudices of the vulgar, there is not an Egyptian who will eat off a plate that had ever been used by a stranger. Their priests are equally cruel and absurd. It were better to have no laws at all, and to follow those notions of right and wrong engraven on our hearts by nature, than to subject society to institutions so inhospitable.

Our empress has adopted a quite different system; she considers her vast dominions, under which all the meridians on the globe are united, as under an obligation of correspondence with all the nations dwelling under those meridians. The first and most fundamental of her laws, is an universal toleration of all religions, and an unbounded compassion for every error. Her penetrating genius perceives, that though the modes of religious worship differ, yet morality is every where the same: by this principle, she has united her people to all the nations on earth, and the Cimmerians will soon consider the Scandinavians and the Chinese as their brethren. Not satisfied with this, she has resolved to establish this invaluable toleration, the strongest link of society among her neighbours: by these means, she has obtained the title of the Parent of her country; and, if she perseveres, will acquire that of the Benefactress of mankind.

Before

Before her time, the men, who were unhappily possessed of power, sent out legions of murderers to ravage unknown countries, and to water with the blood of the children the inheritance of their fathers. Those assassins were called Heroes, and their robberies accounted glorious achievements. But our sovereign courts another sort of glory; she has sent forth her armies to be the messengers of peace; not only to prevent men from being the destroyers, but to oblige them to be the benefactors, of one another. Her standards are the ensigns of public tranquillity.

The phoenix was quite charmed with what he heard from this nobleman; he told him, that though he had lived twenty-seven thousand nine hundred years and seven months in this world, he had never seen any thing like it. He then enquired after his friend Amazan. The Cimmerian gave the same account of him that the princess had already heard from the Chinese and the Scythians. It was Amazan's constant practice to run away from all the courts he visited, the instant any lady made him an assignation, apprehending he might be prevailed upon to give some proofs of human frailty. The phoenix soon acquainted Formosanta with this fresh instance of Amazan's fidelity; a fidelity so much the more surprizing, since he could not imagine his princess would ever hear of it.

Amazan had set out for Scandinavia, where he was entertained with sights still more surprizing. In this place, he beheld monarchy and liberty subsisting together in a manner thought incompatible in other states; the labourers of the ground shared in the legislature with the grandees of the realm. In another place he saw what was still more extraordinary; a prince equally remarkable for his extreme

treme

freem youth and uprightnes; who possessed a sovereign authority over his country, acquired by a solemn contract with his people.

Amazan beheld a philosopher on the throne of Sarmatia, who might be called a king of anarchy; for he was the chief of a hundred thousand petty kings, one of whom with his single voice could render ineffectual the resolutions of all the rest. Eolus had not more difficulty to keep the warring winds within their proper bounds, than this monarch to reconcile the tumultuous discordant spirits of his subjects. He was the master of a ship surrounded with eternal storms; but the vessel did not founder; for he was an excellent pilot.

In traversing those various countries, so different from his own, Amazan persevered in rejecting all the favourable advances made to him by the ladies; though incessantly distracted with the embrace given by Formosanta to the king of Egypt, being resolved to set Formosanta an amazing example of an unshaken and unparalleled fidelity.

The princess of Babylon was constantly close at his heels, and scarce ever missed of him but by a day or two; without the one being tired of roaming, or the other losing a moment in pursuing him.

Thus he traversed the immense continent of Germany, where he beheld with wonder, the progress which reason and philosophy had made in the North; even their princes were enlightened, and were become the patrons of freedom of thought. Their education had not been trusted to men who had an interest in deceiving them; or who were themselves deceived; they were brought up in the knowledge of universal morality, and in the contempt of superstition; they had banished from all their estates
a sense.

a senseless custom which had enervated and depopulated the southern countries; this was to bury alive in immense dungeons, infinite numbers of both sexes who were eternally separated from one another, and sworn to have no communication together. This madness had contributed more than the most cruel wars to lay waste and ravage the earth.

The princesses of the North had at last found out, that if they wanted a good breed of horses, they must not separate the finest stallions from the mares. They had likewise exploded other errors equally absurd and pernicious; in short, men had at last ventured to make use of their reason in those immense regions; whereas it was still believed almost every where else, that they could not be governed but in proportion to their ignorance.

§ 7.

From Germany, Amazan arrived at Batavia; where his perpetual chagrin was in a good measure alleviated, by preserving among the inhabitants a faint resemblance of his happy countrymen the Gangarids. There he saw liberty, property, equality, plenty, with toleration in religion; but the ladies were so indifferent, that not one made him any amorous advances; a thing he had never met with before. It is true, had he been inclined to address them, they would have yielded one after another; though, at the same time, not one would have been the least in love; but he was far from any thoughts of making conquests.

Formosama had nearly caught him in this insipid nation: he had set out but a moment before her arrival!

Amazan

Amazan had heard so much among the Batavians in praise of a certain island called Albion, that he was led by curiosity to embark with his unicorns on board a ship, which, with a favourable easterly wind, carried him in four hours to that celebrated country, more famous than Tyre, or the Atlantic island.

The beautiful Formosanta, who had followed him, as it were on the scent, to the banks of the Wolga, the Vistula, the Elbe, and the Weser, and had never been above a day or two behind him, arrived soon after at the mouths of the Rhine, where it disembogues its waters into the German Ocean.

Here she learned that her beloved Amazan had just set sail for Albion. She thought she saw the vessel on board of which he was, and could not help crying out for joy: at which the Batavian ladies were greatly surpris'd, not imagining that a young man could possibly occasion so violent a transport. They took, indeed, but little notice of the phoenix, as they reckoned his feathers would not fetch near so good a price as those of their own ducks, and other water-fowl. The princess of Bâbylon hired two vessels to carry herself and her retinue to that happy island, which was soon to possess the only object of her desires, the soul of her life, and the god of her heart.

An unpropitious wind from the west arose of a sudden, just as the faithful and unhappy Amazan landed on the Albion shore, and detained the ships of the Bâbylonian princess; just as they were going to put to sea. Seized with a deep melancholy, she betook herself to bed, determined to remain there till the wind should change; but it blew for the space of eight days, with an unremitting violence.

The princess, during this age of eight days, employed her maid of honour Irla in reading romances; which were not indeed written by the Batavians; but as they are the factors of the universe, they traffick in the wit as well as commodities of other nations.—The princess purchased of Mark Michael Rey, the bookseller, all the novels which had been written by the Aufonians and the Welches, the sale of which had been wisely prohibited among those nations, to enrich their neighbours the Batavians. She expected to find in those histories some adventure similar to her own, which might alleviate her grief.—The maid of honour read, the phoenix gave his advice, and the princess, finding nothing in the Fortunate Country Maid, in Tanfai, or in the Sopha, that had the least resemblance to her own affairs, interrupted the reader every moment, by asking how the wind stood?

In the mean time Amazan was on the road to the capital of Albion, in his coach and six unicorns, all his thoughts employed on his dear princess: at a small distance he perceived a carriage overturned in a ditch; the servants had gone different ways in quest of assistance, but the owner kept his seat, smoaking his pipe with great tranquillity; without testifying the smallest impatience: his name was My Lord What then, in the language from which I translate these memoirs.

Amazan made all the haste possibly to help him, and with his simple arm set the carriage to rights; so much was his strength superior to that of other men. My Lord What then took no other notice of him, than saying, A stout fellow, by G—d! in the mean

mean time the country people, being come up, flew into a great passion at being called out to no purpose, and fell upon the stranger. They abused him, called him outlandish dog, and challenged him to strip and box.

Amazan seized a brace of them in each hand, and threw them twenty paces from him; the rest seeing this, pulled off their hats, and bowing with great respect, asked his honour for something to drink. His honour gave them more money than they had ever seen in their lives before. My Lord What then now expressed great esteem for him, and asked him to dinner at his country-house, about three miles off. His invitation being accepted, he went into Amazan's coach, his own being out of order by the accident.

After a quarter of an hour's silence, My Lord What then looking upon Amazan for a moment, said, How d'ye do? which, by the way, is a phrase without any meaning; adding, You have got six fine unicorns there. After which, he fell a smacking as usual.

The traveller told him his unicorns were at his service, and that he had brought them from the country of the Gangarids: from thence he took occasion to inform him of his affair with the princess of Babylon, and the unlucky kiss she had given the king of Egypt: to which the other made no reply, being very indifferent whether there were any such people in the world, as a king of Egypt or a princess of Babylon. He remained dumb for another quarter of an hour; after which he asked his companion a second time how he did, and whether they had any good roast beef among the Gangarids. Amazan answered with his wonted politeness, That they did not eat their brethren on the

banks of the Ganges ; he then explained to him that system which many ages afterwards was sur-named the Pythagorean philosophy. But My Lord fell asleep in the mean time, and made but one nap of it till he came to his own house.

He was married to a young and charming woman, on whom nature had bestowed a soul as lively and sensible as her husband's was dull and stupid. Several gentlemen of Albion had that day come to dine with her ; among whom there were characters of all sorts ; for that country having been almost always under the government of foreigners, the families that had come over with these princes had imported their different manners. There were in this company some persons of a very amiable disposition, others of a superior genius, and a few of very profound learning.

The mistress of the house had none of that awkward affected stiffness, that false modesty, with which the young Albion ladies were then reproached ; she did not conceal, by a scornful look and an affected taciturnity, her deficiency of ideas ; and the embarrassing humility of having nothing to say. Never was a woman more engaging. She received Amazan with a grace and politeness that were quite natural to her. The extreme beauty of this young stranger, and the sudden comparison she could not help making between him and her husband, immediately struck her in a most sensible manner.

Dinner being served, she placed Amazan at her side, and helped him to all sort of puddings, having learned from himself that the Gangarids never fed upon any thing which had received from the gods the celestial gift of life. His beauty and strength, the manners of the Gangarids, the progress

of

of arts, religion, and government, were the subjects of a conversation equally agreeable and instructive all the time of the entertainment, which lasted till night: during which My Lord What-then did nothing but push the bottle about, and call for the toast.

After dinner, while my lady was pouring out the tea, still feeding her eyes on the young stranger, he entered into a long conversation with a member of parliament; for every one knows that there was, even then, a parliament called Wittenagenot, or the Assembly of wise men. Amazan enquired into the constitution, laws, manners, customs, forces, and arts, which made this country so respectable; and the member answered him in the following manner:

For a long time we went stark naked, though our climate is none of the hottest. We were likewise for a long time enslaved by a people come from the ancient country of Saturn, watered by the Tiber. But the mischiefs we have done one another have greatly exceeded all that we ever suffered from our first conquerors. One of our princes carried his dastardliness to such a pitch, as to declare himself the subject of a priest, who dwells also on the banks of the Tiber, and is called the Old Man of the Seven Mountains: it has been the fate of these seven mountains to domineer over the greatest part of Europe, then inhabited by brutes in human shape,

To those times of infamy and debasement succeeded the ages of barbarity and confusion. Our country, more tempestuous than the surrounding ocean, has been ravaged and drenched in blood by our civil discords; many of our crowned heads have perished by a violent death: above a hundred

dred princes of the royal blood have ended their days on the scaffold, whilst the hearts of their adherents have been torn from their breasts, and thrown in their faces. In short, it is the province of the hangman to write the history of our island, seeing this personage has finally determined all our affairs of moment.

But to crown these horrors, it is not very long since some fellows wearing black mantles, and others who cast white shirts over their jackets, having been bitten by mad dogs, communicated their madness to the whole nation. Our country was then divided into two parties, the murderers and the murdered, the executioners and the sufferers, plunderers and slaves; and all in the name of God, and whilst they were seeking the Lord.

Who would have imagined, that from this horrible abyfs, this chaos of dissension, cruelty, ignorance, and fanaticism, a government should at last spring up, the most perfect, it may be said, now in the world; yet such has been the event. A prince, honoured and wealthy, all-powerful to do good, without any power to do evil, is at the head of a free, warlike, commercial, and enlightened nation. The nobles on one hand, and the representatives of the people on the other, share the legislature with the monarch.

We have seen, by a singular fatality of events, disorder, civil wars, anarchy and wretchedness, lay waste the country, when our kings aimed at arbitrary power: whereas tranquillity, riches, and universal happiness, have only reigned among us, when the prince has remained satisfied with a limited authority. All order has been subverted whilst we were disputing about mysteries, but was re-established the moment we grew wise enough to despise them.

them. Our victorious fleets carry our glory over all the ocean; our laws place our lives and fortunes in security; no judge can explain them in an arbitrary manner, and no decision is ever given without the reasons assigned for it. We should punish a judge as an assassin, who should condemn a citizen to death without declaring the evidence which accused him, and the law upon which he was convicted.

It is true, there are always two parties among us, who are continually writing and intriguing against each other; but they constantly re-unite, whenever it is needful to arm in defence of liberty and our country. These two parties watch over one another, and mutually prevent the violation of the sacred *deposit* of the laws: they hate one another, but they love the state; they are like those jealous lovers, who pay court to the same mistress with a spirit of emulation.

From the same fund of genius by which we discovered and supported the natural rights of mankind, we have carried the sciences to the highest pitch to which they can attain among men. Your Egyptians, who pass for such great mechanics; your Indians, who are believed to be such great philosophers; your Babylonians, who boast of having observed the stars for the course of four hundred and thirty thousand years; the Greeks, who have written so much, and said so little, know in reality nothing in comparison of our shallowest scholars, who have studied the discoveries of our great masters. We have ravished more secrets from Nature, in the space of an hundred years, than the human species has been able to discover in as many ages.

This is a true account of our present state. I have

have concealed from you neither the good nor the bad; neither our shame nor our glory; and I have exaggerated nothing.

At this discourse Amazan felt a strong desire to be instructed in those sublime sciences his friend spoke of; and if his passion for the princess of Babylon, his filial duty to his mother whom he had quitted, and his love for his native country, had not made strong remonstrances to his distempered heart, he would willingly have spent the remainder of his life in Albion. But that unfortunate kiss his princess had given the king of Egypt, did not leave his mind at sufficient ease to study the abstruse sciences.

I confess, said he, having made a solemn vow to roam about the world, and to escape from myself. I have a curiosity to see that ancient land of Saturn, that people of the Tiber and of the Seven Mountains, who have been heretofore their masters; they must undoubtedly be the first people on earth. I advise you by all means, answered the member, to take that journey, if you have the smallest taste for music or painting. Even we ourselves frequently carry our spleen and melancholy to the Seven Mountains. But you will be greatly surprised when you see the descendants of our conquerors.

This was a long conversation, and Amazan was a little touched in the head. He spoke in so agreeable a manner, his voice was so charming, his whole behaviour so noble and engaging, that the mistress of the house could not resist the pleasure of having a little private chat with him in her turn. She tenderly squeezed his hand as she spoke, and darted such looks at him, from her wary and sparkling eyes, that they shot desire through every movement of the soul. She kept him to supper, and to sleep

sleep there that night. Every moment; every word; every look, inflamed her passion. When all were retired to rest, she sent him a little billet-doux; not doubting he would come to entertain her in bed, whilst My Lord What-then was asleep in his. Amazan had once more the courage to resist; such marvellous effects does a grain of folly produce in an exalted and deeply-wounded mind!

Amazan, according to custom, wrote the lady an answer full of respect, representing to her the sacredness of his oath; and the strict obligation he was under to teach the princess of Babylon to conquer her passions by his example; after which he harnessed his unicorns and departed for Batavia; leaving all the company in deep admiration of him, and the lady in profound despair. In the agonies of her grief she dropt Amazan's letter. My Lord What-then read it next morning: Damn it, said he, shrugging up his shoulders, what stuff and nonsense have we got here? and then rode out a fox-hunting with some of his drunken neighbours.

Amazan was already sailing upon the sea; possessed of a geographical chart; with which he had been presented by the learned Albion he had conversed with at Lord What-then's. He was extremely astonished to find the greatest part of the earth upon a single sheet of paper.

His eyes and imagination wandered over this little space; he observed the Rhine, the Danube, the Alps of Tyrol there specified under different names; and all the countries through which he was to pass before he arrived at the city of the Seven Mountains; but he more particularly fixed his eyes upon the country of the Gangarids; upon Babylon, where he had seen his dear princess, and upon the fatal country of Bassora, where she had given a fa-

tal kifs to the king of Egypt. He sighed, and tears streamed from his eyes; but he agreed with the Albion who had presented him with the universe in epitome, when he averred that the inhabitants of the banks of the Thames were a thousand times better instructed than those upon the banks of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Ganges.

As he returned into Batavia, Formosanta flew towards Albion with her two ships that went at full sail. Amazan's ship and the princess's crossed one another, and almost touched; the two lovers were close to each other, which they could not doubt of. —Ah! had they but known it! but tyrannic destiny would not allow it.

§ 9.

No sooner had Amazan landed on the flat muddy shore of Batavia, than he flew like lightning towards the city of the Seven Mountains. He was obliged to traverse the southern part of Germany. At every four miles he met with a prince and princess, maids of honour and beggars. He was astonished every where at the coquetries of these ladies and maids of honour, which they displayed with German good faith; and he only answered with modest refusals. After having cleared the Alps he embarked upon the sea of Dalmatia, and landed in a city that had no resemblance to any thing he had heretofore seen. The sea formed the streets, and the houses were erected in the water. The few public places with which this city was ornamented were filled with men and women with double faces; that which nature had bestowed upon them, and a pasteboard one, ill painted, with which they covered their natural visage; so that

this people seemed composed of spectres. Upon the arrival of strangers in this country, they immediately purchase these visages, in the same manner as people elsewhere furnish themselves with hats and shoes. Amazan despised a fashion so contrary to nature; he appeared just as he was. There were in the city twelve thousand girls registered in the great book of the Republic; these girls were useful to the state, being appointed to carry on the most advantageous and agreeable trade that ever enriched a nation. Common traders usually send, at great risk and expence, merchandizes of various kinds to the East; but these beautiful merchants carried on a constant traffic without risk, which constantly sprung from their charms. They all came to present themselves to the handsome Amazan, and offer him his choice. He fled with the utmost precipitancy, uttering the name of the incomparable princess of Babylon, and swearing by the immortal gods, that she was far handsomer than all the twelve thousand Venetian girls. Sublime traitress, he cried in his transports, I will teach you to be faithful!

Now the yellow surges of the Tiber, pestiferous fens, a few pale emaciated inhabitants, clothed in tatters which displayed their dry tanned hides, appeared to his sight, and bespoke his arrival at the gate of the city of the Seven Mountains, that city of heroes and legislators who conquered and polished a great part of the globe.

He expected to have seen at the triumphal gate, five hundred battalions commanded by heroes, and in the senate an assembly of demi-gods giving laws to the earth; but the only army he found consisted of about thirty tatterdemalions, mounting guard with umbrellas for fear of the sun. Being arrived

at a temple which appeared to him very fine, but not so magnificent as that of Babylon, he was greatly astonished to hear a concert performed by men with female voices.

This, said he, is a mighty pleasant country, which was formerly the land of Saturn. I have been in a city where no one shewed his own face; here is another where men have neither their own voices nor beards. He was told that these singers were no longer men; that they had been divested of their virility that they might sing the more agreeably the praises of a great number of persons of merit. Amazan could not comprehend the meaning of this. These gentlemen desired him to sing; he sung a Gangaridian air with his usual grace. His voice was a fine *counter-tenor*. Ah Signior, said they, what a delightful *soprano* you would have, if—If what, said he; what do you mean?—Ah! Signior, if you were—If I were what?—If—-you were—-without a beard! They then explained to him very pleasantly, and with the most comic gesticulations, according to the custom of their country, the point in question. Amazan was quite confounded. I have travelled a great way, said he, but I never before heard such a whim.

After they had sung a good while, the Old Man of the Seven Mountains went with great ceremony to the gate of the temple; he cut the air in four parts with his thumb raised, two fingers extended and two bent, in uttering these words in a language no longer spoken: *To the city and to the universe* *. The Gangarid could not comprehend how two fingers could extend so far.

He presently saw the whole court of the master
of

* Urbi & Orbi.

of the world file off. This court consisted of grave personages, some in scarlet, and others in violet robes; they almost all eyed the handsome Amazan with a tender look; they bowed to him, and said to one another, *San Martino, che bel' ragazzo! San Pancratio, che bel' fanciullo!*

The zealots, whose vocation was to shew the curiosities of the city to strangers, very eagerly offered to conduct him to several ruins, in which a muleteer would not chuse to pass a night, but which were formerly worthy monuments of the grandeur of a royal people. He moreover saw pictures of two hundred years standing, and statues that had remained twenty ages, which appeared to him master-pieces in their kind. Can you still produce such works? No, your Excellency, replied one of the zealots; but we despise the rest of the earth, because we preserve these rarities. We are a kind of old cloaths-men, who derive our glory from the cast-off garbs in our warehouses.

Amazan was willing to see the prince's palace, and he was accordingly conducted thither. He saw men dressed in violet-coloured robes, who were reckoning the money of the revenues of the domains of lands, situated some upon the Danube, some upon the Loire, others upon the Guadalquivir, or the Vistula. Oh! oh! said Amazan, after having consulted his geographical map, your master, then, possesses all Europe, like those ancient heroes of the Seven Mountains? He should possess the whole universe by divine right, replied a violet-livery man; and there was even a time when his predecessors nearly compassed universal monarchy; but their successors are so good as to content themselves at present with some monies which the kings their subjects pay to them in the form of a tribute.

Your master is, then, in fact, the king of kings ; is that his title ? said Amazan. No, your Excellency, his title is *the servant of servants* ; he was originally a fisherman and porter, wherefore the emblems of his dignity consist of keys and nets ; but he at present issues orders to every king in Christendom. It is not a long while since he sent one hundred and one mandates to a king of the Celtes, and the king obeyed.

Your fisherman must then have sent five or six hundred thousand men to put these orders in execution ?

Not at all, your Excellency ; our holy master is not rich enough to keep ten thousand soldiers on foot ; but he has five or six hundred thousand divine prophets dispersed in other countries. Those prophets of various colours are, as they ought to be, supported at the expence of the people : they proclaim from heaven, that my master may, with his keys, open and shut all locks, and particularly those of strong boxes. A Norman priest, who held the post of confidant of this king's thoughts, convinced him he ought to obey, without replying, the hundred and one thoughts of my master ; for you must know that one of the prerogatives of the Old Man of the Seven mountains, is never to err, whether he deigns to speak or deigns to write.

In faith, said Amazan, this is a very singular man ; I should be curious to dine with him. Were your Excellency even a king, you could not eat at his table ; all that he could do for you, would be to allow you to have one served by the side of his, but smaller and lower. But if you are inclined to have the honour of speaking to him, I will ask an audience for you on condition of the *bucna mancia*, which you will be kind enough to give me. Very

readily, said the Gangarid. The violet-livery man bowed : I will introduce you to-morrow, said he ; you must make three very low bows, and you must kiss the Old Man of the Seven Mountains' feet. At this information Amazan burst into so violent a fit of laughing that he was almost choaked ; which, however, he surmounted, holding his sides, whilst the violent emotions of the risible muscles forced the tears down his cheeks, till he reached the inn, where the fit still continued upon him.

At dinner, twenty beardless men and twenty violins produced a concert. He received the compliments of the greatest lords of the city during the remainder of the day ; these made him proposals still more extravagant than that of kissing the Old Man of the Seven Mountains feet. As he was extremely polite, he at first imagined that these gentlemen took him for a lady, and informed them of their mistake with great decency and circumspection ; but being somewhat closely pressed by two or three of those violet-coloured gentry, who were the most forward, he threw them out of the window, without fancying he had made any great sacrifice to the beautiful Formofanta. He left with the greatest precipitation this city of the masters of the world, where he found himself necessitated to kiss an old man's toe, as if his cheek were at the end of his foot, and where young men are accosted in a more whimsical manner.

§ 10.

In all the provinces through which he passed, having constantly repulsed every amorous overture of every species, being ever faithful to the princess of Babylon, though incessantly enraged at the king

of Egypt, this model of constancy at length arrived at the new capital of the Gauls. This city, like many others, had alternately submitted to barbarity, ignorance, folly, and misery. The first name it bore was Dirt and Mire; it then took that of Isis, from the worship of Isis, which had reached even here. Its first senate consisted of a company of watermen. It had long been in bondage, and submitted to the ravages of the heroes of the Seven Mountains; and some ages after, some other heroic thieves, who came from the farther banks of the Rhine, had seized upon its little lands.

Time, which changes all things, had formed it into a city, half of which was very noble and very agreeable, the other half somewhat barbarous and ridiculous: this was the emblem of its inhabitants. There were within its walls at least a hundred thousand people, who had no other employment than play and diversion. These idlers were the judges of those arts which the others cultivated. They were ignorant of all that passed at court; though they were only four short miles distant from it:--but it seemed to be at least six hundred thousand miles off. Agreeableness in company, gaiety and frivolity, formed the important and sole considerations of their lives: they were governed like children, who are extravagantly supplied with gewgaws to prevent their crying. If the horrors which had, two centuries before, laid waste their country, or those dreadful periods when one half of the nation massacred the other for sophisms, came upon the carpet, they, indeed, said, This was not well done; then they fell a-laughing, or singing of catches.

In proportion as the Idlers were polished, agree-

able, and amiable, it was observed there was a greater and more shocking contrast between them and those who were engaged in business.

Among the latter, or such as pretended so to be, there was a gang of melancholy fanatics, whose absurdity and knavery divided their character, whose appearance alone diffused misery, and who would have overturned the world, had they been able to gain a little credit. But the nation of Idlers, by dancing and singing, forced them into obscurity in their caverns, as the warbling birds drive the creaking bats back to their holes and ruins.

A smaller number of those who were occupied were the preservers of ancient barbarous customs, against which, nature terrified, loudly exclaimed; they consulted nothing but their worm-eaten registers. If they there discovered a foolish horrid custom, they considered it as a sacred law. It was from this vile practice of not daring to think for themselves, but extracting their ideas from the ruins of those times when no one thought at all, that in the metropolis of pleasure there still remained some shocking manners. Hence it was that there was no proportion between crimes and punishments. A thousand deaths were sometimes inflicted upon an innocent victim, to make him acknowledge a crime he had not committed.

The extravagancies of youth were punished with the same severity as murder or parricide. The Idlers screamed loudly at these exhibitions, and the next day thought no more about them, but were buried in the contemplation of some new fashion.

This people saw a whole age elapse, in which the fine arts attained a degree of perfection that far surpassed the most sanguine hopes: foreigners then repaired thither, as they did to Babylon, to admire

the great monuments of architecture, the wonders of gardening, the sublime efforts of sculpture and painting. They were charmed with a species of music that reached the heart without astonishing the ears.

True poetry, that is to say, such as is natural and harmonious, that which addresses the heart as well as the mind, was unknown to this nation before this happy period. New kinds of eloquence displayed sublime beauties. The theatres in particular re-echoed with master-pieces that no other nation ever approached. In a word, good taste prevailed in every profession, to that degree, that there were even good writers among the Druids.

So many laurels, that had branched even to the skies, soon withered in an exhausted soil. There remained but a very small number, whose leaves were of a pale dying verdure. This decay was occasioned by the facility of producing laziness preventing good productions, and by a satiety of the brilliant, and a taste for the whimsical. Vanity protected arts that brought back times of barbarity; and this same vanity, in persecuting real talents, forced them to quit their country; the hornets banished the bees.

There was scarce any real arts, scarce any real genius; merit now consisted in reasoning right or wrong upon the merit of the last age. The dauber of a sign-post criticised with an air of sagacity the works of the greatest painters; and the blotters of paper disfigured the works of the greatest writers. Ignorance and a bad taste had other daubers in their pay; the same things were repeated in a hundred volumes, under different titles. Every work was either a dictionary or a pamphlet. A Druid gazetteer wrote twice a week the obscure annals of an unknown people possessed with the devil, and

celestial prodigies operated in garrets by little beggars of both sexes : other Ex-Druids, dressed in black, ready to die with rage and hunger; set forth their complaints in a hundred different writings, that they were no longer allowed to cheat mankind, this privilege being conferred on some goats clad in grey; and some Arch-Druids were employed in printing defamatory libels.

Amazan was quite ignorant of all this, and even if he had been acquainted with it, he would have given himself very little concern about it, having his head filled with nothing but the princess of Babylon, the king of Egypt, and the inviolable vow he had made to despise all female coquetry, in whatever country his despair should drive him.

The gaping ignorant mob, whose curiosity exceeds all the bounds of nature and reason, for a long time thronged about his unicorns; the more sensible women forced open the doors of his *hotel* to contemplate his person.

He at first testified some desire of visiting the court; but some of the Idlers who constituted good company, and casually went thither, informed him that it was quite out of fashion, that times were greatly changed, and that all amusements were confined to the city. He was invited that very night to sup with a lady, whose sense and talents had reached foreign climes, and who had travelled in some countries through which Amazan had passed. This lady gave him great pleasure, as well as the society he met at her house. Here reigned a decent liberty, gaiety without tumult, silence without pedantry, and wit without asperity. He found that *good company* was not quite ideal, though the title was frequently usurped by pretenders. The next day he dined in a society far less amiable, but much more

voluptuous. The more he was satisfied with the guests, the more they were pleased with him. He found his soul soften and dissolve, like the aromatics of his country, which gradually melt in a moderate heat, and exhale in delicious perfumes.

After dinner he was conducted to a place of public entertainment which was enchanting; condemned, however, by the Druids, because it deprived them of their auditors, which the most excited their jealousy. The representation here consisted of agreeable verses, delightful songs, dances which expressed the movements of the soul, and perspectives that charmed the eye in deceiving it. This kind of pastime, which included so many kinds, was known only under a foreign name; it was called an *Opera*, which formerly signified, in the language of the Seven Mountains, work, care, occupation, industry, enterprize, business. This business enchanted him. A female singer, in particular, charmed him by her melodious voice, and the graces that accompanied her: this girl of *business*, after the performance, was introduced to him by his new friends. He presented her with a handful of diamonds; for which she was so grateful, that she could not leave him all the rest of the day. He supped with her, and during the repast he forgot his sobriety; and after the repast he also forgot his vow of being ever insensible to beauty, and all the blandishments of coquetry. What an instance of human frailty!

The beautiful princess of Babylon arrived at this juncture, with her phoenix, her chamber-maid Iria, and her two hundred Gangaridian cavaliers mounted on their unicorns. It was a long while before the gates were opened. She immediately asked, If the handsomest, the most courageous, the most

most sensible, and the most faithful of men was still in that city? The magistrates readily concluded that she meant Amazan. She was conducted to his *hotel*.—How great was the palpitation of her heart! the powerful operation of the tender passion; her whole soul was penetrated with inexpressible joy, to see once more in her lover the model of constancy. Nothing could prevent her entering his chamber; the curtains were open; and she saw the beautiful Amazan sleeping in the arms of a handsome *brunette*. They both stood in great need of rest.

Formosanta expressed her grief with such screams as made the house echo, but which could neither wake her cousin nor the girl of *business*. She swooned into the arms of Irla. As soon as she had recovered her senses, she retired from this fatal chamber with grief blended with rage. Irla gained intelligence of the young lady who passed such sweet hours with the handsome Amazan. Irla was told she was a girl of *business*, very complaisant, who united to her other talents that of singing very gracefully. Oh! just heaven, oh powerful Oromades! cried the beautiful princess of Babylon bathed in tears, By whom, and for whom am I thus betrayed? He that could reject for my sake so many princesses, to abandon me for a strolling Gaul! No—I can never survive this affront.

Madam, said Irla to her, this is the disposition of all young people, from one end of the world to the other; were they enamoured with a beauty descended from heaven, they would at certain moments be unfaithful to her for the sake of an alehouse girl.

It is done, said the princess, I will never see him again whilst I live: let us depart this instant, and let the unicorns be harnessed. The phoenix con-
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jured her to stay at least till Amazan awoke, and he might speak to him. He does not deserve it, said the princess; you would cruelly offend me; he would think that I had desired you to reproach him, and that I am willing to be reconciled to him: if you love me, do not add this injury to the insult he has offered me. The phoenix, who after all owed his life to the daughter of the king of Babylon; could not disobey her. She set out with all her attendants. Whither are you going, Madam? said Irla to her. I do not know, replied the princess; we will take the first road we find; provided I fly from Amazan for ever, I am contented. The phoenix, who was wiser than Formosanta, because he was divested of passion, consoled her upon the road. He gently remonstrated to her that it was shocking to punish one's self for the faults of another; that Amazan had given her proofs sufficiently striking and numerous of his fidelity; so that she should forgive him for having forgot himself for one moment; that this was the only one, in which he had been wanting of the grace of Orosmales; that it would render him only the more constant in love and virtue for the future; that the desire of expiating his fault would raise him beyond himself; that it would be the means of increasing her happiness; that many great princesses before her had forgiven such slips, and had no reason to be sorry afterwards: and he was so thoroughly possessed of the art of persuasion, that Formosanta's mind grew more calm and peaceable; she was now sorry she had set out so soon; she thought her unicorns went too fast; but she did not dare return: great was the conflict between her desire of forgiving and that of shewing her rage, between her love and vanity.—However, her unicorns pursued their pace; and she traversed

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the world, according to the prediction of her father's oracle.

When Amazan awoke, he was informed of the arrival and departure of Formosanta and the phoenix: He was informed of the rage and distraction of the princess; that she had sworn never to forgive him. Then, said he, there is nothing left for me to do, but follow her, and kill myself at her feet.

The report of this adventure drew together his festive companions, who all remonstrated to him, that he had much better stay with them; that nothing could equal the pleasant life they led in the center of arts and peaceable delicate voluptuousness; that many strangers, and even kings, had preferred such an agreeable enchanting repose, to their country and their thrones; moreover, his vehicle was broke, and that another was making for him according to the newest fashion; that the best tailor of the whole city had already cut out for him a dozen suits in the last taste; that the most vivacious and most amiable ladies in the whole city, at whose houses dramatic performances were represented, had each appointed a day to give him a regale. The girl of business was in the mean while drinking her chocolate at her toilet, laughing, singing, and ogling the beautiful Amazan, who by this time perceived she had no more sense than a goose.

A sincerity, cordiality, and frankness as well as magnanimity and courage, constituted the character of this great prince; he related his travels and misfortunes to his friends. They knew that he was cousin-german to the princess; they were informed of the fatal kiss she had given the king of Egypt. Such little tricks, said they, are forgiven between relations, otherwise one's whole life would

pass in perpetual uneasiness. Nothing could shake his design of pursuing Formosanta; but his carriage was not ready, and he was compelled to remain three days among the Idlers, in feasting and pastimes: he, at length, took his leave of them, in embracing them, and making them accept of the diamonds of his country that were the best mounted, and recommending to them a constant pursuit of frivolity and pleasure, since they were thereby more agreeable and happy. The Germans, said he, are the grey-heads of Europe; the people of Albion are men formed; the inhabitants of Gaul are the children, and I love to play with children,

§ 11.

His guides had no difficulty in following the route the princess had taken; there was nothing else talked of but her and her large bird. All the inhabitants were still in a state of fascination. The people of Dalmatia and the Mark of Ancona were lately surprised in a manner less agreeable, when they saw a house fly in the air; the banks of the Loire, of the Dordogne, the Garonne, and the Gironde, still echoed with acclamations.

When Amazan reached the foot of the Pyrenees, the magistrates and Druids of the country made him dance whether he would or not, a *Tambourin*; but as soon as he cleared the Pyrenees, nothing presented itself that was either gay or joyous. If he here and there heard a peasant sing, it was a doleful ditty: the inhabitants stalked with much gravity, having a few strung beads and a girted poniard. The nation, clothed in black, appeared to be in mourning. If Amazan's servants asked passengers any questions, they were answered by

signs; if they went into an inn, the host acquainted his guests in three words, that there was nothing in the house; but that the things they so pressingly wanted, might be fetched a few miles off.

When those votaries to taciturnity were asked if they had seen the beautiful princess of Babylon pass, they answered with less brevity than usual; We have seen her; she is not so handsome; there are no beauties that are not tawny; she displays a bosom of alabaster, which is the most disgusting thing in the world, and which is scarce known in our climate.

Amazan advanced towards the province watered by the Betis. The Tyrians had not discovered this country above twelve thousand years, about the time they discovered the great Atlantide Isle, inundated so many centuries after. The Tyrians cultivated Betica, which the natives of the country had never done, being of opinion that it was not their place to meddle with any thing, and that their neighbours the Gauls should come and cultivate their lands. The Tyrians had brought with them some Palestines; who, from that time, wandered through every clime where money was to be got. The Palestines, by extraordinary usury, at fifty per cent. had possessed themselves of almost all the riches of the country. This made the people of Betica imagine the Palestines were sorcerers; and all those who were accused of witchcraft were burnt without mercy by a company of Druids, who were called the Inquisitors, or the *Anthropokaies*. These priests immediately put them in a masquerade habit, seized upon their effects, and devoutly repeated the Palestines own prayers, whilst they were baking by a slow fire, *por l'amor de Dios*.

The princess of Babylon alighted in that city

which has since been called Sevilla. Her design was to embark upon the Betis to return by Tyre to Babylon, and see again king Belus her father; and forget, if possible, her perfidious lover, or at least to ask him in marriage. She sent for two Palestines, who transacted all the business of the court. They were to furnish her with three ships. The phoenix made all the necessary contracts with them, and settled the price after some little dispute.

The hostess was a great devotee, and her husband, who was no less religious, was a Familiar; that is to say, a spy of the Druid Inquisitors *Anthropokaies*. He failed not to inform them, that in his house was a Sorceress and two Palestines, who were entering into a compact with the devil, disguised like a large gilt bird. The Inquisitors having learned that the lady was possessed of a large quantity of diamonds, swore point blank that she was a Sorceress: they waited till night to imprison the two hundred cavaliers and the unicorns, which slept in very extensive stables; for the Inquisitors are cowards.

Having strongly barricaded the gates, they seized the princess and Irla; but they could not catch the phoenix, who flew away with great swiftness; he did not doubt of meeting with Amazan upon the road from Gaul to Sevilla.

He met him upon the frontiers of Betica, and acquainted him with the disaster that had befallen the princess. Amazan was struck speechless with rage; he armed himself with a steel cuirass damasquined with gold, a lance twelve feet long, two javelins, and an edged sword called the Thunderer, which at one single stroke would rend trees, rocks, and Druids: he covered his beautiful head with a golden casque, shaded with heron and ostrich feathers.

thers....-This was the ancient armour of Magog; which his sister Aldea gave him when upon his journey in Scythia. The few attendants he had with him all mounted their unicorns.

Amazan, in embracing his dear phoenix, uttered only these melancholy expressions: I am guilty! Had I not slept with a girl of *business* in the city of the Idlers, the princess of Babylon would not have been in this alarming situation; let us fly to the *Anthropokaies*. He presently entered Sevilla. Fifteen hundred Alguazils guarded the gates of the inclosure in which the two hundred Gangarids and their unicorns were shut up, without being allowed any thing to eat: all the necessary preparations were making for the sacrifice of the princess of Babylon, her chamber-maid Irla, and the two rich Palestines.

The high *Anthropokaie*, surrounded by his subaltern *Anthropokaies*, was already seated upon his sacred tribunal: a crowd of Sevillians, wearing strung beads at their girdles, joined their two hands without uttering a syllable; when the beautiful Princess, Irla, and the two Palestines, were brought forth with their hands tied behind their back, and dressed in masquerade habits.

The phoenix entered the prison by a dormer window, whilst the Gangarids had begun to break open the doors. The invincible Amazan shattered them without. They sallied forth all armed upon their unicorns, and Amazan put himself at their head: He had no difficulty in overthrowing the Alguazils; the Familiars, or the priests called *Anthropokaies*; each unicorn pierced dozens at a time. The thundering Amazan cut to pieces all he met; the people flew away in black cloaks and dirty frize, always

keeping fast hold of their blest beads *por l'amor de Dios*.

Amazan collared the high Inquisitor upon his tribunal, and threw him upon the pile, which was prepared about forty paces distant; and he also cast upon it the other Inquisitors, one after the other. He then prostrated himself at Formosanta's feet. Ah! how amiable are you, said she; and how I should adore you, if you had not been faithless to me with a girl of *business*!

Whilst Amazan was making his peace with the princess, whilst his Gangarids cast upon the pile the bodies of all the *Anthropokaies*, and the flames ascended to the clouds, Amazan saw an army that approached him at a distance. An aged monarch with a crown upon his head advanced upon a car, drawn by eight mules, harnessed with ropes; an hundred other cars followed. They were accompanied by grave looking men in black cloaks or frize, mounted upon very fine horses; a multitude of people, with greasy hair, followed silently on foot.

Amazan immediately drew up his Gangarids about him, and advanced with his lance couched. As soon as the king perceived him, he took off his crown, alighted from his car, and embraced Amazan's stirrup, saying to him: Man, sent by the gods, you are the avenger of human kind, the deliverer of my country. These sacred monsters, of which you have purged the earth, were my masters, in the name of the Old Man of the Seven Mountains: I was forced to suffer their criminal power. My people would have deserted me, if I had only been inclined to moderate their abominable crimes. From this moment I breathe, I reign, and am indebted to you for it.

He afterwards respectfully kissed Formofanta's hand, and entreated her to get into his coach (drawn by six mules) with Amazan, Irla, and the phoenix. The two Palestine bankers, who still remained prostrate on the ground through fear and acknowledgment, now raised their heads; and the troop of unicorns followed the king of Betica into his palace.

As the dignity of a king who reigned over a people of characteristic brevity, required that his mules should go at a very slow pace, Amazan and Formofanta had time to relate to him their adventures. He also conversed with the phoenix, admiring and frequently embracing him. He easily comprehended how brutal and barbarous the people of the West should be considered, who ate animals, and did not understand their language; that the Gangarids alone had preserved the nature and dignity of primitive man; but he particularly agreed, that the most barbarous of mortals were the *Anthropokaias*, of whom Amazan had just purged the earth. He incessantly blessed and thanked him. The beautiful Formofanta had already forgot the girl of *business*, and had her soul filled with nothing but the valour of the hero who had preserved her life. Amazan being acquainted with the innocence of the embrace she had given the king of Egypt, and the resurrection of the phoenix, tasted the purest joy, and was intoxicated with the most violent love.

They dined at the palace, but had a very indifferent repast. The cooks of Betica were the worst in Europe. Amazan advised the king to send for some from Gaul. The king's musicians performed, during the repast, that celebrated air which has since
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been called *the Follies of Spain*. After dinner matters of business came upon the carpet.

The king enquired of the handsome Amazan, the beautiful Formosanta, and the charming phoenix, what they proposed doing. For my part, said Amazan, my intention is to return to Babylon, of which I am the presumptive heir, and to request of my uncle Belus my cousin-german, the incomparable Formosanta, unless she would rather chuse to live with me among the Gangarids.

My design certainly is, said the princess, never to separate from my cousin-german. But I imagine he will agree with me, that I should return first to my father, because he only gave me leave to go upon a pilgrimage to Bassora, and I have wandered all over the world. For my part, said the phoenix, I will every where follow these two tender generous lovers.

You are in the right, said the king of Betica; but your return to Babylon is not so easy as you may imagine. I receive daily intelligence from that country by Tyrian ships, and my Palestine bankers, who keep a correspondence with all the people of the earth. The people are all in arms towards the Euphrates and the Nile. The king of Scythia claims the inheritance of his wife, at the head of three hundred thousand warriors on horseback. The kings of Egypt and India are also laying waste the banks of the Tygris and the Euphrates, each at the head of three hundred thousand men, to revenge themselves for being laughed at. Whilst the king of Egypt is absent from his country, his foe the king of Ethiopia is ravaging Egypt with three hundred thousand men; and the king of Babylon has as yet only six hundred thousand men to defend himself.

I acknowledge to you, continued the king, when I hear of those prodigious armies which are disembogued from the East, and their astonishing magnificence; when I compare them to my trifling bodies of twenty or thirty thousand soldiers, which it is so difficult to clothe and nourish; I am inclined to think the Eastern subsisted long before the Western hemisphere. It should seem that we sprung only yesterday from chaos and barbarity.

Sire, said Amazan, the last comers frequently outstrip those who first began the career. It is thought in my country that man was first created in India; but this I am not certain of.

And, said the king of Betica to the phoenix, what do you think? Sire, replied the phoenix, I am as yet too young, to have any knowledge concerning antiquity. I have lived only about twenty-seven thousand years; but my father, who had lived five times that age, told me he had learnt from his father, that the countries of the East had always been more populous and richer than the others. It had been transmitted to him from his ancestors, that the generation of all animals had begun upon the banks of the Ganges. For my part, said he, I have not the vanity to be of this opinion. I cannot believe that the foxes of Albion, the marmots of the Alps, and the wolves of Gaul, are descended from my country: in the like manner, I do not believe that the firs and oaks of your country descended from the palm and cocoa trees of India.

But whence are we descended, then? said the king, I do not know, said the phoenix; all I want to know is, whither the beautiful princess of Babylon and my dear Amazan may repair. I very much question, said the king, whether with his two hundred unicorns he will be able to destroy so many

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ny armies of three hundred thousand men each. Why not? said Amazan.

The king of Betica felt the force of this sublime question, Why not? but he imagined sublimity alone was not sufficient against innumerable armies. I advise you, said he, to seek the king of Ethiopia; I am related to that black prince through my Palestines. I will give you recommendatory letters to him: as he is at enmity with the king of Egypt, he will be but too happy to be strengthened by your alliance. I can assist you with two thousand sober brave men; and it will depend upon yourself to engage as many more of the people who reside, or rather skip about the foot of the Pyrenees, and who are called Vasques or Vascons. Send one of your warriors upon an unicorn with a few diamonds, there is not a Vascon that will not quit the castle, that is, the thatched cottage of his father, to serve you. They are indefatigable, courageous, and agreeable; and whilst you wait their arrival, we will give you festivals, and prepare your ships. I cannot too much acknowledge the service you have done me.

Amazan enjoyed the happiness of having recovered Formosanta, and tasted in tranquillity her conversation, and all the charms of reconciled love, which are almost equal to growing passion.

A troop of proud joyous Vascons soon arrived, dancing a tambourin. The other haughty grave troop of Beticans were ready. The old sun-burnt king tenderly embraced the two lovers; he sent great quantities of arms, beds, chests, boards, black cloaths, onions, sheep, fowls, flour, and particularly garlic, on board the ships, in wishing them a happy voyage, invariable love, and many victories.

The fleet approached the shore, where it is said that

that many ages after, the Phœnician lady Dido, sister to one Pygmalion, and wife to one Sicheus, having left the city of Tyre, came and founded the superb city of Carthage, in cutting a bull's hide into thongs, according to the testimony of the gravest authors of antiquity, who never related fables, and according to the professors who have written for young boys; though, after all, there never was a person at Tyre named Pygmalion, Dido, or Sicheus, which names are entirely Greek; and though, in fine, there was no king in Tyre in those times.

Proud Carthage was not then a sea-port; there were at that time only a few Numidians there, who dried fish in the sun. They coasted along Bizacenes, the Syrthes, the fertile banks where since arose Cyrene and the great Chersonese.

They at length arrived towards the first mouth of the sacred Nile. It was at the extremity of this fertile land that the Ships of all commercial nations were already received in the port of Canope, without knowing whether the god Canope had founded this port, or whether the inhabitants had manufactured the god; whether the star Canope had given its name to the city, or whether the city had bestowed it upon the star: all that was known of this matter was, the city and the star were both very ancient; and this is all that can be known of the origin of things, of what nature soever they may be.

It was here that the king of Ethiopia, having ravaged all Egypt, saw the invincible Amazan and the adorable Formosanta come on shore. He took one for the god of war, and the other for the goddess of beauty. Amazan presented to him the letter of recommendation from the king of Spain. The

king of Ethiopia immediately entertained them with some admirable festivals, according to the indispensable custom of heroic times. They then conferred about their expedition to exterminate the three hundred thousand men of the king of Egypt, the three hundred thousand of the emperor of the Indies, and the three hundred thousand of the great Kan of the Scythians, who laid siege to the immense, proud, voluptuous city of Babylon.

The two hundred Spaniards whom Amazan had brought with him, said, that they had nothing to do with the king of Ethiopia's succouring Babylon; that it was sufficient their king had ordered them to go and deliver it; and that they were formidable enough for this expedition.

The Vascons said, they had performed many other exploits; that they would alone defeat the Egyptians, the Indians, and the Scythians; and that they would not march with the Spaniards unless these were in the rear-guard.

The two hundred Gangarids could not refrain from laughing at the pretensions of their allies, and they maintained, that with only one hundred unicorns they could put to flight all the kings of the earth. The beautiful Formosanta appeased them by her prudence, and by her enchanting discourse. Amazan presented to the black monarch his Gangarids, his unicorns, his Spaniards, his Vascons, and his beautiful bird.

Every thing was soon ready to march by Memphis, Heliopolis, Arsinoe, Petra, Artemitis, Sora, and Apameus, to attack the three kings, and to prosecute this memorable war, before which all the wars ever waged by man, were nothing more than mere cock-fights.

Every

Every one knows how the king of Ethiopia became enamoured with the beautiful Formosanta, and how he surprized her in bed when a gentle sleep closed her long eye lashes. We remember that Amazan, a witness of this spectacle, thought he saw day and night in bed together. It is no secret that Amazan, enraged at the insult, drew his thundring sword, with which he cut off the perverse head of the insolent negro, and drove all the Ethiopians out of Egypt.---Are not these prodigies written in the book of the Chronicles of Egypt? Fame has with her hundred tongues proclaimed the victories he gained over the three kings with his Spaniards, his Vascons, and his unicorns. He restored the beautiful Formosanta to her father. He set at liberty all his mistress's train, whom the king of Egypt had reduced to slavery. The great Kan of the Scythians declared himself his vassal; and his marriage was confirmed with princess Aldea. The invincible and generous Amazan, acknowledged the heir of the kingdom of Babylon, entered the city in triumph with the phoenix, in the presence of a hundred tributary kings. The festival of his marriage far surpassed that which king Belus had given. The bull Apis was served up roasted at table. The kings of Egypt and India were cup-bearers to the married pair; and these nuptials were celebrated by five hundred capital poets of Babylon.

Oh! Muses, who are constantly invoked at the beginning of a work, I only implore you at the end. It is needless to reproach me with saying grace, without having said *benedicite*. But, Muses! you will not be less my patronesses. Prevent, I beseech you, any supplimental scribblers spoiling,

by their fables, the truths which I have taught mortals in this faithful narrative; in the manner they have falsified *Candide*, *L'Ingenu*, and the chaste adventures of the chaste Jane, which have been disfigured by an *Ex-Capuchin*, in verses worthy of *Capuchins*, in the *Batavian* editions. May they not do this injury to my typographist, who has a numerous family, and who is scarce capable to obtain types, paper, and ink.

Oh! Muses, impose silence upon the detestable Coge, chattering professor of the college of *Mazarin*, who, not contented with the moral discourses of *Belisarius* and the emperor *Justinian*, has written vile defamatory libels against these two great men.

Gag that pedant *Larcher*, who, tho' entirely ignorant of the ancient *Babylonian* tongue, without ever having travelled, as I have, upon the banks of the *Euphrates* and the *Tigris*, has had the impudence to maintain, that the beautiful *Formosanta*, daughter to the greatest king in the world, and princess *Aldea*, and all the women of this respectable court, prostituted themselves to the grooms of *Asia* for money, in the great temple of *Babylon*. This college libertine, the declared foe of you and shame, accuses the beautiful *Egyptians* of *Mendes*, of being enamoured with nothing but goats; secretly proposing to himself, from this example, to make a tour to *Egypt*, and have some agreeable intrigues.

Being as little acquainted with modern history as antiquity, he insinuates, in order to ingratiate himself with some old dowager, that our incomparable *Ninon* lay at the age of fourscore, with the *Abbé Gedouin*, member of the *French academy*, and
 that

that of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. He never heard of the Abbè Chateaneuf, whom he takes for the Abbé Gedouin. He is as little acquainted with Ninon as he is with the ladies of Babylon.

Muses, daughters of heaven, your foe Larcher goes still farther; he pens long eulogiums in favour of pederasty, and has the insolence to say, that all the Bambins of my country are addicted to this infamous practice. He thinks to escape by encreasing the number of the guilty.

Chaste and noble Muses, who equally detest pedantry, and pederasty, protect me against M. Larcher!

And you, Mr Aliboron, who call yourself Freron, as you formerly did a Jesuit; you, whose Parnassus is sometimes at the *Biffetre*, and sometimes at the corner alehouse; you, who have received so much justice upon all the stages of Europe, in the decent comedy of the *Ecoffaise*; you, the worthy son of the priest Desfontaines, the offspring of his amours with those beautiful children who carry an iron, and are blind-folded like the son of Venus, and who like him fly into the air, though they never go beyond the tops of chimneys; my dear Aliboron, for whom I always entertained so much affection, and who made me laugh for a month incessantly at the time of the representation of the *Ecoffaise*; I recommend to you my Princess of Babylon: say every thing you can against it, that it may be read.

I shall not here forget you, Ecclesiastical Gazetteer, illustrious orator of the *Convulsionnaires*, father of the church founded by the Abbe Becherand and Abraham Chaumeix; fail not to say in your writings, equally pious, eloquent, and sensible that the Princess of Babylon is a heretic, a deist, and an athiest.

atheist. But above all, endeavour to prevail upon the *Sieur Riballier* to have the *Princesses of Babylon* condemned by the *Sorbonne*: you will, thereby, afford my bookseller much pleasure, to whom I have given this little history for his new year's gift.

MEMNON

MEMNON *the* PHILOSOPHER ;

OR,

HUMAN WISDOM.

MEMNON one day took it into his head to become a great philosopher. There are few men who have not, at some time or other, conceived the same wild project. Says Memnon to himself, To be a perfect philosopher, and of course to be perfectly happy, I have nothing to do but to divest myself entirely of passions ; and nothing is more easy, as every body knows. In the first place, I will never be in love ; for, when I see a beautiful woman, I will say to myself, These cheeks will one day grow wrinkled, these eyes be encircled with vermilion, that bosom become flabby and pendant, that head bald and palsied. Now I have only to consider her at present in imagination, as she will afterwards appear ; and certainly a fair face will never turn my head.

In the second place, I will be always temperate. It will be in vain to tempt me with good cheer, with delicious wines, or the charms of society. I will have only to figure to myself the consequences of excess, an aching head, a loathing stomach, the loss of reason, of health, and of time : I will then only eat to supply the waste of nature ; my health will be always equal, my ideas pure and luminous. All this

this is so easy that there is no merit in accomplishing it.

But, says Memnon, I must think a little of how I am to regulate my fortune : why, my desires are moderate, my wealth is securely placed with the Receiver General of the finances of Nineveh : I have wherewithal to live independent ; and that is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of dancing attendance at court ; I will never envy any one, and no body will envy me : still all this is easy. I have friends, continued he, and I will preserve them, for we shall never have any difference ; I will never take amiss any thing they may say or do ; and they will behave in the same way to me.—There is no difficulty in all this.

Having thus laid his little plan of philosophy in his closet, Memnon put his head out of the window. He saw two women walking under the plane-trees near his house. The one was old, and appeared quite at her ease. The other was young, handsome, and seemingly much agitated : she sighed, she wept, and seemed on that account still more beautiful. Our philosopher was touched, not, to be sure, with the beauty of the lady, (he was too much determined not to feel any uneasiness of that kind) but with the distress which he saw her in.—He came down stairs and accosted the young Ninevite in the design of consoling her with philosophy. That lovely person related to him, with an air of the greatest simplicity, and in the most affecting manner, the injuries she sustained from an imaginary uncle ; with what art he had deprived her of some imaginary property, and of the violence which she pretended to dread from him. You appear to me (said she) a man of such wisdom, that if you will con-

condescend to come to my house and examine into my affairs, I am persuaded you will be able to draw me from the cruel embarrassment I am at present involved in." Memnon did not hesitate to follow her, to examine her affairs philosophically, and to give her sound counsel.

The afflicted lady led him into a perfumed chamber, and politely made him sit down with her on a large sofa, where they both placed themselves opposite to each other, in the attitude of conversation, their legs crossed; the one eager in telling her story, the other listening with devout attention. The lady spoke with downcast eyes, whence there sometimes fell a tear, and which, as she now and then ventured to raise them, always met those of the sage Memnon. Their discourse was full of tenderness, which redoubled as often as their eyes met. Memnon took her affairs exceedingly to heart, and felt himself every instant more and more inclined to oblige a person so virtuous and so unhappy.—By degrees, in the warmth of conversation, they ceased to sit opposite; they drew nearer; their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon counselled her so closely, and gave her such tender advices, that neither of them could talk any longer of business, nor well knew what they were about.

At this interesting moment, as may easily be imagined, who should come in but the uncle; he was armed from head to foot, and the first thing he said was, that he would immediately sacrifice, as was just, the sage Memnon and his niece; the latter, who made her escape, knew that he was well enough disposed to pardon, provided a good round sum were offered to him. Memnon was obliged to purchase his safety with all he had about him. In those days people were happy in getting so easily

quit. America was not then discovered, and distressed ladies were not nearly so dangerous as they are now.

Memnon, covered with shame and confusion, got home to his own house: there he found a card inviting him to dinner with some of his intimate friends. If I remain at home alone, said he, I shall have my mind so occupied with this vexatious adventure, that I shall not be able to eat a bit, and I shall bring upon myself some disease. It will therefore be prudent in me to go to my intimate friends, and partake with them of a frugal repast. I shall forget, in the sweets of their society, the folly I have this morning been guilty of. Accordingly he attends the meeting; he is discovered to be uneasy at something, and he is urged to drink and banish care. A little wine, drunk in moderation, comforts the heart of god and man: so reasons Memnon the philosopher, and he becomes intoxicated. After the repast, play is proposed. A little play, with one's intimate friends, is a harmless pastime:-- he plays and loses all that is in his purse, and four times as much on his word. A dispute arises on some circumstance in the game, and the disputants grow warm: one of his intimate friends throws a dicebox at his head, and strikes out one of his eyes. The philosopher Memnon is carried home to his house, drunk and penniless, with the loss of an eye.

He sleeps out his debauch, and when his head has got a little clear, he sends his servant to the Receiver-General of the finances of Nineveh to draw a little money to pay his debt of honour to his intimate friends. The servant returns and informs him, that the Receiver-General had that morning been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, and

that by this means an hundred families are reduced to poverty and despair. Memnon, almost beside himself, puts a plaster on his eye and a petition in his pocket, and goes to court to solicit justice from the king against the bankrupt. In the saloon he meets a number of ladies, all in the highest spirits, and sailing along with hoops four and twenty feet in circumference. One of them, who knew him a little, eyed him askance, and cried aloud, "Ah! what a horrid monster!" Another, who was better acquainted with him, thus accosts him, "Good-morrow, Mr Memnon, I hope you are very well, Mr Memnon: La! Mr Memnon, how did you lose your eye? and turning upon her heel, she tripped away without waiting an answer. Memnon hid himself in a corner, and waited for the moment when he could throw himself at the feet of the monarch. That moment at last arrived. Three times he kissed the earth, and presented his petition. His gracious majesty received him very favourably, and referred the paper to one of his satraps, that he might give him an account of it. The satrap takes Memnon aside, and says to him with a haughty air and satyrical grin, "Hark ye, you fellow with the one eye, you must be a comical dog indeed, to address yourself to the king rather than to me; and still more so, to dare to demand justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is nephew to the waiting-maid of my mistress. Proceed no further in this business, my good friend, if you wish to preserve the eye you have left."

Memnon having thus, in his closet, resolved to renounce women, the excesses of the table, play and quarreling, but especially having determined never to go to court, had been in the short space of four

and twenty hours duped and robbed by a gentle dame, had got drunk, had gamed, had been engaged in a quarrel, had got his eye knocked out, and had been at court, where he was sneered at and insulted.

Petrified with astonishment, and his heart broken with grief, Memnon returns homeward in despair. As he was about to enter his house, he is repulsed by a number of officers who are carrying off his furniture for the benefit of his creditors; he falls down almost lifeless under a plane-tree. There he finds the fair dame of the morning, who was walking with her dear uncle; and both set up a loud laugh on seeing Memnon with his plaster. The night approached, and Memnon made his bed on some straw near the walls of his house. Here the ague seized him, and he fell asleep in one of the fits, when a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

It was all resplendent with light; it had six beautiful wings, but neither feet, nor head, nor tail, and could be likened to nothing. "What art thou?" said Memnon: "Thy good genius," replied the spirit. "Restore to me then my eye, my health, my fortune, my reason," said Memnon; and he related how he had lost them all in one day.— "These are adventures which never happen to us in the world we inhabit," said the spirit. "And what world do you inhabit?" said the man of affliction. "My native country," replied the other, "is five hundred millions of leagues distant from the sun, in a little star near Sirius, which you see from hence." "Charming country!" said Memnon: "And are there indeed with you no jades to dupe a poor devil, no intimate friends that win his money and knock out an eye to him, no fraudulent bankrupts, no satraps, that make a jest of you while they

they refuse you justice?" "No," said the inhabitant of the star, "we have nothing of what you talk of; we are never duped by women, because we have none among us; we never commit excesses at table, because we neither eat nor drink; we have no bankrupts, because with us there is neither silver nor gold; our eyes cannot be knocked out, because we have not bodies in the form of yours; and satraps never do us injustice, because in our world we are all equal." "Pray, my Lord," then said Memnon, "without women and without eating how do you spend your time?" "In watching," said the genius, "over the other worlds that are entrusted to us; and I am now come to give you consolation." "Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did you not come yesterday to hinder me from committing so many indiscretions?" "I was with your elder brother Hassan," said the celestial being. "He is still more to be pitied than you are. His most gracious Majesty, the Sultan of the Indies, in whose court he has the honour to serve, has caused both his eyes to be put out for some small indiscretion; and he is now in a dungeon, his hands and feet loaded with chains." "'Tis a happy thing truly," said Memnon, "to have a good genius in one's family, when out of two brothers one is blind of an eye, the other blind of both; one stretched upon straw, the other in a dungeon." "Your fate will soon change," said the animal of the star. "It is true, you will never recover your eye but, except that, you may be sufficiently happy if you never again take it into your head to be a perfect philosopher." "Is it then impossible?" said Memnon. "As impossible as to be perfectly wise, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, perfectly happy. We ourselves are very far from it. There

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is a world indeed where all this takes place; but, in the hundred thousand millions of worlds dispersed over the regions of space, every thing goes on by degrees. There is less philosophy and less enjoyment in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so forth till the last in the scale, where all are completely fools." "I am afraid," said Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe here is the madhouse of those hundred thousand millions of worlds, of which your Lordship does me the honour to speak." "Not quite," said the spirit, "but very nearly: every thing must be in its proper place." "But are those poets and philosophers wrong, then, who tell us that every thing is for the best?" "No, they are right, when we consider things in relation to the gradation of the whole universe." "Oh! I shall never believe it till I recover my eye again," said the poor Memnon.

PLA:

PLATO'S DREAM.

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 republic 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 trial of the knowledge of the genii who had been witnesses 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 to

carve, or a picture to paint, 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 among 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 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 shown 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 genii; "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 rearing 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 nor 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 genii 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 written 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.*

BABABEC

B A B A B E C.

WHEN I was in the city of Benarez, on the borders of the Ganges, the country of the ancient Brachmans, I endeavoured to instruct myself in their religion and manners. I understood the Indian language tolerably well. I heard a great deal, and remarked every thing. I lodged at the house of my correspondent Omri, who was the most worthy man I ever knew. He was of the religion of the Bramins: I have the honour to be a Mussulman. We never exchanged one word higher than another about Mahomet or Brama. We performed our ablutions each on his own side; we drank of the same sherbet, and we ate of the same rice, as if we had been two brothers.

One day we went together to the pagoda of Gavani. There we saw several bands of Faquirs; some of whom were Janguis, that is to say, contemplative Faquirs; and others disciples of the ancient Gymnosophists, who led an active life. They have all a learned language peculiar to themselves; it is that of the most ancient Brachmans; and they have a book written in this language, which they call the Hanscrit. It is, beyond all contradiction, the most ancient book in all Asia, not excepting the Zend.

I happened to cross a Faquir, who was reading in this book. Ah! wretched Infidel! cried he, thou

hast made me lose a number of vowels that I was counting, which will occasion my soul to pass into the body of a hare instead of that of a parrot, with which I had before the greatest reason to flatter myself. I gave him a roupee to comfort him for the accident. In going a few paces farther, I had the misfortune to sneeze; the noise I made roused a Faquir who was in a trance. Heavens! cried he, what a dreadful noise! Where am I? I can no longer see the tip of my nose *! the heavenly light has disappeared. If I am the cause, said I, of your seeing further than the length of your nose, here is a roupee to repair the injury I have done you: squint again, and resume the heavenly light.

Having thus brought myself off discreetly enough, I passed over to the side of the Gymnosophists, several of whom brought me a parcel of mighty pretty nails to drive into my arms and thighs, in honour of Brama. I bought their nails, and made use of them to fasten down my boxes. Others were dancing upon their hands, others cut capers on the slack rope, and others went always upon one foot. There were some who dragged a heavy chain about with them, and others carried a pack-saddle; some had their heads always in a bushel; the best people in the world to live with. My friend Omri carried me to the cell of one of the most famous of these. His name was Bababec: he was as naked as he was born, and had a great chain about his neck, that weighed upwards of sixty pounds. He sat on a wooden chair, very neatly decorated with little points of nails, that run into his posteriors; and

* When the Faquirs have a mind to see the heavenly light, which very frequently happens with them, they turn their eyes downwards towards the tip of their nose.

you would have thought he had been sitting on a velvet cushion. Numbers of women flocked to him to consult him : he was the oracle of all the families in the neighbourhood ; and was, truly speaking, in great reputation. I was witness to a long conversation that Omri had with him. Do you think, father, said my friend, that, after having gone through seven metempichoses, I may at length arrive at the habitation of Brama? That is as it may happen, said the Faquir. What sort of life do you lead? I endeavour, answered Omri, to be a good subject, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend : I lend money without interest to the rich who want it, and I give it to the poor : I preserve peace amongst my neighbours. But have you ever run nails into your backside? demanded the Bramin. Never, reverend father. I am sorry for it, replied the father ; very sorry for it, indeed : It is a thousand pities ; but you will certainly not reach above the nineteenth heaven. No higher! said Omri. In troth, I am very well contented with my lot. What is it to me whether I go into the nineteenth or the twentieth, provided I do my duty in my pilgrimage, and am well received at the end of my journey? Is it not as much as one can desire, to live with a fair character in this world, and be happy with Brama in the next? And pray what heaven do you think of going to, good Master Bababec, with your nails and your chain? Into the thirty-fifth, said Bababec. I admire your modesty, replied Omri, to pretend to be better lodged than me : this is surely the mere effects of an excessive ambition. How can you, who condemn others that covet honours in this world, arrogate such distinguished one's to yourself in the next? What right have you to be better treated than me? Know,

that I bestow more alms to the poor in ten days, than the nails you run into your backside cost for ten years! What is it to Brama, that you pass the whole day stark naked with a chain about your neck? This is doing a notable service to your country, doubtless! I have a thousand times more esteem for the man who sows pulse or plants trees for all your tribe, than they who look at the tip of their noses, or carry a pack-saddle to shew their magnanimity. Having finished this speech, Omri softened his voice, embraced the Bramin, and, with an endearing sweetness, besought him to throw aside his nails and his chain, to go home with him, and live with decency and comfort. The Faquir was persuaded: he was washed clean, rubbed with essences and perfumes, and clad in a decent habit: he lived a fortnight in this manner, behaved with prudence and wisdom, and acknowledged that he was a thousand times more happy than before: but he lost his credit among the people; the women no longer crouded to consult him: he therefore quitted the house of the friendly Omri, and returned to his nails and his chain, to regain his reputation.

A

A CONVERSATION with a *Chinese*.

IN the year 1723, there was a Chinese in Holland, who was both a learned man and a merchant, two things that ought by no means to be incompatible; but which, thanks to the profound respect that is shewn to money, and the little regard that the human species do, and ever will, pay to merit, are become so among us.

This Chinese, who spoke a little Dutch, happened to be in a bookseller's shop at the same time that some literati were assembled there. He asked for a book; they offered him Bossuet's Universal History, badly translated. At the title Universal History, how pleased am I, cried the Oriental, to have met with this book; I shall now see what is said of our great empire; of a nation that has subsisted for upwards of fifty thousand years; of that long dynasty of emperors who have governed us for such a number of ages. I shall see what these Europeans think of the religion of our literati, and of that pure and simple worship we pay to the Supreme Being. What a pleasure will it be to me to find how they speak of our arts, many of which are of a more antient date with us than the æras of all the kingdoms of Europe! I fancy the author will be greatly mistaken in relation to the war we had about twenty-two thousand five hundred and fifty-two years ago, with the martial people of Tonquin

quin and Japan, as well as the solemn ambassay that the powerful emperor of Mogulitan sent, to request a body of laws from us in the year of the world 50000000000000679123450000. Lord blés you; said one of the literati, there is hardly any mention made of that nation in this book, it is too inconsiderable. Almost the whole of it is taken up with an account of the first nation in the world; the only nation, those great people the Jews.

The Jews! said the Chinese, those people then must certainly be masters of three parts of the globe at least. They hope to be so one day, answered the other; but at present they are those pedlars that you see going about here with toys and nick-nacks, and that sometimes do us the honour to clip our gold and silver. Surely you are not serious; said the Chinese, could those people ever have been in possession of a vast empire? Here I joined in the conversation, and told him, that for a few years they were in possession of a small country to themselves; but that we were not to judge of a people from the extent of their dominions, any more than of a man by his riches.

But does not this book take notice of some other nations? demanded the man of letters. Undoubtedly, replied a learned gentleman who stood at my elbow; it treats largely of a small country about sixty leagues wide, called Egypt, in which it is said that there is a lake of one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference, made by the hands of man. My god! exclaimed the Chinese, a lake of one hundred and fifty leagues in circumference within a spot of ground only sixty leagues wide, this is very curious! The inhabitants of that country continued the doctor, were all sages. What happy times were those, cry'd the Chinese, but is that all? No, reply'd the

the other, there is mention made of those famous people the Greeks. Greeks! Greeks! said the Asiatic, who are those Greeks? Why, reply'd the philosopher, they were masters of a little province, about the two hundredth part as large as China, but whose fame spread over the whole world. Indeed! said the Chinese, with an air of openness and ingenuoufness; I declare I never heard the least mention of these people, either in the Mogul's country, in Japan, or in Great Tartary.

Oh, the barbarian! the ignorant creature! cry'd out our sage, very politely. Why then, I suppose you know nothing of Epaminondas the Theban; nor of the Piræan Haven, nor the names of Achilles's two horses, nor of Silenus's ass? You have never heard speak of Jupiter, nor of Diogenes, nor of Lais, nor of Cybele, nor of —

I am very much afraid, said the learned Oriental, interrupting him, that you know nothing of that eternally memorable adventure of the famous Xixofon Concochigramki, nor of the mysteries of the great Fi-pfi hi-hi. But pray tell me what other unknown things does this Universal History treat of? Upon this my learned neighbour harangued for a quarter of an hour together about the Roman republic; and when he came to Julius Cæsar, the Chinese stopped him, and very gravely said, I think I have heard of him, was he not a Turk*?

How! cry'd our sage in a fury, don't you so much as know the difference between Pagans, Christians, and Mahometans? Did you never hear of Constantine? Do you know nothing of the history of the

* Not long since the Chinese took all the Europeans to be Mahometans.

popes? We have heard something confusedly of one Mahomet, reply'd the Asiatic.

It is impossible, sure, said the other, but you must have heard at least of Luther, Zuinglius, Bellarmine, and Oecolampadius. I shall never remember all those names, said the Chinese; and so saying he quitted the shop, and went to sell a large quantity of Pekoa tea, and fine callicoe, with which he bought two fine girls, and a young lad, and set sail for his own country, adoring *Tien*, and recommending himself to Confucius.

As to myself, the conversation I had been witness to plainly discovered to me the nature of vain-glory; and I could not forbear exclaiming, Since Cæsar and Jupiter are names unknown to the finest, most ancient, most extensive, most populous, and most civilized kingdom in the universe, it becomes ye well, O ye rulers of petty states! ye pulpit orators of a narrow parish, or a little town! ye doctors of Salamanca, or of Bourges! ye trifling authors, and ye heavy commentators!—It becomes you well, indeed, to aspire at reputation.

The

The BLACK and the WHITE.

THE adventure of the youthful Rustan is generally known throughout the whole province of Candahar. He was the only son of a mirza of that country : the title of Mirza there is much the same with that of Marquis amongst us, or that of Baron amongst the Germans. The mirza his father had a handsome fortune. Young Rustan was to be married to a mirzasse, or young lady of his own rank ; the two families earnestly desired their union. Rustan was to become the comfort of his parents, to make his wife happy, and to live blest in her possession.

But he had unfortunately seen the princess of Cachemire at the fair of Kaboul, which is the most considerable fair in the world, and much more frequented than those of Bassora and Astracan : the occasion that brought the old prince of Cachemire to the fair with his daughter was as follows :

He had lost the two most precious curiosities of his treasury ; one of them was a diamond as thick as a man's thumb, upon which the figure of his daughter was engraved by an art which was then possessed by the Indians, and has since been lost ; the other was a javelin, which went of itself where-

ever its owner thought proper to send it: this is nothing very extraordinary amongst us, but it was thought so at Cachemire.

A faquir belonging to his highness stole these two curiosities; he carried them to the princess: Keep these two curiosities with the utmost care, said he, your destiny depends upon them. Having spoke thus, he departed, and was not afterwards seen. The duke of Cachemire, in despair, resolved to visit the fair of Kaboul, in order to see whether there might not, amongst the merchants, who go thither from all the quarters of the world, be some one possessed of his diamond and his weapon. He carried his daughter with him in all his travels. She carried her diamond well fastened to her girdle; but the javelin, which she could not so easily hide, she had carefully locked up at Cachemire in a large chest.

Rustan and she saw each other at Kaboul; they loved one another with all the sincerity of persons of their age, and all the tenderness of affection natural to those of their country. The princess gave Rustan her diamond as a pledge of her love, and he promised at his departure to go incognito to Cachemire, in order to pay her a visit.

The young mirza had two favourites, who served him as secretaries, grooms, stewards, and valets de chambre; the name of one was Topaze; he was handsome, well-shaped, fair as a Circassian beauty, as mild and ready to serve as an Armenian, and as wise as a Guebra. The name of the other was Ebene; he was a very beautiful negro, more active and industrious than Topaze, and one that thought nothing difficult. The young mirza communicated his intention of travelling to these. Topaze endeavoured to dissuade him from it with
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the circumspect zeal of a servant who was unwilling to offend him ; he represented to him the great danger to which he exposed himself ; he asked him how he could leave two families in despair ? how he could pierce the hearts of his parents ? He shook the resolution of Rustan ; but Ebene confirmed it anew, and obviated all his objections.

The young man was not furnished with money to defray the charge of so long a voyage ; the prudent Topaze would not have lent him any ; Ebene supplied him ; he with great address stole his master's diamond, made a false one exactly like it, which he put in its place, and pledged the true one to an Armenian for several thousand roupees.

As soon as the marquis was possessed of his roupies, all things were in readiness for his departure ; an elephant was loaden with his baggage, his attendants mounted on horseback. Topaze said to his master, I have taken the liberty to expostulate with you upon your enterprize, but, after expostulating, it is my duty to obey ; I am devoted to you, I love you, I will follow you to the extremity of the earth ; but let us by the way consult the oracle that is but two parasonges distant from here : Rustan consented. The answer returned by the oracle was, " If you go to the east you will be at the west." Rustan could not guess the meaning of this answer. Topaze maintained that it boded no good. Ebene, always complaisant to his master, persuaded him that it was highly favourable.

There was another oracle at Kaboul ; they went to it ; the oracle of Kaboul made answer in these words, " If you possess, you will cease to possess ; if you are conqueror, you will not conquer ; if you are Rustan, you will cease to be so." This oracle appeared still more unintelligible than the former.

former. Take care of yourself, said Topaze: fear nothing, said Ebene; and this minister, as may well be imagined, was always thought in the right by his master, whose passions and hopes he encouraged. Having left Kaboul, they passed through a vast forest; they seated themselves upon the grass, in order to take a repast and left their horses grazing. The attendants were preparing to unload the elephant which carried the dinner, the table, cloth, plates, &c. when, all on a sudden, Topaze and Ebene were perceived by the little caravan to be missing. They were called, the forest resounded with the names of Topaze and Ebene; the lacquies seek them on every side, and fill the forest with their cries; they return without having seen any thing, and without having received any answer. We have, said they to Rustan, found nothing but a vulture that fought with an eagle, and stript it of all its feathers. The mention of this combat excited the curiosity of Rustan; he went on foot to the place, he perceived neither vulture nor eagle; but he saw his elephant, which was still loaden with baggage, attacked by a huge rhinoceros: one struck with its horn, the other with its proboscis. The rhinoceros desisted upon seeing Rustan; his elephant was brought back, but his horses were not to be found. Strange things happen in forests to travellers, cried Rustan. The servants were in great consternation, and the master in despair, for having at once lost his horses, his dear negro, and the wife Topaze, for whom he still had a friendship, though he always differed from him in opinion.

The hopes of being soon at the feet of the beautiful princess of Cachemire consoled the mirza, when he met with a huge streaked ass, which a vigorous

gorous two-handed country clown beat with an oaken cudgel. The asses of this sort are extremely beautiful, very scarce, and beyond expression swift in running. The ass returned the reiterated blows of the clown by kicks which might have rooted up an oak. The young mirza, as was reasonable, took upon him the defence of the ass, which was a charming creature. The clown betook himself to flight, crying to the ass, You shall pay for this.

The ass thanked her deliverer in her own language, approached him, let herself be careffed, and careffed him in her turn. After dinner, Rustan mounts her, and takes the road to Cachemire with his servants, who follow him some on foot and some upon the elephant. Scarce was he got upon his ass, when that animal turned towards Kaboul, instead of proceeding to Cachemire. It was to no purpose for her master to turn the bridle, to kick, to press the sides of the beast with his knees, to spur, to slacken the bridle, to pull towards him, to whip both on the right and the left, the obstinate animal persisted to run towards Kaboul.

Rustan sweated, fretted, and raved, when he met with a dealer in camels, who said to him, Master, you have got a very malicious beast, which carries you where you do not chuse to go; if you will give it to me, I will give you the choice of four of my camels. Rustan thanked providence for having thrown so good a bargain in his way. Topaze was very much in the wrong, said he, to tell me that my journey would prove unprosperous. He mounts the handsomest camel, the other three follow; he rejoins his caravan, and sees himself in the road to his happiness.

Scarce had he walked four parasonges, when he was stopped by a deep, broad, and impetuous torrent,

rent, which rolled upon rocks white with foam; the two banks were frightful precipices, which dazzled the sight and made the blood run cold: to pass was impracticable; it was impossible to go to the right or the left. I am beginning to be afraid, said Rustan, that Topaze was in the right in blaming my journey, and that I was in the wrong in undertaking it; if he was still here he might give me good advice; if I had Ebene with me, he would comfort me and find expedients; but every thing fails me. This perplexity was increased by the consternation of his attendants: the night was dark, and they passed it in lamentations. At last fatigue and dejection made the amorous traveller fall asleep. He awakes at day-break, and sees a beautiful marble bridge built upon the torrent, which reached from shore to shore.

Nothing was heard but exclamations, cries of astonishment, and joy. Is it possible? Is this a dream? What a prodigy is this! What an enchantment! Shall we venture to pass? The whole company kneeled, rose up, went to the bridge, kissed the ground, looked up to heaven, stretched out their hands, set their feet on it with trembling, went to and fro, fell into ecstasies; and Rustan said, At last heaven favours me; Topaze did not know what he was saying; oracles were favourable to me; Ebene was in the right, but why is he not here?

Scarce had the company got beyond the torrent, when the bridge sunk into the water with a prodigious noise. So much the better, so much the better, cried Rustan, praised be God, blessed be heaven; it would not have me return to my country, where I should be nothing more than a gentleman; the intention of heaven is, that I should wed
her

her I love; I shall become prince of Cachemire; thus in "possessing" my mistress I shall cease to "possess" my little marquisate at Candahar. "I shall be Rustan, and I shall not be Rustan," because I shall become a great prince: thus is a great part of the oracle clearly explained in my favour, the rest will be explained in the same manner, I am too happy: but why is not Ebene with me? I regret him a thousand times more than Topaze.

He proceeded a few parasonges farther with the greatest alacrity imaginable; but at the close of day, a chain of mountains, more rugged than a counterescarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been if it had been finished, stopped the passage of the caravan, which was seized with dread.

All the company cried out, It is the will of God that we perish here; he broke the bridge merely to take from us all hopes of returning; he raised the mountain for no other reason but to deprive us of all means of advancing. Oh, Rustan! oh, unhappy marquis! we shall never see Cachemire; we shall never return to the land of Candahar.

The most poignant anguish, the most insupportable dejection, succeeded in the soul of Rustan to the immoderate joy which he had felt, to the hopes with which he had intoxicated himself. He was by no means disposed to interpret the prophecies in his favour. Oh, heavens! oh, God of my fathers! said he, must I then lose my friend Topaze!

As he pronounced these words, fetching deep sighs, and shedding tears in the midst of his disconsolate followers, the basis of the mountain opens, a long gallery appears to the dazzled eyes in a vault lighted with a hundred thousand torches: Rustan immediately begins to lament, and his peo-

ple to throw themselves upon their knees, and to fall upon their backs in astonishment, and cry out, A miracle! and say, Rustan is the favourite of Witfnow, the well-beloved of Brama; he will become the master of mankind. Rustan believed it, he was quite beside himself, he was raised above himself. Alas, Ebene, said he, my dear Ebene, where are you? Why are you not witness of all these wonders? How did I lose you? Beauteous princess of Cachemire, when shall I again behold your charms!

He advances with his attendants, his elephants, and his camels, under the hollow of the mountain; at the end of which he enters into a meadow enamelled with flowers and encompassed with rivulets: at the extremity of the meadows are walks of trees to the end of which the eye cannot reach, and at the end of these alleys is a river, on the sides of which are a thousand pleasure houses with delicious gardens. He every where hears concerts of vocal and instrumental music; he sees dances; he makes haste to go upon one of the bridges of the river; he asks the first man he meets what fine country that is?

He whom he addressed himself to answered, You are in the province of Cachemire; you see the inhabitants immersed in joy and pleasures; we celebrate the marriage of our beauteous princess, who is going to be married to the lord Barbabou, to whom his father promised her; may God perpetuate their felicity! At these words Rustan fainted away, and the Cachemirian lord thought he was troubled with the falling sickness; he caused him to be carried to his house, where he remained a long time insensible. He sent in search of the two most able physicians in that part of the country: they

they felt the patient's pulse, who having somewhat recovered his spirits, sobbed, rolled his eyes, and cried from time to time, Topaze, Topaze, you were entirely in the right !

One of the two physicians said to the Cachemirian lord, I perceive, by this young man's accent, that he is from Candahar, and that the air of this country is hurtful to him ; he must be sent home : I perceive by his eyes that he has lost his senses ; entrust me with him, I will carry him back to his own country, and cure him. The other physician maintained, that grief was his only disorder ; and that it was proper to carry him to the wedding of the princess, and make him dance. Whilst they were in consultation, the patient recovered his health ; the two physicians were dismissed, and Rustan remained alone with his host.

My lord, said he, I ask your pardon for having been so free as to faint in your presence ; I know it to be a breach of politeness ; I intreat you to accept of my elephant, as an acknowledgment of the kindness you have shewed me. He then related to him all his adventure, taking particular care to conceal from him the occasion of his journey. But, in the name of Witfnow and Brama, said he to him, tell me who is this happy Barbabou, who is to marry the princess of Cachemire ; why has her father chosen him for his son-in-law, and why has the princess accepted of him for an husband ?

Sir, answered the Cachemirian, the princess has by no means accepted of Barbabou ; she is, on the contrary, in tears, whilst the whole province joyfully celebrates her marriage : she has shut herself up in a tower of her palace ; she does not chuse to see any of the rejoicings made upon the occasion. Rustan, at hearing this, perceived himself revive ;

the bloom of his complexion, which grief had caused to fade, appeared again upon his countenance. Tell me. I intreat you, continued he, why the prince of Cachemire is obstinately bent upon giving his daughter to a Barbabou whom she does not like?

This is the fact, answered the Cachemirian: Do you know that our august prince lost a large diamond and a javelin which he had a great value for? Ah! I very well know that, said Rustan. Know then, said his host, that our prince being in despair at not having heard of his two precious curiosities, after having caused them to be sought for all over the world, promised his daughter to whoever should bring him either the one or the other: a lord Barbabou came, who had got the diamond, and he is to marry the princess to-morrow.

Rustan turned pale, stammered out a compliment, took his leave of his host, and galloped upon his dromedary to the capital city, where the ceremony was performed. He arrives at the palace of the prince, he tells him he has something of importance to communicate to him, he demands an audience; he is told that the prince is taken up with the preparations for the wedding. It is for that very reason, said he, that I am desirous of speaking to him: such is his importunity, that he is at last admitted. Prince, said he, may God crown all your days with glory and magnificence! your son-in-law is a knave.

What! a knave! how dare you speak in such terms? Is that a proper way of speaking to a duke of Cachemire of a son-in-law whom he has made choice of? Yes, he is a knave, continued Rustan; and to prove it to your highness, I have brought you back your diamond.

The

The duke, surprized at what he heard, compared the two diamonds; and as he was no judge of precious stones, he could not determine which was the true one. Here are two diamonds, said he, and I have but one daughter; I am in a strange perplexity.

He sent for Barbabou, and asked him if he had not imposed upon him. Barbabou swore he had bought his diamond from an Armenian: the other did not tell him who he had his from; but he proposed an expedient, which was, that his highness would please to permit him to engage his rival in single combat. It is not enough for your son-in-law to give a diamond, said he, he should also give proofs of valour. Do not you think it just that he who kills his rival should marry the princess? Undoubtedly, answered the prince; it will be a fine fight for the court; fight directly: the conqueror shall take the arms of the conquered, according to the customs of Cachemire, and he shall marry my daughter.

The two pretenders to the princess immediately go down into the court. Upon the stairs there was a pie and a raven; the raven cried, Fight, fight; the pie cried, Don't fight. This made the prince laugh; the two rivals scarce took any notice of it; they begin the combat; all the courtiers made a circle round them. The princess, who kept herself constantly shut up in her tower, did not chuse to behold this fight; she never dreamt of her lover's being at Cachemire, and she hated Barbabou to such a degree, that she could not bear the sight of him. The combat had the happiest event imaginable; Barbabou was killed outright; and this greatly rejoiced the people, because he was ugly, and Rustan was very handsome; the favour of the
public

public is almost always determined by this circumstance.

The conqueror put on the coat of mail, scarf, and the casque of the conquered, and came, followed by the whole court, to present himself under the windows of his mistress. The multitude cried aloud, Beautiful princess, come and see your handsome lover, who has killed his ugly rival. These words were re-echoed by her women. The princess unluckily looked out of the window, and seeing the armour of a man she hated, she ran like one frantic to her strong box, and took out the fatal javelin, which flew to pierce Rustan, notwithstanding his cuirass: he cried out loudly, and at this cry the princess thought she again knew the voice of her unhappy lover.

She ran down stairs, with her hair dishevelled, and death in her eyes as well as her heart. Rustan had already fallen, all bloody, into the arms of his father: she sees him. Oh, moment! oh, sight! oh, discovery of inexpressible grief, tenderness, and horror! She throws herself upon him, and embraces him: You receive, said she, the first and last kisses of your mistress and your murderer. She pulls the dart from the wound, plunges it in her heart, and dies upon the body of the lover whom she adores. The father, terrified, in despair, and ready to die like his daughter, tries in vain to bring her to life; she was no more: he curses the fatal dart, breaks it to pieces, throws away the two fatal diamonds; and whilst he prepared the funeral of his daughter, instead of her marriage, he caused Rustan, who weltered in his blood, and had still some remains of life, to be carried to his palace.

He was put into bed: the first objects he saw on

each

each side of his death-bed were Topaze and Ebene. This surprize made him in some degree recover his strength. Cruel men, said he, why did you abandon me? Perhaps the princess would still be alive if you had been with the unhappy Rustan. I have not forsaken you a moment, said Topaze: I have been always with you, said Ebene. Ah! what do you say? why do you insult me in my last moments? answered Rustan with a languishing voice. You may believe me, said Topaze; you know I never approved of this fatal journey, the dreadful consequences of which I foresaw. I was the eagle that fought with the vulture and stript it of its feathers; I was the elephant that carried away the baggage, in order to force you to return to your own country; I was the streaked afs that carried you, whether you would or no, to your father; I was I that made your horses go astray; it was I that caused the torrent that prevented your passage; it was I that raised the mountain which stopped a road so fatal to you: I was the physician that advised you to return to your own country; I was the pie that cried out to you not to fight.

And I, said Ebene, was the vulture that he stript of his feathers, the rhinoceros who gave him a hundred strokes with my horn, the clown that beat the streaked afs, the merchant who made you a present of camels to hasten to your destruction; I dug the cavern that you crossed, I am the physician that encouraged you to walk, the raven that cried out to you to combat.

Alas! said Topaze, "Remember the oracle "If you go to the east you will be at the west." You said Ebene, here the dead are buried with their faces turned to the west: the oracle was plain enough, though you did not understand it. "Y

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possession and you did not possess ;” for you had the diamond, but it was a false one, though you did not know it. “ You are conqueror and you die, you are Rustan and you cease to be so ;” all has been accomplished. Whilst he spoke thus, four white wings covered the body of Topaze, and four black wings that of Ebene. What do I see ! cried Rustan. Topaze and Ebene answered together, you see your two geniuses. Good gentlemen, cried the unhappy Rustan, how came you to meddle ? and what occasion had a poor man for two geniuses ? It is a law, answered Topaze ; every man has two geniuses. Plato was the first man that said so, and others have repeated it after him ; you see that nothing can be more true : I, who now speak to you, am your good genius ; I was charged to watch over you to the last moment of your life ; of this I have faithfully acquitted myself.

But, said the dying man, if your business was to save me, I am of a nature much superior to yours ; and then how can you have the assurance to say you are my good genius, since you have suffered me to be deceived in every thing I have undertaken, and since you suffer both my mistress and me to die miserably ? Alas ! said Topaze, it was your destiny. Destiny does all, answered the dying man, what is your good genius good for ? And you, Ebene, with your four black wings, you are, doubtless, my evil genius. You have hit it, answered Ebene. Then I suppose you were the evil genius of my princess likewise, said Rustan. No, replied Ebene, she had an evil genius of her own, and I seconded him perfectly. Ah, curst Ebene ! said Rustan, if you are so malicious, you don't belong to the same master with Topaze : you have been formed by two different principles, one of which is by nature good, the other

other evil. That does not follow, said Ebene, this is a very knotty point. It is not possible, answered the dying man, that a benevolent being could create so destructive a genius. Possible or not possible, replied the genius, the thing is just as I say. Alas, said Topaze, my poor unfortunate friend, don't you see that that rogue is so malicious as to encourage you to dispute, in order to inflame your blood and hasten your death? Get you gone, said the melancholy Rustan, I am not much better satisfied with you than with him; he at least acknowledges that it was his intention to hurt me; and you, who pretended to defend me, have done me no service at all. I am very sorry for it, said the good genius. And I too, said the dying man; there is something at the bottom of this which I cannot comprehend. Nor I neither, said the good genius. I shall know the truth of the matter in a moment, said Rustan. We shall see that, said Topaze. The whole scene then vanished. Rustan again found himself in the house of his father, which he had not quitted, and in his bed, where he had slept an hour.

He awakes in astonishment, sweating all over, and quite wild; he rubs himself, he calls, he rings the bell. His valet-de-chambre, Topaze, runs in, in his night-cap, and yawning. Am I dead or alive, cried out Rustan? shall the beauteous princess of Cachemire escape? Does your lordship rave? answered Topaze, coldly.

Ah! cried Rustan, what then is become of this barbarous Ebene, with his four black rings! it is he that makes me die by so cruel a death. My lord, answered Topaze, I left him snoring above stairs, would you have me bid him come down? The villain, said Rustan, has persecuted me for six months

months together: it was he who carried me to the fatal fair of Kaboul; it is he that cheated me of the diamond with which the princess presented me; he is the sole cause of my journey, of the death of my princess, and of the wound with a javelin, of which I die in the flower of my age.

Take heart, said Topaze, you were never at Kaboul; there is no princess of Cachemire; her father never had any children but two boys, who are now at college: you never had a diamond: the princess cannot be dead, because she is not born; and you are perfectly well in health.

What! is it not then true that you attended me whilst dying, and in the bed of the prince of Cachemire? Did you not acknowledge to me, that, in order to preserve me from so many dangers, you were an eagle, an elephant, a streaked ass, a physician, and a pie? My lord, you have dreamt all this, answered Topaze: our ideas are no more of our own creating whilst we are asleep than whilst we are awake: God has thought proper that this train of ideas should pass in your head, most probably to convey some instruction to you, of which you may make a good use.

You make a jest of me, replied Rustan, how long have I slept? My lord, said Topaze, you have not yet slept an hour. Curst reasoner, returned Rustan, how is it possible that I could be, in the space of an hour, at the fair of Kaboul six months ago, that I could have returned from thence, have travelled to Cachemire, and that Barbabou, the princess, and I, should have died? My lord, said Topaze, nothing can be more easy and more common; and you might have travelled round the world, and have met with a great many more adventures in much less time.

Is it not true that you can, in an hour's time, read the abridgment of the Persian history, written by Zoroaster? yet this abridgment contains eight hundred thousand years. All these events pass before your eyes one after another, in an hour's time. Now you must acknowledge, that it is as easy to Brama to confine them to the space of an hour, as to extend them to the space of eight hundred thousand years; it is exactly the same thing. Imagine to yourself that time turns upon a wheel whose diameter is infinite. Under this vast wheel is a numerous multitude of wheels one within another; that in the center is imperceptible, and goes round an infinite number of times, whilst the great wheel performs but one revolution. It is evident, that all the events which have happened from the beginning of the world, to its end, might have happened in much less time than the hundred thousandth part of a second; and one may even go so far as to assert that the thing is so.

I cannot comprehend all this, said Rustan. If you want information, said Topaze, I have a parrot that will easily explain it to you. He was born some time before the deluge; he has been in the ark; he has seen a great deal; yet he is but a year and a half old: he will relate to you his history, which is extremely interesting.

Go fetch your parrot, said Rustan, it will amuse me till I again find myself disposed to sleep. It is with my sister, the nun, said Topaze; I will go and fetch it; it will please you; its memory is faithful; it relates in a simple manner, without endeavouring to shew wit at every turn. So much the better, said Rustan, I like that manner of telling stories. The parrot being brought to him, spoke in this manner: —

N. B.

N. B. Mademoiselle Catherine Vadé could never find the history of the parrot in the commonplace-book of her late cousin Anthony Vadé, author of that tale: this is a great misfortune, considering what age that parrot lived in:

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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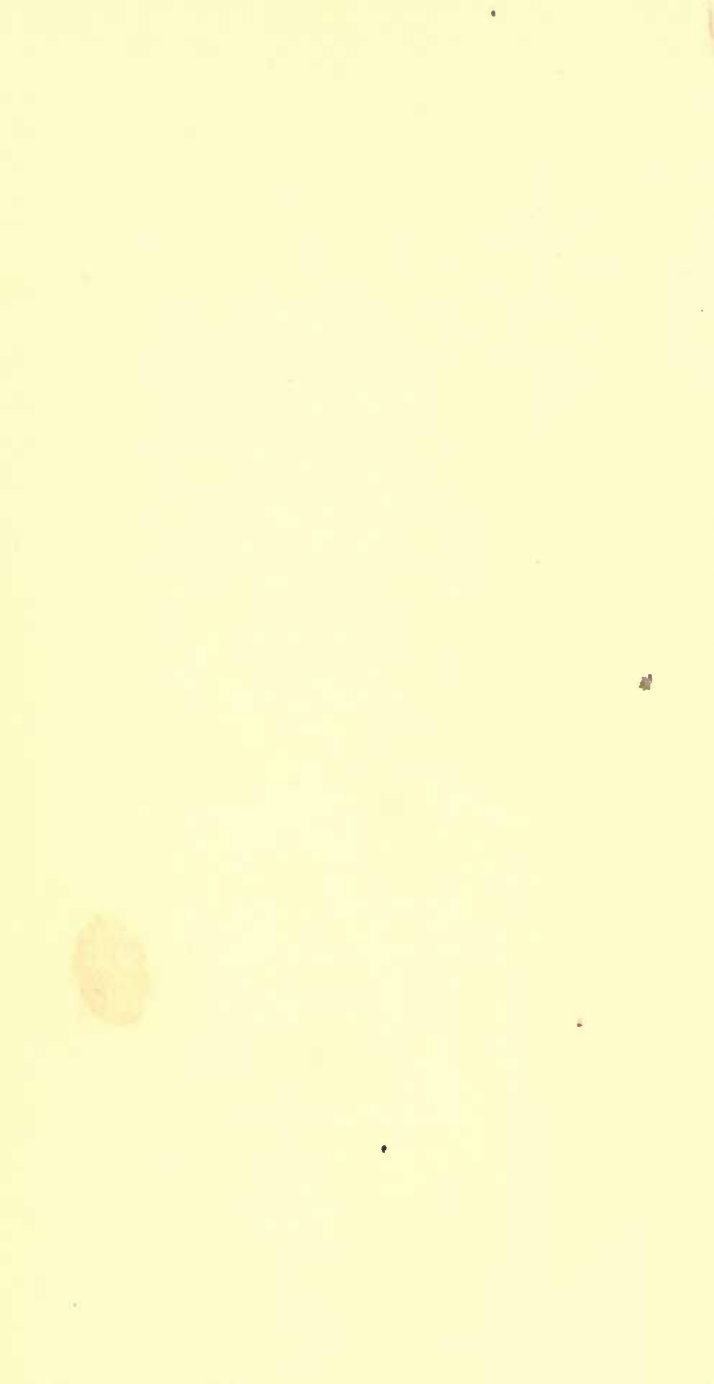
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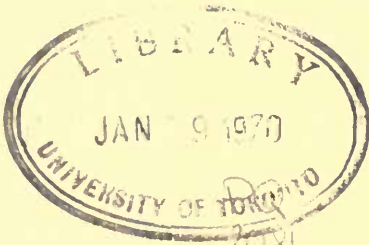
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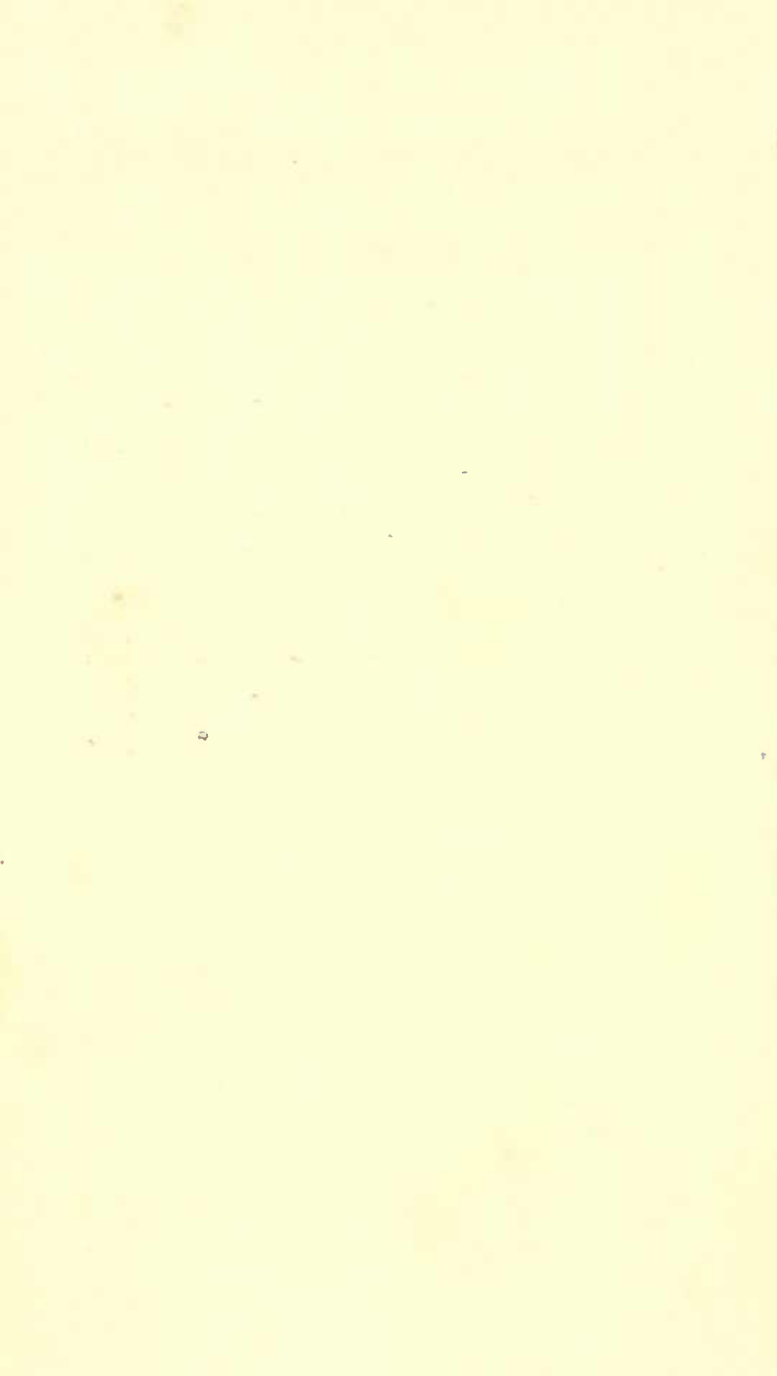
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CANDID* ;

OR, THE

OPTIMIST.

PART I.

CHAP. 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,

VOL. II.

A

†

I

* 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.

I presume, he had his name of Candid. The old servants of the 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 threescore and eleven 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 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 three hundred and fifty pounds, 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-theologico-cosmologico-nigology. He could prove to admiration, that there is no effect without a cause; and, that in this best of all possible 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, when Miss Cunegund went to take a walk in a little neighbouring wood, which 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

A 2

for

* 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.

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 faltering 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 Candid with some notable kicks 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 went; 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-dikdorff, 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 bow. Come then, Sir, sit down along with us; we will not only pay your reckoning, but will never suffer such

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 Pangloss; 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, 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 looked upon as a young fellow of surprising genius by all his comrades*.

Candid

* 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?

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 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 inquired 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

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 bullets swept away, out of the best of all possible worlds, nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infested its surface. The bayonet was next the sufficient reason of the deaths of several thousands. The whole might amount to 30,000 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

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

did 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 the 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 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.

VOL. II.

B

†

He

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

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, said 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 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 female kind!

A

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

A man who had never been christened, an honest anabaptist, named James, was witness to the cruel and ignominious treatment showed 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 off, his mouth drawn on one side, his teeth as black as a coal, snuffing and coughing most violently, and every time he attempted to spit, out dropt a tooth.

B 2

CHAP.

† Aristotle's definition of a man; to show 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?

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 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 masterpiece? 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 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?

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 a 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 inquired 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 soul of souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss, and twenty kicks 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

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 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 Japonese 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,

* 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 *unguentum Neapolitanum*, which it still retains.

affirm, that, when an army of 30,000 men fights another equal in number, there are about 20,000 of them poked on each side.

Very surprising, 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 understood 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

* 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 corrupter of youth.

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 indispensably 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;

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 over board 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 ; 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 a 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 public 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 sufficient reason of this phenomenon? said Pangloss. It is certainly the day of judgment, said Candido. 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 ounds! 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, Candido, 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

* 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.

of sulphur all the way under ground 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 next day, in searching among 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 on 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 fami-

liar, 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 was in the midst of his proposition, when the inquisitor made a sign to the attendant, who was helping him to a glass of Port wine.

C H A P. VI.

How the Portuguese made a suberb Auto-da-fe 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-fe*, 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

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

larded pullet they were eating; after dinner, they came and secured Dr. 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 apartments, extremely cool, where they were never incommoded with the sun. Eight days afterwards they were each dressed in a san benito *, and their heads were adorned with paper mitres. The mitre and san-benito worn by Candid, were painted with flames reversed, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Dr. 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 flogged in regular 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 thee hanged, without knowing for what! O my dear anabaptist,
thou

* A kind of garment worn by the criminals of the inquisition.

thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O Miss Cunegund, you mirrour of young ladies! that it should be your fate to have your belly ript open.

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.

C H A P. 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, showed him a very neat bed, with a suit of clothes hanging up by it; and set victuals and drink before him. There, said she, eat, drink, and sleep, and may our blessed lady of Atocha, 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 acknowledgement 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, ate and slept. The next morning, the old woman brought

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 showed 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; after which, she thus related her adventures

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. I hope I shall 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 fe*; 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

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 Issachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an Auto da-fe. 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 fanbenito 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, 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 whipt; and particularly the kiss I gave you behind the skreen, 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 Issachar, 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 Issachar was the most choleric little Hebrew that had ever been in Israel, since the captivity of Babylon. What then, said he, thou Gallilean 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 Pangloss been hanged, replied Candid, he would have given us most excellent advice in this emergency, for he was a profound philosopher. But, since he is not here, let us consult the old woman. She was very intelligent, 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

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 wo-

man,

man, 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 Mr Ifachar's body is thrown upon a dunghill.

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.

WHO 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! 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

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 sou, 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 fathers the 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,

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 baroness, and bearing seventy-two quarterings, I have been reduced to a cook-wench. Miss, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet; but if I was to show 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, in wit, and in every graceful accomplishment, 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 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

fex

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

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, though 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 gentry 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 Carara, 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 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

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

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 women 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

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 coglion!* ^{s. of her}

C H A P. XII.

The Adventures of the Old Woman continued.

A STONISHED 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 like me 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

caponite

caponise 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 ^{scarcely} old, and who, at that tender age, promised to be as fair as I now behold you? I am the same, replied I. My mother lies about a hundred 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

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 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

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 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 will fare extremely well; if ye are still under the necessity of having recourse to the same expedient again, ye 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 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 Russia. I was a long time an inn-keeper's servant at Riga, then at Rostock, Wismar, Leipfick, Cassel, 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 burden 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 professor, named Robek. My last place was with the Jew, Don Isachar, who placed me near your person, my fair lady; to whose fortunes

I have

I have attached myself, and have been more affected by your misfortunes than my own. I should never have even mentioned the latter to you, had you not a little picqued 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. It is a thousand pities, said Candid, that the sage Pangloss should have been hanged contrary to the custom of an Auto-da-fe, 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 though a lye of this nature proved of great service to one of the ancients, 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, 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

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 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 Badajoz, 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.

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 alcajde 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 stand your ground. 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 mongrel breed, and born in Tucuman. He had successively gone through the profession of a singing boy, sexton, sailor, monk, pedlar, soldier, and lacquey. His name was Cacambo; he had a great affection for his

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 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 wilt 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 one 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;

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 the 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 among 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 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 Cacanibo 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 farther end with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and an half pike in his hand; he made a sign, and instantly four-and-twenty soldiers drew up round the new comer. 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 reverend father provincial? said Cacambo. He is just come from mass, and is at the parade, replied the serjeant, and in about three hours

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 harbour.

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 vermilion, 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 harbour, keeping a strict eye upon them all the while for fear of surprise.

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 Candido. 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 Candido: I was born in the castle of Thunders-ten-tronckh. Oh heavens! is it possible? said the commandant. What a miracle! cried Candido. Can it be you? said the commandant. On this they both retired a few steps backwards, then running into each others arms, embraced, and fell 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! 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 Candido in his arms, and both their faces were bathed in tears. You will be more surpris'd, more affected, more transported, said Candido, 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, listned in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. Like true

Germans.

Germans, they continued a long time 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 Cune-gund.

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 eye-lids 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 weeks 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 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

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 mildest man in the world, and yet I have already killed three men; and of these three two were priests.

Cacambo, who standing centry 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 stript 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, 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.

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 desire 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, 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 joy: however, they instantly

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

ly 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 could 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, 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 surpris'd 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

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 who 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 caldron; and others were preparing spits, crying out one and all, A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged; we shall have excellent cheer; let us eat this Jesuit; let us eat him up.

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 of 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 your 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 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 Jesuits 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 inquire 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 going so lately 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. 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.

C H A P. 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 whither 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 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 farther 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 day-light 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 last a spacious plain presented itself to their sight. This place was bounded by a chain of inaccessible mountains. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleasure, and to produce the necessaries of life. The useful and agreeable 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;

size; which far surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

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 schoolmaster, with a 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

since they are taught to show 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 a 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 was 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 bouille, that weigh'd 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 tarts, and the whole serv'd up in dishes of rock-chrystal. Several sorts of liquors, extract'd from the sugar-cane, were handed about by the servants who attended.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all extremely polite: they ask'd Cacambo a few questions, with the utmost discretion and circumspection; and repli'd to his 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 high-ways 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 the one to the other, that is unknown to all the world, and in which Nature has every where 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 Mr 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 birds feathers; and ordered his servants to present 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.

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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 unaccountable 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? Ours, 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

Ordinary 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 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, Mr 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

allowance for the customs of the country, if they should not happen altogether to please you.

Candid and Cacambo get 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 farther 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,

ginable, and very politely asked them to sup with him.

While supper was preparing, orders were given to show 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 surprize 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 Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies of the Court. Never was entertainment more elegant, nor could any one possibly show 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 surprized 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
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castle where I was born is a mere nothing, in comparison of the place where 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 own world with only a dozen of El Dorado 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 Cacambo. 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 each, and
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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 by which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The mathematicians and engineers

neers 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 into 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

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 head 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 pattacons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, My dear child, bless our fetiches; adore them forever; 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 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

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 Cunegund 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, and purchased many things necessary for a long voyage; at length, 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 piastres; 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 piastres without hesitation. Returning a little while after, he tells Candid, that upon second consideration he could not undertake
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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 piastres 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 piastres. Then you shall have thirty thousand, said Candid.

Odso! said the Dutchman once more to himself, thirty thousand piastres 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 piastres, and then we may see what is to be done farther. 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 his sails, 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 been 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 captain 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 among 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

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 misfortune. Every story he heard put him in mind of Pangloss. My old master, said he, would be confoundedly put to it to demonstrate his favourite 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 Portugese. 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.

CHAP.

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 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 though 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 times, 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.

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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 El Dorado. 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 a cannon, which redoubled every moment. Each takes out his glass, and they espy two ships warmly engaged at the

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, 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 spied 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, though laden with the large diamonds of El Dorado.

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.

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The French and Spanish ships continued their cruise, 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 Cunegund once more.

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, that, after spending a month at El Dorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Miss Cunegund; I am going to wait for her at Venice; I intend to pass through 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

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 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 arrive 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 El Dorado, 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 entrusted 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

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adjudged

adjudged to a northern fage, 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 on 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.

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 bed side, 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

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 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 surprised to find he could never turn a trick; and Martin was not at all surprised 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 playhouse: 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 that 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 will bring you a score of pamphlets that have been wrote against him. Pray, Sir, said Candid to the
Abbé

Abbè, how many threatrical pieces have you in France? Five or six thousand, 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 Elifabeth 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 Miis Cunegund. I should be very glad to pay my respects to her. The Abbè 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 lifetime, 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, 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 pamphlet-monger! said Candid, what is that? Why a pamphlet-monger, replied the Abbé, is a writer of pamphlets, a F——.

Candid, Martin, and the Abbé of Perigord, argued thus on the stair-case, while they stood to see 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 Abbé was not a person to show 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

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 Honore. 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 pallid 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 mamma 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

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 confused murmurs, and afterwards several insipid jokes pass'd and repass'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 written 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 pestered 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! cried 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 are 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, though they would not bear 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 complete poet, without showing 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 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 style, unmeaning flights, or long apostrophes to the deities, for want of knowing how to address mankind:

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 ? He 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 damn'd, and has written a book that was never seen out of his bookseller's shop, excepting only one copy, which he sent 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 ? I, 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 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 worfe than all that; and yet a learned man, who had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that every thing was marvellouſly 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. The men 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 ſit down under a canopy. Well, ſaid ſhe, are you ſtill ſo violently fond of Miſs Cunegund of Thunder-ten-tronck? 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 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 will 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 ſur-

render

render 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 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 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

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 stir. I was informed of your being on the way hither to Bourdeaux, where I left the faithful Camambo, and the old woman, who will soon follow me. The Governor of Buenos Áyres 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 called for a light to the
bedside.

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 El Dorado, said Candid. I am more of a Manichæan now than ever, said Martin. But pray, good Sir, where are you going to 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!

Sir! said this un'erflapper 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 Atrebata 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 been 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 among a people who are perpetually singing and dancing! Is there no flying this abominable country immediately, this execrable kingdom, where monkees provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my country, but men I have beheld no where but in El Dorado. In the name of God, Sir, 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 farther than Normandy. So saying, he ordered Candid's irons to be struck off, acknowledged himself mistaken, and sent his followers

followers about their business after which he conducted Candid and Martin to Dieppe, and left them to 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 the 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 Dutch ship. 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

mad-house 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 demon, 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.

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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 straits, entered the Mediterranean, and at length arrived at Venice. God be praised, 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 Giroflee.

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 impostor, 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 El Dorado, than to have returned to this

curfed Europe! You are in the right, My dear Martin; you are certainly in the right; all is mifery and deceit.

He fell into a deep melancholy, and neither went to the opera in vogue, nor partook of any of the diverfions of the Carnival; nay, he even flighted the fair sex. Martin faid to him, Upon my word, I think you are very fimple to imagine, that a rafcally valet, with five or fix millions in his pocket, would go in fearch of your miftrefs to the further end of the world, and bring her to Venice to meet you. If he finds her, he will take her for himfelf; if he does not, he will take another. Let me advife you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your miftrefs Cunegund. Martin's fpeech was not the moft confolatory to the dejected Candid. His melancholy increafed, and Martin never left proving to him, that there is very little virtue or happinefs in this world; except, perhaps, in El Dorado, where hardly any body can gain admittance.

While they were difputing on this important fubject, and till expecting Mifs 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 finging a fong; and every now and then gave her Theatin an amorous ogle and wantonly pinched his ruddy cheeks. You will at leaft allow, faid Candid to Martin, that thefe two are happy. Hitherto I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in El Dorado; but, as to this couple, I would venture to lay a wager they are happy. Done, faid Martin; they are not, for
what

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.

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 and Samos wine. The girl blushed; the Theatin accepted the invitation, and she followed him, eyeing Candid every now and then with a mixture of surprise 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 poor 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, exclaimed, Ah! is it you, child? was it you that reduced Dr Pangloss to that fine condition I saw him in?

Alas! Sir, answered Pacquette, it was I, indeed. I find you are acquainted with every thing; 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 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

himself was the most ugly of all mortals, and I the most wretched creature existing, to be continually beaten 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 herself to honest Candid in his closet, in the presence of Martin, who took occasion to say to him, You see I have half won the wager already.

Friar Giroflee 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 beaten 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 Giroflee, 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 increase 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 often 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

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 will 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 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 meannesses, their pride, and their folly; I am weary 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 a great 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 paintings 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, though 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 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 exhibiting her pipe. Let who will, or can die away in raptures at the trills of an cunct quavering the majestic part of Cæsar or Cato, and strutting in a foolish manner upon the stage; for my part, I have long ago renounced these paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy,

and

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 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 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 asleep; and yet, that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries; but 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 *Æneas*, his strong *Cloanthus*, his friendly *Achates*, his boy *Ascanius*, his silly king *Latinus*, his ill-bred *Amata*, his insipid *Lavinia*,

nia, 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, replied 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 Mecænas, that if he will but rank him in the class of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Ignorant readers are apt to praise 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 had 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 Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself. I had once some liking to his philosophical works; but when

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 pin 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 these huge volumes of divinity, and those enormous collections of sermons, they are not 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,

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 rumbuling 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 invention of fire-arms, represents the devils and angels, cannonading 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.

After

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 Pocourante; 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 strangers; and who they were.

ONE evening that Candid, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit 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, Cunegund, said he, 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. Cunegund is not here, answered Cacambo; she is at Constantinople. Good heavens, 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,

Candid, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surpris'd to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confus'd, 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 whisper'd 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, surpris'd 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 advis'd 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 style 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 chance to

be sent to gaol this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so adieu. 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 sometimes 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.

self 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 spend 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 of the Vistula: I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend 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 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 insist 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 beauty? 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 Ragotsky, 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 millions to seignor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? and then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest? and then did not this same pirate 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 ser-

vants

vants 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 balance 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 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 backs 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

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 the men.

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 I! it is I! 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

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 apply 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 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 Icoflan, 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 cadî ordered me to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the gallies. 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 a

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 even 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 holy inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, 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

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 tulips, 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 cadî, 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 tug-

ging 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 a 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

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, 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 gallies, paid thy ransom, and thy sister's too; who was a scullion, and is very ugly, and yet I 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 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. This 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 cheated by
the

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 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. They 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 pirates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipt and hanged at an auto-da-fe, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley, and in short to experience all the miseries through 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 reflections; and Martin especially concluded, that man was born to
live

live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Though 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 principles, made Candid hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss,—which was, the arrival of Pacquette and brother Giroflée one day at 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, we come

to intreat you to tell us, why so strange an animal as man has been formed?

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 or 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 Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the produce of my

garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sher-bét 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 mussulman 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.

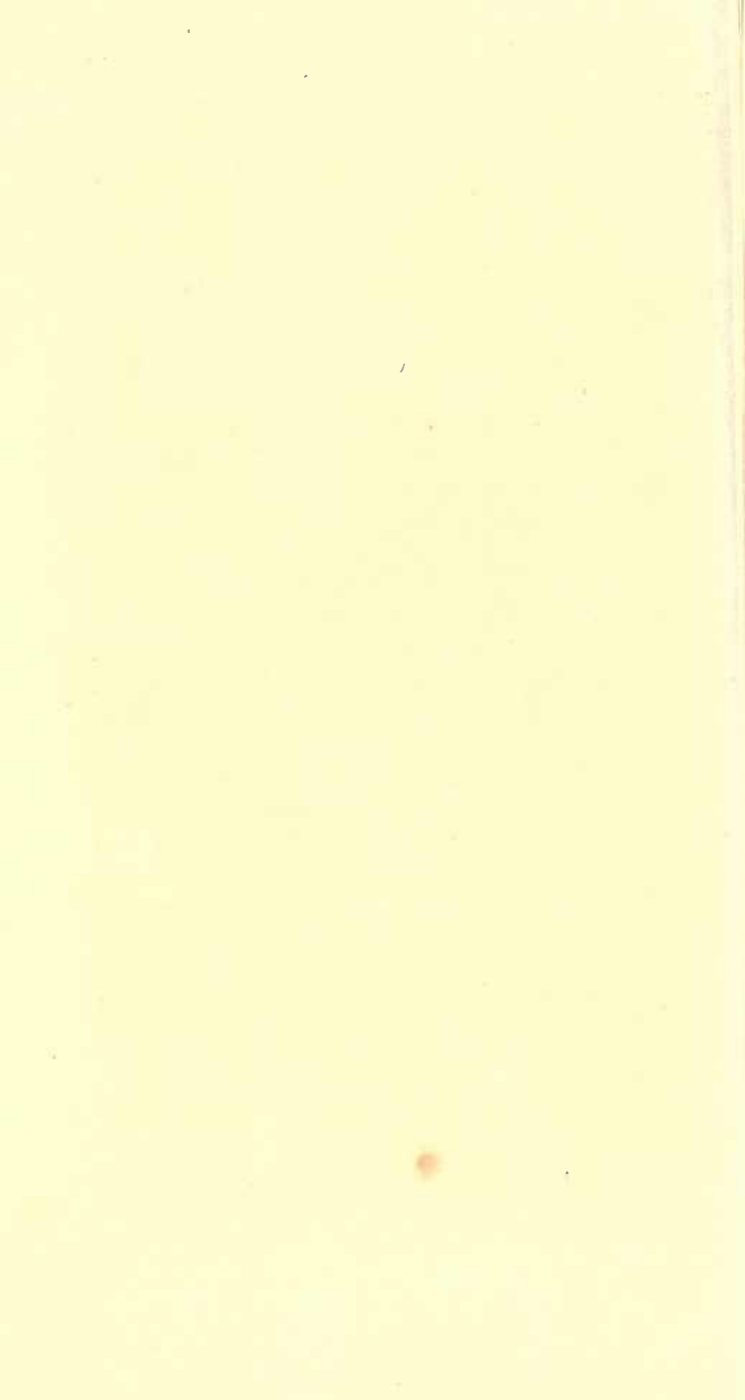
Candid, as he was returning home, made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. This good old man, said Pangloss and Martin, appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is very dangerous, 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; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity: I need not tell you what was the fate of Cræsus, Aftyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry VI.

Richard

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, said 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 through the body; and had you not lost all your sheep, which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts. Excellently observed, answered Candid; but let us take care of our garden.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



CANDID:

OR, THE

OPTIMIST.

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, 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.

CANDID;

OR, THE

OPTIMIST.

PART II.

CHAP. 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 but transient joys ; 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 enjoying that portion of possible happiness ; but living obscure in a little corner of the Propontis, having no other resource than that of my own manual labour, which may one day fail me ; no other pleasures than what Mrs Cunegund gives me, who is very
- ugly ;

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 Giroflee, 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 Pacquette 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

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

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 Denis-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 Dutch-woman's zeal; be half drowned again before Lisbon; be unmercifully whipped again by order of the most holy inquisition; 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 *plenium*, 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, though 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 El Dorado.

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

Half dead with fatigue, having hardly more clothes 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

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. 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 shown 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 clothed, and free from chagrin, soon became again as ruddy, as fresh, and as gay, as he had been at Westphalia. His host, Ismael Raab, was pleased to see this change : he was a man six feet 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 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 ;

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 written 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 well pleased with the man-
ner

ner in which Candid spake of bad physics, bad morals, of agent and actuated. I understand that you are a philosopher, and that's all. But it is 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.

C H A P. III.

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.

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 I 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 fought 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

* 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.

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 cheerfully through 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 favours 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 show 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, through 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 the most distinguished personages of his court. In an instant they stretched out Candid upon a little form finely gilt, and the

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

A note of the translator's.

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 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 the mouth. From whence the politicians conjectured, that Candid would arrive at extraordinary preferment, and what is very uncommon, though 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 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 sphi, and departed for Sus, the capital of his province. From the moment that Candid made his appearance at court, the grandees had conspired his destruction. The excessive favours which the sphi 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

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 remov'd!

He had not gone quite twenty miles from Ispahan, before five hundred horsemen, armed cap-a-pie, 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 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 spoke Candid 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 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 almost the only philosopher who seems desirous to make us hate our neighbours. Luckily Candid had

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 people in my province are in general content, said he, with a charming candour, 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, intituled, *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 Mr Pangloss, Miss Cunegund, the daughter of pope Urban X. with only one buttock, brother Giroflée, and the most luscious Pacquette.

C H A P. VI.

The Pleasures of Candid.

CANDID, in the bitterness of his grief, wrote a very pathetic 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

affected with it, obtained permission of the sopher, 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 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 the 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 thoughts; 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 small 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 intermingled, 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 of 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

thus, 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 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 cymar to show 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 their proportion ; perceives little vermilion protuberances, like those rose buds which only wait the genial rays of the sun to unfold

fold them : he kisses them with rapture, and his lips for some time remained as if glued to the spot.

Our philosopher next admires, for a while, a majestic figure, of a fine and delicate shape. Burning with desire, 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 truly hope so.

The ceiling and walls of this little retreat, were covered with looking-glasses: in the midst was placed a couch of black sattin, 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 Bulgarian freebooters, and a Circassian girl of eighteen, till then a stranger to man. This was the first time of the wife 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
sattin

fattin 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 El Dorado; 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 began 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 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 oftner. 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

this night, 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, darrest thou pretend that God has 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 me to stone blasphemers. As he spoke these words, he fell upon my lover, and with repeated blows laid him dead on 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 hastest 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 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 last, continued she, I fled from my father's habitation; and not daring to trust myself to any body, I flung myself into the thickest

part of the woods, where I was three days without food, and should have died, had it not been for a tyger I had the happiness to please, and which was willing to share with me the prey he caught. But I had many horrors to encounter from this formidable beast; and the brute was very near depriving me of the flower, which you, my lord, have plucked from me, with so much pain and pleasure. Bad food gave me the scurvy. Scarcely was I cured, before I followed a merchant of slaves, who was going to Teflis; the plague was there then, and I took it. These various misfortunes did not absolutely affect my features, nor hinder the sophi's purveyor from buying me for your use. I have languished in tears these three months, that I have been among the number of your women. My companions and I imagined ourselves to be the objects of your contempt; and if you knew, my lord, how disagreeable eunuchs are, and how little adapted for comforting young girls who are despised—In short, I am not yet eighteen years of age; and of these I have spent twelve in a frightful cavern; undergone an earthquake; been covered with the blood of the first lovely man I had hitherto seen; endured, for the space of four years, the most cruel tortures, and have had the scurvy, and the plague. Consumed with desires, amidst a crew of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I have saved from the fury of an aukward 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

are at an end, as well as mine. Every thing 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 colics. 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 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 burdensome 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,

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, mylord, 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 ingenuoufness, said, Are you happy, Mr Abbé? A fine question, replied the abbé; the little deceit which I 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 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 like not 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

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, answered 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 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

* *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.*

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 cotten. The abbé promised all that Candid required, and they parted very 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 sopher, 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

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 impaled. Candid, by virtue of his free will, kissed the abbé's feet. They put on him 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 sopher's whiskers! irreverently of the imperial whiskers!

What did the officious monk, while 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. It is 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 authoris'd 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 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 oppos'd 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

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 befel 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 so 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 Chufistan happy, to 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, said 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,

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. While 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 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

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 entirely 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, dar'st 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 headlong 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 incapable of tasting tranquillity 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

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 More-ri'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 merchandise, 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 away 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 is,
answers

answers the little thing, 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 refushest 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 deservest 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?

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 a few pieces of money about him, which the Armenian had made him a present of; and this sum, though inconsiderable, he hoped would carry him to the end of his journey. Hope rendered his misery supportable

able 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. Mightily 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? say 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, it is only the better to confirm ourselves in our opinions, and we all think the same. We search for truth in Newton's tract, because we are persuaded that Newton is a great man—And Des Cartes too, and Leibnitz and Pangloss 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 do 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

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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.

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 reflection, which would offer 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

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 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 of their souls and origin; their features, though 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. It is 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 ate of it with pleasure: I rejoiced to have found the means of quenching the thirst with which they were tormented.—Unhappy wretch! it was 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; mayst 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 of marriage, without ever experiencing its bitterness; an unimpaired health, the fruit of temperance

temperance and tranquillity of mind, mild and simple manners; a fund of inexhaustible 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, it is 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 El Dorado, 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 harrangue 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. 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

tempted our virtue by methods the most unworthy of a man of honour; and we were obliged to expose 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 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 calamitous sorrows, the most grievous maladies, and an innumerable tribe of miseries that afflict the human race. Poison grows by the side of the salutarious 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 showing 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 tranquillity 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 to conceal his passion from himself : his looks, however, too plainly evinced the feelings of his heart. Alas ! would he of-

ten 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 a 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 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,

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 choristers 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 Zenoida; you seem to be running to lengths that may, perhaps, offend my delicacy, which you 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 these 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 El Dorado 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 person 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 shown me all the folly of my conduct. Alas! dear idol of my soul, I am not deserving of the goodness you show towards me. Cunegund is still living——Cunegund! who is that? She 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 grow short; his soul flew to his lips, and fixing his mouth 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 have given myself. 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 through 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

sity of loving. They determined never to quit that dreadful solitude, but fate was not yet weary of persecuting them, as we shall see in the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. 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 with 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

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 the capital, to my house, and the company of your family. Yes, Sir, replied Zenaida, 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

if you have sufficient sagacity for it: think, that a man like me degrades himself in speaking to a wretch such a 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 surprise that Zenoida felt when she recognized 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 connection was no longer a mystery, but to the short-sighted eyes of Wolhall; all the domestics
knew

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 Wolhall'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 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 leadest, thy love for thy master's niece, and thy contempt for me. Alas! it is now three months since I quitted the seraglio, because I was there good for nothing farther. A merchant has bought me to mend his linen, he takes me along with him when he makes a voyage to this country; Martin, Cacambo, and Pacquette, whom he has also bought, are with me; Dr Pangloss, through the greatest chance in the world, was 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 fine 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 Camambo 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 authorises, 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 obtain an order for thee to be clapt into a dungeon, there to perish. Fly, my ever-dear lover; preserve a life which thou canst not pass any longer near me. Those happy moments 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 thou, my dear lover, shalt live eternally within my heart—thou hast never thou roughly understood how much I loved thee.— Canst thou receive upon my enflamed lips my last adieu! I find myself ready to join my unhappy
“ father

“ 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 Copenhagen 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, it is she who has served you this scurvy trick ; it is she who, after having learned from your fellow-servants that your love for Zenoida was as great as 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. A most noble thought !

replied Cacambo; but the philosopher ought not to take any resolution but upon reflection: 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 gazeteer 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 Elsinour, 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 envelopes his manner of operating upon us. It is perhaps man who precipitates himself into the abyss of misfortunes under which he groans. Of a frugiverous 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 on acorns and herbs, are, without doubt, still more happy. Society has given birth to the greatest crimes. There
are

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 on every countenance; it was a scene worthy the pencil of Vataou. 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 no inclination to cut capers. Moreover, I am to kill myself to-morrow morning; and 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

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 bubbles? 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 take one 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 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; 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

asses of surgeons, who are so dangerous to mankind. I will never suffer that thou shouldst give out thy self 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 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 perhaps the only one which you can take, to elude the enquiries of 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 hectic, phthisicky

phthisicky, asthmatic, and ~~pored 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 Pessim—Do not 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 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 reflection 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 El Dorado, where it is impossible for any one to go.

C H A P. XIX.

New discoveries.

CANDID was not quite 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 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 El Dorado. 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 blessed such pure intentions, by giving him, as well as Cacambo, the enjoyment of health. They 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

by a man, whom Candid knew to be baron Thunder-ten-tronckh. One may easily imagine what must have been his surprize. The baron, who saw him, address'd 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 sail'd from thence in a vessel, which was ship-wrecked on the coasts of Denmark; I disguis'd myself. I took letters of recommendation to Danish merchants, who have correspondence with the society: and, in fine, I found 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 contortions; be persuad'd, 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 do 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, my dear spouse, 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

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 you not formerly been a servant to lord Wolhall? Sir, upon my word, answered Candid, quite disconcerted, I know 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 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 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 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.

largement 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 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 connection 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

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 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 tranquillity as it is possible to do. Cacambo was their common friend; and Candid said often, All is not so well as in El Dorado; but all does not go so badly.

END OF CANDID.

THE
H U R O N;
OR,
PUPIL OF NATURE.

Vol. II.

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THE
H U R O N;

OR,

PUPIL OF NATURE.

C H A P. I.

ONE day, Saint Dunstan, an Irishman by nation, and a saint by trade, left Ireland on a small mountain, which took its route towards the coast of France, and set his faintship down in the bay of St Malo's: when he had dismounted, he gave his blessing to the mountain, which, after some profound bows, took its leave, and returned to its former place.

Here St Dunstan laid the foundation of a small priory, and gave it the name of the Priory Mountain, which it still keeps, as every body knows.

In the year 1689, the fifteenth day of July, in the evening, the abbot Kerkabon, prior of our Lady

of the Mountain. happened to take the air along the shore with Miss Kerkabon his sister : the prior, who was a little declined in age, was a very good clergyman, beloved by his neighbours, after having been so formerly by their wives. What added most to the respect that was paid him, was, that among all his clerical neighbours, he was the only one that could walk to his bed after supper : he was tolerably read in theology ; and when he was tired of reading St Augustin, he refreshed himself with Rabelais ; so all the world spoke well of him.

Miss Kerkabon, who had never been married, notwithstanding her hearty wishes so to be, had preserved a freshness of complexion in her forty-fifth year : her character was that of a good and sensible woman : she was fond of pleasure, and was a devotee.

As they were walking, the prior, looking on the sea, said to his sister, “ It was here, alas ! that our poor brother embarked with our dear sister-in-law, Madam Kerkabon, his wife, on board the Swallow frigate, in 1669, to serve the king in Canada : had he not been killed, probably we might see him again.”

“ Do you believe,” says Miss Kerkabon, “ that our sister-in-law has been eaten by the Cherokees, as we have been told ? ” “ Certain it is, had she not been eaten, she would have come back ; I shall weep for her all my life-time : she was a charming woman ; and our brother, who had a great deal of wit, would no doubt have made a fortune.”

Thus were they going on with mutual tenderness, when they beheld a small vessel enter the bay of Rence with the tide : it was from England, and came to sell provisions : the crew leaped on shore
without

without looking at the prior, or Miss his sister, who were shocked at the little attention shewn them.

That was not the behaviour of a well-made youth, who, darting himself over the heads of his companions, stood on a sudden before Miss Kerkabon. Being unaccustomed to bowing, he made her a sign with his head. His figure and his dress attracted the notice of brother and sister: his head was uncovered, and his legs bare; instead of shoes, he wore a kind of sandals: from his head his long hair flowed in tresses; a small close doublet displayed the beauty of his shape; he had a sweet and martial air; in one hand he held a small bottle of Barbadoes water, and in the other a bag, in which he had a goblet, and some sea-biscuit: he spoke French very intelligibly: he offered some of his Barbadoes to Miss Kerkabon and her brother: he drank with them, he made them drink a second time, and all this with an air of such native simplicity, that quite charmed brother and sister. They offered him their service, and asked him who he was, and whither going? The young man answered, "That he knew not where he should go; that he had some curiosity; that he had a desire to see the coast of France; that he had seen it, and should return."

The prior, judging by his accent that he was not an Englishman, took the liberty of asking of what country he was. "I am a Huron," answered the youth.

Miss Kerkabon, amazed and enchanted to see a Huron who had behaved so politely to her, begged the young man's company to supper: he complied immediately, and all three went together to the priory of our Lady of the Mountain. This short and round Miss devoured him with her little eyes, and said from time to time to her brother, "This tall

tall lad has a complexion of lilies and roses; what a fine skin he has for a Huron!" "Very true, sister," says the prior." She put a hundred questions, one after another, and the traveller answered always pertinently.

The report was soon spread that there was a Huron at the priory: all the genteel company of the country came to supper. The abbot of St Yves came with Miss his sister, a fine, handsome, well-educated girl: the bailiff, the tax-gatherer, and their wives, came all together. The foreigner was seated between Miss Kerkabon and Miss St Yves; the company eyed him with admiration; they all questioned him together. This did not confound the Huron; he seemed to have taken lord Bolingbroke's motto, *Nil admirari*; but at last tired out with so much noise, he told them in a sweet, but serious tone, "Gentlemen, in my country one talks after another; how can I answer you, if you will not allow me to hear you?" Reasoning always brings people to a momentary reflection; they were all silent. Mr Bailiff, who always made a property of a foreigner wherever he found him, and who was the first man for asking questions in the province, opening a mouth of half a foot, began: "Sir, what is your name?" "I have always been called the *Ingenü*, answered the Huron; and the English have confirmed that name, because I always speak as I think, and act as I like." "But being born a Huron, how could you come to England?" I have been carried thither; I was made prisoner by the English after some resistance, and the English, who love brave people, because they are brave and as honest as we, proposed to me, either to return to my family, or go with them to England. I accepted the latter, having naturally a relish for travelling."

ling." "But, Sir, says the bailiff with his usual gravity, how could you think of abandoning father and mother?" "Because I never knew either father or mother," says the foreigner. This moved the company; they all repeated, "Neither *father* nor *mother*!" "We will be in their stead," says the mistress of the house to her brother the prior: how interesting this Huron gentleman is!" The Ingenu thanked her with a noble and proud cordiality, and gave her to understand, that he wanted the assistance of nobody.

"I perceive, Mr Huron," said the huge bailiff, "that you talk better French than can be expected from an Indian." "A Frenchman," answered he, "whom they had made prisoner when I was a boy, and with whom I contracted a great friendship, taught it me. I presently learn what I like to learn. When I came to Plymouth, I met with one of your French refugees, whom you, I know not why, call Huguenots: he improved my knowledge of your language; and as soon as I could express myself intelligibly, I came to see your country, because I like the French well enough, if they do not put too many questions."

Notwithstanding this small advertisement, the abbé of St Yves asked him, which of the three languages pleased him best, the Huron, English, or French? "The Huron, to be sure," answered the Ingenu. "Is it possible," cries Miss Kerkabon? "I always thought the French was the first of all languages, after that of Low-Brittanny."

Then all were eager to know how, in Huron, they asked for snuff? He replied, "*Taya*." "What signifies to eat?" "*Essenten*." Miss Kerkabon was impatient to know how they called "to make love?" He informed her, *Trovander*; and

and insisted on it, not without reason, that these words were well worth their synonyms in French and English. *Trocander*, especially, seemed very pretty to all the company. The prior, who had, in his library, a Huron grammar, which had been given by the rev. father Sagar Theodat, a Recollect and famous missionary, rose from the table to consult it : he returned quite panting with tenderness and joy ; he acknowledged the foreigner for a true Huron : the company speculated a little on the multiplicity of languages ; and all agreed, that had it not been for the affair of the Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken French.

The inquisitive-bailiff, who till then had some suspicions of the foreigner, conceived the deepest respect for him ; he spoke to him with more civility than before, and the Huron took no notice of it.

Miss St Yves was very curious to know how people made love among the Hurons. “ In performing great actions to please such as resemble you.” All the company admired and applauded, Miss St Yves blushed, and was extremely well pleased. Miss Kerkabon blushed likewise, but was not so well pleased ; she was a little piqued that this gallantry was not addressed to her ; but she was so good-natured, that her affection for the Huron was not diminished at all. She asked him, with great complacency, how many mistresses he had at home ? “ Only one,” answered the foreigner ; “ Miss Abacaba, the good friend of my dear nurse. The reed is not more straight, ermine is not more white, no lamb meeker, no eagle fiercer, nor a flag swifter, than was my Abacaba. One day she pursued a hare not above fifty leagues from my habitation : a base Algonquin, who dwells an hundred leagues farther,

farther, took her hare from her. I was told of it; I ran thither, and with one stroke of my club levelled him with the ground. I brought him to the feet of my mistress bound hand and foot. Abacaba's parents were for eating him, but I always had a disrelish for such kind of dishes; I set him at liberty, I made him my friend. Abacaba was so pleased with my conduct, that she preferred me to all her lovers: how would she continue to love me, had she not been devoured by a bear! I slew the bear, and wore his hide a long while; but that has not comforted me."

Miss St Yves felt a secret pleasure at hearing that Abacaba had been his only mistress, and that she was no more; yet she understood not the cause of her own pleasure. All eyes were rivetted on the Huron, and he was much applauded for delivering an Algonquin from the spits of his countrymen.

The merciless bailiff was now grown so furious, that he even asked the Huron what religion he was of; whether he had chosen the English, the French, or that of the Huguenots? "I am of my own religion," said he, "just as you are of yours." "Lord!" cried Miss Kerkabon, "I see already that those wretched English have not once thought of baptizing him!" "Good God," said Miss St Yves, "how is it possible! how is it possible the Hurons should not be Roman Catholics! Have not those reverend fathers the Jesuits converted all the world?" The Huron assured her, "that in his country nobody was converted, that no true American had ever changed his opinion, and that there was not in their language a word to express inconstancy."

These last words extremely pleased Miss St Yves. "Oh! we'll baptize him, we'll baptize him," said Miss Kerkabon to the Prior; "you shall have that honour, my dear brother, and I will be his god-mother; the Abbot St Yves shall present him at the font; it will make a fine appearance; it will be talked of all over Britany, and do us the greatest honour." The company were all of the same mind with the mistress of the house; they all cried, "We'll baptize him." The Huron interrupted them, by saying, "that in England every one was allowed to live as he pleased." He rather shewed some aversion to the proposal which was made, and could not help telling them; that the laws of the Hurons were to the full as good as those of Low-Britany:" he finished with saying, "that he should return the next day." The bottles grew empty, and the company went to bed.

After the Huron had been conducted to his room, Miss Kerkabon and her friend Miss St Yves could not help peeping through the key-hole, to see how a Huron went to bed: they saw that he spread the blankets on the floor, and laid himself down upon them in the finest attitude in the world.

C H A P. II.

The Huron, called the Ingenu, acknowledged by his relations.

THE Ingenu, according to custom, awoke with the sun, at the crowing of the cock, which is called in England and Huronia, "the trumpet of
of

of the day." He did not imitate what is styled good company, who languish in the bed of indolence till the sun has performed half his career, unable to sleep, but not disposed to rise, and lose so many precious hours in that doubtful state, between life and death, and who nevertheless complain that life is too short.

He had already traversed two or three leagues, and killed fifteen brace of game, with ball only, when, upon his return, he found the prior of our Lady of the Mountain, with his discreet sister, walking in their night-caps in their little garden. He presented them with the spoils of his morning labour, and taking from his bosom a kind of little talisman, which he constantly wore about his neck, he intreated them to accept of it as an acknowledgement for the kind reception they had given him: "It is, said he, the most valuable thing I am possessed of: I have been assured that I shall always be happy whilst I carry this little toy about me; and I give it you that you may be always happy."

The prior and Miss smiled with pity at the frankness of the Ingenu. This present consisted of two little portraits very ill done, tied together with a greasy string.

Miss Kerkabon asked him, if there were any painters in Huronia? "No, replied the Ingenu, I had this curiosity from my nurse; her husband had obtained it by conquest, in stripping some of the French of Canada, who had made war upon us; this is all I know of the matter."

The prior looked attentively upon these pictures, whilst he changed colour, his hands trembled, and he seemed much affected: "By our Lady of the mountain," he cried out, "I believe these to be

the faces of the captain my brother, and his lady." Miss, after having consulted them with the like emotion, thought the same. They were both struck with astonishment and joy blended with grief: they both melted, they both wept, their hearts throbb'd, and during their disorder, the pictures were interchanged between them at least twenty times in a second. They seem'd to devour the Huron's pictures with their eyes; they asked one after another, and even both at once, at what time, in what place, and how these miniatures fell into the hands of the nurse? they reckon'd and computed the time from the captain's departure; they recollected having received advice, that he had penetrated as far as the country of the Hurons; and from that time they had never heard any thing more of him.

The Huron had told them, that he had never known either father or mother. The Prior, who was a man of sense, observ'd, "that he had a little beard, and he knew very well that the Hurons never had any. His chin was somewhat hairy; he was therefore the son of an European. My brother and sister-in-law were never seen after the expedition against the Hurons, in 1669. My nephew must then have been sucking at the breast; the Huron nurse has preserv'd his life, and been a mother to him." At length, after an hundred questions and answers, the prior and his sister concluded that the Huron was their own nephew. They embrac'd him, whilst tears stream'd from their eyes: and the Huron laugh'd to think, that an Indian should be nephew to a prior of Lower Britany.

All the company went down stairs. Mr de St Yves, who was a great physiognomist, compar'd the two pictures with the Huron's countenance: they observ'd very skilfully, that he had the mother's

ther's eyes, the forehead and nose of the late Captain Kerkabon, and the cheeks common to both.

Miss St Yves, who had never seen either father or mother, was strenuously of opinion, that the young man had a perfect resemblance of them. They all admired providence and the concatenation of events of this world. In a word, they were so persuaded, so convinced of the birth of the Huron, that he himself consented to be the prior's nephew, saying, "that he would as soon have him for his uncle as another."

He went to return thanks in the church of our Lady of the Mountain; whilst the Huron, with an air of indifference, amused himself with drinking in the house.

The English who had brought him over, and who were ready to set sail, came to tell him that it was time to depart. "Probably, said he to them, you have not met with any of your uncles or aunts; I shall stay here, go you back to Plymouth. I give you all my cloaths, as I have no longer occasion for any thing in this world, since I am the nephew of a prior." The English set sail, without being at all concerned whether the Huron had any relations or not in Lower Brittany.

After the uncles, the aunt, and the company had sung *Te Deum*; after the bailiff had once more overwhelmed the Huron with questions; after they had exhausted all their astonishment, joy, and tenderness, the Prior of the Mountain and the Abbé of St Yves, concluded, that the Huron should be baptized with all possible expedition. But the case was very different with a tall robust Indian of twenty-two, and an infant who is regenerated without his knowing any thing of the matter. It was necessary

cessary to instruct him, and this appeared difficult; for the Abbé of St Yves supposed, that a man, who was not born in France, could not be endued with common sense.

The prior indeed observed to the company, “that though, in fact, the ingenious gentleman his nephew was not so fortunate as to be born in Lower Britany, he was not, upon that account, any way deficient in sense; which might be concluded from all his answers; and that, doubtless, nature had greatly favoured him, as well on his father as on his mother’s side.”

He then was asked, if he had ever read any book? He said, “he had read Rabelais translated into English, and some passages in Shakespeare, which he knew by heart; that these books belonged to the Captain, on board of whose ship he came from America to Plymouth; and that he was very well pleased with them.” The bailiff failed not putting many questions to him concerning these books. “I acknowledge,” said the Huron, “I thought I understood some things, but not the whole.”

The Abbé of St Yves reflected upon this discourse, that it was in this manner he had always read, and that most men read no other way. “You have,” said he to the Huron, “doubtless read the Bible.” “Never, Mr Abbé: it was not among the Captain’s books; I never heard it mentioned.” “This is the way of those cursed English,” said Miss Kerkabon; “they mind more a piece of Shakespeare’s, a plumb-pudding, or a bottle of rum, than they do the Pentateuch. For this reason they have never converted any Indians in America. They are certainly cursed by God; and we shall conquer Jamaica and Virginia from them in a very short time.”

Be this as it may, the most skilful tailor in all St Malo was sent for, to dress the Huron from head to foot. The company separated, and the bailiff went elsewhere to display his inquisitiveness. Miss St Yves, in parting, returned several times to observe the young stranger, and made him lower courtesies than ever she did any one in her life.

The bailiff, before he took his leave, presented to Miss Yves a stupid dolt of a son, just come from the college; but she scarce looked at him, so much was she taken up with the politeness of the Huron.

C H A P. III.

The Huron converted.

THE prior finding that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that God had sent him a nephew for his consolation, took it into his head that he would resign his benefice in his favour, if he succeeded in baptizing him, and of making him enter into orders.

The Huron had an excellent memory. The firmness of the organs of Lower Britany, strengthened by the climate of Canada, had made his head so vigorous, that when he was struck upon it, he scarce felt it; and when any thing was graven in it, nothing could efface it; nothing had ever escaped his memory. His conception was the more sure and lively, by reason that his infancy not having been loaded with useles fooleries, which overwhelm

whelms ours, things entered into his head without being clouded. The Prior at length resolved to make him read the New Testament; the Huron devoured it with great pleasure; but not knowing at what time, or in what country, all the adventures related in this book had happened, he did not in the least doubt that the scene of action had been in Lower Britany; and he swore, that he would cut off Caiphas and Pontius Pilate's ears, if ever he met those scoundrels.

His uncle, charmed with these good dispositions, soon brought him to the point; he applauded his zeal, but, at the same time, acquainted him, that it was needless, as these people had been dead upwards of 1690 years. The Huron soon got the whole book by heart. He sometimes proposed difficulties that greatly embarrassed the Prior. He was often obliged to consult the Abbé St Yves, who not knowing what to answer, brought a Jesuit of Lower Britany to perfect the conversion of the Huron.

Grace, at length, operated; and the Huron promised to become a Christian. He did not doubt but that the first step towards it was circumcision: "for," said he, "I do not find in the book that was put into my hands a single person who was not circumcised; it is therefore evident, that I must make a sacrifice of my prepuce, and the sooner the better." He sent for the surgeon of the village, and desired him to perform the operation, thinking thereby greatly to rejoice Miss Kerkabon, and all the company, when the thing was once done. The surgeon, who had never performed such an operation, acquainted the family, who screamed out. The good Kerkabon trembled lest her nephew, whom she knew to be resolute and expeditious,

expeditious, should perform the operation unskillfully himself; and that fatal consequences should ensue, in which the ladies, through the goodness of their hearts, are always concerned.

The Prior rectified the Huron's mistake, representing to him, that circumcision was no longer in fashion; that baptism was much more gentle and salutary; that the law of grace was not like the law of rigour. The Huron, who had much good sense, and was well disposed, disputed, but soon acknowledged his error, which seldom happens in Europe among disputants; in a word, he promised to let himself be baptised whenever they pleased.

It was necessary that he should go previously to confession; and this was the greatest difficulty to surmount. The Huron had constantly in his pocket the book his uncle gave him. He did not there find that a single Apostle had ever been confessed, and this made him very restive. The Prior silenced him, by shewing him, in the epistle of St. James the Minor, these words: *Confess your sins to one another.* The Huron was mute, and confessed his sins to a Recollet. When he had done, he dragged the Recollet from the confessional chair, and seizing him with a vigorous arm, placed himself in his seat, making the Recollet kneel before him; "Come, my friend, it is said, *we must confess our sins to one another*; I have related to you my sins, and you shall not stir till you recount yours." Whilst he said this, he fixed his great knee against his adversary's stomach. The Recollet roared and groaned, till he made the Church re-echo. The noise brought people to his assistance, who found the Catechumen cuffing the Monk in the name of St James the Minor. The joy diffused at the baptizing at once a Low-Breton, a

Huron, and an Englishman, surmounted all these singularities. There were even some theologians of opinion, that confession was not necessary, as baptism supplied the place of every thing.

The Bishop of St Malo was chosen for the ceremony, who flattered, as may be believed, at baptizing a Huron, arrived in a pompous equipage, followed by his clergy. Miss St Yves put on her best gown to bless God, and sent for a hair-dresser from St Malo's, to shine at the ceremony. The inquisitive bailiff brought the whole country with him. The Church was magnificently ornamented. But when the Huron was summoned to attend the baptismal font, he was not to be found.

His uncle and aunt sought for him every where.—It was imagined he was gone a-hunting, according to his usual custom. Every one convened to the festival, searched the neighbouring woods and villages; but no intelligence could be obtained of the Huron. They began to fear he was returned to England. Some remembered that he had said he was very fond of that country. The Prior and his sister were persuaded that nobody was baptized there, and were troubled for their nephew's soul. The Bishop was confounded, and ready to return home; the Prior and the Abbé of St Yves were in despair; the bailiff interrogated all passengers with his usual gravity; Miss Kerkabon melted into tears; Miss St Yves did not weep, but she vented such deep sighs, as seemed to testify her sacramental disposition. They were walking in this melancholy mood, among the willows and reeds upon the banks of the little river Rence, when they perceived, in the middle of the stream, a large figure, tolerably white, with its two arms across its breast. They
screamed

screamed out, and ran away. But, curiosity being stronger than any other consideration, they slipped softly amongst the reeds; and when they were pretty certain they could not be seen, they were willing to descry what it was.

C H A P. IV.

The Huron baptized.

THE Prior and the Abbé having run to the river side, they asked the Huron what he was doing? "In faith, said he, gentlemen, I am waiting to be baptized. I have been an hour in the water up to my neck, and I do not think it is civil to let me be quite spent." "My dear nephew," said the Prior to him tenderly, "this is not the way of being baptized in Lower Britany; put on your cloathes, and come with us." Miss St Yves, listening to the discourse, said in a whisper to her companion, "Miss, do you think he will put his cloathes on in such a hurry?"

The Huron, however, replied to the Prior, "You will not make me believe now, as you did before; I have studied very well since, and I am very certain there is no other kind of baptism. The eunuch of Queen Candace was baptized in a rivulet. I defy you to shew me, in the book you gave me, that people were ever baptized in any other way. I either will not be baptized at all, or the ceremony shall be performed in the river." It was in vain to remonstrate to him that customs

were altered. He always recurred to the eunuch of Queen Candace. And though Miss and his aunt, who had observed him through the willows, were authorised to tell him, that he had no right to quote such a man; they, nevertheless, said nothing;—so great was their discretion. The bishop came himself to speak to him, which was a great thing; but he could not prevail; the Huron disputed with the bishop.

“Shew me,” said he, “in the book my uncle gave me, one single man that was not baptised in a river, and I will do whatever you please.

His aunt, in despair, had observed, that the first time her nephew bowed, he made a much lower bow to Miss St Yves, than to any one in the company; that he had not even saluted the bishop with so much respect, blended with cordiality, as he did that agreeable young lady. She thought it adviseable, to apply to her in this great embarrassment; she intreated her to use her influence to engage the Huron to be baptised according to the custom of Britany, thinking that her nephew could never be a Christian if he persisted in being christened in the stream.

Miss St Yves blushed at the secret joy she felt in being appointed to execute so important a commission. She modestly approached the Huron, and squeezing his hand in quite a noble manner, she said to him, “What, will you do nothing to please me?” and, in uttering these words, she raised her eyes from a downcast look into a graceful tenderness. “Oh! yes, Miss, every thing you require, all that you command, whether it is to be baptised in water, fire, or blood;—there is nothing I can refuse you.” Miss St Yves had the glory of effecting, in two words, what neither the im-

portunities

opportunities of the Prior, the repeated interrogations of the bailiff, nor the reasoning of the bishop, could effect. She was sensible of her triumph; but she was not yet sensible of its utmost latitude.

Baptism was administered, and received with all the decency, magnificence, and propriety possible. His uncle and aunt yielded to the Abbe St Yves and his sister, the favour of supporting the Huron upon the font. Miss St Yves's eyes sparkled with joy at being a god-mother. She was ignorant how much this high title subjected her; she accepted the honour, without being acquainted with its fatal consequences.

As there never was any ceremony that was not followed by a good dinner, the company took their seats at table after the christening. The humourists of Lower Britany said, "they did not chuse to have their wine baptized." The Prior said, "that wine, according to Solomon, cherished the heart of man." The bishop added, "that the Patriarch Judah ought to have tied his ass-colt to the vine, and steeped his cloak in the blood of the grape; and that he was sorry the same could not be done in Lower Britany, to which God had not allotted vines." Every one endeavoured to say a good thing upon the Huron's christening, and strokes of gallantry to the god mother. The bailiff, ever interrogating, asked the Huron, "if he was faithful in keeping his promises?" "How," said he, "can I fail keeping them, since I have deposited them in the hands of Miss St Yves?"

The Huron grew warm; he had drank plentifully his god-mother's health. "If," said he, "I had been baptized with your hand, I feel that the water which was poured on the nape of my neck
would

would have burnt me." The bailiff thought that this was too poetical, being ignorant that allegory is a familiar figure in Canada. But his god-mother was very well pleased.

The Huron had, at his baptism, received the name of Hercules. The Bishop of St Malo frequently enquired, who was this tutelar saint, whom he had never heard mentioned before? The Jesuit, who was very learned, told him, "that he was a saint who had wrought twelve miracles." There was a thirteenth, which was well worth the other twelve, but it was not proper for a Jesuit to mention it: this was the transforming fifty girls into women in one night's time. A wag, who was present, related this miracle very feelingly. The ladies all cast down their eyes, and judged, from the physiognomy of the Huron, that he was worthy of the saint whose name he bore.

CHAP. V.

The Huron in love.

IT must be acknowledged, that from the time of this christening and this dinner, Miss St Yves passionately wished that the bishop would make her again an assistant with Mr Hercules in some other fine ceremony. However, as she was well brought up, and very modest, she did not dare entirely agree with herself in regard to these tender sentiments; but if a look, a word, a gesture, a thought, escaped from her, she concealed it admirably well under

under the veil of modesty. She was tender, lively, and sagacious.

As soon as the bishop was gone, the Huron and Miss St Yves met together, without thinking they were in search of one another. They spoke together, without premeditating what they said. The sincere youth immediately declared, "that he loved her with all his heart; and that the beautiful Abacaba, with whom he had been desperately in love in his own country, was far inferior to her." Miss replied, with her usual modesty, "that the Prior her uncle, and the lady her aunt, should be spoken to immediately; and that, on her side, she would say a few words to her dear brother the Abbé of St Yves, and that she flattered herself it would meet with no opposition.

The youth replied, "That the consent of any one was entirely superfluous, that it appeared to him extremely ridiculous to go and ask others what they were to do; that when two parties were agreed, there was no occasion for a third, to accomplish their union. I never consult any one, said he, when I have a mind to breakfast, to hunt, or to sleep: I am sensible, that in love it is not amiss to have the consent of the person whom we wish for; but as I am neither in love with my uncle nor my aunt, I have no occasion to address myself to them in this affair; and if you will believe me, you may equally dispense with the advice of the Abbé of St Yves."

It may be supposed that the young lady exerted all the delicacy of her wit, to bring her Huron to the terms of good breeding. She was even angry, but soon softened. In a word, it cannot be said how this conversation would have ended, if the declining day had not brought the Abbé to conduct

duct his sister home. The Huron left his uncle and aunt to rest, being somewhat fatigued with the ceremony, and their long dinner. He passed part of the night in writing verses in the Huron language, upon his well-beloved; for it should be known, there is no country where love has not rendered lovers poets.

The next day his uncle spoke to him in the following manner, after breakfast, in the presence of Miss Kerkabon, who was quite melted at the discourse: "Heaven be praised, that you have the honour, my dear nephew, to be a Christian of Lower Britany! But this is not enough; I am somewhat advanced in years: my brother has left only a little bit of ground, which is a very small matter; I have a good priory. If you will only make yourself sub-deacon, as I hope you will, I will resign my priory in your favour; and you will live quite at your ease, after having been the consolation of my old age."

The Huron replied, Uncle, much good may it do you; live as long as you can. I do not know what it is to be a sub-deacon, or what it is to resign; but every thing will be agreeable to me, provided I have Miss St Yves at my disposal." "Good God, nephew! what is it you say? You love that beautiful young lady to distraction!" "Yes, uncle." "Alas! nephew, it is impossible you should ever marry her." "It is very possible, uncle; for she did not only squeeze my hand when she left me, but she promised she would ask me in marriage: I certainly shall wed her." It is impossible, I tell you, she is your god-mother: it is a dreadful sin for a god-mother to give her hand to her god-son; it is contrary to all laws, human and divine." "Why the deuce, uncle, should it be

be forbidden to marry one's godmother, when she is young and handsome? I did not find, in the book you gave, that it was wrong to marry young women who assisted at christenings. I perceive, every day, that an infinite number of things are done here which are not in your book, and nothing is done that is said in it. I must acknowledge to you, that this astonishes and displeases me. If I am deprived of the charming Miss St Yves on account of my baptism, I give you notice, that I will run away with her and unbaptize myself."

The prior was confounded; his sister wept. "My dear brother," said she, "our nephew must not damn himself; our holy father the Pope can give him a dispensation, and then he may be happy, in a christian-like manner, with the person he likes." The ingenuous Hercules embraced his aunt: "For goodness sake," said he, "who is this charming man, who is so gracious as to promote the amours of girls and boys? I will go and speak to him this instant."

The dignity and character of the Pope was explained to him, and the Huron was still more astonished than before. "My dear uncle," said he, "there is not a word of all this in your book; I have travelled, and am acquainted with the sea; we are now upon the coast of the ocean, and I must leave Miss St Yves, to go and ask leave to have her of a man who lives towards the Mediterranean, 400 leagues from hence, and whose language I do not understand! This is most incomprehensibly ridiculous! But I will go first to the Abbé of St Yves, who lives only a league from hence; and I promise you I will wed my mistress before night."

Whilst he was yet speaking, the bailiff entered, and, according to his usual custom, asked him where he was going? "I am going to be married," replied the ingenuous Hercules, running along; and in less than a quarter of an hour he was with his charming dear mistress, who was still asleep. "Ah! my dear brother," said Miss Kerabon to the prior, "you will never make a sub-deacon of our nephew."

The bailiff was very much displeas'd at this journey; for he laid claim to Miss Yves in favour of his son, who was a still greater and more insupportable fool than his father.

C H A P. VI.

The Huron flies to his Mistress, and becomes quite furious.

NO sooner had the ingenuous Hercules reached the house, than having asked his old servant, which was his mistress's apartment; he forced open the door, which was badly fastened, and flew towards the bed. Miss St Yves, startled out of her sleep, cried, "Ah! what, is it you! Stop, what are you about?" He answered, "I am going to marry;" and he would have actually consummated the nuptials, if she had not oppos'd him with all the decency of a young lady so well educated.

The Huron did not understand raillery, he found all these evasions extremely impertinent. "Miss Abacaba, my first mistress, did not behave in this manner; you have no honesty; you promise

mised me marriage, and you will not marry; this is being deficient in the first laws of honour; I will teach you to keep your word, and I will replace you in the path of virtue."

He possessed an intrepid masculine virtue, worthy of his patron Hercules, whose name was given him at his christening; and he was going to practise it in all its latitude, when the alarming outcries of the lady, more discreetly virtuous, brought the sagacious Abbé de St Yves with his house-keeper, an old devotee servant, and the parish priest. The sight of these moderated the courage of the assailant. "Good God!" cried the Abbé, "my dear neighbour, what are you about?" "My duty," replied the young man; "I am fulfilling my promises, which are sacred."

Miss St Yves adjusted herself, not without blushing. The lover was conducted into another apartment. The Abbé remonstrated to him the enormity of his conduct. The Huron defended himself upon the privileges of the law of nature, which he understood perfectly well. The Abbé maintained, that the law positive should be allowed all its advantages; and that without conventions agreed on between men, the law of nature must almost constantly be nothing more than natural felony. Notaries, priests, witnesses, contracts, and dispensations, are absolutely necessary." The ingenious Hercules made answer with the observation constantly adopted by savages; "You are then very great rogues, since so many precautions are necessary."

This remark somewhat disconcerted the Abbé. "There are, I acknowledge, libertines and cheats among us, and there would be as many among the Hurons, if they were united in a great city: but,

at the same time, we have discreet, honest, enlightened people; and these are the men who have framed the laws. The more upright we are, the more readily we should submit to them, as we thereby set an example to the vicious, who respect those bounds which virtue has given herself."

This answer struck the Huron. It has already been observed, that his mind was well disposed. He was softened by flattering speeches, which promised him hopes; all the world is caught in these snares; and Miss St Yves herself appeared, after having been at her toilet. Every thing was now conducted with the utmost good breeding. But notwithstanding this decorum, the sparkling eyes of the ingenuous Hercules constantly made his mistress blush, and the company tremble.

It was with much difficulty he was sent back to his relations. It was again necessary for the charming Miss St Yves to interfere; the more she found the influence she had upon him, the more she loved him. She made him depart, and was much afflicted at it: at length, when he was gone, the Abbé, who was not only Miss St Yves's elder brother by many years, but was also her guardian, endeavoured to wean his ward from the importunities of this dreadful lover. He went to consult the bailiff, who had always intended his son for the Abbé's sister, and who advised him to place the poor girl in a convent. This was a terrible stroke: such a measure would, to a young lady unaffected with any particular passion, have been inexpressible punishment; but to a love-sick maid, equally sagacious and tender, it was despair itself.

When the ingenuous Hercules returned to the Prior's, he related all that had happened with his usual frankness. He met with the same remon-
strances,

frances, which had some effect upon his mind, though none upon his senses; but the next day, when he wanted to return to his mistress, in order to reason with her upon the law of nature and the law of convention, the bailiff acquainted him, with insulting joy, that she was in a convent. "Very well," said he, "I'll go and reason with her in this convent." "That cannot be," said the bailiff: and then entered into a long explanation of the nature of a convent, telling him that this word was derived from *conventus*, in the Latin, which signifies "an assembly;" and the Huron could not comprehend, why he might not be admitted into this assembly. As soon as he was informed that this assembly was a kind of prison, in which girls were shut up, a shocking institution, unknown in Huronia and England; he became as furious as was his patron Hercules, when Euritus, king of Oechalia, no less cruel than the Abbé of St Yves, refused him the beautiful Iola, his daughter, not inferior in beauty to the Abbé's sister. He was upon the point of going to set fire to the convent, to carry off his mistress, or be burnt with her. Miss Kerkabon, terrified at such a declaration, gave up all hopes of ever seeing her nephew a sub-deacon; and weeping said, "The devil was certainly in him since he had been christened."

C H A P. VII.

The Huron repulses the English.

THE ingenuous Hercules walked towards the sea-coast, wrapped in a deep and gloomy melancholy, with his doubled-charged fusée upon his shoulder,

shoulder, and his cutlas by his side, shooting now and then a bird, and often tempted to shoot himself; but he had still some affection for life, for the sake of his dear mistress; by turns execrating his uncle and aunt, all Lower-Britany, and his christening;—then blessing them, as they had introduced him to the knowledge of her he loved. He resolved upon going to burn the convent, and he stopt short for fear of burning his mistress. The waves of the Channel are not more agitated by the easterly and westerly winds, than was his heart by so many contrary emotions.

He was walking very fast along, without knowing whether he was going, when he heard the beat of a drum. He saw, at a great distance, a vast multitude, part of whom ran towards the coast, and the other part flew from it.

A thousand shrieks re-echoed on every side: curiosity and courage hurried him, that instant, towards the spot where the greatest clamour arose; which he attained in a few leaps. The commander of the militia, who had supped with him at the Prior's, knew him immediately, and he ran to the Huron with open arms:—"Ah! it is the sincere American:—he will fight for us." Upon which the militia, who were almost dead with fear, recovered themselves, crying out with one voice, "It is the Huron, the ingenuous Huron."

"Gentlemen," said he, "what is the matter? Why are you so scared? Have they shut your mistresses up in convents?" Instantly a thousand confused voices cried out, "Do you not see the English, who are landing?" Very well," replied the Huron, "they are a brave people; they never proposed making me a sub-deacon; they never carried off my mistress."

The

The commander made him understand, that they were coming to pillage the Abbey of the Mountain, drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps carry off Miss St Yves; that the little vessel which fet him on shore in Britany was come only to reconnoitre the coast; that they were committing acts of hostility, without having declared war against France; and that the province was entirely exposed to them. "If this be the case," said he, "they violate the law of nature: let me alone; I lived a good while among them; I am acquainted with their language, and I will speak to them; I cannot think they can have so wicked a design."

During this conversation the English fleet approached; the Huron ran towards it, and having jumped into a little boat, soon rowed to the Admiral's ship, and having gone on board, asked, "whether it was true, that they were come to ravage the coast, without having honestly declared war?" The Admiral and all his crew burst out into laughter, made him drink some punch, and sent him back.

The ingenuous Hercules, piqued at this reception, thought now of nothing else but beating his old friends for his countrymen and the Prior. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood ran from all quarters, and joined them: they had some cannon, and he discharged them one after the other. The English landed, and he flew towards them, when he killed three of them with his own hand: he even wounded the Admiral, who had made a joke of him. The whole militia were animated with his prowess; the English returned to their ships, and went on board; and the whole coast re-echoed with the shouts of victory, "Live the king! live the ingenuous Hercules!" Every one ran to
embrace

embrace him; every one strove to stop the bleeding of some slight wounds he had received. "Ah!" said he, "if Miss St Yves were here, she would put on a plaister for me."

The bailiff, who had hid himself in his cellar during the battle, came to pay his compliments like the rest. But he was greatly surpris'd, when he heard the ingenuous Hercules say to a dozen young men, well disposed for his service, who surrounded him, "My friends, having delivered the Abbey of the Mountain is nothing, we must rescue a nymph."

The warm blood of these youths were fired at the expression. He was already followed by crowds, who repaired to the convent. If the bailiff had not immediately acquainted the commandant with their design, and he had not sent a detachment after the joyous troop, the thing would have been done. The Huron was conducted back to his uncle and aunt, who overwhelmed him with tears and tenderness.

"I see very well," said his uncle, "that you will never be either a Subdeacon or a prior; you will be an officer, and one still braver than my brother the Captain, and probably as poor." Miss Kerkabon could not stop an incessant flood of tears, whilst she embraced him, saying, "he will be killed too like my brother; it were much better he were a Sub-deacon."

The Huron had, during the battle, picked up a large purse full of Guineas, which probably the Admiral lost. He did not doubt but that this purse would buy all Lower Britany, and, above all, make Miss St Yves a great lady. Every one persuaded him to repair to Versailles, to receive the recompence due to his services. The com-
mandant,

mandant, and the principal officers, furnished him with certificates in abundance. The uncle and aunt also approved of this journey. He was to be presented to the king without any difficulty. This alone would give him great weight in the province. These two good folks added to the English purse a considerable present out of their savings. The Huron said to himself, "When I see the king, I will ask Miss St Yves of him in marriage, and certainly he will not refuse me." He set out accordingly, amidst the acclamations of the whole district, fisted with embraces, bathed in tears by his aunt, blessed by his uncle, and recommending himself to the charming Miss St Yves.

C H A P. VIII.

The Huron goes to Court. Sups upon the Road with some Huguenots.

THE ingenuous Hercules took the Saumur road in the coach, because there was at that time no other convenience. When he came to Saumur, he was astonished to find the city almost deserted, and to see several families going away. He was told, that half a dozen a years before, Saumur contained upwards of 50,000 inhabitants, and that at present there were not 6000. He mentioned this at the inn, whilst at supper. Several Protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, others trembled with rage, others weeping, said, *Nos dulcia linquimus arva, nos patriam fu-*
 VOL. II. G g † gimus.

gimus. The Huron, who did not understand Latin, had these words explained to him, which signified, "We abandon our sweet fields;—We fly from our country."

"And why do you fly from your country, gentlemen?" "Because we must otherwise acknowledge the Pope." "And why not acknowledge him? You have no god-mothers, then, that you want to marry; for, I am told it is he that grants this permission." "Ah! Sir, this Pope says, that he is master of the domains of kings." "But, gentlemen, what religion are you of?" "Why, Sir, we are for the most part drapers and manufacturers." "If the Pope," says he, "is the master of your cloathes and manufactures, you do very well not to acknowledge him; but as to kings, it is their business, and why do you trouble yourself with it?" Here a little black man took up the argument, and very learnedly set forth the grievances of the company. He talked of the revocation of the edict of Nantes with so much energy; he deplored, in so pathetic a manner, the fate of 50,000 fugitive families, and of 50,000 others converted by dragoons; that the ingenuous Hercules could not refrain from shedding tears. "Whence arises it," said he, "that so great a king, whose renown expands itself even to the Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts that would have loved him, and so many arms that would have served him?"

"Because he has been imposed upon, like other great kings," replied the little orator. "He has been made to believe, that as soon as he utters a word, all people think as he does; and that he can make us change our religion, just as his musician Lulli, in a moment, changes the decorations

of

of his opera. He has not only already lost five or six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but he has turned many of them into enemies; and King William, who is at this time master of England, has composed several regiments of these identical Frenchmen, who would otherwise have fought for their Monarch.

“Such a disaster is the more astonishing, as the present Pope, to whom Louis XIV. sacrifices a part of his people, is his declared enemy. A violent quarrel has subsisted between them for near nine years; it has been carried so far, that France was in hopes of, at length, casting off the yoke, by which it has been kept in subjection for so many ages to this foreigner, and, more particularly, of not giving him any more money, which is the *primum mobile* of the affairs of this world. It, therefore, appears evident, that this great king has been imposed on, as well with respect to his interest, as the extent of his power, and that even the magnanimity of his heart has been struck at.”

The Huron, melted more and more, asked, “Who were the Frenchmen who thus deceived a Monarch so dear to the Hurons?” “They are the Jesuits,” he was answered; “and particularly Father La Chaise, the king’s confessor. It is to be hoped that God will one day punish them for it, and that they will be driven out, as they now drive us. Can any misfortune equal ours? Mons. de Louvois besets us on all sides with Jesuits and dragoons.”

“Well, gentlemen,” replied the Huron, who could contain no longer, “I am going to Versailles to receive the recompence due to my services; I will speak to Mons. de Louvois; I am told it is he who makes war from his closet. I shall see the

king, and I will acquaint him with the truth; it is impossible not to yield to this truth, when it is felt. I shall return very soon to marry Miss St Yves, and I beg you will be present at our nuptials." These good people now took him for some great Lord, who travelled *incognito* in the coach. Some took him for the king's fool.

There was at table a disguised Jesuit, who acted as a spy to the Reverend Father de la Chaise. He gave him an account of every thing that passed, and Father de la Chaise reported it to M. de Louvois. The spy wrote. The Huron and the letter arrived almost at the same time at Versailles.

C H A P. IX.

The Arrival of the Huron at Versailles, His Reception at Court.

THE ingenuous Hercules was set down from a *pot de chambre* *, in the court of the kitchens. He asks the chairmen, what hour the king can be seen? The chairmen laugh in his face, just as the English Admiral had done; and he treated them in the same manner, he beat them: they were for retaliation, and the scene had like to have proved bloody, if a life-guardman, who was a gentleman of Britany, had not passed by, and who dispersed the mob. "Sir," said the traveller to him, "you appear

* A vehicle that goes from Paris to Versailles, which resembles a little covered tumbrel.

appear to me to be a brave man. I am nephew to the Prior of our Lady of the Mountain. I have killed Englishmen, and I am come to speak to the king; I beg you will conduct me to his chamber." The soldier, ravished to find a man of courage from his province, who did not seem acquainted with the customs of the court, told him, that this was not the manner of speaking to the king, and that it was necessary to be presented by M. de Louvois. "Very well, then, conduct me to M. de Louvois, who will, doubtless, conduct me to the king." "It is more difficult," resumed the soldier, "to speak to M. de Louvois than to the king. But I will conduct you to Mr Alexander, first commissioner at war, and this will be just the same as if you spoke to the minister." They accordingly repair to Mr Alexander's, who is first clerk; but they cannot be introduced, he being closely engaged in business with a lady of the court, and no person is allowed admittance. "Well," said the life-guardman, "there is no harm done, let us go to Mr Alexander's first clerk; this will be just the same as if you spoke to Mr Alexander himself."

The Huron, quite astonished, followed him; they remain together half an hour in a little anti-chamber. "What is all this?" said the ingenuous Hercules: "is all the world invisible in this country? It is much easier to fight in Lower Britany against Englishmen, than to meet with people at Versailles, with whom one hath business." He amused himself for some time with relating his amours to his countryman; but the clock striking, recalled the soldier to his post, when a mutual promise was given of meeting on the morrow. The Huron remained another half hour in the anti-chamber,

chamber, ruminating upon Miss St Yves, and the difficulty of speaking to kings and first clerks.

At length the patron appeared. "Sir," said the ingenuous Hercules, "if I had waited to repulse the English as long as you have made me wait for my audience, they would certainly have ravaged all Lower Britany without opposition." These words struck the clerk. He at length said to the inhabitant of Britany, "What is your request?" "A recompence," said the other: "these are my titles;" shewing his certificates. The clerk read, and told him, "that probably he might obtain leave to purchase a lieutenancy." "Me! what, must I pay money for having repulsed the English? Must I pay a tax to be killed for you, whilst you are peaceably giving your audiences here? You are certainly jesting. I require a company of cavalry for nothing. I require that the king shall set Miss St Yves at liberty from the convent, and that he give her me in marriage. I want to speak to the king in favour of 50,000 families, whom I propose restoring to him. In a word, I want to be useful; let me be employed and advanced."

"What is your name, Sir, who talk in such a high stile?" "Oh! oh!" answered the Huron; "you have not then read my certificates? This is the way they are treated! My name is *Hercules de Kerkabon*, I am christened, and I lodge at the Blue Dial." The clerk concluded, like the people at Saumur, that his head was turned, and did not pay him any farther attention.

The same day, the Reverend Father de la Chaife, confessor to Louis XIV. received his spy's letter, which accused the Breton Kerkabon of favouring in his heart the Huguenots, and condemning the conduct of the Jesuits. M. de Louvois had, on his
side,

side, received a letter from the inquisitive bailiff, which depicted the Huron as a wicked lewd fellow, inclined to burn convents, and carry off the nuns.

Hercules, after having walked in the gardens of Versailles, which had become irksome to him; after having supped like a native of Huronia and Lower-Britany; was gone to rest, in the pleasant hope of seeing the king the next day; obtaining Miss St Yves in marriage; having, at least, a company of cavalry; and of setting aside the persecution against the Huguenots. He was rocking himself asleep with these flattering ideas, when the *Marchauffée* entered his chamber, and seized upon his double-charged fusée and his great sabre.

They took an inventory of his ready money, and then conducted him to the castle erected by king Charles V. son to John II. near the street of St Antoine, at the gate des Tournelles.

What was the Huron's astonishment in his way thither, the reader is left to imagine. He at first fancied it was all a dream; and remained for some time in a state of stupefaction: presently transported with rage, that gave him more than common strength, he collared two of his conductors who were with him in the coach, flung them out of the door, cast himself after them, and then dragged the third, who wanted to hold him. He fell in the attempt, when they tied him, and replaced him in the carriage, "This then," said he, "is what one gets by driving the English out of Lower Britany! What wouldst thou say, charming Miss St Yves, if thou didst see me in this situation!"

They at length arrived at the place of their destination. He was carried without any noise into the chamber in which he was to be locked up, like

a dead corpse going to the grave. This room was already occupied by an old solitary student of Port Royal, named Gordon, who had been languishing here for two years. "See," said the chief of the *Marechaussée*, "here is company I bring you;" and immediately the enormous bolts of this strong door, secured with large iron bars, were fastened upon them. These two captives were thus separated from all the universe besides.

C H A P. X.

The Huron is shut up in the Bastille with a Jansenist.

MR Gordon was a healthy old man, of a serene disposition, who was acquainted with two great things; the one was, to bear adversity; the other, to console the afflicted. He approached his companion with an open sympathizing air, and said to him, whilst he embraced him, "Whoever thou art that is come to partake of my grave, be assured, that I shall constantly forget myself to soften your torments in the infernal abyss where we are plunged. Let us adore Providence that has conducted us here. Let us suffer in peace, and trust in hope." These words had the same effect upon the youth, as English drops, which recal a dying person to life, and shew to his astonished eyes a glimpse of light.

After the first compliments were over, Gordon, without urging him to relate the cause of his misfortune,

fortune, inspired him by the sweetness of his discourse, and by that interest which two unfortunate persons share with each other, with a desire of opening his heart, and of disburdening himself of the weight which oppressed him; but he could not guess the cause of his misfortune, and the good man Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

“God must, doubtless,” said the Jansenist to the Huron, “have great designs upon you, since he conducted you from Lake Ontario into England, from thence to France; caused you to be baptized in Lower Britany, and has now lodged you here for your salvation.” “I’ faith,” replied Hercules, “I believe the devil alone has interfered in my destiny. My countrymen in America would never have treated me with the barbarity that I have experienced; they have not the least idea of it. They are called Savages;—they are good people, but rustic; and the men of this country are refined villains. I am indeed,” said he, “greatly surpris’d to have come from another world, to be shut up in this, under four bolts, with a priest; but I consider what an infinite number of men set out from one hemisphere to go and get killed in the other, or are cast away in the voyage, and are eaten by the fishes. I cannot discover the gracious designs of God over all these people.”

Their dinner was brought them through a wicket. The conversation turned upon Providence, letters de cachet, and upon the art of not sinking under disgrace, to which all men in this world are expos’d. “It is two years since I have been here,” said the old man, “without any other consolation than myself and books; and yet I have never been a single moment out of temper.”

“ Ah! Mr Gordon,” cried Hercules, “ you are not then in love with your god-mother: if you were as well acquainted with Miss St Yves as I am, you would be in a state of desperation.” At these words he could not refrain from tears, which greatly relieved him from his oppression. “ How is it, then, that tears solace us? It seems to me that they should have a quite opposite effect.” “ My son,” said the good old man, “ every thing is physical about us; all secretions are useful to the body, and all that comforts it, comforts the soul: we are the machines of Providence.”

The ingenuous Huron, who, as we have already observed more than once, had a great share of understanding, entered deeply into the consideration of this idea, the seeds whereof appeared to be in himself. After which he asked his companion, “ Why his machine had for two years been confined by four bolts?” “ By effectual grace,” answered Gordon: “ I pass for a Jansenist; I know Arnaud and Nicole the Jesuits; have persecuted us. We believe that the Pope is nothing more than a Bishop like another, and therefore Father la Chaise has obtained from the king his penitent, an order for robbing me, without any form of justice, of the most precious inheritance of man, liberty.” “ This is very strange,” said the Huron, “ all the unhappy people I have met with have been made so solely by the Pope.”

“ With respect to your effectual grace, I acknowledge, I do not understand what you mean; but I consider it as a very great favour, that God has let me in my misfortunes meet with a man, who pours into my heart such consolation as I thought myself incapable of receiving.”

The conversation became each day more interesting and instructive. The souls of the two captives seemed to unite in one body. The old man knew a great deal, and the young man was willing to acquire much instruction. At the end of the first month, he eagerly applied himself to the study of geometry. Gordon made him read Rohault's *Physics*, which book was still in fashion; and he had good sense enough to find in it nothing but doubts and uncertainties.

He afterwards read the first volume of the *Enquiry after Truth*. This instructive work gave him new light.—“What!” said he, “does our imagination and our senses deceive us to that degree? What, are not our ideas formed by objects, and can we not acquire them by ourselves?” When he had gone through the second volume, he was not so well satisfied; and he concluded it was much easier to destroy than to build.

His colleague, astonished that a young ignoramus should make such a remark, conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, and was more strongly attached to him.

“Your Malebranche,” said he to Gordon one day, “seems to have written half his book whilst he was in possession of his reason, and the other half with the assistance only of imagination and prejudice.”

Some days after, Gordon asked him, “What he thought of the soul, and the manner in which we receive our ideas? of volition, grace, and free agency?” “Nothing,” replied the Huron. “If I think sometimes, it is that we are under the power of the Eternal Being, like the stars and the elements; that he operates every thing in us; that we are small wheels of the immense machine, of

which he is the soul; that he acts according to general laws, and not from particular views: this is all that appears to me intelligible; all the rest is to me a dark abyfs.”

“But this, my son, would be making God the author of sin!” “But, father, your effectual grace would equally make him the author of sin; for certainly all those to whom this grace was refused, would sin; and is not he who gives us up to evil, the author of evil?”

This sincerity greatly embarrassed the good man; he found that all his endeavours to extricate himself from this quagmire were ineffectual; and he heaped such quantities of words upon one another, which seemed to have meaning, but which in fact had none, (in the stile of physical pre-motion) that the Huron could not help pitying him. This question evidently determined the origin of good and evil; and poor Gordon was reduced to the necessity of recurring to Pandora's box, Orosmales's egg pierced by Arimanes, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and, at last, original sin; and these he huddled together in profound darkness, without their throwing the least glimmering light upon one another. However, this romance of the soul diverted their thoughts from the contemplation of their own misery; and, by a strange magic, the multitude of calamities dispersed throughout the world diminished the sensation of their own miseries: they did not dare complain, when all mankind was in a state of sufferance.

But in the repose of night, the image of the charming Miss St Yves effaced from the mind of her lover, every metaphysical and moral idea. He awoke with his eyes bathed in tears; and the old Jansenist forgot his effectual grace, and the Abbé

of St Ciran, and Janfenius himself, to allow consolation to a youth whom he judged guilty of a mortal sin.

After these lectures and their reasonings were over, their adventures furnished them with subjects of conversation; after this store was exhausted, they read together, or separately. The Huron's understanding daily increased; and he would certainly have made great progress in the mathematics, if the thoughts of Miss St Yves had not frequently distracted him.

He read histories, which made him melancholy. The world appeared to him too wicked and too miserable. In fact, history is nothing more than a picture of crimes and misfortunes. The crowd of innocent and peaceable men are always invisible upon this vast theatre. The *dramatis personæ* are composed of ambitious, perverse men. The pleasure which history affords is derived from the same source as tragedy, which would languish and become insipid, were it not inspired with strong passions, great crimes, and piteous misfortunes. Clio must be armed with a poniard as well as Melpomene.

Though the history of France is not less filled with horror than those of other nations, it nevertheless appeared to him so disgusting in the beginning, so dry in the continuation, and so trifling in the end, even in the time of Henry IV.; ever destitute of grand monuments, or foreign to those fine discoveries which have illustrated other nations; that he was obliged to resolve upon not being tired, to go through all the particulars of obscure calamities confined to a little corner of the world.

Gordon thought like him. They both laughed with pity; when they read of the sovereigns of Fenezfacs, Fefanfaguet, and Afrac: such a study could be relished only by their heirs, if they had any. The brilliant ages of the Roman Republic made him sometimes quite indifferent as to any other part of the globe. The spectacle of victorious Rome, the law-giver of nations, engrossed his whole soul. He glowed in contemplating a people who were governed for seven hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory.

Thus rolled days, weeks, and months; and he would have thought himself happy in the sanctuary of despair, if he had not loved.

The natural goodness of his heart was softened still more when he reflected upon the Prior of our Lady of the Mountain, and the sensible Kerkabon: "What must they think," he would often repeat, "when they can get no tidings of me? They must think me an ungrateful wretch." This idea rendered him inconsolable;—he pitied those who loved him much more than he pitied himself.

C H A P. XI.

How the Huron discloses his Genius.

READING aggrandizes the soul, and an enlightened friend affords consolation. Our captive had these two advantages in his favour, which he had never expected. "I shall begin to believe in the Metamorphoses, for I have been transformed

formed from a brute into a man." He formed a chosen library with part of the money which he was allowed to dispose of. His friend encouraged him to commit to writing such observations as occurred to him.—These are his notes upon ancient history:

"I imagine that nations were for a long time like myself; that they did not become enlightened till very late; that for many ages they were occupied with nothing but the present moment which elapsed; that they thought very little of what was passed, and never of the future. I have traversed five or six hundred leagues in Canada, and I did not meet with a single monument: no one is any way acquainted with the actions of his predecessors. Is not this the natural state of man? The human species of this continent appear to me superior to that of the other. They have extended their being for many ages by arts and knowledge. Is this because they have beards upon their chins, and God has refused this ornament to the Americans? I do not believe it; for I find the Chinese have very little beard, and that they have cultivated arts for upwards of 5000 years. In effect, if their animals go back upwards of 4000 years, the nation must necessarily have been united, and in a flourishing state, more than 500 centuries.

"One thing particularly strikes me in this ancient history of China, which is, that almost every thing is probable and natural. I admire it because it is not tinged with any thing of the marvelous.

"Why have all other nations adopted fabulous origins? The ancient chronicles of the history of France, who, by the by, are not very ancient, make the French descend from one Francus, the son

son of Hector. The Romans said, they were the issue of a Phrygian, though there was not in their whole language a single word that had the least connection with the language of Phrygia. The gods had inhabited Egypt for 10,000 years, and the devils Scythia, where they had engendered the Huns. I meet with nothing before Thucydides but romances similar to the Amadis's, and far less amusing. Apparitions, oracles, prodigies, forcery, metamorphoses, are interspersed throughout with the explanation of dreams, which are the bases of the destiny of the greatest empires and the smallest states: here are speaking beasts, there brutes that are adored, gods transformed into men, and men into gods. If we must have fables, let us, at least, have such as appear the emblem of truth. I admire the fables of philosophers, but I laugh at those of children, and I hate those of impostors."

He one day hit upon a history of the Emperor Justinian. It was there related, that some Appedeutes of Constantinople had delivered, in very bad Greek, an edict against the greatest Captain of the age, because this hero had uttered the following words in the warmth of conversation, *Truth shines forth with its proper light, and people's minds are not illumined with flaming piles.* The Appedeutes declared, "That this proposition was heretical, bordering upon heresy; and that the contrary action was catholic, universal, and Grecian: *The minds of the people are not enlightened but with flaming piles, and truth cannot shine forth with its own light.*" These Lincollians thus condemned several discourses of the Captain, and published an edict.

"What!"

“What!” said the Huron with much emotion, “shall such people publish edicts?” “They are not edicts,” replied Gordon; “they are contradictions, which all the world laughed at in Constantinople, and the Emperor the first. He was a wise prince, who knew how to reduce the Lincolian Apedeutes to a state incapable of doing any thing but good. He knew that these gentlemen, and several other Pastophores, had tired the patience of the Emperors, his predecessors, with contradictions in more serious matters.” “He did very right,” said the Huron; “the Pastophores should be supported and constrained.”

He committed several other observations to paper, which astonished old Gordon. “What!” said he to himself, “have I consumed fifty years in instruction, and I fear I have not attained to the degree of natural good sense of this child, who is almost a savage! I tremble to think I have so arduously strengthened prejudices, and he listens to simple nature only.”

The good man had some little books of criticism, some of those periodical pamphlets, wherein men, incapable of producing any thing themselves, blacken the productions of others; where a Visé insults a Racine, and a Faïdit a Feaëlon. The Huron ran over some of them. “I compare them to certain gnats, that lodge their eggs in the posteriors of the finest horses, which do not, however, prevent their running.” The two philosophers scarce deigned to cast their eyes upon these excrements of literature.

They soon after went through the elements of astronomy. The Huron sent for some globes: he was ravished at this great spectacle. “How hard it is,” said he, “that I should only begin to be

acquainted with heaven, when the power of contemplating it is ravished from me! Jupiter and Saturn revolve in these immense spaces;—millions of suns illumine myriads of worlds; and, in this corner of the earth on which I am cast, there are beings that deprive me of seeing and thinking of those worlds whither my eye might reach, and even that in which God created me! The light created for the whole universe is lost to me. It was not hidden from me in the northern horizon, where I passed my infancy and youth. Without you, my dear Gordon, I should be annihilated.”

C H A P. XII.

The Huron's Sentiments upon theatrical Pieces.

THE young Huron resembled one of those vigorous trees, which, planted in an ungrateful soil, extends, in a little time, its roots and branches, when transplanted to a more favourable spot; and it was very extraordinary, that this favourable spot should be a prison.

Among the books which employed the leisure of the two captives, were some poems, and the translations of Greek tragedies, and some dramatic pieces in French. Those passages that dwelt on love, communicated at once pleasure and pain to the soul of the Huron. They were but so many images of his dear Miss St Yves. The fable of the two pigeons rent his heart; but he was far estranged from his tender dove.

Molier.

Moliere enchanted him. He taught him the manners of Paris and of human nature. "To which of his comedies do you give the preference?" "Doubtless to his *Tartuffe*." "I am of your opinion," said Gordon; "it was a *Tartuffe* that flung me into this dungeon, and perhaps they were *Tartuffes* who have been the cause of your misfortunes."

"What do you think of these Greek tragedies?" "They are very good for Grecians." But when he read the modern *Iphigenia*, *Phædrus*, *Andromache*, and *Athalia*, he was in ecstasy, he sighed, he wept,—and he learned them by heart, without havin any such intention.

"Read *Rodogune*," said Gordon, "that is said to be a capital production; the other pieces which have given you so much pleasure, are trifles compared to this." The young man had scarce got through the first page, before he said, "This is not wrote by the same author." How do you know it?" "I know nothing yet; but these lines neither touch my ear nor my heart." "O!" said Gordon, "the versification does not signify." The Huron asked, "What must I judge by then?"

After having read the piece very attentively, without any other design than being pleased, he looked stedfastly at his friend with much astonishment, not knowing what to say. At length, being urged to give his opinion, with respect to what he felt, this was the answer he made: "I understood very little of the beginning; the middle disgusted me; but the last scene greatly moved me, though there appears to me but little probability in it. I have no prejudices for, or against any one, but I do not remember twenty lines, I who recollect them all when they please me."

“ This piece, nevertheless, passes for the best upon our stage.” “ If that be the case,” said he, it is perhaps like many people, who are not worthy of the places they hold: After all, this is a matter of taste, and mine cannot yet be formed. I may be mistaken; but you know I am accustomed to say what I think, or rather what I feel. I suspect that illusion, fashion, caprice, often warp the judgments of men.” Here he repeated some lines from Iphigenia, which he was full of; and though he declaimed but indifferently, he uttered them with such truth and sensation, that he made the old Jansenist weep. He then read Cinna, which did not excite his tears, but his admiration.

C H A P. XIII.

The beautiful Miss St Yves goes to Versailles.

WHILST the unfortunate Hercules was more enlightened than consoled; whilst his genius, so long stifled, unfolded itself with so much rapidity and strength; whilst nature, which was attaining a degree of perfection in him, avenged herself of the outrages of fortune; what became of the Prior, his good sister, and the beautiful recluse Miss St Ives? The first month they were uneasy, and the third they were immersed in sorrow. False conjectures, ill-grounded reports, alarmed them. At the end of six months, it was concluded he was dead. At length, Mr and Miss Kerkaëon learned, by a letter of ancient date, which one
of

of the king's guards had wrote to Britany, that a young man, resembling the Huron, arrived one night at Versailles, but that since that time no one had heard him spoken of.

“Alas!” said Miss Kerkabon, “our nephew has done some ridiculous thing, which has brought on some terrible consequences. He is young, a *Low Breton*, and cannot know how to behave at Court. My dear brother, I never saw Versailles nor Paris; here is a fine opportunity, and we shall, perhaps, find our poor nephew: he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to assist him. Who knows, we may perhaps at length prevail upon him to become a *sub-deacon*, when the fire of youth is somewhat abated. He was much inclined to the sciences.—Do you recollect how he reasoned upon the Old and New Testament? We are answerable for his soul; he was baptized at our instigation. His dear mistress Miss St Yves does nothing but weep incessantly. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is concealed in any of those infamous houses of pleasure which I have often heard of, we will get him out.” The Prior was affected at his sister's discourse. He went in search of the Bishop of St Malo's, who had baptized the Huron, and requested his protection and advice. The prelate approved of the journey. He gave the Prior letters of recommendation to Father la Chaise, the king's confessor, who was invested with the first dignity in the kingdom; to Harlai, the Archbishop of Paris; and to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

At length, the brother and sister set out; but when they came to Paris, they found themselves bewildered in a great labyrinth without clue or end. Their fortune was but middling, and they had

had occasion every day for carriages to pursue their discovery, which they could not accomplish.

The Prior waited upon the Reverend Father la Chaise: he was with Mademoiselle du Tron, and could not give audience to Priors. He went to the Archbishop's door: the prelate was shut up with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lefdiguieres about church matters. He flew to the country-houses of the Bishop of Meaux: he was upon a close examination, with Mademoiselle de Mauleon, of the mystical amour of Mademoiselle Guyon. At length, however, he gained access to these two prelates; they both declared, "they could not interfere with regard to his nephew, as he was not a sub-deacon."

He, at length, saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms, protesting he had always entertained the greatest private esteem for him, though he had never known him. He swore that his society had always been attached to the inhabitants of Lower Britany. "But," said he, "has not your nephew the misfortune of being a Huguenot?" "No certainly, Reverend Father," "May he not be a Jansenist?" "I can assure your Reverence, that he is scarce a Christian. It is about eleven months since he was christened." "This is very well;—we will take care of him. Is your benefice considerable?" "No, a very trifle, and our nephew costs us a great deal." "Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood? Take great care, my dear Mr Prior, they are more dangerous than Huguenots, or even Atheists." "My Reverend Father, we have none; it is not even known at our Lady of the Mountain what Jansenism is." "So much the better; go, there is nothing I will not do for you." He dismissed the
Prior

Prior in this affectionate manner, but thought no more about him.

Time slipt away, and the Prior and his good sister were almost in despair.

In the mean while, the cursed bailiff urged very strenuously the marriage of his great booby son with the beautiful Miss St Yves, who was taken purposely out of the convent. She always entertained a passion for her god-son, in proportion as she detested the husband who was designed for her. The insult that had been offered her, by shutting her up in a convent, increased her affection; and the mandate for wedding the bailiff's son completed her antipathy for him. Chagrin, tenderness, and terror, racked her soul. Love, we know, is much more inventive and more daring in a young woman, than friendship in an aged Prior, and an aunt upwards of forty five. Besides, she had received good instructions in her convent, with the assistance of romances, which she read by stealth.

The beautiful Miss St Yves remembered the letter that had been written by a life-guardman to Lower Britany, and which had been spoken of in the province. She resolved to go herself and gain information at Versailles; to throw herself at the minister's feet, if her husband should be in prison as it was said, and obtain justice for him. I know not what secret intelligence she had gained, that at court nothing is refused to a pretty woman; but she knew not the price of these boons.

Having taken this resolution, it afforded her some consolation; and she enjoyed some tranquillity, without upbraiding Providence with the severity of her lot. She receives her detested, intended father-in-law, caresses the brother, and spreads happiness throughout the house. On the day appointed

pointed for the ceremony, she secretly departs at four o'clock in the morning, with the little nuptial presents she had received, and all she could gather. Her plan was so well laid, that she was about ten leagues upon her journey, when, about noon, her absence was discovered, and when every one's consternation and surprise was inexpressible. The inquisitive bailiff asked more questions that day than he had done for a week before; the intended bridegroom was more stupified than ever. The Abbé St Yves resolved in his rage to pursue his sister. The bailiff and his son were disposed to accompany him. Their fate led almost the whole canton of Lower Britany to Paris.

The beautiful Miss St Yves was not without apprehensions that she should be pursued. She rode on horseback, and she got all the intelligence she could, without being suspected, from the couriers, if they had not met a fat Abbé, an enormous bailiff, and a young booby, galloping as fast as they could to Paris. Having learned, on the third day, that they were not far behind, she took a quite different road, and was skilful and lucky enough to arrive at Versailles, whilst they were in a fruitless pursuit after her, at Paris. But how was she to behave at Versailles? Young, handsome, untutored, unsupported, unknown, exposed to every danger, how could she dare go in search of one of the king's guards? She had some thoughts of applying to a Jesuit of low rank, for there were some for every station of life; as God, they say, has given different aliments to every species of animals, he had given the king his confessor, who was called, by all solicitors of benefices, the head of the Gallican Church. Then came the prince's confessors; the ministers had none, they were not
such

such dupes. There were Jesuits for genteel mob, and particularly those for chambermaids, by whom were known the secrets of their mistresses; and this was no small vocation. The beautiful Miss St Yves addressed herself to one of these last, who was called *Father Tout a tous* (all to every one). She confessed to him, set forth her adventure, her situation, her danger, and conjured him to get her a lodging with some good devotee, who might shelter her from temptations.

Father *Tout a tous* introduced her to the wife of the cupbearer, one of his most trusty penitents. From the moment Miss St Yves became her lodger, she did her utmost to obtain the confidence and friendship of this woman. She gained intelligence of the Breton-guard, and invited him to visit her. Having learned from him, that her lover had been carried off after having had a conference with one of the first clerks, she flew to this clerk. The sight of a fine woman softened him, for it must be allowed, God created woman only to tame mankind.

The scribe, thus mollified, acknowledged to her every thing. "Your lover has been in the Bastile almost a year, and without your intercession he would, perhaps, have ended his days there." The tender Miss St Yves swooned at this intelligence. When she had recovered herself, the penman told her: "I have no power to do good; all my influence extends to doing harm sometimes. Take my advice, wait upon M. de St Pouange, who has the power of doing both good and ill; he is Mons. de Louvois's cousin and favourite. This minister has two souls: the one is M. de St Pouange, and Mademoiselle de Belle is the other, but she is at present absent from Versailles; so that you have

nothing to do but captivate the protector I have pointed out to you." The beautiful Miss St Yves, divided between some trifling joy and excessive grief, between a glimmering of hope and dreadful apprehensions ;—pursued by her brother, idolizing her lover, wiping her tears, which flowed in torrents ; trembling and feeble, yet summoning all her courage ;—in this situation, she flew on the wings of love to M. de St Pouange's.

C H A P. XIV.

The progress of the Huron's intellects.

THE ingenuous youth was making a rapid progress in the sciences, and particularly in the science of man. The cause of this sudden disclosure of his understanding, was as much owing to his savage education, as to the disposition of his soul ; for having learned nothing in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices. His mind not having been warped by error, had retained all its primitive rectitude. He saw things as they were ; whereas the ideas that are communicated to us in our infancy, make us see them all our life in a false light. " Your persecutors are abominable wretches," said he to his friend Gordon. " I pity you for being oppressed, but I condemn you for being a Jansenist. All sects appear to me to be founded in error ; tell me if there be any sectaries in geometry ?" " No, my child," said the good old Gordon, heaving a deep sigh ; " all men are agreed concerning

concerning truth, when demonstrated; but they are too much divided about latent truths." "If there were but one single hidden truth in your load of arguments, which have been so often sifted for such a number of ages, it would doubtless have been discovered, and the universe would certainly have been unanimous, at least, in that respect. If this truth had been necessary, as the sun is to the earth, it would have been as brilliant as that planet. It is an absurdity, an insult to human nature; it is an attack upon the Infinite and Supreme Being, to say there is a truth essential to the happiness of man which God conceals."

All that this ignorant youth, instructed only by nature, said, made a very deep impression upon the mind of the old unhappy scholiast. "Is it really certain," he cried, "that I should have made myself truly miserable for mere chimeras? I am much more certain of my misery than of effectual grace.—I have spent my time in reasoning about the liberty of God and human nature, but I have lost my own; neither St Augustin nor St Prosper will extricate me from my present misfortunes."

The ingenuous Huron, who gave way to his natural characteristic, at length said, "Will you give me leave to speak to you boldly and frankly? Those who bring upon themselves persecution for such idle disputes, seem to me to have very little sense; those who persecute, appear to me very monsters."

The two captives entirely coincided with respect to the injustice of their captivity. "I am a hundred times more to be pitied than you," said the Huron; "I am born free as the air: I had two lives, liberty and the object of my love; and I am deprived of both. We are both in fetters, with-

out knowing who put them on us, or without being able to enquire. I lived a Huron for twenty years. It is said they are Barbarians, because they avenge themselves of their enemies ; but they never oppress their friends. I had scarce set foot in France, before I shed my blood for this country : I have, perhaps, preserved a whole province, and my recompence is, being swallowed up in this sepulchre of the living, where I should have died with rage, had it not been for you. There must then be no laws in this country. Men are condemned without being heard- This is not the case in England. Alas ! it was not against the English I should have fought." Thus his growing philosophy could not brook nature being insulted in the first of her rights, and he gave vent to his just choler.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence ever increases ungratified love, and philosophy does not diminish it. He as frequently spoke of his dear Miss St Yves, as he did of morality or metaphysics. The more he purified his sentiments, the more he loved. He read some new romances ; but he met with few that depicted to him the real state of his soul. He always felt that his heart stretched beyond the bounds of his author. " Alas !" said he, " almost all these writers have nothing but wit and art." At length, the good Jansenist priest became, insensibly, the confidant of his tenderness. He was hitherto acquainted with love as a sin, with which a penitent accuses himself at confession. He now learned to know it as a sentiment equally noble and tender ; which can elevate the soul as well as soften it, and can produce, sometimes, virtues. In fine, for the last miracle, a Huron converted a Jansenist.

C H A P. XV.

The beautiful Miss St Yves resists some delicate proposals.

THE charming Miss St Yves, still more afflicted than her lover, waited accordingly upon M. de St Pouange, accompanied by her friend with whom she lodged, each having their faces covered with their hoods. The first thing she saw at the door was the Abbé St Yves, her brother, coming out. She was terrified, but her pious friend supported her spirits. "For the very reason," said she, "that people have been speaking against you, speak to him for yourself. You may be assured, that the accusers in this part of the world are always in the right, unless they are immediately detected. Besides, your presence will have greater effect or else I am much mistaken, than the words of your brother."

Ever so little encouragement to a passionate lover, makes her intrepid. Miss St Yves appears at the audience. Her youth, her charms, her languishing eyes, moistened with some involuntary tears, attract every one's attention. Every sycophant to the deputy minister forgot, for an instant, the idol of power, to contemplate that of beauty. St Pouange conducted her into a closet; she spoke with an affecting grace; St Pouange felt some emotion. She trembled, but he told her not to be afraid. "Return to-night," said he; "your business requires some reflection, and it must be discussed

cuffed at leisure. There are too many people here at present. Audiences are rapidly dispatched. I must get to the bottom of all that concerns you." He then paid her some compliments upon her beauty and manner of thinking, and advised her to come at seven in the evening.

She did not fail attending at the hour appointed, and her pious friend again accompanied her; but she kept in the hail, where she was reading the *Christian Pedagogue*, whilst St Pouange and the beautiful Miss St Ives were in the back closet. He began by saying, "Would you believe it, Miss, that your brother has been to request me to grant him a *lettre de cachet* against you; but, indeed, I would sooner grant one to send him back to Lower Britany." "Alas! Sir," said she, "*lettres de cachet* are granted very liberally in your offices, since people come from the extremity of the kingdom to solicit them like pensions. I am very far from requesting one against my brother, yet I have much reason to complain of him; but I respect the liberty of mankind; and therefore supplicate for that of a man, whom I want to make my husband; of a man, to whom the king is indebted for the preservation of a province; who can beneficially serve him; and who is the son of an officer killed in his service. What is he accused of? How could he be treated so cruelly without being heard?"

The deputy minister then shewed her the letter of the spy Jesuit, and that of the perfidious bailiff. "What!" said she with astonishment, "are there such monsters upon earth? and would they force me to marry the stupid son of a ridiculous wicked man? and is it upon such evidence that the fate of citizens is determined?" She threw herself upon her

her knees, and, with a flood of tears, solicited the freedom of a brave man, who adored her. Her charms appeared to the greatest advantage in such a situation. She was so beautiful, that St Pouange, bereft of all shame, insinuated to her, "that she would succeed, if she began by yielding him the first fruits of what she reserved for her lover." Miss St Yves, shocked and confused, pretended, for some time, not to understand him; and he was obliged to explain himself more clearly. One word, used with some reserve, brought on another less delicate, which was succeeded by one still more expressive. The revocation of the *lettre de cachet* was not only proposed, but pecuniary recompences, honours, and places; and the more he promised, the greater was his desire of not being refused.

Miss St Yves wept, whilst her anguish almost choked her, half resting upon a sofa, scarce able to believe what she saw and heard. St Pouange, in turn, threw himself upon his knees. He was not disagreeable, and might not so much have shocked a heart less prepossessed; but Miss St Yves adored her lover, and thought it the greatest of crimes to betray him, in order to serve him. St Pouange renewed with greater fervency his prayers and entreaties. He, at length, went so far as to say, "this was the only means of obtaining the liberty of the man whose interest she had so violently and affectionately at heart." This uncommon conversation continued for a long time. The devotee in the antichamber, in reading her *Christian Pedagogue*, said to herself, "My God! what can they be doing there for these two hours? My Lord St Pouange never before gave so long an audience; perhaps he has refused every thing to this poor girl, and she is still entreating him."

At

At length her companion came out of the closet in the greatest confusion, without being able to speak, in deep meditation upon the character of the great and the half great, who so slightly sacrifice the liberty of men, and the honour of women.

She did not utter a syllable all the way back. But being returned to her friends, she burst out, and told all that had happened. Her pious friend made frequent signs of the cross. "My dear friend," said she, "you must consult to-morrow Father *Tout a tous*, our director; he has much influence over M. de St Pouange; he is confessor to many of the female servants of the house; he is a pious accommodating man, who has also the direction of some women of fashion. Yield to him; this is my way; and I always found myself right. We weak women stand in need of a man to lead us: and so, my dear friend, I'll go to-morrow in search of Father *Tout a tous*."

C H A P. XVI.

She consults a Jesuit.

NO sooner was the beautiful and disconsolate Miss St Yves with her holy confessor, than she told him, "that a powerful, voluptuous man, had proposed to her to set at liberty the man whom she intended making her lawful husband, and that he required a great price for his service; that she held such infidelity in the highest detestation; and that if her life only had been required, she

She would much sooner have sacrificed it than have submitted."

"This is a most abominable sinner," said Father *Tout a tous*. "You should tell me the name of this vile man; he must certainly be some Jan-
senist; I will inform against him to his Reverence Father de la Chaize, who will place him in the situation of your dear beloved intended bridegroom."

The poor girl, after much struggle and embarrassment, at length mentioned St Pouange.

"My Lord St Pouange!" cried the Jesuit. "Ah! my child, the case is quite different; he is cousin to the greatest minister we have ever had; a man of worth, a protector of the good cause, a good Christian: he could not possibly entertain such a thought; you certainly must have misunderstood him."—"Oh! Father, I did but understand him too well.—I am lost on which ever side I turn: the only alternative I have to chuse is misery or shame; either my lover must be buried alive, or I must make myself unworthy of living. I cannot let him perish, nor can I save him."

Father *Tout a tous* endeavoured to console her with these gentle expressions:

"In the first place, my child, never use the word *lover*; it intimates something worldly, which may offend God: say my *husband*; for although he is not yet your husband, you consider him as such, and nothing can be more decent.

"Secondly, though he be ideally your husband, and you are in hopes he will be such, he is not so in effect; consequently, you will not commit adultery; an enormous sin, that should always be avoided as much as possible.

“ Thirdly, actions are not maliciously culpable, when the intention is virtuous ; and nothing can be more virtuous than to procure your husband his liberty.

“ Fourthly, you have examples in holy antiquity, that may miraculously serve you for a guide. St Augustin relates, that under the preconsulate of Septimius Acyndinus, in the 340th year of our salvation, a poor man could not pay unto Cæsar what belonged to Cæsar, and was justly condemned to die, notwithstanding the maxim, *Where there is nothing, the king must lose his right.* The object in question was a pound of gold. The culprit had a wife, in whom God had united beauty and prudence. An old miser promised to give a pound of gold, and even more to the lady, upon condition that he committed with her the sin of uncleanness. The lady thought she did not act wrong to save her husband’s life. St Augustin highly approves of her generous resignation. It is true, that the old miser cheated her, and, perhaps, her husband was nevertheless hanged ; but she did all that was in her power to save his life.

“ You may assure yourself, my child, that when a Jesuit quotes St Augustin, that saint must certainly have been in the right. I advise you to nothing ; you are prudent, and it is to be presumed, that you will do your husband a service. My Lord St Pouange is an honest man ; he will not deceive you ; this is all I can say : I will pray to God for you ; and I hope every thing will take place for his glory.”

The beautiful Miss St Yves, who was no less terrified with the Jesuit’s discourse than with the proposals of the deputy minister, returned in despair to her friend. She was tempted to deliver herself

herself by death from the horror of leaving in a shocking captivity the lover she adored, and the shame of releasing him at the dearest of all prices; which was the sole property of this unfortunate lover.

C H A P. XVII.

She yields through Virtue:

SHE entreated her friend to kill her; but this lady, who was full as indulgent as the Jesuit, spoke to her still more clearly: "Alas!" said she, "business is seldom carried at this agreeable, gallant, and famous court, upon any other terms. The most considerable, as well as the most indifferent places are seldom given away, but at the price required of you. My dear, you have inspired me with friendship and confidence; I will own to you, that if I had been as nice as you are, my husband would not enjoy the post upon which he lives; he knows it, and so far from being displeas'd, he considers me as his benefactress; and himself as my creature. Do you think, that all those who have been at the head of provinces, or even armies, have been indebted for their honours and fortune solely to their services? There are some who are beholden to the ladies their wives. The dignities of war are solicited by the Queen of love; and a place is given to him who has got the handsomest wife.

“ You are in a situation that is still more critical; the object is to let your lover see day-light, and to marry him; it is a sacred duty that you are to fulfil. No one has ever censured the great and beautiful ladies I mention to you; the world will applaud you: it will be said, that you only allowed yourself to be guilty of a weakness, through an excess of virtue.” “ Heavens!” cried Miss St Yves, “ What kind of virtue is this?—What a labyrinth of distress! What a world! What men to become acquainted with! A Father de la Chaise and a ridiculous bailiff imprison my lover; I am persecuted by my family; assistance is offered me, only that I may be dishonoured! A Jesuit has ruined a brave man, another Jesuit wants to ruin me: on every side snares are laid for me, and I am upon the very brink of destruction! I must even speak to the king; I will throw myself at his feet as he goes to mass or the play-house.”

“ His attendants will not let you approach him,” said her good friend; “ and if you should be so unfortunate as to speak to him, M. de Louvois, or the Reverend Father de la Chaise, might bury you in a convent for the rest of your days.”

Whilst this generous friend thus increased the perplexities of Miss St Yves’s tortured soul, and plunged the dagger deeper in her heart, a messenger arrived from M. de St Pouange with a letter, and two fine pendant ear-rings. Miss St Yves, with tears, refused accepting of any part of the contents of the packet; but her friend took the charge of them upon herself.

As soon as the messenger was gone, our confidante read the letter, in which a *petit-souper* (a little supper) was proposed to the two friends for that night. Miss St Yves protested she would not go,
whilst

whilst her pious friend endeavoured to make her try on the diamond ear-rings; but Miss St Yves could not endure them, and opposed it all the day long. At length, being entirely wrapped up in the contemplation of her lover, overcome and dragged along, not knowing whether she was carried, she let herself be led to the fatal supper. She had remained inexorable to all entreaties of putting on the ear-rings; so that her confidante took them with her, and placed them in her ears, against her will, before they sat down to supper. Miss St Yves was so confused and agitated, that she underwent this torment, and her patron considered it as a very favourable prognostic. Towards the end of the repast, her friend very prudently retired. Her patron then shewed her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, the grant of a considerable recompence, and a Captain's commission, which were accompanied with unlimited promises. "Ah!" said Miss St Yves, with a deep sigh, "how much should I love you, if you did not desire to be loved so much!"

In a word, after a long resistance, shrieks, cries, and torrents of tears, weakened with the conflict, overwhelmed and languishing, she was compelled to yield; and the only consolation now left her, was, that she resolved to think of nothing but the ingenuous Huron, whilst her cruel ravisher relentlessly enjoyed the advantage of that necessity to which she was reduced.

C H A P. XVIII.

She delivers her lover and a Jansenist.

AT day-break she flew to Paris with the minister's mandate. It would be difficult to depict the agitations of her mind in this journey. Image a virtuous and noble soul, humbled by its own reproaches, intoxicated with tenderness, distracted with the remorse of having betrayed her lover, and elated with the pleasure of releasing the object of her adoration. Her torments, her conflicts, her success, by turns engaged her reflections. She was no longer that innocent girl whose ideas were confined to a provincial education. Love and misfortunes had united to new-mould her. Sentiment had made as rapid a progress in her mind, as reason had in that of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel more easily than men learn to think. Her adventure afforded her more instruction than four years confinement in a convent.

Her dress was dictated by the greatest simplicity. She viewed with horror the trappings with which she had appeared before her fatal benefactor; her companion had taken her ear-rings without her having before looked at them. Charmed and confused, idolizing the Huron and detesting herself, she at length arrived at the gate *of that dreadful castle, the palace of vengeance, where oft crimes and innocence are alike immured**.

When

* De cet affreux chateau, palais de la vengeance,
Qui renferme souvent le crime et l'innocence.

When she was upon the point of getting out of the coach her strength failed her; some people came to her assistance; she entered, whilst her heart was in the greatest palpitation, her eyes streaming, and her whole frame bespoke the greatest consternation. She was presented to the governor; he was going to speak to her, but she had lost all power of expression: she shewed her order, whilst, with great difficulty, she articulated some accents. The governor entertained a great esteem for his prisoner, and he was greatly pleased at his being released. His heart was not callous, like those of most of his brethren, who think of nothing but the fees their captives are to pay them; extort their revenues from their victims; and living by the misery of others, conceive a horrid joy at the lamentations of the unfortunate.

He sent for the prisoner into his apartment. The two lovers swooned at the sight of each other. The beautiful Miss St Yves remained for a long time motionless, without any symptoms of life; the other soon recalled his fortitude. "This," said the Governor, "is probably the lady your wife; you did not tell me you were married. I am informed, that it is through her generous solicitude that you have obtained your liberty." Alas! said the beautiful Miss St Yves, in a faltering voice, "I am not worthy of being his wife;" and swooned again.

When she recovered her senses, she presented, with a trembling hand, the grant and written promise of a company. The Huron, equally astonished and affected, awoke from one dream to fall into another. "Why was I shut up here? How could you deliver me? Where are the monsters that immured me? You are a divinity sent from heaven to succour me."

The

The beautiful Miss St Yves with a dejected air, looked at her lover, blushed, and instantly turned away her streaming eyes. In a word, they told him all she knew, and all she had undergone, except what she was willing to conceal for ever, but which any other except the Huron, more accustomed to the world, and better acquainted with the customs of courts, would easily have guessed.

“ Is it possible that a wretch like the bailiff can have deprived me of my liberty? Alas! I find that men like the vilest of animals, can all hurt. But is it possible that a monk, a Jesuit, the king’s confessor, should have contributed to my misfortunes as much as the bailiff, without my being able to imagine under what pretence this detestable knave has persecuted me? Did he make me pass for a Jansenist? In fine, how came you to remember me? I did not deserve it; I was then only a savage. What! could you, without advice, without assistance, undertake a journey to Versailles? You there appeared, and my fetters were broke! There must then be in beauty and virtue an invincible charm, that opens gates of adamant, and softens hearts of steel.”

At the word Virtue, a flood of tears issued from the eyes of the beautiful Miss St Yves. She did not know how far she had been virtuous in the crime with which she reproached herself.

Her lover thus continued: “ Thou angel, who hast broken my chains, if thou hast had sufficient influence (which I cannot yet comprehend) to obtain justice for me, obtain it likewise for an old man who first taught me to think, as thou didst to love. Misfortunes have united us; I love him as a father; I can neither live without thee nor him.”

“ I

“ I solicit ! ” — “ The same man. ” — “ Who ? —
“ Yes, I will be beholden to you for every thing,
and I will owe nothing to any one but yourself. —
Write to this man in power, overwhelm me with
kindnesses, complete what you have begun, perfect
your miracles. ” She was sensible she ought to do
every thing her lover desired. She wanted to
write, but her hand refused its office. She began
her letter three times, and tore it as often ; at length
she got to the end, and the two lovers left the pri-
son, after having embraced the old martyr to effi-
cacious grace.

The happy, yet disconsolate Miss St Yves, knew
where her brother lodged : thither she repaired ;
and her lover took an apartment at the same house.

They had scarce reached their lodging, before
her protector sent the order for releasing the good
old Gordon, at the same time making an appoint-
ment with her for the next day.

Thus was every generous and laudable action of
the beautiful Miss St Yves performed at the price
of her honour. She considered with detestation
this practice of selling at once the happiness and
misery of man. She gave the order of release to
her lover, and refused the appointment of a bene-
factor, whom she could no more see without ex-
piring with shame and grief. Her lover could not
have left her upon any other errand than to release
his friend. He flew to the place of his confine-
ment, and fulfilled this duty in reflecting upon the
strange vicissitudes of this world, and admiring the
courageous virtue of a young lady, to whom two
unfortunate men owed more than their life.

C H A P. XIX.

The Huron, the beautiful Miss St Yves, and their relations, are convened.

THE generous and respectable, but faithless girl, was with her brother the Abbé de St Yves, the good Prior of the Mountain, and Lady de Kerkabon. They were equally astonished, but their situations and sentiments were very different. The Abbé de St Yves was expiating the wrongs he had done his sister at her feet, and she pardoned him. The Prior and his sympathising sister likewise wept, but it was for joy. The filthy bailiff and his insupportable son did not trouble this affecting scene. They had set out upon the first report of their antagonist's being released; they flew to bury in their own province their folly and fear.

The four *dramatis personæ*, variously agitated, were waiting for the return of the young man, who was gone to deliver his friend. The Abbé de St Yves did not dare to raise his eyes to meet those of his sister: the good Kerkabon said, "I shall then see once more my dear nephew." "You will see him again," said the charming Miss St Yves, "but he is no longer the same man; his behaviour, his manners, his ideas, his sense, all have undergone a complete mutation; he is become as respectable, as he was ignorant and strange to every thing. He will be the honour and consolation of your family; could

“Could I also be the honour of mine!” “What, are you not the same as you were?” said the Prior. “What then has happened to work so great a change?”

During this conversation the Huron returned with the Jansenist in his hand. The scene now was changed, and became more interesting. It began by the uncle and aunt’s tender embraces. The Abbé de St Yves almost kissed the knees of the ingenuous Huron, who, by the bye, was no longer ingenuous. The language of the eyes formed all the discourse of the two lovers, who, nevertheless, expressed every sentiment with which they were penetrated. Satisfaction and acknowledgment sparkled in the countenance of the one, whilst embarrassment was depicted in Miss St Yves’s melting, but half averted eyes: Every one was astonished that she should mingle grief with so much joy.

The venerable Gordon soon endeared himself to the whole family. He had been unhappy with the young prisoner, and this was a sufficient title.—He owed his deliverance to the two lovers, and this alone reconciled him to love: the acrimony of his former sentiments was dismissed from his heart; he was converted to a man, as well as the Huron. Every one related his adventures before supper. The two Abbé’s and the aunt listened like children to the relation of stories of ghosts, and like men all interested in so many calamities. “Alas!” said Gordon, “there are perhaps upwards of five hundred virtuous people in the same fetters as Miss St Yves has broken; their misfortunes are unknown. Many hands are found to strike the unhappy multitude, but seldom one to succour them.” This very just reflection increased his sensibility and gratitude; every thing heightened the triumph of the

beautiful Miss St Yves ; the grandeur and intrepidity of her soul were the subjects of each one's admiration. This admiration was blended with that respect which we feel in despite of ourselves for a person who we think has some influence at court. But the Abbé de St Yves sometimes said, "What could my sister do, to obtain this influence so soon?"

Supper was ready, and every one seated very early ; when, lo ! the worthy confidante of Versailles arrived, without being acquainted with any thing that had passed ; she was in a coach and six, and it was easily seen to whom the equipage belonged. She entered with that air of authority assumed by people in power who have a great deal of business, saluted the company with much indifference, and pulling the beautiful Miss St Yves on one side said, "Why do you make people wait so long ? Follow me ; there are the diamonds you forgot." However softly she uttered these expressions, the Huron, nevertheless, overheard them ; he saw the diamonds ; the brother was speechless ; the uncle and aunt testified that kind of surprise common to good people, who had never before beheld such magnificence. The young man, whose mind was now formed by a twelve-month's reflections, could not help making some against his will, and was for a moment in anxiety. His mistress perceived it, and a mortal paleness spread itself over her countenance ; a tremor seized her, and it was with difficulty she could support herself. "Ah ! Madam," said she to her fatal friend, "you have ruined me, you have given me the mortal blow." These words pierced the heart of the Huron ; but he had already learned to possess himself ; he did not dwell upon them, lest he should make his mistress uneasy before her brother, but turned pale as well as her.

Miss

Miss St Yves, distracted with the change she perceived in her lover's countenance, pulled the woman out of the room into the passage, and there threw the jewels at her feet, saying, "Alas! these were not my seducers, you know; but he that gave them shall never set eyes on me again." Her friend took them up, whilst Miss St Yves added, "He may either take them again, or give them to you; begone, and do not make me still more odious to myself." The embassadress at length returned, not being able to comprehend the remorse to which she had been witness.

The beautiful Miss St Yves, greatly oppressed, and feeling a revolution in her body that almost suffocated her, was compelled to go to bed; but that she might not alarm any one, she kept her pains and sufferings to herself: and, under pretence of only being weary, she asked leave to take a little rest: this, however, she did not do, till she had re-animated the company with consolatory and flattering expressions, and cast such a kind look upon her lover as darted fire into his soul.

The supper, which she was not fond of, was in the beginning gloomy; but this gloominess was of that interesting kind that affords attracting and useful conversation, so superior to that frivolous joy sought for, and which is usually nothing more than a troublesome noise.

Gordon, in a few words, gave the history of Jansenism and Molinism; of those persecutions with which one party hampered the other; and of the obstinacy of both. The Huron entered into a criticism thereupon, pitying those men who, not satisfied with all the confusion occasioned by these opposite interests, create evils by imaginary interests and unintelligible absurdities. Gordon related, the
other

other judged ; the guests listened with emotion, and gained new lights. The length of misfortunes, and the shortness of life, then became the topics. It was remarked that all professions have peculiar vices and dangers annexed to them ; and that from the prince down to the lowest beggar, all seem alike to accuse providence. How happens it that so many men, for so little, perform the office of persecutors, sergeants, and executioners, to others ? With what inhuman indifference does a man in place sign the destruction of a family ; and with what joy, still more barbarous, do mercenaries execute them ?

“ I saw in my youth,” said the good old Gordon, “ a relation of the Marshal de Marillac, who, being prosecuted in his own province on account of that illustrious but unfortunate man, concealed himself under a borrowed name in Paris. He was an old man near seventy-two years of age. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly of the same age. They had a libertine son, who, at fourteen years of age, absconded from his father’s house, turned soldier, and deserted ; he had gone through every gradation of debauchery and misery : at length, having changed his name, he was in the guards of Cardinal Richelieu, (for this priest, as well as Mazarine, had guards) and had obtained an exempt’s staff in their company of sergeants.

“ This adventurer was appointed to arrest the old man and his wife, and acquitted himself with all the obduracy of a man who was willing to please his master. As he was conducting them, he heard these two victims deplore the long succession of miseries which had befallen them from their cradle. This aged couple reckoned as one of their greatest misfortunes the wildness and loss of their son.

son. He recollected them, but he nevertheless led them to prison; assuring them, that his Reverence was to be served in preference to every body else. His Eminence rewarded his zeal.

“ I have seen a spy of Father de la Chaise betray his own brother, in hopes of a little benefice, which he did not obtain; and I saw him die, not of remorse, but of grief at having been cheated by the Jesuit.

“ The vocation of a confessor, which I for a long while exercised, made me acquainted with the secrets of families. I have known very few, who, though immersed in the greatest distress, did not externally wear the mask of felicity, and every appearance of joy; and I have always observed, that great grief was the fruit of our unconstrained desires.”

“ For my part, “ said the Huron, “ I imagine, that a noble, grateful, sensible man, may always be happy; and I doubt not but to enjoy an unchequered felicity with the charming, generous Miss St Yves. For I flatter myself,” added he, in addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, “ that you will not now refuse me as you did last year: besides, I shall pursue a more decent method.” The Abbé was confounded in apologies for the past, and in protesting an eternal attachment.

Uncle Kerkabon said this would be the most glorious day of his whole life. His good aunt, in extasies and floods of joy, cried out, “ I always said you would never be a sub-deacon; this sacrament is preferable to the other; would to God I had been honoured with it! but I will serve you for a mother.” And now every one vied with each other in applauding the gentle Miss St Yves.

Her

Her lover's heart was too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much, for the affair of the jewels to make any predominant impression on him. But those words, which he too well heard, *you have given me the mortal blow*, still secretly terrified him, and interrupted all his joy, whilst the eulogiums paid his beautiful mistress still increased his love. In a word, nothing was thought of but her, nothing was mentioned but the happiness those two lovers deserved. A plan was agitated to live altogether at Paris, and schemes of grandeur and fortune succeeded: these hopes, which the smallest ray of happiness engenders, strongly operated. But the Huron felt, in the secret recesses of his heart, a sentiment that exploded this illusion. He read over the promises signed by St Pouange, and the commission signed Louvois: these men were painted to him such as they were, or such as they were thought to be. Every one spoke of the ministers and administration with the freedom of convivial conversation, which is considered in France as the most precious liberty to be obtained on earth.

“If I were king of France,” said the Huron, “this is the kind of minister that I would chuse for the war department. I would have a man of the highest birth, as he is to give orders to the nobility. I would require that he should himself have been an officer, and passed through the various gradations; or, at least, that he had attained the rank of Lieutenant General, and was worthy of being a Marshal of France. For is it not necessary that he should have served himself, to be acquainted with the details of the service; and will not officers obey, with a hundred times more alacrity, a military man, who like themselves has been
 signalized

signalized by his courage, than a mere man of the cabinet, who, at most, can only guess at the operations of a campaign, let him have ever so great a share of sense? I should not be displeas'd at my minister's generosity, even though it might sometimes embarrass a little the keeper of the royal treasure. I should chuse him to have a facility in business, and that he should distinguish himself by that kind of gaiety of mind, which is the lot of a man superior to business, so agreeable to the nation, and which renders the performance of every duty less irksome." This is the character he would have chosen for a minister, as he had constantly observed, that such an amiable disposition is incompatible with cruelty.

Monseigneur de Louvois would not, perhaps, have been satisfied with the Huron's wishes; his merit lay in a different walk. But whilst they were still at table, the disorder of this unhappy girl took a fatal turn; her blood was on fire, the symptoms of a malignant fever had appeared; she suffered, but did not complain, unwilling to disturb the pleasure of the guests.

Her brother, knowing that she was not asleep, went to the foot of her bed: he was astonish'd at the condition he found her in. Every body flew to her; her lover appear'd next to her brother. He was certainly the most alarm'd, and the most affect'd of any one; but he had learn'd to unite discretion to all the happy gifts nature had bestow'd upon him, and a quick sensibility of decorum began to prevail over him.

A neighbouring physician was immediately sent for. He was one of those itinerant doctors, who confound the last disorder they were consult-

ed upon with the present; who follow a blind

practice, in a science from which the most mature investigation, and justest observations, do not preclude uncertainty and danger. He greatly increased the disorder, by prescribing a fashionable nostrum.—Can fashion extend to medicine? This phrenzy was then too prevalent in Paris.

The grief of Miss St Yves contributed still more than her physician to render her disorder fatal. Her body suffered martyrdom in the torments of her mind. The crowd of thoughts which agitated her breast, communicated to her veins a more dangerous poison than that of the most burning fever.

C H A P. XX.

The Death of the beautiful Miss St Yves, and its Consequences.

ANOTHER physician was called in. This, instead of assisting nature, and leaving it to act in a young person, whose organs recalled the vital stream, applied himself solely to counteract the effects of his brother's prescription. The disorder, in two days, became mortal. The brain, which is thought to be the seat of the mind, was as violently afflicted as the heart, which, we are told, is the seat of the passions. By what incomprehensible mechanism are the organs in subjection to sentiment and thought? How is it that a single melancholy idea shall disturb the whole course of the blood; and that the blood should in turn communicate irregularities to the human understanding? What is that

that unknown fluid, which certainly exists, and, quicker and more active than light, flies in less than the twinkling of an eye into all the channels of life, produces sensations, memory, joy or grief, reason or phrenzy; recalls with horror what we would chuse to forget; and renders a thinking animal, either a subject of admiration, or an object of pity and compassion?

These were the reflections of the good old Gordon; and these observations, so natural, which men seldom make, did not prevent his feeling upon the occasion; for he was not of the number of those gloomy philosophers, who pique themselves upon being insensible. He was affected at the fate of this young woman, like a father who sees his dear child yielding to a slow death. The Abbé St Yves was desperate; the Prior and his sister shed floods of tears; but who could describe the situation of her lover? All expression falls far short of the summit of his affliction, and language here proves its imperfection.

His aunt, almost lifeless, supported the head of the departing fair in her feeble arms; her brother was upon his knees at the foot of the bed; her lover squeezed her hand, which he bathed in tears; his groans rent the air, whilst he called her his guardian angel, his life, his hope, his better-half, his mistress, his wife. At the word wife, a sigh escaped her, whilst she looked upon him with inexpressible tenderness, and then abruptly gave a horrid scream. Presently, in one of those intervals when grief, the oppression of the senses, and pain, subside, and leave the soul its liberty and powers, she cried out;—“I your wife!—Ah! dear lover, this name, this happiness, this felicity, were not destined for me!—I die, and I deserve it. O God

of my heart!—O you, whom I sacrificed to infernal dæmons—it is done—I am punished—live and be happy.” These tender, but dreadful expressions were incomprehensible;—yet they melted and terrified every heart. She had the courage to explain herself, and her auditors quaked with astonishment, grief, and pity. They with one voice, detested the man in power, who repaired a shocking act of injustice only by his crimes, and who had forced the most amiable innocence to be his accomplice.

“Who? you guilty!” said her lover, “no, you are not; guilt can only be in the heart;—yours is devoted solely to virtue and to me.”

This opinion he corroborated by such expressions as seemed to recall the beautiful Miss St Yves back to life. She felt some consolation from them, and was astonished at being still beloved. The aged Gordon would have condemned her at the time he was only a Jansenist; but having attained wisdom, he esteemed her, and wept.

In the midst of these lamentations and fears, whilst the dangerous situation of this worthy girl engrossed every breast, and all were in the greatest consternation, a courier arrived from court. “A courier! from whom? and upon what account?” He was sent by the king’s confessor to the Prior of the Mountain: it was not Father de la Chaize who wrote, but brother Vaddled, his valet de chambre, a man of great consequence at that time, who acquainted the archbishops with the reverend Father’s pleasure, who gave audience, promised benefices, and sometimes issued *lettres de cachet*. He wrote to the Abbé of the Mountain, “that his Reverence had been informed of his nephew’s exploits; that his being sent to prison was through
mistake;

mistake; that such little disgraces frequently happened, and should therefore not be attended to; and, in fine, it behoved him, the Prior, to come and present his nephew the next day: that he was to bring with him that good man Gordon; and that he, brother Vaddled, should introduce them to his Reverence and M. de Louvois, who would say a word to them in his antichamber."

To which he added, "that the history of the Huron, and his combat against the English, had been related to the king; that doubtless the king would deign to take notice of him in passing through the gallery, and perhaps he might even nod his head to him." The letter concluded by flattering him with hopes that all the ladies of the court would shew their eagerness to send for his nephew to their toilets; and that several among them would say to him, "Good day, Mr Huron;" and that he would certainly be talked of at the king's supper. The letter was signed, "Your affectionate brother Jesuit, Vaddled."

The Prior having read the letter aloud, his furious nephew for a moment suppressed his rage, and said nothing to the bearer: but turning towards the companion of his misfortunes, asked him, what he thought of that stile? Gordon replied, "This, then, is the way that men are treated like monkies! They are first beaten, and then they dance." The Huron resuming his character, which always returned in the great emotions of his soul, tore the letter to bits, and threw them in the courier's face: "There is my answer," said he. His uncle in terrors, who fancied he saw thunderbolts, and twenty *lettres de cachet* at once fall upon him, immediately wrote the best excuse he could for these transports

ports of passion in a young man, which he considered as the ebullition of a great soul.

But a solicitude of a more melancholy stamp now seized every heart. The beautiful and unfortunate Miss St Yves was already sensible of her approaching end; she was serene, but it was that kind of shocking serenity, the effect of exhausted nature, no longer able to withstand the conflict. "Oh, my dear lover!" said she, in a faltering voice, "death punishes me for my weakness; but I expire with the consolation of knowing you are free. I adored you whilst I betrayed you, and I adore you in bidding you an eternal adieu."

She did not make a parade of a ridiculous fortitude; she did not understand that miserable glory of having some of her neighbours say, she died with courage. Who, at twenty, can be at once torn from her lover, from life, and what is called Honour, without regret, without some pangs? she felt all the horror of her situation, and made it felt by those expiring looks and accents which speak with so much energy. In a word, she shed tears like other people, at those intervals that she was capable of giving vent to them.

Let others strive to celebrate the pompous deaths of those who insensibly rush into destruction. This is the lot of all animals; we die like them, only when age or disorders make us resemble them by the stupidity of our organs. Whoever suffers a great loss, must feel great regret; if they are stifled, it is nothing but vanity that is pursued, even in the arms of death.

When the fatal moment came, all around her most feelingly expressed their grief, by incessant tears and lamentations. The Huron was senseless. Great souls feel more violent sensations than those

of less tender dispositions. The good old Gordon knew enough of him to make him dread, that when he came to himself, he would be guilty of suicide.—All kinds of arms were put out of his way, which the unfortunate young man perceived: he said to his relations and Gordon, without shedding any tears, without a groan, or the least emotion; “Do you then think, that any one upon earth hath the right and power to prevent my putting an end to my life?” Gordon took care to avoid making a parade of those common-place declamations, whereby it is endeavoured to be proved, that we are not allowed to exercise our liberty in ceasing to be, when we are in a shocking situation; that we may not leave the house, when we can no longer remain in it; that a man is on earth like a soldier at his post: as if it signified to the Being of beings, whether the conjunction of the particles of matter were in one spot or another: impotent reasons, to which a firm and contemplated despair disdains to listen, and to which Cato replied only with the use of a poniard.

The Huron’s fullen and dreadful silence, his doleful aspect, his trembling lips, and the shivering of his whole frame, to every spectator’s soul communicated that mixture of compassion and terror, which fetters all its powers, precludes discourse, and is only uttered by faltering accents. The hostess and her family came running; they trembled to behold the state of his desperation, yet all kept their eyes upon him, and attended to all his motions. The ice-cold corpse of the beautiful Miss St Yves had already been carried into a lower hall, out of the sight of her lover, who seemed still in search of it, though incapable of observing any object,

In the midst of this spectacle of death, whilst the dead body was exposed at the door of the house; whilst two priests by the side of a holy water-pot were repeating prayers with an air of distraction; whilst some passengers, through idleness, sprinkled the bier with some drops of holy wafer, and others went their ways quite indifferent; whilst her relations were drowned in tears, and every one thought the lover would not survive his loss;—in this situation St Pouange arrived with his female Versailles friend.

His transitory taste having been but once gratified, it became a fixed passion. A refusal of his generous gifts had piqued his pride. Father de la Chaise would never have suggested the thought of coming into this house; but St Pouange having constantly before his eyes the image of the beautiful Miss St Yves; burning to satisfy a passion, which, by a single enjoyment, had fixed in his heart the poignancy of desire; did not hesitate coming himself in search of her, whom he would not, perhaps, have been inclined to see a third time, had she gone to him of her own accord.

He alighted from his coach; and the first object that presented itself was a bier: he turned away his eyes with that simple distaste of a man bred up in pleasures, and who thinks she should avoid a spectacle which might recall him to the contemplation of human misery. He is inclined to go up stairs, whilst his female friend enquires through curiosity whose funeral it is. The name of Miss St Yves is pronounced. At this name she turned, and gave a shocking shriek. St Pouange now returns, whilst surprise and grief possess his soul. The good old Gordon stood with streaming eyes: he, for a moment, ceased his lamentations, to acquaint the cour-
tier

tier with all the circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe. He spoke with that authority which is the companion to sorrow and virtue. St Pouange was not naturally wicked: the torrent of business and amusements had hurried away his soul, which was not yet acquainted with itself. He did not border upon that grey age, which usually hardens the hearts of ministers; he listened to Gordon with a downcast look, and some tears escaped him which he was surpris'd to shed; in a word, he repented.

“I will,” said he, “absolutely see this extraordinary man you have mentioned to me; he affects me almost as much as this innocent victim, whose death I have been the occasion of.” Gordon followed him as far as the chamber, where were the Prior Kerkabon, the Abbe St Yves, and some neighbours, who were recalling to life the young man, who had again fainted.

“I have been the cause of your misfortunes,” said this deputy minister, “and my whole life shall be employed in making reparation.” The first idea that struck the Huron was to kill him, and then destroy himself. Nothing was more suitable to the circumstances; but he was without arms, and closely watched. St Pouange was not repulsed with refusals, accompanied with reproach, contempt, and the insults he deserved, which were lavished upon him. Time softens every thing: Mons. de Louvois at length succeeded in making an excellent officer of the Huron, who has appeared under another name at Paris and in the army, applauded by all honest men, being at once a warrior and an intrepid philosopher.

He never mentioned this adventure without being greatly affected; and yet his greatest consolation was to speak of it. He cherished the memory of

his beloved Miss St Yves to the last moment of his life. The Abbe St Yves and the Prior were each provided with good livings; the good Kerka-bou rather chose to see his nephew invested with military honours than in the sub-deaconry. The devotee of Versailles kept the diamond ear-rings, and received besides a handsome present. Father *Tout a tous* had presents of chocolate, coffee, and confectionary, with the meditations of the Reverend Father Croiset, and the Flower of the Saints, bound in Morocco. Good old Gordon lived with the Huron till his death, in the most friendly intimacy: he had also a benefice, and forgot, for ever, effectual grace, and the concomitant course. He took for his motto, *Misfortunes are of some use*. How many worthy people are there in the world who may justly say, *Misfortunes are good for nothing!*

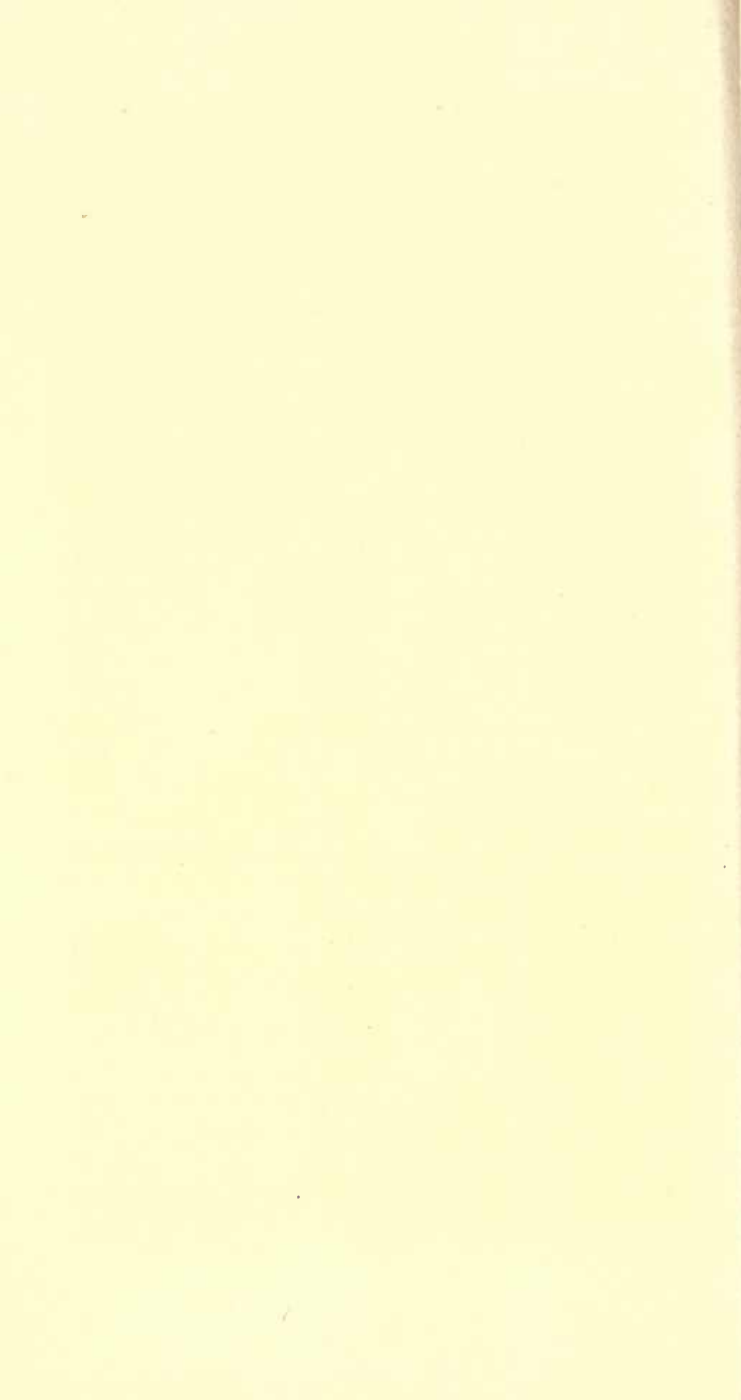
END OF THE HURON.

J E A N N O T

AND

C O L I N.

O o 2



JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school, in the town of Issoire, in Auvergne, a town famous all over the world for its college and its caldrons. Jeannot was the son of a dealer in mules of great reputation; and Colin owed his birth to a good substantial farmer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the land with four mules; and who, after he had paid all taxes and duties at the rate of a sol per pound, was not very rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very handsome, considering they were natives of Auvergne: they highly loved each other; and they had little secret connections, certain little familiarities, of such a nature as men always recollect with pleasure, when they afterwards meet in the world.

Their studies were very nigh finished, when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet suit of three colours, with a waistcoat of Lyons, which was extremely well fancied: with these came a letter addressed to *Monf. de la Jeannotiere*. Colin admired the coat and was not at all jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which gave Colin some uneasiness. From that moment Jeannot abandoned his studies; he contemplated himself in a glass, and despised all mankind. Soon after,

a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, and brings a second letter to the Marquis de la Jeannotiere ; it was an order from his father, by which he was desired to repair directly to him at Paris. Jeannot got into his chaise, giving his hand to Colin with a smile, which denoted the superiority of a patron. Colin felt his littleness, and wept. Jeannot departed in all the pomp of his glory.

Such readers as take a pleasure in being instructed should be informed, that Mons. Jeannot the father had, with great rapidity, acquired an immense fortune by business. You will ask how such great fortunes are made ? My answer is, By luck. Mons. Jeannot had a good person, so had his wife ; and she had still some freshness remaining. They went to Paris on account of a law-suit, which ruined him ; when fortune, which raises and depresses men at her pleasure, presented them to the wife of an undertaker, belonging to one of the hospitals for the army ; a man of great talents, who might make it his boast, that he had killed more soldiers in a year, than cannons destroy in ten. Jeannot pleased the wife ; the wife of Jeannot pleased the undertaker. Jeannot was soon employed in the undertaker's business ; this introduced him to other business. When our boat runs with wind and stream, we have nothing to do but let it sail on ; we then make an immense fortune with ease : the poor creatures, who from the shore see you pursue your voyage with full sail, stare with astonishment ; they cannot conceive to what you owe your success : they envy you at random, and write pamphlets against you which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who soon became Mons. de la Jeannotiere ; and who having purchased a Marquisate

in

in six months time, took the young Marquis his son from school, in order to introduce him to the polite world at Paris.

Colin, whose heart was replete with tenderness, wrote a letter of compliments to his old companion, and congratulated him on his good fortune. The little Marquis wrote him no answer. Colin was so much afflicted at this, that he was taken ill.

The father and mother immediately consigned the young Marquis to the care of a governor : this governor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, was not able to teach his pupil anything. The Marquis would have had his son learn Latin ; this his lady was against. They hereupon referred the matter to the judgment of an author, who had, at that time, acquired great reputation by his entertaining performances. He was invited to dinner. The master of the house immediately addressed him thus : “ Sir, as you understand Latin, and are a man acquainted with the court”—“ I understand Latin ! I don’t know one word of it,” answered the wit, “ and I think myself the better for being unacquainted with it : It is very evident, that a man speaks his own language in greater perfection when he does not divide his application between it and foreign languages. Only consider our ladies ; they have a much more agreeable turn of wit than the men ; their letters are written with a hundred times the grace of ours : this superiority they owe to nothing else but their not understanding Latin.”

“ Well, was I not in the right ?” said the lady : “ I would have my son prove a notable man, I would have him succeed in the world ; and you see that if he was to understand Latin he would be
ruined

ruined. Pray, are plays and operas performed in Latin? do lawyers plead in Latin? do men court a mistress in Latin?" The Marquis, dazzled by these reasons, gave up the point; and it was resolved, that the young Marquis should not mispend his time in endeavouring to become acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. "Then what shall he learn? for he must know something; might not one teach him a little geography?" said the father. "Of what use will that be?" answered the governor: when the Marquis goes to his estate, won't the postilion know the roads? they certainly will not carry him out of his way: there is no occasion for a quadrant to travel thither; and one can go very commodiously from Paris to Auvergne without knowing what latitude one is in."

You are in the right," replied the father: "but I have heard of a fine science called Astronomy, if I am not mistaken." "Bless me!" said the governor, "do people regulate their conduct by the influence of the stars in this world? and must the young gentleman perplex himself with the calculation of an eclipse, when he finds it ready calculated to his hand in an almanac, which, at the same time, teaches him the moveable feasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe?"

The lady agreed perfectly with the governor; the little Marquis was transported with joy; the father remained undetermined. "What then is my son to learn?" said he. "To become amiable," answered the friend who was consulted; "and if he knows how to please, he will know all that need be known; this art he will learn in the company of his mother, without either he or she being at any trouble."

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The lady, upon hearing this, embraced the ignorant flatterer, and said, "It is easy to see, Sir, that you are the most knowing man in the world; my son will be entirely indebted to you for his education: I think, however, it would not be amiss if he was to know something of history." "Alas, madam, what is that good for?" answered he; "there certainly is no useful or entertaining history but the history of the day: all ancient histories, as one of our wits has observed, are only fables that men have agreed to admit as true: with regard to modern history, it is a mere chaos, a confusion which it is impossible to make any thing of. Of what consequence is it to the young Marquis your son, to know that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor stammered?"

"Admirably said," cried the governor; "the genius of young persons is smothered under a heap of useless knowledge: but of all sciences, the most absurd, and that which, in my opinion, is most calculated to stifle genius of every kind, is geometry. The objects about which this ridiculous science is conversant, are surfaces, lines, and points, that have no existence in nature: by the force of imagination, the geometrician makes a hundred thousand curve lines pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, when, in reality, there is not room for a straw to pass there. Geometry, if we consider it in its true light, is a mere jest, and nothing more."

The Marquis and his lady did not well understand the governor's meaning, yet they were entirely of his opinion.

"A man of quality, like the young Marquis," continued he, "should not rack his brains with

useless sciences. If he one day should have occasion for a sublime geometry, to take a plan of the lands of his estate, he may get them surveyed for money: if he has a mind to trace the antiquity of his noble family, which leads the inquirer back to the most remote ages, he will send for a Benedictine: it will be the same thing with regard to all other arts. A young man of quality, endowed with a happy genius, is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a graver; but he makes all these arts flourish, by generously encouraging them: it is, doubtless, better to patronize than to practise them: it is enough for the young Marquis to have a taste; it is the business of artists to exert themselves for him; and it is in this sense that it is said, very justly, of people of quality (I mean those that are very rich) that they know all things, without having learnt any thing; for they, in fact, come at last to know how to form a judgment concerning whatever they order or pay for."

The ignorant man of fashion then spoke to this purpose: "You have very justly observed, Madam, that the grand end which a man should have in view is to succeed in the world: can it possibly be said, that this success is to be obtained by cultivating the sciences? did any body ever so much as think of talking of geometry in good company; does any one ever inquire of a man of the world, what star rises with the sun? who inquires at supper, whether the long-haired Clodio passed the Rhine? No, doubtless, cried the Marchioness, whom her charms had, in some measure, initiated in the polite world; and my son should not extinguish his genius by the study of all this stuff. But what is he, after all, to learn? for it is proper that
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a young person of quality should know how to shine upon an occasion, as my husband observes. — I remember to have heard an Abbé say, that the most delightful of all the sciences is something that begins with a *B*.” “ With a *B*, Madam? is it not botany you mean? “ No, it was not botany he spoke of; the name of the science he mentioned began with *B*, and ended with *on*.” “ Oh, I take you, Madam,” said the man of fashion; “ it is *Blason* you mean; it is indeed a profound science; but it is no longer in fashion, since the people of quality have ceased to cause their arms to be painted upon the doors of their coaches: it was once the most useful thing in the world, in a well-regulated state. Besides, this study would be endless; now-a-days there’s hardly a barber that has not his coat of arms; and you know, that whatever becomes common is but little esteemed.” In fine, after they had examined the excellencies and defects of all the sciences, it was determined that the young Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does all, had given him a talent that quickly displayed itself surprisngly; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth, joined to this superior gift, caused him to be looked upon as a young man of the brightest hopes. He was beloved by the women; and having his head full of songs, he composed some for his mistress. He stole from the song “ Bacchus and Love,” in one ballad; from that of “ Night and Day” in another; from that of “ Charms and Alarms” in a third. But as there were always in his verses some superfluous feet, or not enough, he had them corrected for twenty Lewis-d’ors a song; and in the annals of literature he was put upon a

level with the La Fares, Chaulieus, Hamiltons, Sarrazins, and Voitures.

The Marchioness then looked upon herself as the mother of a wit, and gave a supper to the wits of Paris. The young man's brain was soon turned; he acquired the art of speaking without knowing his own meaning, and he became perfect in the habit of being good for nothing. When his father found he was so eloquent, he very much regretted that his son had not learned Latin; for he would have bought him a lucrative place among the gentry of the long robe. The mother, who had more elevated sentiments, undertook to procure a regiment for her son; and, in the mean time, courtship was his occupation. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment. He was extremely profuse, whilst his parents exhausted their finances still more, by living like people of the first quality.

A young widow of quality, their neighbour, who had but a moderate fortune, had an inclination to secure the great wealth of Mons. and Madame de la Jeannotiere, by appropriating it to herself, by the means of a marriage with the young Marquis. She allured him to visit her; she admitted his addresses; she shewed that she was not indifferent to him; she led him on by degrees; she enchanted and captivated him without much difficulty; sometimes she lavished praises upon him, sometimes she gave him advice; she became the most intimate friend both of the father and mother. An elderly lady, who was their neighbour, proposed the match. The parents, dazzled by the glory of such an alliance, accepted the proposal with joy. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young Marquis was upon the point of marrying a woman whom he adored, and
by

by whom he was beloved; the friends of the family congratulated them, the marriage-articles were just going to be drawn up, whilst wedding clothes were making for the young couple, and their epithalamium composing.

The young Marquis was one day upon his knees before his charming mistress, whom love, esteem, and friendship were going to make his own; in a tender and spirited conversation, they enjoyed a foretaste of their happiness; they concerted measures to lead a happy life; when all on a sudden, a valet de-chambre belonging to the old Marchioness, arrives in a great fright. "Here's sad news," said he; "Officers remove the effects of my master and mistress; the creditors have seized upon all, by virtue of an execution; and I am obliged to make the best shift I can to have my wages paid." "Let's see," said the Marquis, "what's this? what can this adventure mean?" "Go," said the widow, "go quickly, and punish those villains." He runs, he arrives at the house; his father was already in prison: all the servants had fled different ways, each carrying off whatever he could lay his hands upon. His mother was alone, without assistance, without comfort, drowned in tears; she had nothing left but the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, her faults, and her extravagant expences.

After the son had wept a long time with his mother, he at length said to her: "Let us not give ourselves up to despair; this young widow loves me to excess; she is more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He returns to his mistress, and finds her in company with a very amiable young officer. "What, is it you, Mr. de la Jeannotiere," said she;
" what

“ what business have you here? Is it proper to forsake one’s mother in such a manner? Go to that poor, unfortunate woman, and tell her that I still wish her well: I have occasion for a chambermaid, and will give her the preference.” “ My lad,” said the officer, “ you are well shaped; if you are willing to enlist in my company, you may depend upon good usage.”

The Marquis, thunderstruck, and with a heart enraged, went in quest of his old governor, made him acquainted with his misfortune, and asked his advice. The governor proposed to him to become a tutor like himself. “ Alas!” said the Marquis, “ I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortunes;” he sobb’d when he spoke thus. “ Write romances,” said a wit who was present; “ it is an admirable resource at Paris.”

The young man, in greater despair than ever, ran to his mother’s confessor; he was a Theatin of great reputation, who directed the consciences only of women of the first rank. As soon as he saw him, he ran up to him, “ My God, Mr Marquis, where is your coach?” said he; “ how is the good lady your mother?” The poor unfortunate young man gave him an account of what had befallen his family. In proportion as he explained himself, the Theatin assumed an air more grave, more indifferent, and more distant. “ My son,” said he, “ it is the will of God that you should be reduced to this condition; riches serve only to corrupt the heart; God, in his great mercy, has then reduced your mother to beggary.” Yes, Sir,” answered the Marquis. “ So much the better,” said the confessor; “ her election is the more sure.” “ But, father,” said the Marquis, “ is there, in the mean time, no
hopes

hopes of some assistance in this world?" "Farewell, my son," said the confessor; "a court lady is waiting for me."

The Marquis was almost ready to faint; he met with much the same treatment from all; and acquired more knowledge of the world in half a day, than he had done in all the rest of his life.

Being quite overwhelmed with despair, he saw an old-fashioned chaise advance, which resembled an open waggon with leather curtains; it was followed by four enormous carts, which were loaded. In the chaise there was a young man, dressed in the rustic manner; he had a round, fresh countenance, replete with sweetness and gaiety. His wife, a little woman of a brown complexion, and an agreeable figure, though somewhat fat, sat close by him: the carriage did not move on like the chaise of a *petit-maitre*; the traveller had time sufficient to contemplate the Marquis, who was motionless, and immersed in sorrow. "Good God," cried he, "I think that is Jeannot." Upon hearing this name, the Marquis lifts up his eyes, the carriage stops, and the Marquis cries out, "'Tis Jeannot, 'tis Jeannot himself." The little fat Bumpkin gives but one spring from his carriage, and runs to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recollected his friend Colin; shame and tears overspread his countenance. "You have abandoned me," said Colin; "but though you are a great man, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confused and affected, with sobs related to him a great part of the history. "Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest of it," said Colin; "embrace my wife here, and let us go and dine together."

They walk all three on foot, followed by their baggage. "What's all this train?" said Jeannot; "does it belong to you?" "Yes," answered Colin,

lin, "it all belongs to me and to my wife: we are just come from the country; I am at the head of a good manufacture of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a merchant well provided with all utensils necessary to the great as well as the little; we work a great deal; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we are happy; we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be no longer a Marquis; all the grandeur in the world is not to be compared to a good friend. You shall return with me to the country; I will teach you the trade, it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the remote corner where we were born."

Jeannot, quite transported, felt emotions of grief and joy, tenderness and shame; and he said within himself, "My fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, is the only one who comes to relieve me." What instruction is this! Colin's goodness of heart causes the seeds of a virtuous disposition, which the world had not quite stifled in Jeannot, to sprout up: he was sensible that he could not foreſake his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to the good man your father, who is in jail, I know something of business; his creditors, seeing he has nothing, will compromise matters for a trifle; I take the whole affair upon myself." Colin found means to procure the father's enlargement: Jeannot returned to the country with his relations, who resumed their former way of life: he married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper with her brother, made him completely happy. Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, were thus convinced that happiness is not the result of vanity.

What pleases the LADIES.

NOW that the brilliant god of day
 Burns Africk up with scorching ray,
 Now that the tropic, in a sphere
 Oblique, contracts his bright career;
 Whilst slowly lags each winter's night,
 My friends, this story may delight;
 'Tis of a knight, as poor as bold,
 Th' adventure's worthy to be told.
 'Tis Sir John Robert that I sing,
 He liv'd when Dagobert was king.
 A trip to holy Rome he made,
 Less splendid when the Cæsars sway'd;
 From that fam'd capital he brought
 Not laurels pluck'd in fields well fought,
 Of dispensations, pardons, store,
 Indulgencies he plenty bore;
 Of money little had he; then
 Knights errant were poor gentlemen;
 Then, to the church's sons alone
 Were affluence and riches known.
 A suit of armour, which, with rust,
 Revolving years must needs incrust,
 An ambling steed, a dog was all,
 Robert his property cou'd call;
 But what's more precious he possess'd,
 With youth's bright gifts our knight was bless'd
 Alcides' strength, Adonis' grace,
 Gifts priz'd in ev'ry age and place.
 Robert near Paris, chanc'd to ride
 By a wood on Charenton's side;
 Marton he saw, the blithe and fair,
 A ribbon ty'd her flaxen hair:
 Her shape was easy, dress so light,
 Her leg it hid not from the sight:

Soon Robert's eyes such charms explor'd
 As even faints might have ador'd :
 The lily, with the blushing rose,
 Combine a nosegay to compose,
 Whose variegated hues are seen
 Two panting globes of snow between ;
 Which never fail love's flame to raise
 In all who on their beauties gaze ;
 Whilst her complexion's charms divine
 The lustre of the flow'rs outline.
 To tell what was not told before,
 A basket this fair creature bore,
 And with attractions various grac'd
 Made to the neighb'ring market haste,
 Of eggs and butter to dispose,
 Which all her little stock compose.
 Robert, who felt the am'rous flame,
 Leap'd forward and embrac'd the dame ;
 I've twenty crowns, my dear, he cry'd,
 Take them, and take my heart beside,
 Take all I have, and take the donor.
 Said Marton, Sir, 'tis too much honour
 But Robert still so briskly ply'd her,
 That down she fell, he fell beside her,
 And, oh disaster dire to tell !
 He broke her eggs as down he fell.
 His courser started at the sight,
 To the next thicket took his flight.
 An honest monk, as people say,
 Happen'd, just then, to pass that way,
 The steed his monkship quickly strides,
 And post-haste to his convent rides ;
 Her cap, which was become a fright,
 Marton's first care, was to set right.
 To Robert turning then she said,
 My twenty crowns, where are they fled ?
 The knight, in hesitating strain,
 Seeking his purse and steed in vain,
 Excuses offer'd, all were lame,
 For no excuse would serve the dame.
 Being thus injur'd, straight she went
 To tell the king her discontent :

A knight has robb'd me, Sire, she said,
And ravish'd too, but never paid.
Wifely the king reply'd, 'Tis clear
A rape is what has brought you here:
Go plead before queen Berthe your cause,
In these points well she kens the laws;
She'll hear attentive what you say,
And judgment pass without delay.
Marton, with rev'rence bow'd the head,
And to the queen her way she sped.
The queen was quite humane and mild,
Look'd on each subject as a child;
But she was still severely bent
To punish the incontinent:
Of prudes her council she assembl'd,
The knight uncapp'd before them trembl'd;
With downcast eyes ne'er dar'd to stir,
He then had neither boot nor spur;
The court by no chicane delay'd,
But ample full confession made;
That taking by Charonne his way
He was by Satan led astray;
That he repented of his crime,
Wou'd ne'er offend a second time:
But that the first might prove the last,
Sentence of death was on him past.
Robert had so much youthful grace,
So fine his person, fair his face,
That Berthe and her assessors all
Awarding sentence, tears let fall.
Pangs of remorse sad Marton felt,
And ev'ry heart began to melt:
Berthe to the court then made it plain,
'That the knight pardon might obtain,
And that if ready witted, he
Might from all punishment be free;
Since by the laws establish'd there,
Who tells what pleases all the fair,
Has to his pardon a just claim,
Acquitted by each virtuous dame;
But then he must the thing explain
Completely, or his hopes are vain.

What thus had been in council started
 Quickly to Robert was imparted.
 'The good queen Berthe being bent to save him,
 Eight days to think upon it gave him ;
 He swore in eight days he'd appear,
 And strive to make the matter clear ;
 'Then for this favour unexpected,
 Thank'd Berthe and went out much dejected,
 Then thus the matter he debated
 Thus he his difficulty stated ;
 How can I in plain terms declare
 What 'tis that pleases all the fair,
 And not her majesty offend ?
 She marrs what she propos'd to mend.
 Since to be hang'd must be my lot,
 Wou'd I'd been hang'd upon the spot.
 Robert, whene'er in road or street,
 He chanc'd a wife or maid to meet,
 Her he in urgent manner press'd
 To say what 'twas she lov'd the best.
 All gave evasive answers, none
 The real truth wou'd fairly own.
 Robert, despairing e'er to hit,
 Wish'd him in hell's profoundest pit,
 Sev'n times the star that rules the year
 Had gilded o'er the hemisphere,
 When under a refreshing shade,
 Which trees with winding boughs had made,
 He saw a score of beauties bright,
 Who danc'd in circling mazes light ;
 Of their rich robes the wavy pride
 Their secret beauties scarce cou'd hide.
 Soft Zephyr sporting near the fair,
 Play'd in the ringlets of their hair ;
 On the green turf they lightly danc'd,
 'Their feet scarce on its surface glanc'd.
 Robert draws nigh, in hopes to find
 Ease from perplexity of mind.
 Just then all vanish'd from his sight,
 Scarcely had day giv'n place to night
 A toothless hag then met his eyes,
 Sooty in hae and short of size,

Bent double, and with age oppress'd
She lean'd upon a stick for rest.
Her nose prodigious long and thin
Extended till it met her chin ;
Her eyes with rheum were gall'd and red,
A few white hairs her pate o'erspread ;
A scrap of tapestry was her gown,
It o'er her wrinkled thigh hung down.
At such an odd and uncouth sight,
A sort of terror seiz'd our knight,
The beldame, with familiar tone,
Accosts him thus : I see, my son,
By your dejected, thoughtful air
Your heart feels some corroding care :
Relate to me your secret grief :
(To talk of woes gives some relief)
Altho' your case be e'er so bad,
Some consolation may be had.
I've long beheld this earthly stage,
And wisdom must increase with age.
The most unhappy oft' have sped
To bliss by my directions led.
Alas ! replied the knight, in vain
I've sought instruction to obtain :
The fatal hour is drawing nigh,
I must upon a gibbet die !
Unless I can the queen tell right
What 'tis gives women most delight.
Courage, my son, the dame reply'd,
'Tis God has to me been your guide,
'Tis for your good ; then straight to court,
Boldly proceed and make report.
Let's go together, I'll unfold
The secret which must there be told ;
But swear that for the life you owe,
Becoming gratitude you'll shew ;
That from you I shall have with ease
What never fails our sex to please.
An oath then from you I require
That you'll do all that I desire.
Robert, who scrupl'd not to swear,
From laughter could not well forbear.

Be ferious, cry'd the antient dame,
 To laugh shews want of grace and thame ;
 Then moving onward, hand in hand,
 Before queen Berthe they quickly stand.
 The council met without delay,
 Robert ask'd what he had to say,
 Cry'd, ladies, now your secret's out,
 What you love most admits no doubt :
 What, at all seasons, can content ye,
 Is not of lovers to have plenty ;
 But woman, of whate'er degree,
 Whate'er her qualities may be,
 Desires to bear both night and day
 O'er all about her sov'reign sway :
 Woman wou'd always fain command,
 If I lie, hang me out of hand.
 Whilst thus harangu'd our doughty spark,
 All present said he hit the mark.
 Robert kiss'd Berthe's fair hand, when clear'd ;
 Then straight a haggard form appear'd,
 The hag of whom we spoke before,
 With rags and dirt all cover'd o'er,
 Crying out, justice, forward press'd,
 And in these terms queen Berthe address'd :
 Oh lovely queen, thy sex's pride,
 Who always justly dost decide,
 To whom fair equity is known,
 Whilst mercy dwells beside thy throne ;
 By me this knight your secret knew,
 The life I sav'd to me is due :
 He swore, nor shou'd the oath prove vain,
 That I should what I wish'd obtain ;
 Upon your justice I rely,
 And hope you won't my right deny.
 Says Robert, I deny it not,
 I never a good turn forgot ;
 But, bate my armour, all I had,
 Was baggage twenty crowns and pad.
 A monk, when Marton I caress'd,
 With pure religious zeal possess'd,
 As lawful prize seiz'd on the whole,
 For 'twere a sin to say he stole.

Tho' honest, since I'm broke outright,
I can't this friendly turn requite.
The queen reply'd, What you have lost
Shall be repay'd to fryar's cost ;
All parties shall be satisfy'd ;
In three your fortune we'll divide ;
For her lost eggs and chastity,
The twenty crowns shall Marton's be ;
The steed I to this dame consign,
The armour, Robert, shall be thine.
Most generously you've decreed,
Said madam, but I want no steed ;
'Tis Robert's person I desire,
His grace and valour I admire :
I o'er his am'rous heart would reign,
That's all the prize I wish to gain ;
Robert with me must pass his life,
This day must take me for a wife.
Her purpose being thus declar'd,
Robert stood motionless, and star'd :
'Then o'er her rags and figure strange,
His rolling eyes began to range ;
With horror struck, he back retreated,
Crossing himself, these words repeated ;
Why should this ridicule and shame
With foul dishonour blast my name ?
With the d'el's dam I'd rather wed
Than to that beldame go to bed ;
'The hag must doubtless be run mad,
Or else she doats, and that's as bad.
The hag then tenderly reply'd,
My person, queen, he can't abide ;
He's like the whole ungrateful crew
Of males, but soon I'll bring him too ;
I feel love's flame so brightly burn,
He needs must love me in his turn.
'The heart does all, I can't but say
My charms begin to fade away ;
But I'll more tender prove and kind ;
'Tis best to cultivate the mind :
We find e'en Solomon declare
The wise by far exceed the fair.

I'm poor, is that so hard a case?
 Sure poverty is no disgrace.
 Can none enjoy content of mind,
 Except on iv'ry bed reclin'd?
 Madam, in all this regal pride,
 When you lie by our monarch's side,
 Do you enjoy more kindly rest?
 Does love sincerer warm your breast?
 You've read of old Philemon's flame,
 For Baucis, tho' an ancient dame.
 Those jealousies by old age bred,
 Dwell not beneath the rustic shed;
 Vice flies where luxury is unknown,
 We equal kings, serve God alone;
 Your country's glory we support,
 We furnish foldiers for the court:
 In rend'ring populous the state,
 The poor by much outdo the great.
 If heaven should to my chaste desire
 Refuse the offspring I require,
 Love's flowers without its fruits can please,
 Upon love's tree those flowers I'll seize.
 While thus the ancient dame descanted,
 All the court ladies were enchanted.
 Robert was to her arms consign'd,
 Disgust was vain, for oaths must bind;
 The dame insisted on her right
 Of riding with her much-lov'd knight
 To her thatch'd hut, where wedlock's bands
 Were to unite their hearts and hands.
 Robert his courser 'gins to stride,
 With sorrow takes his future bride;
 With horror seiz'd, and red with shame,
 He often strove to throw the dame,
 Or drown her, but was by the law
 Of chivalry still kept in awe.
 The lady with her knight delighted
 To him her race's deeds recited;
 How the great Clovis' royal sword
 The bosom of three monarchs gor'd,
 Who were his friends, yet could obtain
 Pardon and heaven's high favour gain.

From heaven she saw the fam'd dove bring
To Remi, that illustrious king,
The flask and oil so highly priz'd,
Which he was smear'd with when baptiz'd,
With all her narratives she blended
Thoughts and reflections well intended,
Sallies of wit, remarks refin'd,
Which, without calling off the mind,
Attention in who heard excited,
And both instructed and delighted.
Still does our knight with eager ears
Devour the stories that he hears ;
Charm'd when he heard his wife, but when
He saw, th' unhappiest of men.
At length the ill-match'd couple came
To the thatch'd cabin of the dame ;
Preparing things with eager haste,
The table for her spouse she plac'd ;
Such fare might suit with Saturn's age,
'Tis now but talk'd of by the sage,
Three sticks support two rotten boards,,
Such table that poor hut affords ;
At this our couple sat at meat,
Each oddly plac'd on narrow seat ;
The husband sadly hung his head,
The bride a thousand gay things said ;
Wit she combin'd with graceful ease,
Utter'd bon mots with pique and please,
So nat'ral, that to those who hear,
Said by themselves they must appear.
So pleas'd was Robert, that a smile
Escap'd him, and he thought a while
His wife less ugly than before :
But she would fain the supper o'er,
Have her spouse go with her to bed ;
He raves, he wishes to be dead :
He yields, tho' not with a good grace,
Since without remedy his case.
Foul clothes our knight but little matters,
Quite gnaw'd by rats and torn to tatters,
On pieces of old wood extended,
And frequently with packthread mended ;

All this the knight could have digested,
 But Hymen's rites he quite detested.
 Of these indeed he much complain'd ;
 Good heav'n, cry'd he, is't so ordain'd !
 At Rome, 'tis said, grace from on high
 Can both the pow'r and will supply ;
 But grace does for the present fail,
 And I for my part am but frail ;
 My wife can by her wit impart
 Delight, she has a feeling heart ;
 But when with sense there's conflict dire,
 Can heart or head true joy inspire ?
 Our knight benumb'd like ice, this said,
 Threw himself flat upon his bed ;
 And, to conceal his anguish, tries
 To feign a sleep, sleep from him flies.
 The beldame, pinching Robert, cry'd,
 Do you then slumber by your bride ?
 Dear but ungrateful spouse, you see
 I am subdu'd now yield to me ;
 The timid voice of struggling shame
 Is stifled by my am'rous flame ;
 Reign o'er my sense without controul,
 Since you reign pow'rful o'er my soul ;
 I die ! just heaven, say to what end
 With virtue must our love contend ?
 I'm quite dissolv'd in love's bright flame,
 Pleasure thrills thro' my vital frame ;
 Must I, alas ! without thee die ?
 'Tis to thy conscience I apply.
 Our knight was complaisant and kind,
 Religion, candour, grac'd his mind ;
 He took compassion on the dame ;
 Madam, said he, I wish my flame,
 Like yours, might strong and brightly shine,
 The pow'r t'effect it is not mine.
 You can effect it, said his wife,
 A great heart, at your stage of life,
 By fortitude, by art, and care,
 Performs with ease atchievements rare :
 Think how the ladies will approve
 At court this miracle of love.

Perhaps I your disgust excite,
Wrinkles are shocking to your sight;
Heroes magnanimous despise
Such trifles, only shut your eyes.
Our knight of glory fond wou'd fain
This conquest of himself obtain;
Obedience then became his choice,
List'ning alone to honour's voice;
Finding in vig'rous youth alone
What cou'd for beauty's want atone,
And love's supply, he shuts his eyes,
And, to perform his duty, tries.
Enough, enough, then said the bride,
I ask no more; I'm satisfy'd;
My influence o'er your heart I know,
That influence to me you owe;
Acknowledge then, as matters stand,
The wife will still at home command.
Robert, all that I ask of thee
Is to be always rul'd by me;
My love enjoins an easy task,
Now view me well, 'tis all I ask.
Then Robert looks, and sees in clusters
A hundred flambeaux plac'd on lustres,
In a proud palace, which he saw
Before a cabbın thatch'd with straw.
There underneath rich curtains grac'd
With fringe of pearls in highest taste.
A beauty bright appear'd to view,
Such as Appelles never drew,
E'en Vanlo's colours would prove faint,
That heav'n of charms divine, to paint;
No Phideas nor no Pigal e'er
Could carve a busto of the fair.
Her form, like lovely Venus, shew'd,
Whose golden tresses graceful flow'd,
Whose melting eyes appear'd to languish,
Whilst soothing Mars's am'rous anguish,
Myself, she said, this palace, all
This wealth, your own, dear Robert, call:
You did not ugliness despise,
You therefore merit beauty's prize.

But now, methinks, my readers claim
 To know what was this fair one's name,
 Whose heart our knight had won; why there
 'Twas fairy Urgelle, gentlemen:
 Who, warriors, in her time, carcs'd,
 And knights assisted when distress'd.
 Happy the age! thrice bleis'd mankind,
 When tales like these belief cou'd find,
 Of spirits hov'ring in the air,
 Of demons who make men their care!
 In castle close by roasting fire,
 The daughter, mother, husband, sire,
 The neighbourhood, and all the race,
 Attended with a wond'ring face,
 Whilst by the almoner were told
 Deeds done by forcerers of old.
 We of the marvellous are riss'd,
 By reason's weight the graces stiff'd,
 Have to th' insipid men consign'd
 The soul by reas'ning is confin'd;
 Still hunting after truth we go;
 From error too some good may flow.

The Education of a PRINCE.

SINCE the bright god of day, in the course of his race,
 In Aquarius resides with a sorrowful face,
 Since tempests so loudly on our mountains blow,
 And our meadows are all cover'd over with snow,
 By the fire I'll a new story tell in new style,
 Amusements the time that hangs heavy beguile.
 I am old, I must own't, and will therefore descend
 To the pleasures of children, since near my life's end.
 A prince erst reign'd at Beneventum, 'tis said,
 Quite mad with his pow'r, and in luxury bred,
 To knowledge a stranger, and not ill educated,
 By his neighbours despis'd, by his own subjects hated.

This

This small state to govern two arch knaves combin'd,
They exerted themselves their young master to blind ;
In this project they were by his confessor aided,
They by turns succeeded, he by all was persuaded
That his talents, his virtues, and his great reputation,
Could ensure perfect bliss to the mightiest nation ;
That when once their great duke had to manhood attain'd,
He was dreaded and lov'd, and in all men's hearts reign'd :
That his arms cou'd both France and Italy confound ;
That with wealth his Exchequer would ever abound ;
That Solomon ne'er had so much wealth of old,
Tho' the torrent of Cedron o'er golden sands roll'd.
Alamon (for by that name this prince we must call)
Still was dupe to gross flatt'ries, for he swallow'd 'em all,
With pastimes delighted, court buffoons he cares'd,
And when he had din'd thought his people were bless'd.
One valiant old gen'ral at court still remain'd,
Ernon, greatly esteem'd when the duke's father reign'd,
Who not being brib'd spoke his mind uncontrol'd,
And undaunted, the government's ruin foretold.
To jealousy rous'd, those who bore supreme sway
Soon found means to remove Ernon out of the way ;
Unknown to the prince he to exile was sent,
But there at a farm the old man liv'd content ;
There with friends he liv'd happy, resign'd to his fate,
And he wept for his master as well as the state ;
Whilst with sloth and with pleasure the young duke con-
tent,
On the down of soft ease both his days and nights spent.
The murmurs by which oft his subjects exprest
Discontent, wou'd however sometimes break his rest,
But that distant din, which he hardly cou'd hear,
Grows weak in its course, and scarce beats on his ear ;
Whilst with wo overloaded men groan'd thro' the realm,
Alamon led a languishing life at the helm.
Then was tyranny's triumph, but the heav'ns took his part,
And to work reformation with love touch'd his heart.
Young Anida he saw, he both saw her and heard,
His heart felt emotion, and to live he appear'd ;
He was handsome, and might with assurance address her,
But the mystery soon was smcak'd by his confessor ;

In his penitent's breast straight he scruples excited,
 Superstition and ign'rance are easily frighted :
 And the two wicked rulers, who fear'd lest the lover
 Might one day their sinister proceedings discover,
 Were for making Amida like Ernon depart :
 Her all to pack up she prepar'd with sad heart
 The weak Alamon all this insolence bore,
 His reluctance was vain, from his charmer he tore.
 He doubted and waver'd, for just in that season
 His soul was but faintly illumin'd by reason.
 When Amida was going, there were heard loud alarms,
 The cry was, All's lost, let us die and to-arms,
 On Allah, St Germain, Christ, and Mahomet loud,
 They call'd, and on every side fled a crowd :
 A warrior turban'd who led on a band
 Of Mussulmen holding a falchion in hand,
 Over heaps of the dead, or expiring, who lay
 All reeking in gore, with his sword cut away,
 With sword and with fire to the palace he flew,
 The women he seiz'd on, their husbands he flew.
 From Cuma this gen'ral march'd to Beneventum,
 But the rulers ne'er dream'd he would thus circumvent
 'em ;
 Desolation and ruin up to Rome's walls he spread,
 And St Paul and St Peter were both seiz'd with dread.
 My dear readers, this chief was Abdallah the Proud,
 Who, by God, to chastise his own church was allow'd.
 When the palace he enter'd, in chains all were cast,
 Prince, monks, lacquies, ministers, and chiefs were made
 fast,
 As calves ty'd in couples upon sledges are laid,
 And to the next market sad victims convey'd.
 Thus appear'd the young duke and each worthy assessor,
 All laid by the heels with the father confessor,
 Who cross'd himself often, and with fervency pray'd,
 And preach'd resolution, tho' sorely dismay'd.
 The victors then shar'd, when the vanquish'd were ty'd,
 The booty the emirs in three parts divide ;
 Of men, and of horses, and fairs they dispose,
 And first from their captives they strip off their clothes.
 In all ages have tailors disguis'd human nature,
 So that man to man always was a most unknown creature.

Dress changes men's figures and their characters too,
To judge of man rightly we shou'd naked him view.
The mussulman chief had the duke, at that time,
As already was said, he was in his youth's prime;
Since he seem'd to be strong, muleteer he was made,
And soon he was highly improv'd by that trade.
His nerves, which by sloth and by ease weak were grown,
Inur'd to hard labour, acquir'd a new tone;
His sloth, by adversity taught, he subdu'd,
And valour in him sprung from mean servitude.
Valour, when without pow'r, makes the state of man worse,
His impotence then is the heavier curse.
Abdallah to pleasure began to resign
His soul, and in spite of his prophet drank wine.
The court and town ladies, all prone to adore him,
Were by the black eunuch each night brought before him;
By beauties attended he prepares for repose,
And she's happy to whom he the handkerchief throws.
Whilst the chief led a life of unceasing delight,
Whilst joy wing'd each hour, and love triumph'd at night,
In the stable much hardship and woe the prince bore,
Those his comrades were now who were subjects before.
His mules all his care and attention requir'd,
He comb'd 'em each day till his hands were quite tir'd.
His wo to complete, and to make him quite rave,
He beheld fair Amida led by the black slave
To share in her turn, the fell conqueror's bed:
Fir'd with rage at the sight, to the eunuch he said,
To make me quite wretched there but wanted this stroke.
Wonder seiz'd on the slave at the words that he spoke;
In a language quite diff'rent, fair Amida reply'd,
With affection and sorrow her young lover she ey'd;
Her eloquent looks her full meaning express,
They meant, Bear your woes, live my wrongs to redress;
Your present mean station I do not despise,
Your sufferings give you new worth in my eyes.
Alamon took the meaning which her looks thus express'd,
And heart-cheering hope was reviv'd in his breast.
Amida with beauty transcendently bright,
So dazzled the chief of the mussulman's sight,
That, transported with passion, by Ailah he swore,
He enjoyment had known, but ne'er knew love before.

The fair one resisted to increase his desires,
 Resistance serv'd only to fan the chief's fires.
 A woman's head still with invention is fraught,
 Said she, Sir, your conquest I well may be thought ;
 You're unconquer'd in love, as in warlike alarms,
 All fall at your feet, or rush into your arms ;
 But the honour you mean me defer for three days,
 And grant, to console me for such sad delays,
 Two things, which as proofs of your love I require ;
 I'll grant, said the pirate, whatever you desire.
 Then make three Beneventers, find the, undergo
 A couple of hundred sound lashes, or so ;
 This discipline for their transgressions is due ;
 This, Sir, s^t the first favour I hope for from you.
 The second Sir, is, that you two mules wou'd spare me,
 Which may on a litter from time to time bear me ;
 And to drive 'em a muleteer of my own choosing :
 Your requests said Abdallah, there is no refusing.
 'Twas done soon as said, and the hypocrite vile
 With both courtiers who join'd their lord's youth to be-
 guile,
 Receiv'd each their full quota, which pleas'd all the na-
 tion,
 Who had often complain'd of mal-administration,
 And the duke was the happiest mortal alive,
 Since permitted his mistress in litter to drive.
 All's not o'er, said Amida, you must conquer and reign,
 Now's the time, or to die, or your crown to regain ;
 You're not wanting in courage, Ernon's faithful, and I
 Am resolv'd to serve you and my country, or die.
 Then make no delay but to Ernon repair,
 To ask pardon for all he has suffer'd takecare ;
 To serve you what remains of his life he'll expose,
 Return in three days, then fall on your foes ;
 There's no time to be lost, for Abdallah is bent
 To accomplish in three days his lustful intent.
 In love and in war time is precious you know ;
 Alamon with alacrity answer'd, I go.
 Ernon, whom Amida had informed of all,
 Lov'd his prince, tho' ungrateful, and lamented his fall ;
 His gen'rous, brave friends all stood ready at hand,
 And of soldiers he headed a most resolute band.

Ernon tenderly wept when his prince he had found,
They arm'd in secret, march'd in silence profound.
Amida address'd 'em, and her words cou'd impart
The love of true glory to each abject slave's heart,
Alamon cou'd both conduct and courage unite,
And a hero became when he first went to fight.
The Turk plung'd in lux'ry, who nothing mistrusted,
Surpriz'd by the vanquish'd, in his turn was worsted.
Alamon to the palace had in triumph advanc'd
At the time when the Turk by soft pleasure intranc'd,
Not having yet heard the dire turn of his fate,
Was with hopes of enjoying fair Amida elate.
His right he asserted, and took the Turk's place ;
Then straight there appear'd with a confident face,
The priest in whose air there appear'd much resignation,
And the two knavish courtiers just, broke from confinement :

Boasting that they did all, tho' their boasts were quite vain,
The influence they once had they hop'd to maintain.
To prove cruel and spiteful cowards but seldom have fail'd,
The monk was for having Abdallah impal'd.
The prince then reply'd with a resolute tone,
Vile wretch, such a punishment should be your own ;
By a shameful repose you to ruin had brought me,
This Turk and my mistress true courage have taught me ;
By your precepts misguided, false zeal I ador'd,
But misfortunes and love have my virtues restor'd.
At peace, brave Abdallah, and in freedom depart,
'Tis you have reform'd both my mind and my heart :
'Then in freedom depart, no more trouble this state,
And if ever it should be so ordered by fate,
That o'er your dominions three knaves shou'd bear sway,
Send directly for me, I'll your favour repay.

The Education of a DAUGHTER.

WINTER still lasts, my friends, and my greatest de-
 light,
 Is by telling long stories t' amuse you at night.
 Let us talk of dame Gertrude, I ne'er yet knew a prude
 With charms more attractive or more various endu'd :
 Tho' thirty-six years had pass'd over her head,
 The graces and loves were not yet from her fled.
 Tho' grave in behaviour, she was ne'er seen to frown,
 Her eyes had much lustre, yet she ever look'd down ;
 Her breast white as snow was with gauze cover'd o'er,
 Thro' which curious eyes cou'd its beauties explore.
 A few touches of art, and a little red lead,
 Gave a delicate glow to her natural red :
 Her person neglecting more brightly she shone,
 Her dress struck the eye by its neatness alone.
 On her toilet a Bible was always display'd,
 And near Massillon was a pot of paint laid ;
 The devotions for Lent she still read o'er and o'er,
 But what made zeal in her respected the more,
 Was, that she in woman excus'd each rash action,
 For Gertrude the devout was no friend to detraction.
 This dame had one daughter alone, seventeen
 Was her age ; a more bright beauty never was seen ;
 Of this lovely creature Mabel was her name,
 More fair than her mother, but the beauty the same.
 They appear'd like Minerva and like Venus the fair,
 To breed up her daughter was Gertrude's chief care.
 Like a flow'r newly blown she her child kept a stranger
 To this wicked world's contagion and danger.
 Cards, public diversions, and gay conversation
 To each innocent soul direful baits of temptation,
 The true snares of Satan which the saints ever fly,
 Were pleasures which Gertrude's house ne'er durst come
 nigh.

Gertrude

Gertrude had a chapel whereto to repair,
When minded to heaven to put up a pray'r ;
There her leisure she oft past in good meditations,
And her soul breath'd to heav'n in ejaculations.
Resplendent with richest of furniture shone
This retreat, to the eye of the public unknown :
A pair of stairs where the prophane ne'er durst tread,
To the garden and from it into the street led.
You all know that in summer the sun's scorching ray
Makes night far more agreeable oft than the day ;
By the moon's silver light then the heavens are o'erspread,
And girls take no pleasure to slumber in bed.
Isabel, whilst with pleasing pain throbb'd her soft breast,
(As girls at seventeen can't be always at rest)
Pass'd the night under shelter of some cooling shade,
Yet scarce ever thought for what use it was made.
Unmov'd she saw nature, and never admir'd,
But rose, went and came, just as caprice inspir'd ;
No object impression could make on her mind,
She knew not how to think, yet to think was inclin'd,
At the chapel she chanc'd to hear one day some stir,
That moment she felt curiosity's spur ;
No suspicion she had which could justly raise fear,
Yet trembling and with hesitation drew near ;
One foot putting forward, on the stairs she ascended,
One hand she held back, and the other extended ;
With eye fix'd, out-stretch'd neck, and heart throbbing fast,
Herself she exerted to hear all that past.
The first thing she hears is the voice of soft anguish,
Words half interrupted, sighs of lovers that languish,
My mother's oppress'd by some pain or some care,
Cry'd she, in her troubles I should have my share.
Approaching she heard these soft words, Dear Andrew
For the bliss of my life I'm indebted to you.
Isabella this hearing took heart, and she cry'd,
My mother is well, I shou'd be satisfy'd.
At length Isabella retires to her bed,
But for sighing can't sleep, strange things run in her head :
Bliss Andrew bestows, but how, by what art ?
'Tis sure a rare talent happiness to impart.
Thus she argu'd the case with herself all the night,
And impatiently wish'd the return of the night.

Isabel the next morning shew'd some inquietude,
 Her concern was quickly perceiv'd by Gertrude.
 To Isabel silence prov'd a task too severe,
 To ask prying questions she could not forbear.
 Who's this Andrew, said she, madam, who's said to know
 The way upon woman true blifs to bestow ?
 Gertrude started, as justly it might be suppos'd
 That all was discover'd, yet herself she compos'd :
 Then with perfect assurance to her daughter reply'd,
 O'er ev'ry family a saint thou'd preside ;
 I've made choice of St Andrew, to him I'm devoted,
 By him is my temp'ral welfare promoted :
 I invoke him in secret, his assistance implore,
 He often appears to me whilst I adore ;
 There does not one saint in all Paradise dwell,
 Who in holiness can my St Andrew excel.
 A well-shap'd young man whom we Dennis shall name,
 Soon of fair Isabella enamour'd became.
 From Isabel Dennis most kind treatment found,
 And their loves with enjoyment were frequently crown'd.
 Gertrude to ev'ry stir in her turn giving ear,
 Chanc'd the anthems sung by Isabella to hear,
 And the pray'rs which she made whilst she Dennis caress'd,
 In extacy straining him to her soft breast.
 Surprising our lovers, Gertrude was enrag'd :
 Her passion the daughter by this answer asswag'd :
 Dear mother, excuse me, for patron I claim
 St Dennis, as your saint St Andrew you name.
 Gertrude then grown wiser greater happiness knew,
 Retaining her lover, she to saints bid adieu,
 She dropt the vain project of deceiving mankind :
 They're not to be cheated, for Envy's not blind ;
 With piercing eye envy will see thro' your mask ;
 To conjecture is easy, to feign a hard task ;
 To live free is a blessing, but all pleasures are faint
 To the wretch who lives under perpetual constraint.
 The fair Isabel liv'd no longer retir'd,
 In charms she increas'd, by the town was admir'd.
 Those pleasures which Gertrude had exclud'd before,
 She agreed as companions of love to restore :
 There the most polite people in joy pass'd their days,
 Nought is found in good company undeserving of praise.

The THREE MANNERS.

HOW form'd were th' Athenians true joy to impart !
 How their genius delights and enlivens my heart !
 How under their fictions ingenious I trace
 Truth's likenefs, and soon grow in love with her face !
 But of all their inventions that which strikes me the most
 Is the stage, of Athenians the pride and the boast ;
 Whereon heroes renown'd, and the chiefs of old times,
 Cou'd act over again both their good deeds and crimes.
 You see how all nations in this present age
 Adopt their example, and wou'd rival their stage.
 No folio instruction like the drama conveys,
 Perish, perish the wretches who would censure all plays ;
 When that vile, abject race, first existed below,
 A heart Nature on them forgot to bestow.
 At the Greeks solemn games, 'twas the custom to crown
 Men of eminent virtue and chiefs of renown ;
 Before the people justice was done to their merit,
 Thus oft' I've seen Villars and Maurice, whose spirit
 And conduct from courtiers met with censure severe,
 When they went to the opera receive laurels there.
 Thus when Richlieu victorious return'd from Mahon,
 Which he bravely had taken, as curs'd envy must own,
 Wherever he pass'd he receiv'd loud applause ;
 Not greater Clairon from the crowded pit draws.
 Before buskins were known in old Æschylus' time,
 Ere Melpomene trod the stage with steps sublime,
 To young lovers was granted a much envy'd prize,
 Whoever inspir'd by his mistress' bright eyes,
 In the year had done most, and most tenderness shewn,
 That man was before all the Greeks crown'd alone.
 The cause of her passion was by each fair one pleaded,
 Her lover's claim she by her eloquence aided,
 Having first made an oath to obtain from all art,
 Nor like orators aim at misleading the heart,

Without

Without exaggeration their cause to support ;
 A hard task to women as to lawyers at court.
 Still extant remains one of these fine debates,
 Which took rise from the leisure of Greece's free states,
 Eudames being archon, if my men'ry's right,
 Three beauties appearing, fill'd all Greece with delight ;
 Ægle, Apamis, and Teone were their names ;
 The wits of all Greece ran in crowds to the games :
 Tho' great talkers, they then kept a silence profound,
 Attentively list'ning as the stage they went round.
 In a golden cloud Venus with young Cupid descended,
 To all that the disputants utter'd attended.
 First began youthful Ægle, who had graces and art,
 Which charming eye and ear found a way to the heart.
 Hermotimes my much lov'd, my much honour'd sire,
 Throughout his whole life felt true genius' fire,
 He attach'd himself always to those gifts of the mind,
 Those elegant arts which have polish'd mankind ;
 To science devoted, from all honours he fled,
 And life unambitious with his family led ;
 His daughter he wou'd to no husband consign,
 But to one who like him felt the influ'nce divine,
 Who best knew to sing to the lyre, and to paint
 The few charms nature gave me, which indeed are but faint,
 Young Lygdamon lov'd me ; nat'ral genius alone,
 By art unassisted, in him brightly shone,
 Discreet and ingenious, both refin'd and polite,
 He ne'er spoke as a scholar, but always spoke right ;
 He no talents possess'd, yet could judge of each art,
 Ev'ry grace his mind form'd, and soft love fill'd his heart ;
 He knew to love only ; in that art he excell'd ;
 My heart soon to learn it from him was compell'd.
 When my sire would have acted a tyrannical part,
 And have torn me from him who possess'd my sad heart,
 And wou'd with some painter have caus'd me to wed,
 Some genius to music and poetry bred,
 How incessant the tears trickl'd from my sad eyes,
 Despotic pow'r o'er us parents wou'd exercise !
 Since we owe life to them, o'er our lives they have power
 Like gods, so for death I prepar'd in sad hour ;
 Confus'd and despairing wretched Lygdamon fled,
 And sought some asylum where to shelter his head.

My fire meant in six months to dispose of my hand,
 That delay was expected by the whole am'rous band.
 No room had they then their sad talents to shew,
 I was grown a mere picture of sorrow and woe.
 The moments swift flying increas'd my alarms,
 My lov'd Lygdamon had retir'd from my arms ;
 When my lovers shou'd meet I expected my doom,
 To escape 'em I wish'd to sink into my tomb.
 Twenty rivals productions were expos'd to men's eyes ;
 To a thousand debates their productions gave rise :
 I who had not seen any for none cou'd decide,
 My father impatient wou'd have made me the bride
 Of the proud Harpagus, whose works greatly were priz'd,
 To him I was going to be sacrific'd.
 A slave then who seem'd to arrive in post-haste
 The work of a stranger full in their view plac'd :
 All present then fix'd on the canvas their eyes,
 'Twas my picture so like, that it caus'd much surpris'e.
 In the picture I seem'd both to breathe and to speak.
 And sigh as my heart were just going to break ;
 In my air, in my eyes perfect love was express'd
 Art appear'd not. 'twas nature represented at best ;
 On the canvas appear'd by art wond'rous and new,
 The soul and the body at once to the view ;
 There deep shade was united with light's mildest gleams ;
 As at morning we see the sun dart his bright beams
 Athwart our vast forests circl'd round with thick shades,
 And gild fruits and harvests, green meadows and glades.
 To find fault was only Harpagus' desire,
 The rest all stood silent, and were forc'd to admire.
 Who's this, cry'd out Harpagus, lost in amaze,
 That painting to such high perfection cou'd raise ?
 To whom at last shall I my daughter consign ?
 Lygdamon then appearing, said, shall she be mine ?
 'Tis love that's the painter, love alone on my breast
 Has this lively image of my Ægle impress'd.
 'Twas love's pow'r on the canvas directed my hand,
 What art is not subject to that god's high command ?
 'Tis his pow'r alone that all arts can inspire,
 Then to voice soft and tender attuning his lyre,
 Of tones and notes various, he made music so fine,
 All thought themselves seated at a concert divine ;

Like Appelles he painted, and like Orpheus he sung;
 With rage and with fury was Harpagus stung;
 Fire flash'd from his eyes, and his anger suppress'd,
 His visage inflam'd, and boil'd fierce in his breast.
 Then seizing with frenzy, a javelin, he flew,
 In Lygdamon's blood his fell hands to embroe;
 My lover to slay the barbarian intended,
 And over two lives dire destruction impended.
 Lygdamon, who perceiv'd him, was no way dismay'd;
 But with the same hand that so skilfully play'd,
 Which the hearts and the minds of his hearers had charm'd,
 He rais'd his foe, whom he had fought and disarm'd.
 Then sure to love's prize he may justly lay claim,
 Permit me to grant the reward of his flame.
 Thus spoke the fair *Agle*. Love applauds her discourse,
 And the theatre rung, the Greeks clapp'd with such force.
 To hear this applause, drew a blush from the dame,
 And her passion for Lygdamon fiercer became.

Then rose *Teone*, nor her speech nor her air
 Were formed by art, or seem'd studiy'd with care;
 The Greeks when she rose, for a time seem'd more gay,
 Her adventure with smiles she began to display
 In verse of less length, and a different measure,
 Which runs with great ease, and is heard with much pleasure:
 'Twas in such the gay *Hamilton* still chose to write;
 Such nature has often been known to indite.

T E O N E.

Young *Agatan* you all must know,
 His charms like those of *Nereus* shew;
 His cheeks glow'd with a lovely red,
 And scarce with down were overspread;
 His eyes like *Venus's* are sweet,
 His voice like her's with love replete.
 Lilies united with the rose
 The tincture of his hue compose;
 The ringlets of *Apollo's* hair
 Are not so graceful, long, and fair,

When of fit age to be a wife,
 I chose him as my own for life,
 My heart was not his captive made
 By outward charms which quickly fade ;
 Like Paris he can strike the eye,
 In strength with fam'd Achilles vie.
 One ev'ning, as I with my aunt
 Took on the Ægean sea a jaunt,
 Near one of those delightful isles
 On which kind heav'n for ever smiles,
 A Lydian vessel, great of size,
 Seiz'd on our sloop as lawful prize.
 Long had the corsair, then grown grey,
 Cruiz'd near those isles in quest of prey.
 Girls in the bloom of youth he sought,
 These to his governor he brought.
 He wanted one about my age,
 Saw something in me to engage ;
 He let my ancient aunt go free,
 And as men sparrows catch, seiz'd me ;
 With haste then to his master goes,
 Of his new booty to dispose.
 My good aunt then with clam'rous cries,
 And bosom swoln, with sorrow flies
 To the Pyreum, there to tell
 Whoe'er she met of what befel ;
 How her Tèone was the prey
 Of a corsair that rov'd the sea ;
 Of one who dealt in female ware,
 And meant to sell me at some fair.
 Think you was Agaton content
 With tears what happen'd to lament ?
 On canvas with a brush to trace
 The various features of my face,
 To tune his lyre, his voice to raise,
 To sing my loss and beauties praise ?
 To arms my lover had recourse,
 Resolv'd to get me back by force :
 Not having wherewithal to pay
 Those that engage in ev'ry fray,
 He to to his youthful figure trusted,
 And like a girl himself adjusted,

With petticoat and stays when dress'd,
 He hid a poniard in his breast ;
 'Then in a sloop he brav'd the main,
 Bent or to die or me regain.
 The youth arriv'd soon thus array'd,
 To where Mæander winding play'd.
 So bright his charms were, he seem'd born
 'The court of some prince to adorn ;
 He seem'd a sheep made for the fold
 To which I just before was sold.
 When he began on shore to tread,
 To my seraglio he was led.
 No girl before was ever blest'd
 With joy like that which fill'd my breast,
 'When I in my seraglio spy'd
 My Grecian lover at my side,
 And that within my pow'r it lay
 All that his love dar'd to repay ;
 Him I accepted as my own,
 The deities appear'd alone
 At nuptials in such hurry made ;
 No priest was by in robes array'd ;
 And those who to a master bend,
 Have seldom servants to attend.
 At night the am'rous satrap came
 To my bed-side talk'd of his flame,
 His lust to gratify he thought,
 But one fine girl was to him brought.
 On seeing two, with great surprize,
 I can't too many have, he cries,
 Your lovely friend I much admire,
 Company's all that I desire ;
 Tho' two, I'll find means to content you,
 Let no curs'd jealousy torment you.
 When thus he had his mind express'd,
 He both his mistresses caress'd,
 His word preparing to make good,
 To do as he had said he wou'd ;
 For Agaton I was afraid,
 But my brave Greek quite undismay'd
 Upon the lustful satrap flew,
 Seiz'd on his hair, his poinard drew,

Discover'd that he was a man,
And boldly thus to speak began :
Your doors this instant open throw,
Out of this house let us three go ;
By signs your whole attendant band
Not to follow after us command ;
To the shore let us take our way,
And there embark without delay.
I'll watch you with attentive eyes,
If word or gesture I surprife,
If the least doubtful sign I spy,
That very instant you shall die ;
Your corpse into the river thrown
Shall to the bottom quick go down.
The fatrap, tho' a noble peer,
Was very liable to fear ;
He with great readines obey'd ;
The man is gentle that's afraid.
Then in the little bark with haste
With us the governor we plac'd.
Soon as in Greece we all were landed,
The vanquish'd's ransom was demanded ;
A round sum in good gold was paid,
This money was my dowry made.
Acknowledge then my lover's deed
Does that of Lygdamon exceed ;
That just had been my sad complaint,
Had he amus'd himself to paint
My face, or in elab'rate verse
My various graces to rehearse.

Her passion delighted, Greece heard her display
With ease unaffected, with simplicity gay,
All that Teone said was with fire animated,
Grace in telling has more force than what is related,
They applauded, they laugh'd, laughter Greeks never tires,
When man's happy, what signifies what he admires.
Apamis then, her eyes with tears flowing, advanc'd,
Her sorrows enchanted, and her charms inhanc'd,
The Greeks when she spoke took a more serious air,
No heart in her favour delay'd to declare.

In moderate measure she related the woes
 Which from her unhappy love's adventure arose ;
 The smooth running syllables gave delight to each ear,
 And arrang'd with much art quiet neglected appear.
 The melody of this easy metre's divine,
 The long oft' tires the ear, tho' acknowleg'd more fine.

A P A M I S.

Tho' some curs'd star then rul'd the earth,
 'Twas Amatonte first gave me birth,
 Bless'd region ! where in Greece, 'tis said,
 The mother of the loves was bred,
 Her cradle to that happy shore
 The ever-smiling pleasures bore ;
 Tho' born the human race to bless,
 Me she has loaded with distress.
 From her pure law no ill cou'd flow,
 She pour'd down only good below,
 Whilst her law nature's law remain'd ;
 Curs'd rigour has her altars stain'd :
 The gods are merciful and kind,
 But priests to cruelty inclin'd.
 A law they made severe as new,
 That any nymph that prov'd untrue,
 Her life shou'd in that water close
 From whence Love's goddess once arose,
 Unless her forfeit life to save
 Some lover chose a wat'ry grave.
 Can nothing then but punishment
 Inconstancy in love prevent ?
 Should woman weak, and prone to change
 From love to love inconstant range ?
 We'll own 'tis bad, but cannot see
 Of drowning the necessity.
 Oh Venus, beauty of the skies,
 From whom my woes and joys took rise,
 Whom I with so devout a care
 Serv'd with young Batilus the fair,
 I upon you as witness call
 Of my love's force, you know it all ;
 You know if e'er my flame to feed

My passion stood of fear in need ;
With love reciprocal delighted,
Our two souls were as one united ;
I and my lover felt that fire
Which once the goddess did inspire.
The sun, when he began his course,
Was witness of our passion's force ;
And when his setting rays the vale
Began to gild, he heard our tale ;
But most the sable shades of night
Were conscious of our soft delight.
Arenorax, by love disclaim'd,
Whose heart to ev'ry vice was fram'd,
Lov'd me, but 'twas thro' spight alone,
This all his words and deeds made known ;
Still he was jealous, for by fate
The wretch was pre-ordain'd to hate ;
Envy's curst poisons he let fall,
His tongue distill'd vile slander's gall.
Hateful informers, monsters dire,
To hell, which gave you birth, retire ;
To hurt me so much art was us'd,
That e'en my lover was abus'd,
And innocence a victim fell
To fraud, the off-spring curs'd of hell.
Do not require to have display'd
The horrid plot this monster laid ;
Such thoughts no place have in my soul,
My lover there still claims the whole.
In vain I to Love's goddess pray'd,
By all I found myself betray'd ;
Condemn'd to end my life and woes
In the sea whence fair Venus rose,
To death I was a victim led,
Tears, as I pass, by all were shed
With unavailing sorrow all
Lamented my untimely fall ;
When to me Batilus adres'd
A letter, which my fate revers'd,
Dear fatal note, which with it brought
Tidings that worse than death I thought !
I almost sunk in endless night,

When words like these first struck my sight:
 " Tho' to my love you were not true,
 " I'm yet resolv'd to die for you."
 'Twas done as said; my life to save,
 My lover plung'd into the wave.
 All at his boldness were amaz'd,
 They wept, and much his courage prais'd.
 On death thy aid I then requir'd,
 To end my woes alone desir'd:
 To follow Batilus I meant,
 But cruel friendship would prevent:
 By force kept from the shades below.
 I was condemn'd to life and woe.
 The curs'd impostor's hellish spight,
 Altho' too late, was brought to light;
 He in his turn death underwent,
 I gain not by his punishment.
 Lovely Batilus is no more,
 For me he fought the Stygian shore.
 To you, O judges, I repair,
 Grant to my sighs and tender care
 Such needful aid, such kind relief
 As may but mitigate my grief:
 Grant the youth who resign'd his breath
 The prize he merited by death;
 'Twill cheer him in the shades below,
 But I shall comfort no more know:
 Then let your generous hearts once more
 Force to this trembling hand restore,
 That on his tomb before your eyes
 It may write " Athens gives this prize."
 Sobs stopp'd her when she thus had said,
 Ceasing, a flood of tears she shed.
 Compassion touch'd each judge's breast;
 They first took Ægle's side,
 With Teone laugh'd at each jest,
 With Apamis they cry'd,
 I'm sorry that I cannot find
 To whom the laurel was assign'd.

My friends close by the fire-side seated
 These tales for you I have repeated;

I to an ancient author owe 'em,
 And hope you will some favour show 'em ;
 You of their merit must decide,
 I by your judgment will abide.

THELEMA *and* MACAREUS.

THELEMA's lively, all admire
 Her charms, but she's too full of fire ;
 Impatience ever racks her breast,
 Her heart a stranger is to rest.
 A jocund youth of bulky size
 This nymph beheld with tender eyes,
 From hers his humour differ'd quite,
 Black does not differ more from white.
 On his broad face and open mein
 There dwell tranquillity serene ;
 His converse is from langour free
 And boisterous vivacity.
 His sleep was sound and sweet at night,
 Active he was at morn like light ;
 As day advanc'd he pleas'd still more,
 Macareus was the name he bore.
 His mistress void of thought as fair
 Tormented him with too much care :
 She adoration thought her due,
 And into fierce reproaches flew ;
 Her Macareus with laughter left,
 And of all hopes of bliss bereft.
 From clime to clime like mad she ran
 To seek the dear, the faithless man :
 From him she cou'd not live content,
 So first of all to court she went.
 There she of ev'ry one inquir'd,
 Is Macareus with you retir'd ?
 Hearing that name the wittings there
 To laugh and smile cou'd scarce forbear.
 Madam, said they, who is this 'squire
 Macareus, for whom you inquire ?

Madam,

Madam, his character display,
 Or else we sha'n't know what to say.
 He is a man, return'd the fair,
 Possess'd of each endowment rare,
 A man of virtue so refin'd,
 He hated none of human kind ;
 To whom no man e'er ow'd a spite
 Who always knew to reason right.
 Who void of care liv'd still at ease,
 And knew all human kind to please.
 The courtiers answer'd with a sneer,
 You are not like to find him here,
 Mortals with such endowments rare
 But seldom to the court repair :
 The fair then to the city bent
 Her way, and stopp'd at a convent,
 She thought that in that calm retreat
 She might her tranquil lover meet.
 Madam, then said the under prior,
 The man for whom you thus inquire
 We long have waited for in vain,
 To visit us he ne'er did deign.
 But such a loss to compensate,
 We've idle time and vigils late ;
 We have our stated days of fasting
 With discord and divisions lasting.
 A short monk then with crown shav'd o'er,
 Said, Madam, seek this man no more ;
 For I'm by false reports misled,
 Or else your lover's long since dead.
 What the monk insolently said
 Made Thelema with rage grow red :
 Brother, said she, I'd have you know
 The man who has caus'd all my woe
 Was made for me, and me alone,
 He's in this world on which I'm thrown ;
 With me he'll live and die content,
 I'm properly his element :
 Who ought else told you on my word
 Has said a thing that's most absurd.
 This said, away the fair one ran,
 Resolv'd to find th' unconstant man.

At Paris, where the wits abound,
 Perhaps, said she, he may be found,
 The wits speak of him as a sage ;
 One of them said, You, by our page,
 Madam, perhaps have been misled ;
 When there of Macareus you read,
 We spoke of one we never knew,
 Then near she to the palace drew,
 Shutting her eyes, quick pass'd the fair,
 My love, she cry'd, can't sure be there ;
 There's some attractions in a court,
 But who'd to this vile place resort ?
 Themis' black followers needs must prove
 Eternal foes to him I love.

Fair Thelema at Rameau's shrine,
 Where the muse utters strains divine,
 The man who her so much neglected
 There to meet, was what sh' expected.
 At those feasts oft' she was a guest,
 Where meet gay people richly dress'd ;
 Such people as we all agree
 To call the best of company.
 People of an address polite,
 She look'd upon at the first sight
 As perfect copies of her lover ;
 But the soon after cou'd discover,
 That striving most to appear the same,
 They still were widest of their aim.
 At last the fair one in despair,
 Finding how vain was all her care.
 And grown of her inquiries tir'd,
 To her retreat wou'd have retir'd :
 The object which she there first spy'd
 Was Macareus by her bed side ;
 He waited there hid from her eyes,
 That he the fair one might surprize :
 Henceforward, said he, live with me,
 From all inquietude be free,
 Do not, like vain and haughty dames,
 Be too assuming in your claims ;
 And if you would henceforth possess
 My person and my tenderness,

Never more make demands more high
 Than suits me with them to comply.
 Who's understood by either name,
 Both of the lover and the dame,
 The folks who are profound in Greek
 Cannot be very far to seek.
 Taught by this emblem they'll relate
 What's to be ev'ry mortal's fate,
 Thee, Macareus, tho' all men chuse,
 Tho' much they love thee, oft' they lose;
 And I'm persuaded that you dwell
 With me, tho' this I fear to tell.
 Who boasts that with thee he is blest'd,
 By envy oft' is dispossest'd;
 A man shou'd know, to make thee sure,
 How to live happy whilst obscure.

A Z O L A N .

AT village liv'd, in days of yore,
 A youth bred in Mohammed's lore;
 His well-turn'd limbs were form'd with grace,
 With blooming beauty glow'd his face;
 His name was Azolan, with care
 The Khoran he had wrote out fair;
 Was on its study ever bent,
 To get it all by heart he meant.
 From the most early youth his breast
 By zeal for Gabriel was possess'd:
 This minister of the most high
 Descended to him from the sky.
 The zeal that in thy bosom glows,
 Said he, thy guardian Gabriel knows:
 To Gabriel gratitude is dear,
 To make your fortune I'm come here;
 You'll in short time as first divine
 Of Medina and Mecca shine;
 This next to his place who is chief
 Of all who hold the true belief,
 Is the most high and wealthy station
 In holy Mahomet's donation.

When you your duties once begin,
 Honours on all sides will pour in ;
 But you a solemn oath must make
 The whole sex female to forsake ;
 To lead a life most chaste, and ne'er
 But thro' a grate to view the fair.
 Too hastily the beauteous boy,
 That he church treasures might enjoy,
 Fell easily into the snare,
 Nor of his folly was aware.
 Our new-made imam was elate,
 Seeing himself become so great ;
 His joy the salary enhanc'd,
 Which was immediately advanc'd
 By a clerk of important air,
 Who with him still went share and share,
 No joy can dignity supply,
 Nor wealth, shou'd love his aid deny.
 Each morning as the day return'd,
 'The youth, who with love's flames still burn'd,
 Being by his curs'd oath enchain'd,
 Of his sad slav'ry complain'd,
 Avowing freely in his heart,
 'That he had play'd a foolish part.
 Amina fair by chance he spies,
 With youthful bloom and charming eyes ;
 He loves Amina, she in turn
 For him feels love's flame equal burn.
 Then Medina farewell, he cry'd,
 Mecca, vain pomp and foolish pride ;
 Amina, mistress of my breast,
 We'll both live in my village blest'd.
 From heaven th' archangel made descent
 Severely to reproach him bent :
 The tender lover thus replies ;
 Do but behold my mistress' eyes ;
 I find of me you've made a jest,
 I'm by your contract quite distress'd ;
 With all you gave I'll freely part,
 I ask alone Amina's heart.
 The prudent and the sacred lore
 Of Mahomet I must adore ;

Love's joys he grants to the elect,
 Nay he allows 'em to expect
 Aminta's and eternal love,
 In his bright Paradise above.
 To heaven again dear Gabriel go,
 My zeal for you shall still o'erflow;
 To the empireum then repair,
 Without my love I'd not go there.

The Origin of TRADES.

WHEN with a skilful hand Prometheus made
 A statue that the human form display'd,
 Pandora his own work to wed he chose,
 And from those two the human race arose,
 When first to know herself the fair began,
 She play'd her smile's enchantment upon man;
 By softness and alluring speech she gain'd
 Th' ascendant, and her master soon chain'd;
 Her beauty on Prometheus' sense ne'er pall'd,
 And the first husband was the first enthrall'd.
 The god of war soon saw the new-form'd fair;
 His manly beauty, and his martial air,
 His golden casque, and all his glittering arms,
 Pandora pleas'd, and he enjoy'd her charms.
 When the sea's ruler in his humid court
 Had heard of this intrigue from fame's report,
 The fair he sought, a like reception found,
 Could Neptune fail where Mars a triumph found?
 Day's light-hair'd god from his resplendent height
 Their pleasures saw, and hop'd the same delight;
 She could not to refuse him have the heart,
 Who o'er the day presides, and ev'ry art.
 Mercury with eloquence declar'd his flame,
 And in his turn he triumph'd o'er the dame.
 Squallid and sooty from his forge at first,
 Vulcan was ill receiv'd, and gave disgust;
 But he by importunity obtain'd
 What other gods with so much ease had gain'd.

Pandora's

Pandora's prime thus wing'd with pleasure flew,
Then she in languor liv'd, nor wherefore knew.
She that devotes to love her life's first spring,
As years increase can do no other thing;
For e'en to gods inconstancy is known,
And those who dwell in heaven to change are prone.
Pandora of her favours had been free
To gods who left her; happ'ning then to see
A satyr who thro' plains and meadows stray'd,
Smit with his mien, the love-advances made;
To these amours our race existence owes,
From such amusements all mankind arose;
Hence those varieties in talents spring,
In genius, passions, bus'ness, every thing:
To Vulcan one, to Mars one owes his birth,
This to a satyr; very few on earth
Claim any kindred with the god of day,
Few that celestial origin display.
From parents each his taste and turn derives:
But most of all trades now Pandora's thrives;
The most delightful, tho' least rare it seems,
And is the trade all Paris most esteems.

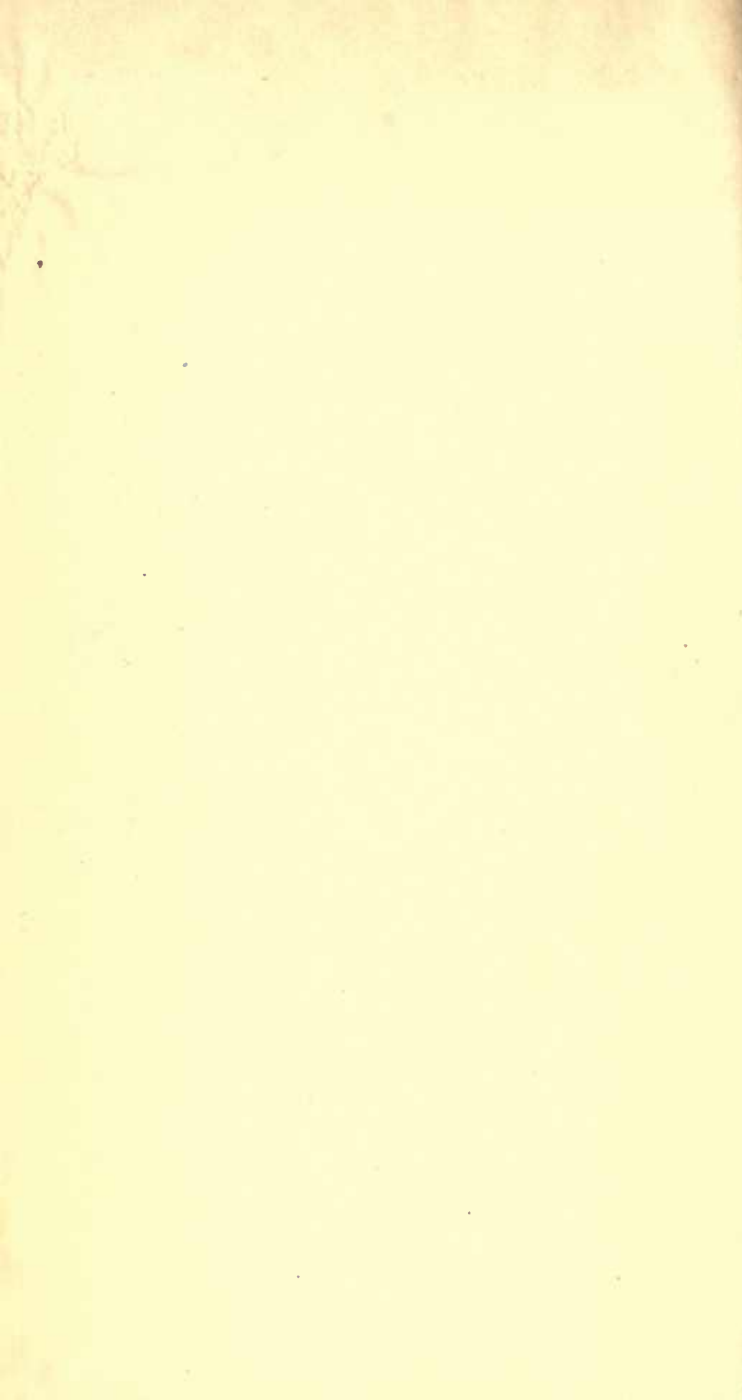
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