The Works of VOLTAIRE

Volume I

Introductory and Biographical
Victor Hugo's Oration
Candide
Poetical Dissertations

The Works of Voltaire

Edition De La Pacification

A Contemporary Version

Volume I

With Notes by Tobias Smollet, Revised and Modernized

New Translations by William F. Flemming, and an Introduction by Oliver H. G. Leigh

A Critique and Biography by The Rt. Hon. John Morley

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BETWEEN TWO SERVANTS of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect: JESUS WEPT: VOLTAIRE SMILED. Of that divine tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

VICTOR HUGO.

Contents

The Works of VOLTAIRE

Publisher's Preface

5

Students of Voltaire need not be told that nearly every important circumstance in connection with the history of this extraordinary man, from his birth to the final interment of his ashes in the Panthéon at Paris, is still matter of bitter controversy.

If, guided in our judgment by the detractors of Voltaire, we were to read only the vituperative productions of the sentimentalists, the orthodox critics of the schools, the Dr. Johnsons, the Abbé Maynards, Voltaire would still remain the most remarkable man of the eighteenth century. Even the most hostile critics admit that he gave his name to an epoch and that his genius changed the mental, the spiritual, and the political

conformation, not only of France but of the civilized world. The anti-Voltairean literature concedes that Voltaire was the greatest literary genius of his age, a master of language, and that his historical writings effected a revolution. Lord Macaulay, an unfriendly critic, says: "Of all the intellectual weapons that have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants who had never been moved by the wailings and cursings of millions, turned pale at his name." That still more hostile authority, the evangelical Guizot, the eminent French historian, makes the admission that "innate love of justice and horror of fanaticism inspired Voltaire with his zeal in behalf of persecuted Protestants," and that Voltaire contributed most powerfully to the triumphs of those conceptions of Humanity, Justice, and Freedom which did honor to the eighteenth century.

6

Were we to form an estimate of Voltaire's character and transcendent ability through such

a temperate non-sectarian writer as the Hon. John Morley, we would conclude with him that when the right sense of historical proportion is more fully developed in men's minds, the name of Voltaire will stand out like the names of the great decisive movements in the European advance, like the Revival of Learning, or the Reformation, and that the existence, character, and career of Voltaire constitute in themselves a new and prodigious era. We would further agree with Morley, that "no sooner did the rays of Voltaire's burning and far-shining spirit strike upon the genius of the time, seated dark and dead like the black stone of Memnon's statue, than the clang of the breaking chord was heard through Europe and men awoke in a new day and more spacious air." And we would probably say of Voltaire what he magnanimously said of his contemporary, Montesquieu, that "humanity had lost its title-deeds and he had recovered them."

Were we acquainted only with that Voltaire described by Goethe, Hugo, Pompery, 7
Bradlaugh, Paine, and Ingersoll, we might believe with Ingersoll that it was Voltaire who sowed the seeds of liberty in the heart and brain of Franklin, Jefferson, and Thomas Paine, and that he did more to free the human race than any other of the sons of men. Hugo says that "between two servants of humanity which appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there was indeed a mysterious relation," and we might even agree that the estimate of the young philanthropist Édouard de Pompery was temperate when he said, "Voltaire was the best Christian of his times, the first and most glorious disciple of Jesus."

So whatever our authority, no matter how limited our investigation, the fact must be recognized that Voltaire, who gave to France her long-sought national epic in the *Henriade*, was in the front rank of her poets. For nearly a century his tragedies and dramas held the

boards to extravagant applause. Even from his enemies we learn that he kept himself abreast of his generation in all departments of literature, and won the world's homage as a king of philosophers in an age of philosophers and encyclopædists.

He was the father of modern French, clear, unambiguous, witty without buffoonery, convincing without truculency, dignified without effort. He constituted himself the defender of humanity, tolerance, and justice, and his influence, like his popularity, increases with the diffusion of his ideas.

No matter what the reader's opinion of Voltaire's works may be, it will readily be conceded that without these translations of his comedies, tragedies, poems, romances, letters, and incomparable histories, the literature of the world would sustain an immeasurable loss, and that these forty-two exquisite volumes will endure as a stately monument, alike to the

great master and the book-maker's art-craft he did so much to inspire.

E. R. D.

Introduction

Voltaire wrote of himself, "I, who doubt of everything." If, in this laudable habit of taking second thoughts, some one should ask what were the considerations that prompted this exceptional reproduction of what is a literature rather than a one-man work, they are indicated in these Reasons Why:

1. Because the Voltaire star is in the ascendant. The most significant feature of the literary activity now at its height has been the vindication of famous historic characters from the misconceptions and calumnies of writers who catered to established prejudice or mistook biassed hearsay for facts. We have outgrown the weakling period in which we

submissively accepted dogmatical portrayals of, for example, Napoleon as a demon incarnate, or Washington as a demi-god. We have learned that great characters are dwarfed or distorted when viewed in any light but that of midday in the open. Historians and biographers must hereafter be content to gather and exhibit impartially the whole facts concerning their hero, and thus assist their readers as a judge assists his competent jury.

2. Because, among the admittedly great figures who have suffered from this defective 10
focussing, no modern has surpassed, if indeed any has equalled, Voltaire in range and brilliance of a unique intellect, or in long-sustained and triumphant battling with the foes of mental liberty. Every writer of eminence from his day to ours has borne testimony to Voltaire's marvellous qualities; even his bitterest theological opponents pay homage to his sixty years' ceaseless labors in the service of men and women of all creeds and of none. The time has

come when the posterity for whose increased happiness he toiled and fought are demanding an opportunity to know this apostle of progress at first-hand. They wish to have access to the vast body of varied writings which hitherto have been a sealed book except to the few. For this broad reason, in recognition of the growing desire for a closer acquaintance with the great and subtle forces of human progress, it has been determined to place Voltaire, the monarch of literature, and the man, before the student of character and influence, in this carefully classified form.

3. Because the field of world-literature is being explored as never before, and in it Voltaire's garden has the gayest display of flowers. The French genius has more sparkle and its speech a finer adaptability than ours. First among the illustrious, most versatile of the vivacious writers of his nation, Voltaire wielded his rapier quill with a dexterity unapproached by his contemporaries or successors. It still

dazzles as it flashes in the sunshine of the wit that charmed even those it cut the deepest. Where his contemporary reformers, and their general clan to this day, deal blows whose effectiveness is blunted by their clumsiness, this champion showed how potent an ally wisely directed ridicule may become in the hands of a master. Every page of his books and brochures exemplifies Lady Wortley Montagu's maxim:

> Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
> Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

But when blood-letting was needed the Voltaire pen became a double-edged lancet.

4. Because biography is coming into higher appreciation, as it should. A man's face is the best introduction to his writings, and the facts of his life make the best commentary on them. Where is there the like of that extraordinary, fascinating, enigmatical, contradictory physiognomy of Voltaire? And where is there a life so packed

with experiences to match? His writings mirror the mind and the life. Philosopher, historian, poet, theologian, statesman, political economist, radical reformer, diplomatist, philanthropist, polemic, satirist, founder of industries, friend of kings and outlaws, letter-writer, knight-errant, and Boccaccio-Chauceresque teller of tales, Voltaire was all these during his sixty-two years of inexhaustible literary activity. "None but himself could be his parallel." No other author's works combine such brilliant persiflage with such masculine sense, or exhibit equal fighting powers graced by equal perfection of literary style.

12

5. Because Voltaire stands as an entertainer in a class apart from others, such as Balzac, Hugo, and his country's novelists and poets. They bring us draughts from the well in their richly chased cups; Voltaire gives us the spring, out of which flows an exhaustless stream of all that makes fiction alluring, poetry beautiful, epigram memorable, common sense

uncommonly forceful, and courageous truth-speaking contagious. His delicious humor and mordant sarcasm amuse, but they also inspire. There is moral purpose in every play of his merry fancy. Every stroke tells. A mere story, however charming, has its climax, and then an end, but it is next to impossible to read any page in any book of Voltaire's, be it dry history, grave philosophy, plain narrative, or what not, without some chance thought, suggestion, or happy turn of phrase darting out and fixing itself in one's mind, where it breeds a progeny of bright notions which we fondly make believe are our own.

6. Because, lastly, no private library worthy the name is complete without Voltaire. French editions are found upon the most-used book-shelves of collectors who revel in the treasures of French literature, but the present edition has the advantage, besides the prime one of being in strong, nervous English, of a methodical arrangement which will prove helpful to every

reader; also it gives closer and more acceptable readings of many passages, in original translation and in paraphrase. 13

The original notes by Dr. Smollett, author of "Humphrey Clinker," and other racy novels of eighteenth-century life, are retained where helpful or in his characteristic vein. So are Ireland's lively and edifying commentaries on *La Pucelle*, rich in historical and antiquarian interest.

Lovers of Goldsmith—who never had an enemy but himself—will welcome the charming pages here rescued from his least-read miscellanies, in which he draws the mental and personal portrait of Voltaire, whose genius he cordially admired, and whose character he champions. The critical study of Voltaire by the Right Honorable John Morley, some time a member of Gladstone's cabinet and his biographer, needs no other commendation than its author's name.

Victor Hugo's lofty oration on the hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death, links the names and fame of the two great modern writers of France. The translations and textual emendations by W. F. Fleming are a feature of this edition.

The volumes are illuminated by as artistic and costly pictures as can be procured. The antique flavor of the contemporary illustrations is preserved in a number of original steel engravings, etchings, and woodcuts, besides choice photogravure and later process plates. The volumes, as a whole, will be recognized as an ideal example of typography and chaste binding.

Oliver H. G. Leigh

The Many-Sided Voltaire. 14

CHOOSE ANY OF Voltaire's writings, from an epigram to a book, and it impresses the mind with a unique sense of a quality which it would be absurd to liken to omniscience, though mere versatility falls short on the other side. So the tracing of his life-experiences leaves us puzzled for a conventional term that shall exactly fit the case. The truth is that ordinary terms fail when applied to this man and to his works. It is unprofitable to measure a giant by the standards of average men. The root-cause of all the vilification and harsh criticism hurled at Voltaire by ordinarily respectworthy people has been the hopeless inability of the church-schooled multitude to grasp the free play of

a marvellous intellect, which could no more submit to be shackled by the ecclesiasticism of its day than the brave Reformer of Galilee could trim his conscience to fit the saddles of Jewish or Roman riders. To condense the events of this remarkably chequered career in a few pages is impossible without omitting minor items which, unimportant in themselves, yet reflect the flashings of the lesser facets which contribute to the varied lights of the diamond. Mr. Morley's lucid and powerful study of Voltaire, in this series, leaves room for the following attempt at a reasonably brief outline of the events in this multiform life. The object is to aid in understanding the hidden conditions in which many of the strong, and sometimes apparently extravagant, utterances were produced.

The narrative is compiled from biographies written at various periods since 1778, and is enriched in being supplemented by the little-known tributes of the most charming English writer among Voltaire's contemporaries, Oliver

15

Goldsmith, who was personally acquainted with the great Frenchman, whose genius he admired as enthusiastically as he championed his character.

Incidents in His Life

FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET was born at Paris on November 21, 1694. He assumed the name de Voltaire when in his twenty-fifth year.

1711—From the first, as a schoolboy, Voltaire out-classed his fellows. At the close of his sixth school year he was awarded prize after prize and crown after crown, until he was covered with crowns and staggered under the weight of his prize books. J. B. Rousseau, being present, predicted a glorious future for him. He was a good scholar, a favorite of his teachers, and admired and beloved by his companions.

Left school in August, aged nearly seventeen, tall, thin, with especially bright eyes as his only mark of uncommon good looks. He

was welcomed to the Temple by such grand seigniors as the duke de Sully, the duke de Vendôme, prince de Conti, marquis de Fare, and the other persons of rank forming their circle, who put him on a footing of perfect familiarity. He became a gay leader of fashion, flattered by the ladies, made much of by the men, supping with princes and satirizing the follies of the hour in sparkling verse.

1717—Voltaire returned in the spring to Paris, where many uncomplimentary squibs were being circulated concerning the pleasure-loving regent, of which he was at once suspected, rightly or wrongly; he was arrested in his lodgings in the "Green Basket," sent to the Bastille and assigned a room, which was ever after known as Voltaire's room. Here he dwelt for eleven months, during which he wrote the "*Henriade*" and corrected "*The Œdipe*."

1718—Released April 11th, as a result of entertaining the regent with comedy, and changed his name, for luck, as he says himself,

to Voltaire, a name found several generations back in the family of his mother.

1722—M. Arouet, Voltaire's father, died January 1st, leaving Armand, the orthodox son, his office, worth 13,000 francs a year, and to Voltaire property yielding about 4,000 francs a year. Voltaire was granted a pension of 2,000 francs by the regent. He loaned money at ten per cent, a year to dukes, princes and other grand seigniors with a determination to become independent. He always lived well within his income.

1726—It was desirable to leave France for a time, hence Voltaire's visit to England. His letters show how deeply he was impressed by the characteristics of the nation by whom he was so cordially welcomed. Voltaire having lost 20,000 francs through a Jewish financier, the king of England presented him with one hundred pounds.

1727—He studied English so industriously that within six months he could write it well,

and within a year was writing English poetry. He made many influential friends, and seems to have known almost every living Englishman of note. He studied Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke, Bacon, Swift, Young, Thomson, Congreve, Pope, Addison, and others. His two and a half years in England were as a post-graduate university course to him and amidst his studies he still was a producer, completing unfinished works and preparing others for his London publisher. Newton and Locke—Locke in particular—inspired in Voltaire his strongest and best trait the love of justice for its own sake.

1730–1731—The first year after his return from England was comparatively peaceful, but in March of 1730 his friend, the brilliant actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur, died at the age of twenty-eight, and was refused Christian burial; Voltaire leaped forward with his accustomed magnanimity as her champion, unhesitatingly endangering his safety in so doing always a true friend, always the helper of the weak and

oppressed, always the advocate of justice, and always first to defend natural rights. In this year, too, he began the mock-heroic poem of ten thousand lines on Joan of Arc ("*La Pucelle*"), the keeping of which from his enemies caused him anxiety for years. Interferences in his publications by the authorities of Paris marked this year, and, restive and unsubdued, he looked elsewhere, with the result that in March of the next year, under pretence of going to England, he took up his abode in obscure lodgings in Rouen, where he passed as an exiled Englishman. Here he lived for six months—sometimes in a farmhouse—and did a prodigious amount of work, besides having his interdicted works published. Late in the summer of this year he returned to Paris, where, for the first time since returning from England, he took permanent quarters. These were luxurious ones in the hotel of the countess de Fontaine-Martel, at whose invitation he came and with whom he was friendly. Here were continuous gayeties,

here his plays were performed, and here he had Cideville and Formont as near friends and helpful critics.

1732—On August 13th, he had the satisfaction of having "*Zaïre*" successfully produced in Paris, then in Fontainebleau, then in London, and soon, amidst applause, in cities throughout all Europe. This October he spent in Fontainebleau, and in November he returned to his aged friend, the countess, in Paris.

1733—During January he acted a leading part in the production of "*Zaïre*" with telling effect, and about this time this happy life was terminated by the death of the countess. Voltaire stayed for three months longer, and in May took lodgings with Démoulin, his man of business, in a dingy and obscure lane. Here two other poets, Lefèvre and Linant, were with him, and here he began to live more the life of a philosopher. He engaged in the importation of grain from Spain and was interested in the manufacture of straw-paper. In company with

his friend Paris-Duverney, he took contracts for feeding the army, out of which he quickly realized over half a million francs. Business never 18
interfered with his literary work, and while he fed the army he also produced verse for it.

1734—Forty years of age. Voltaire had recently met the marquise du Châtelet. He was doubtless now the most conspicuous, almost the only, literary figure on the continent who wrote in the new, free spirit that began to dominate the few great minds of northern Europe. Booksellers in Europe found his writings profitable. Frederick, prince royal of Prussia, was his disciple. Two editions of his collected works had been published in Amsterdam, and he was in demand everywhere; but more trouble was brewing. J. B. Rousseau, piqued over a quarrel, wrote from his exile disparagingly of Voltaire, who, in his turn, wrote the "Temple of Taste," which an enemy secured and published without the censor's approval, and again Voltaire was in trouble. He dearly loved a fight, and he fought

like a man—for truth, toleration, and justice—and he won. At this time he found time to bring about the marriage of the princess de Guise to the duke de Richelieu, and attended, with Madame du Châtelet, the nuptials in Monjeu, 150 miles southeast of Paris. Unlike many writers of our day, Voltaire could not keep the product of his pen out of print, and some surreptitious publications at this time caused an order for his arrest and the public burning of the book. The sacrifice of paper took place, but our ever wary author saved himself by flight, supposedly to Lorraine. At this time Voltaire and the philosophical Madame du Châtelet became greatly attached to each other, and their friendship lasted sixteen years. She lived in a thirteenth century castle at Cirey, in Champagne.

1736—On his return to Cirey, he found awaiting him a long letter from Frederick of Prussia. A year or two before, Voltaire had received from the duke of Holstein, heir

presumptive to the throne of Russia, husband of Catherine II., an invitation to reside in the Russian capital, on a revenue of 10,000 francs a year, which he declined. He was accustomed to the attention of princes and eulogiums from the gifted, but the letter of this Prussian prince had an especial importance and effect and opened a voluminous correspondence, ceasing only with the close of Voltaire's life. 19

1740—This was one of the most interesting years of his life. Frederick's admiration for and devotion to him were at their height, while his fine sentences, so freely and so finely expressed, induced Voltaire to call him the modern Marcus Aurelius, and the Solomon of the North. Frederick made Voltaire his confidant; Voltaire was to him the most devoted teacher, philosopher and friend. The intercourse of these two men constitutes one of the most interesting episodes in history. Frederick William died May 31st, and Voltaire's royal friend occupied the

throne of Prussia. This fact promised to be of immense advantage to Voltaire.

For ten years a struggle existed between Frederick and Madame du Châtelet for a monopoly of Voltaire's company. This rivalry was not conducive to his happiness.

1741–1742—Voltaire and Frederick gradually became disenchanted with each other. There was no longer any intellectual sympathy between their strong individualities. Frederick, warlike and aggressive, shedding the blood and disturbing the peace of nations, was not the Frederick Voltaire admired, and he hesitated not to reprove the king frequently.

Among the Englishmen who visited him in Brussels was Lord Chesterfield, to whom he read his play, "*Mahomet*," which was in May produced in Lille by a good French company, Voltaire and Madame du Châtelet being present. It was successful, but its production in Paris was delayed on account of a temporary disfavor in which Voltaire found himself with

the Parisians, owing to his intimacy with the king of Prussia, now become the enemy of France. However, in August, 1742, it was produced in the Théâtre Français, to the most distinguished audience that Paris could furnish—the ministry, magistrates, clergy, d'Alembert, literary men, and the fashionable world, Voltaire being conspicuous in the middle of the pit. Its success was immense, but his old enemy, the Church, tireless as himself, found an excuse for censuring "*Mahomet*," and within a week had it taken off 20
the boards. Invited by Frederick, he went in September to Aix-la-Chapelle. There the king again tried to lure him to Prussia. Frederick offered him a handsome house in Berlin, a fine estate in the country, a princely income, and the free enjoyment of his time, all of which to have Voltaire near him; but Voltaire loved his native country, notwithstanding its persecutions, its Bastille, its suppression of his dramas, its Jansenists, Convulsionists, Desfontaines, and its frequent exiling of its most illustrious son;

and he loved his friends and was faithful; and so, declining the king's bounty, he went back to Paris. He devoted himself for a year to the production of plays, drilling the actors, subjecting every detail to the closest scrutiny, and creating successes that eclipsed even his own earlier efforts. It is said that the "*Mérope*" drowned the theatre in tears, and caused high excitement.

1745—In January, Voltaire took up his abode in Versailles to superintend rehearsals, and in consideration of his labors at the fête, the king appointed him historiographer of France, on a yearly salary of 2,000 francs, and promised him the next vacant chair in the Academy. Voltaire considered this fair remuneration for a year of much toil in matters of the court. During these turbulent times, when a skilful pen was needed he was called upon. He was at this time in high favor with the king; Madame de Pompadour and many other influential persons also favored his aspirations. Voltaire dedicated "*Mahomet*" to

the Pope, and sent a copy and a letter to him, out of which grew an interesting correspondence, the publication of which proclaimed his good standing with the head of the Church. He was elected to the Academy in 1746.

1747—Private theatricals among the nobility were greatly in vogue at this time, and Madame de Pompadour selected Voltaire's comedy, "The Prodigal," to be played in the palace before the king. It was a striking success, and the author, in acknowledgment of the compliment, addressed a poem to Madame de Pompadour in which occurred an indiscreet allusion to her relations with the king. As a consequence, the king was induced to sign an order for his exile. This was followed by his hurried flight from court. At midnight, Voltaire, returning to his house in Fontainebleau, ordered the horses hitched to the carriage, and before daybreak left for Paris. He took refuge with the duchess du Maine in Sceaux.

1749—Madame du Châtelet died under peculiar circumstances in August. Voltaire found solace in play-writing. He set up house in Paris, and invited his niece, Madame Denis, to manage for him, which she did for the remainder of his days, and thus at the age of fifty-six he had a suitable and becoming home in his native city, with an income of 74,000 francs a year, equal to about fifty thousand dollars today. Though it was considered fashionable in that age to have intrigues with women, there is no evidence to prove that it was not repugnant to Voltaire. He may at court have pretended to have been conventional in this respect, but his retired life with his niece, his years at Frederick's court, and his more than fatherly treatment of his nieces, Corneille's granddaughter, and other young women, show that he was a good man to women. He owned no land, his investments being almost wholly in bonds, mortgages, and annuities. His letters indicate that at this time he considered himself settled for life, his intention

being, after spending the winter in Paris, to visit Frederick and Rome, making a tour of Italy, and then to return to Paris. But his reformatory writings were again bringing him into disfavor at court. He provided a theatre in his house, and invited a troupe of amateurs, amongst whom was the soon to be famous Lekain, to perform in it. This little theatre became famous. Voltaire worked like a Trojan, drilled the actors, supervised everything, and produced the most artistic effects. His work at this period included "*Zadig*," "*Babouc*," and "*Memnon*," among his best burlesque romances.

1750—The king of Prussia, on the death of his rival, renewed his solicitations that Voltaire should come to live with him. After his wars Frederick was again an industrious author, and Voltaire, submitting to his importunities, again went to him, leaving Madame Denis and Longchamp in charge of his house. He left Paris June 15th, and reached, July 10th, Sans-Souci, near Potsdam, the country place of the king,

seventeen miles from Berlin. Here everybody courted him, and all that the king had was at his disposal. At a grand celebration in Berlin, Voltaire's appearance caused more enthusiasm than did the king's. Frederick was now thirty-eight years of age, had finished his first war and was devoting himself to making Berlin—a city of 90,000 people—attractive and famous. At his nightly concerts were Europe's most famous artists. At his suppers were, besides Voltaire, many of the choice spirits of the literary world. Here, after thirty years of storms, Voltaire felt that he had found a port. Here was no Mirepoix to be despised and feared, no Bull Unigenitus, no offensive body of clergy and courtiers seeking fat preferment, no *billets de confession*, nor *lettres de cachet*, no Frérons to irritate authors, no cabals to damn a play, no more semblance of a king. Here for a time Voltaire was so happy that the long prospected trip to Italy was forgotten, but ere the year was out Paris, in the distance, to our Frenchman grew even more

attractive and beautiful than before; several disagreeable things happened as a result of the decided attachment of Frederick for Voltaire,—jealousy and all forms of littleness ever present at court were repugnant to Voltaire. At this time he had an unhappy misunderstanding with Lessing, and in this and the following year he did much work on his "Age of Louis XIV."

In November his propensity for speculation led him into the most deplorable lawsuit of his life. He supplied a Berlin jeweller named Abraham Hirsch with money and sent him to Dresden to buy depreciated banknotes at a large discount. Hirsch attended to his private business, it seems, and neglected Voltaire's. He was recalled and the speculation abandoned; but the wily agent was not easily shaken off, as Voltaire found to his cost. Voltaire had a constitutional persistence that made it all but impossible for him to submit to imposition, and he fought in this case an antagonist as persistent as himself, and one utterly unscrupulous, so that

after several months of litigation he indeed won his suit, but suffered much humiliation withal and greatly disgusted Frederick, who could not tolerate a lawsuit with a Jew.

1751—During this year of trouble, he and the king for a time saw less of each other, and Voltaire found solace, as usual, in his literary labors. He studied German, published his "Age of Louis XIV." in Berlin and in London. He co-operated with Diderot and d'Alembert on the great "Encyclopædia," the first volume of which was prohibited in this year; and so, still toiling in a room adjoining the king's in the château in Potsdam, this year glided into the next, in which the famous "Doctor Akakia" looms up.

1752—In his *brochure* with this title Voltaire played with the great Maupertuis as a cat might with a mouse. The indulgence of his satirical tendencies endangered his friendship with the king, and in September a letter to Madame Denis revealed the fact that he was preparing to return to Paris. In November the king

learned of the printed attack on his president of the Academy and was furious with Voltaire. An interesting correspondence followed, and partial reconciliation. The court and Voltaire went to Berlin for the Christmas festivities, but in this instance to separate houses. Here he had the honor of seeing several copies of his diatribe publicly burned on Sunday, December 24th, the result being that for some time ten German presses were printing the work day and night.

1753—On New Year's day Voltaire returned to the king as a New Year's gift the cross of his order and his chamberlain's key, together with a most respectful letter resigning his office and announcing his intended return to Paris. The king sent the insignia back and pressed Voltaire to stay, but in vain. After a sojourn in Leipsic, Voltaire paid a visit to the duchess of Saxe-Gotha, at Gotha. At her desire he undertook to write the "Annals of the Empire since Charlemagne." In the evenings he delighted the brilliant company

with reading his poems on "Natural Religion" and "*La Pucelle*." Voltaire again irritated by his parting shots at Maupertius. An order was given, and carried out, by which Voltaire was arrested and detained at Frankfort while his boxes were searched for the cross and key, and the more important manuscript of verses by the king, entitled "*Palladion*," in which his majesty had burlesqued the Christian faith. The king got his papers and chuckled over the humiliation of the man he had idolized, who took a poet's revenge in this roughly paraphrased epigram on the great Frederick:

24

"Of incongruities a monstrous pile,
Calling men brothers, crushing them the while;
With air humane, a misanthropic brute;
Ofttimes impulsive, ofttimes too astute;
Weakest when angry, modest in his pride;
Yearning for virtue, lust personified;
Statesman and author, of the slippery crew;
My patron, pupil, persecutor too."

In November of this year he visited his old friend, the duke de Richelieu, in Lyons, a city of great commercial importance about 200 miles from Colmar. Here he was enthusiastically welcomed by his few friends and the public, but the Church made it plain to him that he was not welcome to the governing class in France; so that, after a month in Lyons, he loaded his big carriage once more and sought an asylum in Geneva, ninety miles distant. He would have gone to America had he not feared the long sea journey, and in Switzerland he found the best possible European substitute for the new world of freedom so attractive to him.

1755—In February Voltaire bought a life-lease of a commodious house, with beautiful gardens, on a splendid eminence overlooking Geneva, the lake and rivers; and giving an enchanting view of Jura and the Alps. This place he named "Les Délices," the name it still bears. Here, he was in Geneva. Ten minutes' walk placed him in Sardinia. He was only half an

hour from France and one hour from the Swiss canton of Vaud. The situation pleased Voltaire, and he bought property and houses under four governments, and all within a circuit of a day's ride. Voltaire describes his retreat thus: "I lean my left on Mount Jura, my right on the Alps, and I have the beautiful lake of Geneva in front of my camp, a beautiful castle on the borders of France, the hermitage of Délices in the territory of Geneva, a good house at Lausanne; crawling thus from one burrow to another, I escape from kings. Philosophers should always have two or three holes underground against the hounds that run them down." From now until the end of his long life he lived like a feudal lord, a landed proprietor and an entertaining host. He kept horses, carriages, coachmen, postilions, lackeys, a valet, a French cook, a secretary and a boy, besides pet and domestic animals. Nearly every day he entertained at dinner from five to twenty friends.

1756—On November 1st, All Saints' Day, at 9:40 a. m., occurred the Lisbon earthquake, when half the people of that city were in church. In six minutes the city was in ruins and 30,000 people dead or dying. This was food for the thought of Europe and inspired one of Voltaire's best poems. This was followed by "*Candide*," the most celebrated of his prose burlesques, on Rousseau's "best of all possible worlds," and Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas." At this time the surreptitious publication of "*La Pucelle*" offended the French Calvinists of Geneva, and Voltaire thought it well in 1756 to go to Lausanne, where he inaugurated private theatricals in his own house. Here Gibbon had the pleasure of hearing a great poet declaim his own production on the stage. In this year his admirable Italian secretary, Collini, left him, and his place was filled by a Genevan named Wagnière, who continued to be his factotum for the remainder of his life. When scarcely three years in Geneva, Voltaire, finding the Genevans—who built

their first theatre ten years later—averse to his theatrical performances, bought on French soil the estate of Ferney and built a theatre there.

1757–1758—Voltaire never became indifferent to the disfavor in which he was held at the French court under the dominion of the Jesuits. Fortunately for him, he had for a friend the brilliant and powerful Pompadour, who at this time made him again safe on French soil, restored his pension and had his Ferney estate exempted from taxation. At this time, too, the "old Swiss," as he was sometimes called, received an invitation from Elizabeth, empress of Russia, to come to St. Petersburg to write a history of her father, Peter the Great. Voltaire, now sixty-four, gladly undertook the work, but declining to go to St. Petersburg on account of his health, he had all necessary documents sent to Ferney. While Europe and America were ravaged by war, Voltaire worked industriously on his history, and yet amidst his labors his generous heart, consecrated to justice and humanity, moved

him to splendid though unsuccessful efforts to save Admiral Byng from his persecutors. Again the king of Prussia seemed unable to forget Voltaire, and their correspondence was resumed. Voltaire hated carnage and cruelty, and begged Frederick, almost piteously, to end the war; but it continued, and the "Swiss Hermit" worked on in his retreat, never letting Europe forget his existence.

His outdoor occupations in Switzerland so improved his health that he resolved to become a farmer at his new place, the ancient estate of Ferney. He converted the old château into a substantial stone building of fourteen rooms. He improved the estate throughout, and made a life purchase of the adjacent seigniory of Tourney. He employed sixteen working oxen in his farming operations, established a breeding stable of ten mares at Les Délices, accepted a present of a fine stallion from the king's stables, kept thirty men employed, and maintained on his estate more than sixty; and let it be

remembered that not only did he make his estates beautiful, but he made them profitable. He had splendid barns, poultry-yards, and sheepfolds, wine-presses, storerooms, and fruit-houses, about 500 beehives, and a colony of silkworms. He had a fine nursery and encouraged tree-planting. He formed a park, three miles in circuit, on the English model, around his house. Near the château he built a marble bath-house, supplied with hot and cold water. Everything that Voltaire wished for he had; from 1758 to 1764 he enjoyed good health and spirits and was never less involved in public affairs nor more prolific with his pen. 27 Marmontel and Casanova wrote interestingly of their visits to Voltaire at this time. He finally wearied of the stream of people that visited him at Les Délices, and in 1765 sold it and spent all his time at the less easily reached Ferney.

1759—In this year his "Natural Religion" was burned by the hangman in Paris. This infamy stirred Voltaire's indignation greatly and

impelled him to almost superhuman efforts against "*L'Infâme*," the name with which he branded ecclesiasticism claiming supernatural authority and enforcing that claim with pains and penalties. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he had enlisted for the war and would not desert. Though as one against ten thousand, he knew no fear, and his watchword became *Ecrasez l'Infâme*.

1760—In 1759 and 1760 appeared in Paris anonymous pamphlets by a well-known pen, in which the Jesuit Berthier and others were smothered in the most mirth-provoking ridicule. In this year he had also much dramatic success in Paris under the management of d'Argental. It was one of his most eventful years, and a rumor of his death having spread over Paris, in writing Madame du Deffand, he said: "I have never been less dead than I am at present. I have not a moment free; bullocks, cows, sheep, meadows, buildings, gardens, occupy me in the morning; all the afternoon is for study, and after

supper we rehearse the pieces that are played in my little theatre." This rumor occasioned the noble tribute of Goldsmith appended to this narrative.

1761—The infamous outrage by the Church on the Calas family of Protestants in Toulouse is referred to by Voltaire in his work on "Toleration." It stirred his indignation so powerfully that he devoted almost superhuman efforts to the duty of undoing the crime so far as possible.

1762–1763—He undertook to have the Calas case reopened, and devoted himself to this task as if he had no other object or hope in life. He issued seven pamphlets on the case, had them translated and published in England and Germany. He stirred Europe up to help him. The queen of England, the archbishop of Canterbury, ten other English bishops, besides seventy-nine lords and forty-seven gentlemen, subscribed; also several German princes and nobles. The Swiss cantons, the empress of Russia, the king of Poland, and many other notables

contributed money to assist Voltaire in this tremendous battle. It took him three years to win it, but on the 9th of March, 1765, he had the satisfaction of having the Galas family declared innocent and their property restored, amidst the applause of Europe. Voltaire went further, and had the king grant to each member of the family a considerable sum in cash, besides other benefits that he secured for them. Known as the savior of the Galas family, others in trouble went to him, till Ferney became a refuge for the distressed. Another celebrated case, that of the Sirven family, occurred in this year. Voltaire, learning of it in 1763, took up the cause of the oppressed as enthusiastically as in the Galas case. He wrote volumes in their behalf, and labored for nine years for the reversal of their sentence, giving and getting money as required. At length, in January, 1772, he was able to announce the complete success of his efforts on their behalf, and their complete vindication. These are but two of many such cases in which he interested

himself. The horrors of French injustice at this time kept him constantly agitated and at work, and even induced him to attempt, in 1766, the forming of a colony of philosophers in a freer land. But failing to find philosophers inclined to self-expatriation, he dropped the idea.

1768—On Easter Sunday he communed in his own church and addressed the congregation.

1769—Again, on Easter of this year, the whim seized him to commune, as he lay in bed. At this time he was draining the swamp lands in the vicinity, lending money without interest to gentlemen, giving money to the poor, establishing schools, fertilizing lands, and maintaining over a hundred persons, defending the weak and persecuted, and playing jokes on the bishop, besides, after his sixtieth year, writing 160 publications. The difficulty of circulating his works can be imagined when it is remembered that he found it desirable to use 108 different pseudonyms. The Church watched all his manœuvres as a cat watches a

mouse, yet he outwitted his enemies, and the eager public got the product of his great mind in spite of them.

1770—By this time Ferney was becoming quite populous. Voltaire could not build houses quickly enough for those that flocked to his shelter. He fitted up his theatre as a watch-factory, and had watches for sale within six weeks. His friend, the duchess of Choiseul, wore the first silk stockings woven on the looms of Ferney. The grandest people bought his watches, and soon great material prosperity waited upon the industries of Ferney. Voltaire used all his prestige on behalf of his workmen, and so much was he liked that he could have had nearly all the skilled workmen of Geneva had he furnished houses for them. Catherine II. of Russia ordered a large quantity of his first product in watches. Voltaire, by his genius, literally forced Ferney's products into the best markets of the world, so that within three years the watches, clocks, and jewelry from Ferney

went regularly to Spain, Algiers, Italy, Russia, Holland, Turkey, Morocco, America, China, Portugal, and elsewhere. Voltaire was a city-builder and creator of trade. His charities were numerous and were bestowed without the odious flavor of pauperizing doles.

In this year, some of his friends proposed to erect a statue in his honor. Subscriptions came abundantly on the project being known, and the statue now is in the Institute of Paris. He was so overrun with visitors that he facetiously called himself the innkeeper of Europe. La Harpe, Cramer, Dr. Tronchin, Chabanon, Charles Pongens, Damilaville, d'Alembert, James Boswell, Charles James Fox, and Dr. Charles Burney were among his visitors.

1774—On the death of Louis XV., he began to think again of Paris, to take a new interest in and lay plans for a visit to the city he loved so well; but the conditions seemed unfavorable, and the various labors and pleasures in Ferney continued.

1776—In 1776 a large store-house was fitted up as a theatre and Lekain drew together in 30
Ferney the nineteen cantons. In this year he adopted into his family a lovely girl of eighteen whom he called Belle-et-Bonne.

1777—In this year he was still, at the age of eighty-three, an active, vigilant, and successful man of business, with ships on the Indian seas, with aristocratic debtors paying him interest, with the industrial "City of Ferney" earning immense revenues, with famous flocks, birds, bees, and silkworms, all receiving his daily attention. His yearly income at this time was more than 200.000 francs, and with nearly as much purchasing power then as the same number of dollars has with us to-day. In this year his pet, the sweet Belle-et-Bonne, was wooed and won by a gay marquis from Paris. Voltaire, though a bachelor, was fond of match-making, and was pleased in telling of the twenty-two marriages that had taken place on his estate of Ferney. The newly married pair remained

in the château and they and Madame Denis conspired to induce him to go to Paris. They adduced a hundred reasons why he should go and these he as cleverly parried; but at length they prevailed and he consented to go for six weeks only.

1778—On the 3d of February they started. The colonists and he were weeping. At the stopping-places on the way, in order to get away from the crowd of admirers that would press on him, he found it necessary to lock himself in his room. He made the 300 miles by February 10th, and put up at the hotel of Madame de Villette, after an exile of twenty-eight years! The city was electrified by the news and a tide of visitors set in, and crowds waited outside the hotel for a chance glimpse of the great man. He held a continuous reception and, amidst the tumult of homage, his gayety, tact, and humor never flagged. Among the first to do homage to Voltaire was Dr. Benjamin Franklin, with whom he conversed in English. With the

American ambassador was his grandson, a youth of seventeen, upon whom Franklin asked the venerable philosopher's benediction. Lifting his hands, Voltaire solemnly replied: "My child, God and Liberty, remember those two words." He said to Franklin that he so admired the Constitution of the United States and the Articles of Confederation between them that, "if I were only forty years old, I would immediately go and settle in your happy country." A medal was struck in honor of Washington, at Voltaire's expense, bearing this couplet: 31

Washington réunit, par un rare assemblage,
Des talens du guerrier et des vertus du sage.

During the first two weeks several thousands of visitors called to welcome their great compatriot.

Voltaire busied himself with perfecting his new play, "*Irène*," and rehearsing it prior to performance. On February 25th a fit of coughing

caused a hæmorrhage. The doctors managed to save him for the grand event. The play was fixed for March 30th. The queen fitted up a box like her own, and adjoining it, for Voltaire. He attended a session of the Academy in the morning, where he was overwhelmed with honors, and elected president. His carriage with difficulty passed through the crowds that filled the streets, hoping to see him. On entering the theatre he thought to hide himself in his box, but the people insisted on his coming to the front. He had to submit, and then the actor Brizard entered the box, and in view of the people placed a laurel crown on his head. He modestly withdrew it, but all insisted on his wearing it, and he was compelled to let it be replaced. The scene was unparalleled for sustained enthusiasm. The excitement of these months proved fatal to the strong constitution which might easily have carried him through a century if he had remained at Ferney.

At 11:15 p. m., Saturday, May 30, 1778, aged 83 years, 6 months, and 9 days, he died peacefully and without pain. His body was embalmed and in the evening of June 1st was quietly buried in a near-by abbey, the place being indicated by a small stone, and the inscription: "Here lies Voltaire."

The king of Prussia delivered before the Berlin Academy a splendid eulogium and compelled the Catholic clergy of Berlin to hold special services in honor of his friend. The empress Catherine wrote most kindly to Madame Denis and desired to buy his library of 6,210 volumes, and having done so, invited Wagnière to St. Petersburg to arrange the books as they were in Ferney. Crowned heads bowed to this great man, and the homage of his native Paris knew no bounds.

32

After thirteen years of rest, his body, by order of the king of France, was removed from the church of the Romilli to that of Sainte-Geneviève, in Paris, thenceforth known as the

Panthéon of France. The magnificent cortège was the centre of the wildest enthusiasm. On July 10, 1791, the sarcophagus was borne as far as the site of the Bastille, not yet completely razed to the ground. Here it reposed for the night on an altar adorned with laurels and roses, and this inscription:

"Upon this spot, where despotism chained thee, Voltaire, receive the homage of a free people."

A hundred thousand people were in the procession. At ten o'clock at night the remains were placed near the tombs of Descartes and Mirabeau. Here they reposed until 1814, when the bones of Voltaire and Rousseau were sacrilegiously stolen, with the connivance of the clerics, and burned with quicklime on a piece of waste ground. This miserable act of toothless spite was not publicly known until 1864.

Oliver Goldsmith On Voltaire.

[This appeared as Letter XLIII. in the Chinese letters afterwards published under the title of "The Citizen of the World."]

WE HAVE JUST received accounts here that Voltaire, the poet and philosopher of Europe, is dead. He is now beyond the reach of the thousand enemies who, while living, degraded his writings and branded his character. Scarce a page of his later productions that does not betray the agonies of a heart bleeding under the scourge of unmerited reproach. Happy, therefore, at last in escaping from calumny! happy in leaving a world that was unworthy of him and his writings!

Let others bestrew the hearses of the great with panegyric; but such a loss as the world has now suffered affects me with stronger emotions. When a philosopher dies I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend. I consider the world as losing one who might serve to console her amidst the desolations of war and ambition. Nature every day produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisite duties of authority; but she is niggard in the birth of an exalted mind, scarcely producing in a century a single genius to bless and enlighten a degenerate age. Prodigal in the production of kings, governors, mandarins, chams, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once formed the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception.

Whence, my friend, this malevolence, which has ever pursued the great, even to the tomb?

whence this more than fiendlike disposition of embittering the lives of those who would make us more wise and more happy?

When I cast my eye over the fates of several philosophers, who have at different periods enlightened mankind, I must confess it inspires me with the most degrading reflections on humanity. When I read of the stripes of Mencius, 34
the tortures of Tchin, the bowl of Socrates, and the bath of Seneca; when I hear of the persecutions of Dante, the imprisonment of Galileo, the indignities suffered by Montaigne, the banishment of Descartes, the infamy of Bacon, and that even Locke himself escaped not without reproach; when I think on such subjects, I hesitate whether most to blame the ignorance or the villainy of my fellow-creatures.

Should you look for the character of Voltaire among the journalists and illiterate writers of the age, you will there find him characterized as a monster, with a head turned to wisdom and a heart inclining to vice; the powers of his mind

and the baseness of his principles forming a detestable contrast. But seek for his character among writers like himself, and you find him very differently described. You perceive him, in their accounts, possessed of good nature, humanity, greatness of soul, fortitude, and almost every virtue; in this description those who might be supposed best acquainted with his character are unanimous. The royal Prussian, d'Argens, Diderot, d'Alembert, and Fontenelle, conspire in drawing the picture, in describing the friend of man, and the patron of every rising genius.

An inflexible perseverance in what he thought was right and a generous detestation of flattery formed the groundwork of this great man's character. From these principles many strong virtues and few faults arose; as he was warm in his friendship and severe in his resentment, all that mention him seem possessed of the same qualities, and speak of him with rapture or detestation. A person of his eminence can have

few indifferent as to his character; every reader must be an enemy or an admirer.

This poet began the course of glory so early as the age of eighteen, and even then was author of a tragedy which deserves applause. Possessed of a small patrimony, he preserved his independence in an age of venality; and supported the dignity of learning by teaching his contemporary writers to live like him, above the favors of the great. He was banished his native country for a satire upon the royal concubine. He had accepted the place of historian to the French king, but refused to keep it when he found it was presented only in order that he should be the first flatterer of the state.

The great Prussian received him as an ornament to his kingdom, and had sense enough to value his friendship and profit by his instructions. In this court he continued till an intrigue, with which the world seems hitherto unacquainted, obliged him to quit that country. His own

happiness, the happiness of the monarch, of his sister, of a part of the court, rendered his departure necessary.

Tired at length of courts and all the follies of the great, he retired to Switzerland, a country of liberty, where he enjoyed tranquillity and the muse. Here, though without any taste for magnificence himself, he usually entertained at his table the learned and polite of Europe, 36
who were attracted by a desire of seeing a person from whom they had received so much satisfaction. The entertainment was conducted with the utmost elegance, and the conversation was that of philosophers. Every country that at once united liberty and science were his peculiar favorites. The being an Englishman was to him a character that claimed admiration and respect.

Between Voltaire and the disciples of Confucius there are many differences; however, being of a different opinion does not in the least diminish my esteem; I am not displeased

with my brother because he happens to ask our Father for favors in a different manner from me. Let his errors rest in peace; his excellencies deserve admiration; let me with the wise admire his wisdom; let the envious and the ignorant ridicule his foibles; the folly of others is ever most ridiculous to those who are themselves most foolish.—Adieu.

[Goldsmith began a memoir of Voltaire which he did not live to finish, from which we take this most interesting picture of Voltaire among his friends.]

Some disappointments of this kind served to turn our poet from a passion which only tended to obstruct his advancement in more exalted pursuits. His mind, which at that time was pretty well balanced between pleasure and philosophy, quickly began to incline to the latter. He now thirsted after a more comprehensive knowledge of mankind than either books or his own country could possibly bestow.

England about this time was coming into repute throughout Europe as the land of philosophers. Newton, Locke, and others began to attract the attention of the curious, and drew hither a concourse of learned men from every part of Europe. Not our learning alone, but our politics also began to be regarded with admiration; a government in which subordination and liberty were blended in such just proportions was now generally studied as the finest model of civil society. This was an inducement sufficient to make Voltaire pay a visit to this land of philosophers and of liberty.

Accordingly, in the year 1726, he came over to England. A previous acquaintance with Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, and the Lord Bolingbroke, was sufficient to introduce him among the polite, and his fame as a poet got him the acquaintance of the learned in a country where foreigners generally find but a cool reception. He only wanted introduction;

his own merit was enough to procure the rest. As a companion, no man ever exceeded him when he pleased to lead the conversation; which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse and had got over a hesitating manner which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him. His 38
meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty; every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this memoir, who had the honor and the pleasure of being his acquaintance, remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits of both sexes at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, who was of the party, and who, being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar began to revile both. Diderot, who liked

the English and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute, and were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved all the former part of the night, particularly as the conversation happened to turn upon one of his favorite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph till about 12 o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie. His whole frame seemed animated. He began his defence with the utmost elegance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess, that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so much charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute.

His Life Purpose

[Another biographer, writing early in the nineteenth century, offers a judicial summary of Voltaire's character, from which we select a few passages.]

THIS SIMPLE RECITAL of the incidents of the life of Voltaire has sufficiently developed his character and his mind; the principal features of which were benevolence, indulgence for human foibles, and a hatred of injustice and oppression. He may be numbered among the very few men in whom the love of humanity was a real passion; which, the noblest of all passions, was known only to modern times, and took rise from the progress of knowledge. Its very existence is sufficient to confound the

blind partisans of antiquity, and those who calumniate philosophy.

But the happy qualities of Voltaire were often perverted by his natural restlessness, which the writing of tragedy had but increased. In an instant he would change from anger to affection, from indignation to a jest. Born with violent passions, they often hurried him too far; and his restlessness deprived him of the advantages that usually accompany such minds; particularly of that fortitude to which fear is no obstacle when action becomes a duty, and which is not shaken by the presence of danger foreseen. Often would Voltaire expose himself 40
to the storm with rashness, but rarely did he brave it with constancy; and these intervals of temerity and weakness have frequently afflicted his friends and afforded unworthy cause of triumph to his cowardly foes. In weighing the peccadilloes of any man due consideration must be had for the period in which he lived, and of the nature of the society amidst which

he was reared. Voltaire was in his twentieth year when Louis XIV. died, and consequently his very precocious adolescence was spent during the reign of that pompous and celebrated actor of majesty. How that season was characterized as to morals and the tone of Parisian good company, an epitome of the private life of Louis himself will tell. The decorum and air of state with which Louis sinned was rather edifying than scandalous, and his subjects faithfully copied the grand monarch. Gallantry became the order of the day throughout France, with a great abatement of the chivalrous sentiment that attended it under the regency of Anne of Austria, but still exempt from the more gross sensuality that succeeded Louis under the regency of the duke of Orleans.

It has been observed that Voltaire was altogether a Frenchman, and the remark will be found just, whether applied to the character of the man or the genius. By increasing to intensity the national characteristics, social,

constitutional and mental, we create a Voltaire. These are gayety, facility, address, a tendency to wit, raillery, and equivoque; light, quick, and spontaneous feelings of humanity, which may be occasionally worked up into enthusiasm; vanity, irascibility, very slipshod morality in respect to points that grave people are apt to deem of the first consequence; social insincerity, and a predominant spirit of intrigue. Such were the generalities of the French character in the days of Voltaire; and multiply them by his capacity and acquirement, and we get at the solid contents of his own. It is, therefore, especially inconsistent to discover such excellence and virtue in the old French regime, and especially in the reign of Louis XIV., and to find so much fault with the *tout ensemble* of Voltaire; for both his good and his bad qualities were the natural outgrowth of the period.

41

The most detestable and odious of all political sins is, indisputably, religious persecution; in this is to be traced the source of the

early predisposition of Voltaire, and of the honorable enthusiasm that colored nearly the whole of his long life. By accident, carelessness, or indifference, he was very early allowed to imbibe a large portion of philosophical skepticism, which no after education—and he was subsequently educated by Jesuits—could remove. What was more natural for a brilliant, ardent, and vivacious young man, thus ardently vaccinated—if the figure be allowable—against the smallpox of fanaticism and superstition so prevalent in this country, and born during a reign that revoked the Edict of Nantes, and expatriated half a million of peaceful subjects? 42
In what way did his most Christian majesty, the magnificent Louis, signalize that part of his kingly career which immediately preceded the birth of Voltaire? In the famous dragonnades, in which a rude and licentious soldiery were encouraged in every excess of cruelty and outrage, because, to use the language of the minister Louvois, "His majesty was desirous that

the heaviest penalties should be put in force against those who are not willing to embrace his religion; and those who have the false glory to remain longest firm in their opinions, must be driven to the last extremities."

They were so driven. It will therefore suffice to repeat that at length the Edict of Nantes was formally repealed, Protestants refused liberty of conscience, their temples demolished, their children torn from them, and, to crown all, attempts were even made to impede their emigration. They were to be enclosed like wild beasts and hunted down at leisure.

Such were the facts and horrors that must, in the first instance, have encountered and confirmed the incipient skepticism of Voltaire. What calm man, of any or of no religion, can now hear of them without shuddering and execration? and what such feel now it is reasonable to suppose that a mind predisposed like that of Voltaire must have felt then.

Next to fanaticism and superstition, Voltaire appears to have endeavored with the utmost anxiety to rectify the injustice of the public tribunals, especially in the provinces, which 43
were in the habit of committing legal murders with a facility that could only be equalled by the impunity. Against the execrable tyranny of *lettres de cachet*, by which he himself suffered more than once, he occasionally dated his powerful innuendoes. No matter what the religious opinions of Voltaire were, he uniformly inculcates political moderation, religious tolerance, and general good-will.

Looking, therefore, at the general labors of this premier genius of France for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he must, at all events, be regarded as a bold, active, and able philanthropist, even by those who in many respects disagree with him.

As a philosopher, he was the first to afford an example of a private citizen who, by his wishes and his endeavors, embraced the general

history of man in every country and in every age, opposing error and oppression of every kind, and defending and promulgating every useful truth. The history of whatever has been done in Europe in favor of reason and humanity is the history of his labor and beneficent acts. If the liberty of the press be increased; if the Catholic clergy have lost their dangerous power, and have been deprived of some of their most scandalous wealth; if the love of humanity be now the common language of all governments; if the continent of Europe has been taught that men possess a right to the use of reason; if religious prejudices have been eradicated from the higher classes of society, and in 44
part effaced from the hearts of the common people; if we have beheld the masks stripped from the faces of those religious sectaries who were privileged to impose on the world; and if reason, for the first time, has begun to shed its clear and uniform light over all Europe—we shall everywhere discover, in the history of the

changes that have been effected? the name of Voltaire.

Victor Hugo on Voltaire.

[Oration delivered at Paris, May 30, 1878, the one hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death.]

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO to-day a man died. He died immortal. He departed laden with years, laden with works, laden with the most illustrious and the most fearful of responsibilities, the responsibility of the human conscience informed and rectified. He went cursed and blessed, cursed by the past, blessed by the future; and these, gentlemen, are the two superb forms of glory. On his death-bed he had, on the one hand, the acclaim of contemporaries and of posterity; on the other, that triumph of hooting and of hate which the

implacable past bestows upon those who have combated it. He was more than a man; he was an age. He had exercised a function and fulfilled a mission. He had been evidently chosen for the work which he had done, by the Supreme Will, which manifests itself as visibly in the laws of destiny as in the laws of nature.

The eighty-four years that this man lived 45
occupy the interval that separates the monarchy at its apogee from the revolution in its dawn. When he was born, Louis XIV. still reigned; when he died, Louis XVI. reigned already; so that his cradle could see the last rays of the great throne, and his coffin the first gleams from the great abyss.

Before going further, let us come to an understanding, gentlemen, upon the word abyss. There are good abysses; such are the abysses in which evil is engulfed.

Gentlemen, since I have interrupted myself, allow me to complete my thought. No word imprudent or unsound will be pronounced here.

We are here to perform an act of civilization. We are here to make affirmation of progress, to pay respect to philosophers for the benefits of philosophy, to bring to the eighteenth century the testimony of the nineteenth, to honor magnanimous combatants and good servants, to felicitate the noble effort of peoples, industry, science, the valiant march in advance, the toil to cement human concord; in one word, to glorify peace, that sublime, universal desire. Peace is the virtue of civilization; war is its crime. We are here, at this grand moment, in this solemn hour, to bow religiously before the moral law, and to say to the world, which hears France, this: There is only one power, conscience, in the service of justice; and there is only one glory, genius, in the service of truth. That said, I continue:

Before the Revolution, gentlemen, the social structure was this: 46

At the base, the people;

Above the people, religion represented by the clergy;

By the side of religion, justice represented by the magistracy.

And, at that period of human society, what was the people? It was ignorance. What was religion? It was intolerance. And what was justice? It was injustice. Am I going too far in my words? Judge.

I will confine myself to the citation of two facts, but decisive ones.

At Toulouse, October 13, 1761, there was found in a lower story of a house a young man hanged. The crowd gathered, the clergy fulminated, the magistracy investigated. It was a suicide; they made of it an assassination. In what interest? In the interest of religion. And who was accused? The father. He was a Huguenot, and he wished to hinder his son from becoming a Catholic. There was here a moral monstrosity and a material impossibility; no matter! This father had killed his son; this old man had hanged this young man. Justice travailed, and this was the result. In the month of March, 1762, a man with white hair,

Jean Galas, was conducted to a public place, stripped naked, stretched on a wheel, the members bound on it, the head hanging. Three men are there upon a scaffold; a magistrate, named David, charged to superintend the punishment, a priest to hold the crucifix, and 47
the executioner with a bar of iron in his hand. The patient, stupefied and terrible, regards not the priest, and looks at the executioner. The executioner lifts the bar of iron, and breaks one of his arms. The victim groans and swoons. The magistrate comes forward; they make the condemned inhale salts; he returns to life. Then another stroke of the bar; another groan. Galas loses consciousness; they revive him, and the executioner begins again; and, as each limb before being broken in two places receives two blows, that makes eight punishments. After the eighth swooning the priest offers him the crucifix to kiss; Calas turns away his head, and the executioner gives him the *coup de grâce*;

that is to say, crushes in his chest with the thick end of the bar of iron. So died Jean Calas.

That lasted two hours. After his death the evidence of the suicide came to light. But an assassination had been committed. By whom? By the judges.

Another fact. After the old man, the young man. Three years later, in 1765, in Abbeville, the day after a night of storm and high wind, there was found upon the pavement of a bridge an old crucifix of worm-eaten wood, which for three centuries had been fastened to the parapet. Who had thrown down this crucifix? Who committed this sacrilege? It is not known. Perhaps a passer-by. Perhaps the wind. Who is the guilty one? The bishop of Amiens launches 48
a *monitoire*. Note what a *monitoire* was: it was an order to all the faithful, on pain of hell, to declare what they knew or believed they knew of such or such a fact; a murderous injunction, when addressed by fanaticism to ignorance. The *monitoire* of the bishop of Amiens does its

work; the town gossip assumes the character of the crime charged. Justice discovers, or believes it discovers, that on the night when the crucifix was thrown down, two men, two officers, one named La Barre, the other d'Étallonde, passed over the bridge of Abbeville, that they were drunk, and that they sang a guardroom song. The tribunal was the Seneschalcy of Abbeville. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville was equivalent to the court of the Capitouls of Toulouse. It was not less just. Two orders for arrest were issued. D'Étallonde escaped, La Barre was taken. Him they delivered to judicial examination. He denied having crossed the bridge; he confessed to having sung the song. The Seneschalcy of Abbeville condemned him; he appealed to the Parliament of Paris. He was conducted to Paris; the sentence was found good and confirmed. He was conducted back to Abbeville in chains. I abridge. The monstrous hour arrives. They begin by subjecting the Chevalier de La Barre to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to

make him reveal his accomplices. Accomplices in what? In having crossed a bridge and sung a song. During the torture one of his knees was broken; his confessor, on hearing the bones 49
crack, fainted away. The next day, June 5, 1766, La Barre was drawn to the great square of Abbeville, where flamed a penitential firer, the sentence was read to La Barre; then they cut off one of his hands; then they tore out his tongue with iron pincers; then, in mercy, his head was cut off and thrown into the fire. So died the Chevalier de la Barre. He was nineteen years of age.

Then, O Voltaire! thou didst utter a cry of horror, and it will be to thine eternal glory!

Then didst thou enter upon the appalling trial of the past; thou didst plead against tyrants and monsters, the cause of the human race, and thou didst gain it. Great man, blessed be thou forever.

The frightful things that I have recalled were accomplished in the midst of a polite society;

its life was gay and light; people went and came; they looked neither above nor below themselves; their indifference had become carelessness; graceful poets, Saint-Aulaire, Boufflers, Gentil-Bernard, composed pretty verses; the court was all festival; Versailles was brilliant; Paris ignored what was passing; and then it was that, through religious ferocity, the judges made an old man die upon the wheel, and the priests tore out a child's tongue for a song.

In the presence of this society, frivolous and dismal, Voltaire alone, having before his eyes those united forces, the court, the nobility, capital; that unconscious power, the blind multitude; that terrible magistracy, so severe to subjects, so docile to the master, crushing and flattering, kneeling on the people before the king; that clergy, vile *mélange* of hypocrisy and fanaticism; Voltaire alone, I repeat it, declared war against that coalition of all the social iniquities, against that enormous and terrible

world, and he accepted battle with it. And what was his weapon? That which has the lightness of the wind and the power of the thunderbolt. A pen.

With that weapon he fought; with that weapon he conquered.

Gentlemen, let us salute that memory.

Voltaire conquered; Voltaire waged the splendid kind of warfare, the war of one alone against all; that is to say, the grand warfare. The war of thought against matter, the war of reason against prejudice, the war of the just against the unjust, the war for the oppressed against the oppressor; the war of goodness, the war of kindness. He had the tenderness of a woman and the wrath of a hero. He was a great mind, and an immense heart.

He conquered the old code and the old dogma. He conquered the feudal lord, the Gothic judge, the Roman priest. He raised the populace to the dignity of people. He taught, pacificated, and civilized. He fought for Sirven

and Montbailly, as for Calas and La Barre; he accepted all the menaces, all the outrages, all the persecutions, calumny, and exile. He was indefatigable and immovable. He conquered violence by a smile, despotism by sarcasm, infallibility by irony, obstinacy by perseverance, ignorance by truth.

I have just pronounced the word, *smile*. I pause at it. Smile! It is Voltaire.

Let us say it, gentlemen, pacification is the great side of the philosopher; in Voltaire the equilibrium always re-establishes itself at last. Whatever may be his just wrath, it passes, and the irritated Voltaire always gives place to the Voltaire calmed. Then in that profound eye the SMILE appears.

That smile is wisdom. That smile, I repeat, is Voltaire. That smile sometimes becomes laughter, but the philosophic sadness tempers it. Toward the strong it is mockery; toward the weak it is a caress. It disquiets the oppressor, and reassures the oppressed. Against the great,

it is raillery; for the little, it is pity. Ah, let us be moved by that smile! It had in it the rays of the dawn. It illuminated the true, the just, the good, and what there is of worthy in the useful. It lighted up the interior of superstitions. Those ugly things it is salutary to see; he has shown them. Luminous, that smile was fruitful also. The new society, the desire for equality and concession, and that beginning of fraternity which called itself tolerance, reciprocal good-will, the just accord of men and rights, reason recognized as the supreme law, the annihilation of prejudices and fixed opinions, the serenity of souls, the spirit of indulgence and of pardon, harmony, peace behold, what has come from that great smile!

On the day—very near, without any doubt— 52
when the identity of wisdom and clemency will be recognized, the day when the amnesty will be proclaimed, I affirm it, up there, in the stars, Voltaire will smile.

Gentlemen, between two servants of Humanity, who appeared eighteen hundred years apart, there is a mysterious relation.

To combat Pharisaism; to unmask imposture; to overthrow tyrannies, usurpations, prejudices, falsehoods, superstitions; to demolish the temple in order to rebuild it, that is to say, to replace the false by the true; to attack a ferocious magistracy; to attack a sanguinary priesthood; to take a whip and drive the money-changers from the sanctuary; to reclaim the heritage of the disinherited; to protect the weak, the poor, the suffering, the overwhelmed, to struggle for the persecuted and oppressed—that was the war of Jesus Christ! And who waged that war? It was Voltaire.

The completion of the evangelical work is the philosophical work; the spirit of meekness began, the spirit of tolerance continued. Let us say it with a sentiment of profound respect; Jesus Wept; Voltaire Smiled. Of that divine

tear and of that human smile is composed the sweetness of the present civilization.

Did Voltaire always smile? No. He was often indignant. You remarked it in my first words.

Certainly, gentlemen, measure, reserve, proportion are reason's supreme law. We can say that moderation is the very breath of the philosopher. The effort of the wise man ought to be to condense into a sort of serene certainty all the approximations of which philosophy is composed. But at certain moments, the passion for the true rises powerful and violent, and it is within its right in so doing, like the stormy winds which purify. Never, I insist upon it, will any wise man shake those two august supports of social labor, justice and hope; and all will respect the judge if he is embodied justice, and all will venerate the priest if he represents hope. But if the magistracy calls itself torture, if the Church calls itself Inquisition, then Humanity looks them in the face and says to the judge: "I will none of thy law!" and says to the priest: "I will none of

thy dogma! I will none of thy fire on the earth and thy hell in the future!" Then philosophy rises in wrath, and arraigns the judge before justice, and the priest before God!

This is what Voltaire did. It was grand.

What Voltaire was, I have said; what his age was, I am about to say.

Gentlemen, great men rarely come alone; large trees seem larger when they dominate a forest; there they are at home. There was a forest of minds around Voltaire; that forest was the eighteenth century. Among those minds there were summits: Montesquieu, Buffon, Beaumarchais, and among others, two, the highest after Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot. Those thinkers taught men to reason; reasoning well leads to acting well; justness in the mind becomes justice in the heart. Those toilers for progress labored usefully. Buffon founded naturalism; Beaumarchais discovered, outside of Molière, a kind of comedy until then unknown almost, the social comedy;

Montesquieu made in law some excavations so profound that he succeeded in exhuming the right. As to Rousseau, as to Diderot, let us pronounce those two names apart; Diderot, a vast intelligence, inquisitive, a tender heart, a thirst for justice, wished to give certain notions as the foundation of true ideas, and created the Encyclopædia. Rousseau rendered to woman an admirable service, completing the mother by the nurse, placing near each other those two majesties of the cradle. Rousseau, a writer, eloquent and pathetic, a profound oratorical dreamer, often divined and proclaimed political truth; his ideal borders on the real; he had the glory of being the first man in France who called himself citizen. The civic fibre vibrates in Rousseau; that which vibrates in Voltaire is the universal fibre. One can say that in the fruitful eighteenth century, Rousseau represented the people; Voltaire, still more vast, represented Man. Those powerful writers disappeared, but they left us their soul, the Revolution.

Yes, the French Revolution was their soul. It was their radiant manifestation. It came from them; we find them everywhere in that blessed and superb catastrophe, which formed the conclusion of the past and the opening of the future. In that clear light, which is peculiar to revolutions, and which beyond causes permits us to perceive effects, and beyond the first plan the second, we see behind Danton Diderot, behind Robespierre Rousseau, and behind Mirabeau Voltaire. These formed those.

Gentlemen, to sum up epochs, by giving them the names of men, to name ages, to make of them in some sort human personages, has only been done by three peoples: Greece, Italy, France. We say, the Age of Pericles, the Age of Augustus, the Age of Leo X., the Age of Louis XIV., the Age of Voltaire. Those appellations have a great significance. This privilege of giving names to periods belonging exclusively to Greece, to Italy, and to France, is the highest mark of civilization. Until Voltaire, they were the

names of the chiefs of states; Voltaire is more than the chief of a state; he is a chief of ideas; with Voltaire a new cycle begins. We feel that henceforth the supreme governmental power is to be thought. Civilization obeyed force; it will obey the ideal. It was the sceptre and the sword broken, to be replaced by the ray of light; that is to say, authority transfigured into liberty. Henceforth, no other sovereignty than the law for the people, and the conscience for the individual. For each of us, the two aspects of progress separate themselves clearly, and they are these: to exercise one's right; that is to say, to be a man; to perform one's duty; that is to say, to be a citizen.

Such is the signification of that word, the Age of Voltaire; such is the meaning of that august event, the French Revolution. 56

The two memorable centuries that preceded the eighteenth, prepared for it; Rabelais warned royalty in *Gargantua*, and Molière warned the Church in *Tartuffe*. Hatred of force

and respect for right are visible in those two illustrious spirits.

Whoever says to-day, might makes right, performs an act of the Middle Ages, and speaks to men three hundred years behind their time.

Gentlemen, the nineteenth century glorifies the eighteenth century. The eighteenth proposed, the nineteenth concludes. And my last word will be the declaration, tranquil but inflexible, of progress.

The time has come. The right has found its formula: human federation.

To-day, force is called violence, and begins to be judged; war is arraigned. Civilization, upon the complaint of the human race, orders the trial, and draws up the great criminal indictment of conquerors and captains. This witness, History, is summoned. The reality appears. The factitious brilliancy is dissipated. In many cases the hero is a species of assassin. The peoples begin to comprehend that increasing the magnitude of a crime cannot be its diminution;

that, if to kill is a crime, to kill many cannot be an extenuating circumstance; that, if to steal is a shame, to invade cannot be a glory; that *Te Deums* do not count for much in this matter; 57
that homicide is homicide; that bloodshed is bloodshed; that it serves nothing to call one's self Cæsar or Napoleon; and that, in the eyes of the eternal God, the figure of a murderer is not changed because, instead of a gallows cap, there is placed upon his head an emperor's crown.

Ah! let us proclaim absolute truths. Let us dishonor war. No; glorious war does not exist. No; it is not good, and it is not useful, to make corpses. No; it cannot be that life travails for death. No; oh, mothers that surround me, it cannot be that war, the robber, should continue to take from you your children. No; it cannot be that women should bear children in pain, that men should be born, that people should plow and sow, that the farmer should fertilize the fields, and the workmen enrich the

city, that industry should produce marvels, that genius should produce prodigies, that the vast human activity should in presence of the starry sky, multiply efforts and creations, all to result in that frightful international exposition which is called a field of battle!

The true field of battle, behold it here! It is this rendezvous of the masterpieces of human labor which Paris offers the world at this moment.[1]

The true victory is the victory of Paris.

Alas! we cannot hide it from ourselves, that the present hour, worthy as it is of admiration and respect, has still some mournful aspects; there are still shadows on the horizon; the 58
tragedy of the peoples is not finished; war, wicked war, is still there, and it has the audacity to lift its head in the midst of this august festival of peace. Princes for two years past, obstinately adhere to a fatal misunderstanding; their discord forms an obstacle to our concord,

1. The exposition of 1878 was then open in Paris.

and they are ill-inspired to condemn us to the statement of such a contrast.

Let this contrast lead us back to Voltaire. In the presence of menacing possibilities, let us be more pacific than ever. Let us turn toward that great death, toward that great life, toward that great spirit. Let us bend before the venerated tombs. Let us take counsel of him whose life, useful to men, was extinguished a hundred years ago, but whose work is immortal. Let us take counsel of the other powerful thinkers, the auxiliaries of this glorious Voltaire, of Jean Jacques, of Diderot, of Montesquieu. Let us give the word to those great voices. Let us stop the effusion of human blood. Enough! enough! despots! Ah! barbarism persists; very well, let civilization be indignant. Let the eighteenth century come to the help of the nineteenth. The philosophers, our predecessors, are the apostles of the true; let us invoke those illustrious shades; let them, before monarchies meditate wars, proclaim the right of man to life, the right of conscience to

liberty, the sovereignty of reason, the holiness of labor, the beneficence of peace; and since night issues from the thrones, let the light come from the tombs.

Candide; or the Optimist.

59

[To fully appreciate "*Candide*," the most exquisite piece of philosophical banter ever penned, it should be remembered that Rousseau and Pope had been preaching the creed that "whatever is, is right," in this "best of all possible worlds." The terrible earthquake at Lisbon thundered a scathing commentary on this comfortable gospel. Voltaire gave it noble expression in his poem on that calamity, which should be read before "*Candide*" is enjoyed. The dignified eloquence and force of the poem moved Rousseau to attempt a reply in an ingenious letter upholding the doctrine so shaken in its base. Disdaining a serious rejoinder Voltaire retorted in this, the drollest of profoundly philosophic queer stories, which throws a merciless search-light on the flimsier optimism of the period, and stands as a perfect example of literary style, razing a Babel tower by the wave of a feather.]

Chapter I. How Candide was Brought Up in a Magnificent Castle and How He was Driven Thence. 61

In the country of Westphalia, in the castle of the most noble baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, lived a youth whom nature had endowed with a most sweet disposition. His face was the true index of his mind. He had a solid judgment joined to the most unaffected simplicity; and hence, I presume, he had his name of Candide. The old servants of the house suspected him to have been the son of the baron's sister, by a very good sort of a gentleman of the neighborhood, 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 greyhounds; his groom served him for huntsman; and the parson of the parish officiated as his grand almoner. He 62
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 honors of the house with a dignity that commanded universal respect. Her daughter was about seventeen years of age, fresh colored, 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

Candide listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theo-logo-cosmolo-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 as 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 everything is *right*, do not express themselves correctly; they should say that everything is *best*.

Candide 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 neighboring 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 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 *sufficing reason* for young Candide, and he for her.

On her way back she happened to meet the young man; she blushed, he blushed also; she wished him a good morning in a flattering tone, 64
he returned the salute, without knowing what he said. The next day, as they were rising from dinner, Cunegund and Candide slipped behind the screen. The 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 beheld the cause and effect, and, without

hesitation, saluted Candide with some notable kicks on the breech, and drove him out of doors. 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.

Chapter II. What Befell Candide Among the Bulgarians.

CANDIDE, 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, heartbroken, and supperless. The snow fell in great flakes, and, in the morning when he awoke, he was 65
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 dressed in blue, fixed their eyes steadfastly 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 Candide, and with the greatest civility and politeness invited him to dine with them. "Gentlemen," replied Candide, with a most engaging modesty, "you do me much honor, 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 anything; 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 a clever young fellow as you to want money. Men were born to assist one another." "You are perfectly right, gentlemen," said Candide, "this is precisely the doctrine of Master Pangloss;

and I am convinced that everything is for the best." His generous companions next entreated him to accept of a few crowns, which he readily complied with, at the same time offering them his note for the payment, which they refused, and sat 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 Candide, "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 Candide, and off he tossed 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 handcuffed him, and carried him away to the regiment. There he was made to wheel about

66

to the right, to the left, to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march, and they gave him thirty blows with a cane; the next day he performed his exercise a little better, and they gave him but twenty; the day following he came off with ten, and was looked upon as a young fellow of surprising genius by all his comrades.

Candide 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 67
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 better, to run the gauntlet six and thirty times through the whole regiment, or to

have his brains blown out with a dozen 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 2,000 men, they composed for him exactly 4,000 strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves from the nape of his neck to his stern. As they were preparing to make him set out the third time our young hero, unable to support it any longer, begged as a favor that they would be so obliging as to shoot him through the head; the favor 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 Candide, that he was a young metaphysician,

entirely ignorant of the world; and therefore, out of his great clemency, he condescended to pardon him, for which his name will be celebrated in every journal, and in every age. A skilful surgeon made a cure of the flagellated 68
Candide 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.

Chapter III. How Candide Escaped From the Bulgarians, and What Befell Him Afterwards.

NEVER WAS ANYTHING 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 6,000 men on each side. The musket 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 thirty thousand souls. Candide 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 Deums* to be sung in their camps, Candide 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 neighboring village, in the 69
Abarian territories, which had been burned to the ground by the Bulgarians, agreeably 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 bodies had been ripped open, after they had satisfied the natural necessities of the Bulgarian heroes, breathed their last; while others, half burned in the flames, begged to be despatched out of the world. The ground about them was covered with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candide made all the haste he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians, and there he found the heroic Abares had enacted the same tragedy. 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 thence through the power of Miss Cunegund's bright eyes.

He asked charity of several grave-looking people, who one and all answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade they would have him sent to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get his bread. 70

He next addressed himself to a person who had 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 Candide, in a submissive manner, "I conceive there can be no effect without a cause; everything is necessarily concatenated and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be banished from 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 anything about it," said Candide, "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 utensil full of water. Good heavens, to what excess does religious zeal transport womankind!

A man who had never been christened, an honest anabaptist named James, was witness to 71
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. Candide, 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 everything 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 Candide was walking out, he met a beggar all covered with scabs, his eyes sunk in his head, the end of his nose eaten off, his mouth drawn on one side, his teeth as black as a cloak, snuffling and coughing most violently, and every time he attempted to spit out dropped a tooth.

Chapter IV. How Candide Found His Old Master Pangloss Again and What Happened to Him.

CANDIDE, 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 72
before given to him. The spectre looked at him very earnestly, shed tears and threw his arms about his neck. Candide 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 has 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 Candide instantly led him to the anabaptist's stable, and procured him something to eat. As soon as Pangloss had a little refreshed himself, Candide began to repeat his inquiries concerning Miss Cunegund. "She is dead," replied the other. "Dead!" cried Candide, and immediately fainted away; his friend restored him by the help of a little bad vinegar, which he found by chance in the stable. Candide 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 of grief on seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle?" "No," replied Pangloss, "her body was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers, after they had subjected her to as much cruelty as a damsel could survive; 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 neighboring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord." 73

At hearing this, Candide 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," cried Candide, "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 Candide, 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 an ailment, and perhaps has since died of it; she received this present of a learned cordelier, who derived it from the fountain head; he was indebted for it to an old countess, 74
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 novitiate, had it in a direct line from one of the fellow-adventurers of Christopher Columbus; for my part I shall give it to nobody, I am a dying man."

"O sage Pangloss," cried Candide, "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 opposed 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 Japanese are entirely unacquainted with it; but there is a sufficing reason for them to know it in a few centuries. In the meantime, it is making prodigious havoc among us, especially in those armies composed of well-disciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations; for we may safely affirm, that, when an army of thirty thousand men engages another equal in size, there are about twenty thousand infected with syphilis on each side."

"Very surprising, indeed," said Candide, "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 clyster without money."

This last speech had its effect on Candide; he flew to the charitable anabaptist, James; he flung himself at his feet, and gave him so striking a picture of the miserable condition of his friend that the good man without any further hesitation agreed to take Doctor 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 bookkeeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged by some mercantile affairs to go to Lisbon he took the two philosophers with him in the same ship; Pangloss, during the course of the voyage, explained to him how everything was so constituted that it could not be better. James did not quite agree with

him on this point: "Men," said he "must, in some things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not born wolves, and yet they worry one another like those beasts of prey. God never gave them twenty-four pounders nor bayonets, and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. To this account I might add not only bankruptcies, but the law which seizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to cheat the creditors." "All this was 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.

Chapter V. A Tempest, a Shipwreck, an Earthquake; and What Else Befell Dr. Pangloss, Candide, 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 others made loud outcries, or betook themselves to their prayers; the sails were blown into shreds, and the masts were brought by the board. The vessel was a total wreck. Every one was busily employed, but nobody could be either heard or obeyed. The anabaptist, being upon deck, lent a helping hand as well as the rest, when a brutish sailor gave him a blow and

laid him speechless; but, with the violence of the blow the tar himself tumbled headforemost overboard, and fell upon a piece of the broken mast, which he immediately grasped. Honest James, forgetting the injury he had so lately 77
received from him, flew to his assistance, and, with great difficulty, hauled him in again, but, in the attempt, was, by a sudden jerk of the ship, thrown overboard himself, in sight of the very fellow whom he had risked his life to save, and who took not the least notice of him in this distress. Candide, who beheld all that passed 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 roadstead 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, Candide, and the

sailor who had been the means of drowning the good anabaptist. The villain swam ashore; but Pangloss and Candide reached the land upon a plank.

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

Scarcely had they ceased to lament the loss of their benefactor and set foot in the city, when they perceived that the earth trembled under their feet, and the sea, swelling and foaming in the harbor, was dashing in pieces the vessels that were riding at anchor. Large sheets of flames and cinders covered the streets and 78
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 *sufficing reason* of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "It is certainly the day of judgment," said Candide. 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 favors 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 zounds!" answered the other, "I am a sailor and was born at Batavia, and have trampled[2] four times upon the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan; you have come to a good hand with your *universal reason*."

2. 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.

In the meantime, Candide, 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," said Pangloss, "the city of Lima in South America, experienced the same last year; the same cause, the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur all the way underground from Lima to Lisbon. "Nothing is more probable," said Candide; "but for the love of God a little oil and wine." "Probable!" replied the philosopher, "I maintain that the thing is demonstrable." Candide fainted away, and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighboring spring.

79

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 endeavored to comfort them under this affliction by affirming that things could not be otherwise than they were: "For," said he, "all this is for the very best end, for if there is a volcano at Lisbon it could be in no other spot; and it is impossible but things should be as they are, for everything 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 everything is best, there could have been no such thing as the fall or punishment of man." 80

"I humbly ask your excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss, still more politely; "for the fall of man and the curse consequent thereupon necessarily entered into the system of the

best of worlds." "That is as much as to say, sir," rejoined the *familiar*, "you do not believe in free will." "Your excellency will be so good as to excuse me," said Pangloss, "free will is consistent with absolute necessity; for it was necessary we should be free, for in that the will—"

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

Chapter VI. How the Portuguese Made a Superb Auto-Da-Fé to Prevent Any Future Earthquakes, and How Candide Underwent Public Flagellation.

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, which had destroyed three-fourths of the city of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from utter ruin than to entertain the people with an *auto-da-fé*,[3] it having been decided by the University of Coimbra, that the burning of a few people alive by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible preventive of earthquakes.

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

In consequence thereof they had seized on a Biscayan for marrying his godmother, and on two Portuguese for taking out the bacon of a larded pullet they were eating; after dinner they came and secured Doctor Pangloss, and his pupil Candide, 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 *sanbenito*, and their heads were adorned with paper mitres. The mitre and *sanbenito* worn by Candide were painted with flames reversed and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Doctor Pangloss's devils had both tails and claws, and his flames were upright. In these habits they marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, which was followed by an anthem, accompanied by bagpipes. Candide was flogged to some tune, while the anthem was being sung; the Biscayan and the two men

who would not eat bacon were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, which is not a common custom at these solemnities. The same day there was another earthquake, which made most dreadful havoc.

Candide, amazed, terrified, confounded, astonished, all bloody, and trembling from 82
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 best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbor! O Miss Cunegund, you mirror of young ladies! that it should be your fate to have your body ripped open!"

He was making the best of his way from the place where he had been preached to, whipped, absolved and blessed, when he was

accosted by an old woman, who said to him: "Take courage, child, and follow me."

Chapter VII. How the Old Woman Took Care of Candide, and How He Found the Object of His Love.

CANDIDE 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 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." Candide 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 shown his acknowledgment by kissing her hand. "It is not my hand you ought to kiss," said the old woman; "I shall be back to-morrow. Anoint your back, eat, and take your rest."

Candide, notwithstanding so many disasters, ate and slept. The next morning, the old woman brought him his breakfast; examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment. She returned at the proper time, and brought him his dinner; and at night, she visited him again with his supper. The next day she observed the same ceremonies. "Who are you?" said Candide to her. "Who 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 by the 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. Candide 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. 84

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 Candide. The young man approached, and, with a trembling hand, took off her veil. What a happy moment! "What surprise! He thought he beheld Miss Cunegund; he did behold her—it was she herself. His strength failed him, he could not utter a word, he fell at her feet. Cunegund

fainted upon the sofa. The old woman bedewed them with spirits; they recovered—they began 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 Candide, "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 body, 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 85
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."

Candide, with the greatest submission, prepared to obey the commands of his fair mistress; and though he was still filled with amazement, though his voice was low and tremulous, though his back pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of everything 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 to Candide, who lost not one syllable she uttered, and seemed to devour her with his eyes all the time she was speaking.

Chapter VIII. Cunegund's Story.

"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 86
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 wound in my left leg with his hanger, the mark of which I still carry." "Methinks I long to see it," said Candide,

with all imaginable simplicity. "You shall," said Cunegund, "but let me proceed." "Pray do," replied Candide.

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 as a prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed what little linen he possessed, and cooked his victuals: he was very fond of me, that was certain; neither can I deny that he was well made, and had a soft, white 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, having gambled away all his money, and having grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of women. This Jew

showed me great kindness, in hopes of gaining my favors; but he never could prevail on me to yield. A modest woman may be once ravished; but her virtue is greatly strengthened thereby. In order to make sure of me, he brought me to this country-house you now see. I had hitherto believed that nothing could equal the beauty of the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; but I found I was mistaken.

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

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

88

"At length to turn aside the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an *auto-da-fé*. He did me the honor 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 of the two Jews, and the honest Biscayan who married his

godmother; but how great was my surprise, my consternation, and concern, when I beheld a figure so like Pangloss, dressed in a *sanbenito* 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 saw you stripped of clothing; this was the height of horror, grief, and despair. I must confess to you for a truth, that your skin is 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, I said to myself, that the lovely Candide and the sage Pangloss should be at Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of my lord inquisitor, of whom I am so great a favorite? Pangloss deceived me most cruelly, in saying that everything is for the 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 hateful Jew, and my cruel inquisitor; the hanging of Doctor Pangloss; the *Miserere* sung while you were being whipped; and particularly the kiss I gave you behind the screen, the last day I ever beheld you. I returned thanks to God for having brought you to the place where I was, after so many trials. I charged the old woman who attends me to bring you hither as soon as was convenient. She has punctually executed my orders, and I now enjoy the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing you, hearing you, and speaking to you. But you must certainly be half-dead with hunger; I myself have a great inclination to eat, and so let us sit down to supper."

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

Chapter IX. What Happened to Cunegund, Candide, 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," said he, "thou Galilean slut? 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 poniard, 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 from the old woman a handsome sword with the suit of clothes. Candide drew his rapier, and though he was very gentle and sweet-tempered, he laid the Israelite dead 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 Candide, "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 sensible, 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 Candide with his drawn sword in his hand, a dead body stretched on the floor, Cunegund frightened out of her wits, and the old woman giving advice. 91

At that very moment, a sudden thought came into Candide'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. "Here's another fine piece of work!" cried Cunegund. "Now there can be no mercy for us, we are excommunicated; our last hour is come. But how could you, who are of so mild a temper, despatch a Jew and an inquisitor in two minutes' time?" "Beautiful maiden," answered Candide, "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, with as many bridles and saddles; let the brave Candide get them ready: madam has a parcel of

moidores and jewels, let us mount immediately, though I have lost one of nature's cushions; 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."

Candide, without any further hesitation, saddled the three horses; and Miss Cunegund, the old woman, and he, set out, and travelled thirty miles without once halting. While they were making the best of their way, the Holy Brotherhood entered the house. My lord, the inquisitor, was interred in a magnificent manner, and master Issachar's body was thrown upon a dunghill.

Candide, 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.

Chapter X. In What Distress Candide, 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 93
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 Candide, "Pangloss has often demonstrated to me that the goods of this world are common to

all men, and that everyone has an equal right to the enjoyment of them; but, according to these principles, the cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us to the end of our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear Miss Cunegund?" "Not a maravedi," replied she. "What is to be done then?" said Candide. "Sell one of the horses," replied the old woman, "I will get up behind Miss Cunegund, though I have only one cushion to ride on, and we shall reach Cadiz."

In the same inn there was a Benedictine friar, who bought the horse very cheap. Candide, 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 induce the reverend fathers, Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of the Indian tribes in the neighborhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candide, 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 received the command of a company of foot. Being now made a captain, he embarked with Miss Cunegund, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the grand inquisitor of Portugal. 94

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 everything is for the best; for I must confess that we have had some little reason to complain of what passes in ours, both as to the physical and moral part. Though I have a sincere love for you," said Miss Cunegund, "yet I still shudder at the reflection of what I have seen and experienced." "All will be well," replied Candide, "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 world that I have almost lost all hopes of a better one." "What murmuring and complaining is here indeed!" cried the old woman: "If you had suffered half what I have, there might be some reason for it." Miss Cunegund could scarce refrain from laughing at the good old woman, and thought it droll enough to pretend to a greater share of misfortunes than her own. "Alas! my good dame," said she, "unless you had 95
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-fé*, I cannot see how you could be more unfortunate than I. Add to this, though born a baroness, and bearing seventy-two quarterings, I have been reduced to the station of a cook-wench." "Miss," replied the old woman,

"you do not know my family as yet; but if I were to show you my posteriors, you would not talk in this manner, but suspend your judgment." This speech raised a high curiosity in Candide and Cunegund; and the old woman continued as follows:

Chapter 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.,[4] and of the princess of Palestrina. To the age of fourteen I was brought up in a castle, compared with which all the castles of the German barons would not have been fit for stabling, and one of my robes would have bought half the province of Westphalia. I grew up, and improved in beauty, wit, and every graceful accomplishment; and in the midst of pleasures, homage, and the highest expectations. I already began to inspire the

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

men with love. My breast began to take its right form, and such a breast! white, firm, and formed like that of Venus of Medici; my eyebrows 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 in marriage to a sovereign prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince! as handsome as myself, sweet-tempered, agreeable, witty, and in love with me over head and ears. I loved him, too, as our sex generally do for the first time, with rapture, transport, and idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with surprising pomp and magnificence; the ceremony was attended with feasts, carousals, and burlettas: all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, 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 I, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. As she had a very fine estate in the neighborhood of Gaeta, 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*.

97

"The Moors presently stripped us as bare as ever we were born. My mother, my maids of honor, 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 made a rude sort of surgical examination of parts of the body which are sacred to the functions of nature. 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 learned that it was to discover if we had any diamonds concealed. This practice has been established since 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 honor, 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 had been reserved for the lovely prince of Massa Carara, was cropped by the captain of the Moorish vessel, who was a hideous negro, and thought he did me infinite honor. Indeed, both the princess of Palestrina and myself must have had very strong constitutions to undergo all the hardships and violences we suffered before 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 deluged with 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 carnage.

"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 witnessed on this occasion 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 neighboring provinces. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of their country, to decide 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 almost all of our women were dragged by four soldiers. My captain kept me concealed behind him,

and with his drawn scimitar cut down everyone 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. Similar barbarous scenes were transacted every day over the whole country, which is of three hundred leagues in extent, 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 corpses, and made a shift to crawl to a large orange-tree that stood on the bank of a neighboring rivulet, where I fell down 100
exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with horror, despair, and hunger. My senses being overpowered, I fell asleep, or rather seemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a state of weakness

and insensibility between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved up and down upon my body. This brought me to myself. I opened my eyes, and saw a pretty fair-faced man, who sighed and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

Chapter XII. The Adventures of the Old Woman Continued.

"ASTONISHED AND DELIGHTED to hear my native language, and no less surprised at the young man's words, I told him that there were far greater misfortunes in the world than what he complained 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 finished, fell into a swoon again. He carried me in his arms to a neighboring cottage, where he had me put to bed, procured me something to eat, waited on me with the greatest attention, comforted me, caressed me, told me that he had never seen anything so perfectly beautiful as myself, and that he had never so much

regretted the loss of what no one could restore to him. 'I was born at Naples,' said he, 'where they make eunuchs of thousands of children every year; some 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 successfully, and was one of the singers in the princess of Palestrina's chapel.' 'How,' cried I, 'in my mother's chapel!' 'The princess of Palestrina, your mother!' cried he, bursting into a flood of tears. 'Is it possible you should be the beautiful young princess whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old, and who at that tender age promised to be as fair as I now behold you?' 'I am the same,' I replied. 'My mother lies about a hundred yards from here 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.[5] 'I have executed my commission,' said the eunuch; 'I am going to take ship at 102
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, but, 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, have you ever had the plague?"

"Never," answered the young baroness.

"If you had ever had it," continued the old woman, "you would own an earthquake was

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

a trifle to it. It is very common in Africa; I was seized with it. Figure to yourself the distressed condition 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 debauched 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 Azoff, 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. Azoff was taken by storm, and the enemy spared neither age, sex, nor condition, but put all to the sword, and laid the city in ashes. Our little fort alone held out; they resolved to reduce us by famine. The twenty janissaries, who were left to defend it, had bound themselves by an oath never to surrender the place. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themselves obliged to kill our two eunuchs, and eat them rather than violate their oath. But this horrible repast soon failing them, they next determined to devour the women.

"We had a very pious and humane man, who gave them a most excellent sermon on this

occasion, exhorting them not to kill us all at once; 'Cut off only one of the steaks of each of those ladies,' said he, 'and you will fare extremely well; if you are under the necessity of having recourse to the same expedient again, you will find the like supply a few days hence. Heaven will approve of so charitable an action, and work your deliverance.'

"By the force of this eloquence he easily 104
persuaded them, and all of us underwent the operation. The man 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 there are French surgeons in all parts of the world, and one of them took us under his care, and cured us. 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 be of a good cheer, 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 about two years afterwards been broken 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 a great part of Russia. I was a long time an innkeeper's servant at Riga, then at Rostock, Wismar, Leipsic, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, The Hague, and Rotterdam: I have grown old in misery and disgrace, living with only one buttock, and having in perpetual remembrance that I am a pope's daughter. I have been a hundred times upon the point of killing myself, but still I 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 at 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 Genevese, and a German professor, named Robek. My last place was with the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me near your person, my fair lady; to whose fortunes I have attached myself, and have been more concerned with your adventures than with my own. I should never have even mentioned

the latter to you, had you not a little piqued me on the head of sufferings; and if it were 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 106
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."

Chapter XIII. How Candide 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 acceded to her proposal of engaging the passengers to relate their adventures in their turns, and was at length, as well as Candide, compelled to acknowledge that the old woman was in the right. "It is a thousand pities," said Candide, "that the sage Pangloss should have been hanged contrary to the custom of an *auto-da-fé*, for he would have given us a most admirable lecture on

the moral and physical evil which overspreads the earth and sea; and I think I should have courage enough to presume to offer (with all due respect) some few objections."

While everyone was reciting his adventures, the ship continued her way, and at length arrived at Buenos Ayres, where Cunegund, Captain Candide, and the old woman, landed and went to wait upon the governor Don 107
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 everyone, 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 everyone who had the honor of conversing with him was violently tempted to bastinade 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 Candide, who did not dare to say he was married to her, because indeed he was not; neither did he venture to say she was his sister, because she was not: and though a lie 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 honor 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 Candide to go and review his company. The gentle Candide obeyed, and the governor was left with Miss Cunegund. 108
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 do not become the wife of 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 outraged by a Bulgarian soldier; a Jew and an inquisitor have both tasted of your favors. 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 Candide." While the old woman was thus haranguing, with all the prudence that old age and experience furnish, a small bark

entered the harbor, in which was an alcayde 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 Candide were at Badajoz, in their flight from Lisbon. This same friar attempted to sell some of the diamonds 109
to a jeweller, who presently knew them to have belonged to the grand inquisitor, and stopped them. The cordelier, before he was hanged, acknowledged that he had stolen them, and described the persons, and the road they had taken. The flight of Cunegund and Candide was already the towntalk. They sent in pursuit of them to Cadiz; and the vessel which had been sent to make the greater despatch, had now reached the port of Buenos Ayres. A report was spread that an alcayde 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 Candide, she said: "Be gone hence this instant, or you will be burned alive." Candide found there was no time to be lost; but how could he part from Cunegund, and whither must he fly for shelter?

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