

CLASSIC TALES.

SERIOUS AND LIVELY :

WITH CRITICAL ESSAYS
ON THE MERITS
AND REPUTATION
OF THE AUTHORS.

du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe . Boileau
from grave to gay, from lively to severe . Pope.

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CLASSIC TALES.

VOLTAIRE.

THOUGHTS ON SOME OF HIS ROMANCES,
BY LEIGH HUNT.

OF all the modern wits VOLTAIRE seems to have been the most original in his style. If we can trace his great rival SWIFT to RABELAIS, we can discover the beauties of VOLTAIRE no where but in his own writings: fancy never injures his conciseness, nor conciseness his fancy; he talks familiarly but with elegance, logically but with sprightliness; and he has the art of never tiring his reader, because at the moment when you expect a chain of dry reasoning, he breaks off into allusions full of vivacity as well as strength. These turns of surprise form indeed the chief character of his style, but they are by no means affected. The satire of his humourous pieces was generally directed against the inconsistencies of mankind, and therefore, as he had nothing to do

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been sometimes found necessary to chasten. It is presumed, that this necessity has occasioned no appearance of abruptness or deficiency in the paragraphs. Loose description is seldom missed where it is not found; for the generality of readers insensibly become too intent upon what their author is saying, to fancy what he might have said. At any rate it is better to want propriety of composition than propriety of sentiment.

Nevertheless there is some of the noblest morality as well as the most vigorous satire in *Candid*. The design of the work was to ridicule the dreams of LEIBNITZ, who imagined he had discovered the doctrine of necessity in what he called Sufficient Reason. This doctrine was justly considered by VOLTAIRE as neither new nor explicable. That there is a reason with the Supreme Being for every event upon earth, our very ignorance teaches us; but to pretend to settle the reasons for events, to link all these events together, and to insist that the situation of a lamp-post in London has a necessary connection with the situation of affairs in Upper Tartary, does nothing but convert the art of logic into the art of dreaming. In fact, all these metaphysical disputes serve only to shew the ambitious weakness of human wisdom. We know so far, and we shall never know farther till we are in another state of existence, when we may smile perhaps at

the recollection of our consummate ignorance : but to argue furiously with folios, and almost with fists, about what we shall never discover, is as ludicrous as if the table, on which I am scribbling, could make itself anxious to know why I am zigzagging an instrument, black at one end and feathered at the other, over a surface of white matter. The end of wisdom is to make us more virtuous, and therefore more happy ; but it will not make any one a better citizen, a better husband, or a better father, to learn the exact meaning of the word Fate ; nor will it make him a jot happier to know whether the cultivation of a beau's whiskers has any determined connection with the fertilization of Ægypt. The chief happiness of mankind consists in action and not in talk, in studying the wants that can be satisfied, in being patient, in being humble. A certain portion of ignorance is requisite to our comfort. After all the ink, or to talk more seriously, after all the blood that has been spilt in the warfare of opinion, we must return to our ignorance as to a refreshing bed, which will perhaps give us pleasant dreams, and at any rate fit us better for the duties of the day. But while I am talking of happiness, I should not forget *Candid*, which however it may sometimes fail in its language, certainly inculcates morality in its general effect. All the characters in

this novel are miserable in proportion as they are vicious. *Dr. Pangloss*, who is the doctrine of LEIBNITZ personified, and who believes that men cannot be otherwise than they are, neither more virtuous nor more happy, cannot be supposed to be a very scrupulous personage: accordingly he is very dissipated and very wretched. *Candid*, who is the very essence of simplicity, presents a fine contrast to the abandoned fatalist. His love of virtue is naturally strong; but the sophist's doctrines have destroyed his resolution, he yields to his passions, and becomes almost as miserable as his master. One of the English translators of this novel has noticed a very fine exclamation, which the young philosopher makes at the sight of a debauched acquaintance, splendidly dressed, who suddenly met him in the street. "Is it possible," cried *Candid*, "my Lord, that you are—it is not possible; otherwise you are so very like the Abbé of *Perigord*." "I am the very man," answered the Abbé. Upon this *Candid* started back, and with his usual ingenuousness said "*Are you happy, Mr. Abbé?*" After all, VOLTAIRE does not ridicule that general connection of events which every reflecting man must see and acknowledge, but merely the absurdity of making every insignificant action of every created being necessary to the greater events of the world. When the disciples

of LEIBNITZ had settled that every thing was necessary, they were afraid of appearing to countenance the murmurers against Providence, and therefore they determined that every thing was for the best, and as good as it possibly could be. Thus war, and famine, and vice, became blessings instead of curses, and the omnipotence as well as goodness of the Deity was limited to furnish a wider space for human conjecture. But we should be cautious at all times how we use the words *can* and *cannot*, when speaking of Providence: our own ignorance, which impels us to the application of these words, should rather teach us to avoid them. The hat which a man puts on his head, when he goes out, might as well determine in itself that such a covering was necessary, because it had no means of knowing otherwise: but are we not as infinitely removed from the knowledge of the divine nature, as this piece of felt is from that of human nature? Mankind have ever been in extremes in their very wisdom. Some philosophers, like JOHNSON, are always representing humanity as entirely miserable: or like ROCHEFOUCAULT, as entirely vicious, both of which representations amount to the same thing: others, like *Dr. Pangloss*, insist that we ought to be very comfortable when our leg is undergoing an amputation or our house consumed by fire, because every thing is as good as it can be. All these opinions

involve a question about fate and free-will, which I am by no means willing to discuss. Let us value inquiry in proportion to its social utility. Let us wait the proper season for discovering truths too high for human conception. If I know the Latin or Greek language, I must not plague myself and others, because I shall never know the language spoken among the dog-ribbed Indians ; nor should I make useless conjectures about what that language may be like. It cannot be too often repeated, that the best happiness of man consists in action and not in talk, in knowing as much as shall fit him for the duties of society, and not in forming opinions which nothing but omniscience can solve. When *Pangloss*, after he had found a place of retirement with *Candid*, harangued him on the old topic and insisted that all their misfortunes and follies had been necessary, or they should not have been eating pistachio nuts at that moment, the young philosopher, who had learned experience and found a double value in social utility, replied nothing but “ *Cela est bien dit ; mais il faut cultiver nôtre jardin.* ” “ All that’s very well said ; but let us take care of our garden.”

If VOLTAIRE ridiculed the doctrines of Optimism and Fatality when they became an useless jargon, he defended the more enlarged ideas of Providence in his romance called *Zadig, or Destiny*. This romance is the most perfect of its kind in Europe :

it unites the most amusing incident with the most instructive philosophy : every chapter has its adventures, and every adventure its moral. VOLTAIRE never falls into the common error of novelists, who in their eagerness to amuse, forget the proper season for instruction : his characters are always happy or miserable as they are virtuous or vicious. This is a praise we cannot bestow either on FIELDING or RICHARDSON, still less on BOCCACCIO, SMOLLETT, or LE SAGE, who generally make their heroes happy in proportion as they are merely successful. The beautiful apologue of the Hermit in the 20th chapter is undoubtedly imitated from the English poem of PARNELL, who had told it forty years before, and with a better solemnity of effect. PARNELL borrowed the idea from some old English writer, who borrowed it from the Spaniards, who most probably borrowed it from their Arabian conquerors. Its Eastern origin has, I believe, been determined ; but by whom I forget. Nothing is more likely than this origin : an absolute submission to fate is one of the great articles of the Mohammedan faith ; the Arabians in particular have illustrated its inevitability by a thousand lively allegories, one of which I cannot forbear quoting. They tell us that SOLOMON, who like all wise men in an ignorant age was accounted a magician, was walking one day with an acquaintance, who suddenly whispered with much agitation “ What unaccountable being

is this coming towards us? The very sight of him terrifies me! Send me, I beseech thee, to the remotest mountain of India!" The monarch had no sooner dismissed his companion, than he was accosted by the fearful personage, "SOLOMON," said the being, "how came that man here? I was to have fetched him from the remotest mountain of India." "Angel of Death," replied SOLOMON, "thou wilt find him there."

The story of the *Ingenuous*, or as the translator has called it, the *Sincere Huron*, shews like *Candid*, the delight which VOLTAIRE took in painting characters of pure nature. He supposes a young Canadian of excellent natural principles, who makes a voyage to France and renders the European prejudices ridiculous by opposing to them the simplicity of natural reason. Thus under the mask of romance the *Ingenuous* is nothing but a satire on the author's own times, and this is the case with his pieces apparently the most fictitious. But I am afraid, that this *Huron* exhibits too much of the hero of romance: he does every thing too readily and too well: an American Indian, just slipped from the wilds of Canada, would have naturalized himself less easily in Europe: it is most likely that he would have shewn less of the sentimentalist and more of the savage, that he would have been much less addicted to mathematics and a little fonder of brandy and tobacco. But no character

can be more naturally or delicately drawn than the heroine of the story, *Mademoiselle St. Yves*, whose love for an honest man is equalled by nothing but her innate love of virtue, who pines away when she has lost her own esteem, and dies when she is fearful of forfeiting her lover's. It is difficult to reconcile ourselves even to the repentance of such a man as the minister *St. Pouange*, who to save this lover from prison, has exacted the sacrifice of her virtue. It is certainly difficult to be persuaded that he had naturally a good heart. But we have seen in our own times, to what excesses a Frenchman can run without losing a jot of his universal philanthropy.

The romance of *Micromegas* is an acknowledged imitation of SWIFT's *Gulliver*, a production so individually original that it will never be imitated with any effect: the big and little men have been imagined once, and it is rather surprising that VOLTAIRE condescended to borrow a conceit; which like all other conceits is chiefly praise-worthy for its novelty. He has enlivened it however with his own original style, though his chief object seems to have been the ridicule of FONTENELLE, who in his capacity of secretary to the French Academy had intrigued with the enemies of VOLTAIRE, and who is characterised as the Saturnian dwarf.

There is one moral beauty in our author's writings, which gives an inexpressible grace to

his severest satire. However abstract his subject may be, however gay his language, however contemptuous his ridicule, our feelings are invariably affected by his love of humanity. The little history of the *Travels of Scarmentado* is a satire on the ridiculous cruelties, that have been exercised by the prejudices of men on their fellow-creatures. The hero of the story roams from country to country in the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, and by some of those coincidences in history, which our author so learnedly and so happily catches, enters a different region merely to see a different act of national barbarity. The conclusion is an exquisite piece of raillery on that execrable slave-trade, which it will be more glory to England to have abolished than if she had conquered the universe.

Yet this is the author so humane, so original, so sprightly in his wisdom, so profound in his wit, who has been denied to possess either benevolence or genius, either common affection or common sense! We have been told that he cannot be a moralist because he professed the religion of morality, that he cannot be a philosopher because he thinks entirely for himself, that he cannot reason because he judges by reason only, and lastly, that he cannot be a logician because he is a wit. It must be confessed, that these are the most good-natured accusations in the world, for they re-

fute themselves. The fact is, that VOLTAIRE's wit is merely the ornament of his logic, and I think he has sometimes condescended to argue when he should have done nothing but laugh. The use of ridicule even on subjects the most ridiculous has been much disputed ; but there are some reasoners on whom logic is thrown away, because they do not comprehend it ; there are times when it even injures an argument, for to comment gravely upon a matter ludicrous to every body else is only to render yourself ludicrous too. If a merry-andrew were to accost a person in a fair, and to annoy him with a thousand impudent antics and gesticulations, would it be the latter's interest to reason seriously with such a being ? Assuredly in such a case the loudest laughter would be the best argument. To talk to brutal ignorance in the still small voice of reason is to batter down walls with a whisper. We have much reasoning from the bar, we have morality from the pulpit, we have wise laws from the throne, but there will always be fools and knaves, who

Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Are touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

A difference of religious opinion has rendered some persons afraid of looking into any single one of this author's works. They are delighted with

HOMER, with VIRGIL, with OVID, with a thousand other writers, who represent the Deity full of human passions and follies, but they will not hear of VOLTAIRE, who calls him a being infinitely wise and adorable. They have the temper of angry disputants without having had a dispute; their ancestors have quarrelled with the man, and therefore like the Scottish clans their enmity must be eternal.

No reasoning man will deny that VOLTAIRE has many errors of the grossest nature and most pernicious effect; but he has also a thousand beauties, which may easily be separated from these deformities; and shall the gold be rejected because it is mingled with dross? Do we enquire into the origin of pearls before we admire them? Nay, is not a healing medicine extracted from the poisonous nightshade? If those writings of VOLTAIRE, which do not touch upon theological points, had been attributed to other authors, they would have been universally admired. He once produced a comedy without declaring himself, and every body was enraptured:—the author was discovered, and every one shrugged his shoulders;—the eyes of the journalists were opened, for it was impossible that a man who differed alike with Jansenists and with Jesuits, with Franciscan and Dominican friars, could write a good play; the piece might give a

sort of false pleasure at first sight, but it was worth nothing on a closer inspection. Thus it has ever been the folly of the world to judge men by a few individual opinions, even in matters with which these opinions cannot possibly have any connection. Our gravest schoolmasters, who are sometimes our gravest divines, will put into the hands of their disciples books the most iniquitous and obscene, books which for want of a little purification may deprave the human mind for ever; but they would shudder if they saw in their hands this poor anathematized Frenchman, who with all his indecencies never wrote a single line half so gross and disgusting as hundreds in HORACE and in ARISTOPHANES. But here is the vanity of opinion. These sage moralists never had occasion to differ with HORACE or ARISTOPHANES, whom they delight to read; but they imagine their judgment to have been questioned by VOLTAIRE, whom it is most probable they never read at all.

I have not pretended in this slight review to criticise even these little effusions of VOLTAIRE with minuteness or felicity: I have neither room enough for the one nor French enough for the other. All I attempt is to make the generality of my readers better acquainted with the peculiar originality of his genius; all I wish is to see justice done to that genius by a literary people whom he is always

praising in his works, and by whom in return he has been both misconceived and abused. Let us, in the name of sense and of Christianity, detest the vices of his pen as they ought to be detested; but let us, in the same name of all that is rational, and all that is benevolent, separate his good from his evil, let us not shut our eyes to beauty because of deformity, to the light because of the darkness. Will any man in his senses reject the sudden burst of sunshine on a winter's day, because it is casual and fleeting? Will he not rather love it for its rarity, and bound forth to gaze on the face of that heaven, which has so long been hidden from his eyes?

CLASSIC TALES.



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JEANNOT and COLIN.

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JEANNOT AND COLIN.

(*Newly translated from VOLTAIRE's Romances.*)

MANY credible persons have seen Jeannot and Colin of the village of Issoire in Auvergne, a place famous all over the world for its college and its cauldrons. Jeannot was the son of a very renowned mule-driver; Colin owed his existence to an honest labourer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the earth with the help of four mules, and who, after he had paid the poll-tax, the military-tax, the royal-tax, the excise-tax, the shilling-in-the-pound, the capitation, and the twentieths, did not find himself over-rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very pretty lads for Auvergnians: they were remarkably attached to each other, and enjoyed together those little confidentialities, and those snug familiarities, which men always recollect with pleasure when they afterwards meet in the world.

The time dedicated to their studies was just upon the eve of elapsing, when a tailor brought Jeannot a velvet coat of three colours, with a Lyons waistcoat made in the first taste; the whole was accompanied with a letter directed to Monsieur de la Jeannotiere. Colin could not help admiring the coat, though he was not at all envious of it; but Jeannot immediately assumed an air of superiority which perfectly distressed his companion. From this moment Jeannot studied no more; he admired

himself in the glass, and despised the whole world. Soon afterwards, a valet-de-chambre arrives post-haste, bringing a second letter, which was addressed to Monsieur the Marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from Monsieur the father that Monsieur the son should set out for Paris directly. Jeannot ascended the chaise, and stretched out his hand to Colin with a smile of protection sufficiently dignified; Colin felt his own insignificance, and burst into tears: Jeannot departed in all his glory.

Those readers who like to be instructed as well as amused, must know that Monsieur Jeannot the father had very rapidly acquired a most immense fortune by business. Do you ask how it is one makes a great fortune? it is because one is fortunate. Monsieur Jeannot was handsome, and so was his wife, who had still a certain bloom about her. They came up to Paris on account of a lawsuit, which ruined them; when fortune, who elevates and depresses mankind at will, presented them to the wife of a contractor for the army-hospitals, a man of very great talent, who could boast of having killed more soldiers in one year than the cannon had blown up in ten. Jeannot pleased the lady, and his wife pleased the contractor. Jeannot soon had his share in his patron's enterprise; and afterwards entered into other speculations. When once you are in the current of the stream, you have nothing to do but to leave your bark to itself; you will make an immense fortune without much difficulty. The mob on the bank, who see you scud along in full sail, open their eyes with astonishment; they are at a loss to conjecture how you

came by your prosperity, they envy you at all events, and write pamphlets against you, which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who quickly became Monsieur de la Jeannotiere, and who, having purchased a marquise at the end of six months, took Monsieur the Marquis his son from school, to introduce him into the fashionable world of Paris.

Colin, always affectionate, sent a letter of compliment to his old schoolfellow, in which he wrote his "*these lines to congratulate*" him. The little Marquis returned no answer: Colin was perfectly ill with mortification.

The father and mother provided a tutor for the young Marquis. This tutor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, of course could teach nothing to his pupil. Monsieur wished his son to learn Latin; Madame wished him not: accordingly they called in as arbitrator an author, who was at that time celebrated for some very pleasing works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by asking him; "Monsieur, as you understand Latin, and are a courtier,"—"I, Sir, understand Latin? not a word," replied the wit, "and very glad am I that I don't; for there is not a doubt but a man always speaks his own language the better, when his studies are not divided between that and foreign languages: look at all our ladies, is not their vivacity more elegant than that of the men? their letters, are they not written with a hundred times the animation; now all this superiority they possess from nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"There now! was not I in the right?" said Madame: "I wish my son to be a wit; that he may

make a figure in the world; and you see if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? In a law-suit, does any one plead in Latin? Do we make love in Latin?" Monsieur, dazzled by all this ratiocination, gave his judgment; when it was finally determined that the young Marquis should not lose his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. But then what was he to learn? for he must know something: could not he be shewn a little geography? "What would that serve?" replied the tutor: when Monsieur the Marquis goes to any of his estates, won't the postillions know which way to drive him? they'll certainly take care not to go out of their way; one has no need of a quadrant to travel with; and a man may go from Paris to Auvergne very commodiously, without having the least idea what latitude he is under."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have somewhere heard of a very beautiful science, which is called astronomy, I think." The more's the pity then," cried the tutor; "does any one regulate himself by the stars in this world? and is it necessary that Monsieur the Marquis should murder himself by calculating an eclipse, when he will find its very point of time in the almanack, a book which will teach him moreover the moveable feasts and fasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe." Madame was entirely of the tutor's opinion; the little Marquis was overjoyed; the father was very much undecided. "What must my son learn then?" said he. "To make himself agreeable:—" if," replied the friend whom they had consulted, "he knows but

how to please, he knows every thing; that is an art he can learn from his mother, without giving the least trouble either to that master or this."

At this speech, Madame embraced the polite ignoramus, and said to him: "It is very plain, Sir, that you are the most learned man in the whole world; my son will owe his entire education to you: however, I conceit that it will be as well if he should know a little of history." "Alas! Madam, what is that good for?" replied he: "there is nothing either so pleasing or so instructive as the history of the day; all ancient history, as one of our wits observes, is nothing but a preconcerted fable; and, as for modern, it is a chaos which no one can disintricate: what does it signify to Monsieur your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor was a stutterer?"

"Nothing was ever better said," cried the tutor; "the spirits of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge; but of all absurd sciences, that which, in my opinion, is the most likely to stifle the spark of genius, is geometry. This ridiculous science has for its object surfaces, lines and points, which have no existence in nature; ten thousand crooked lines are by the mere twist of imagination made to pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, although in reality it is impossible to draw a straw between them. In short, geometry is nothing but an execrable joke."

Monsieur and Madame did not understand too much of what the tutor said; but they were entirely of his opinion.

"A nobleman like Monsieur the Marquis,"

continued he, “ought not to dry up his brains with such useless studies; if at any time he has occasion for one of your sublime geometricians to draw the plan of his estates, can’t money buy him a surveyor? or if he wishes to unravel the antiquity of his nobility, which rises to the most obscure times, can’t he send for a benedictine? And it is the same in every other art. A young lord, born under a lucky star, is neither painter, musician, architect, nor sculptor; but he makes all those arts flourish in proportion as his magnificence encourages them; and it is much better to patronise than to exercise them. Enough that Monsieur the Marquis has a taste; let artists work for him: it is in this we have so great reason to say, that men of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know every thing, without having learned any thing; because in fact they at last know how to judge of every thing which they order and pay for.”

The amiable ignoramus then took up the conversation. “You have very justly remarked, Madam, that the great end of man is to rise in society: seriously now, is it by science that success is to be obtained? does any man in company even so much as think of talking about geometry? is a man of fashion ever asked what star rose with the sun to-day? who wishes to know at supper, if the long-haired Clodio passed the Rhine?” “Nobody, without doubt, exclaimed the Marchioness de la Jeannotiere, whose personal attractions had somewhat initiated her in the polite world; “and Monsieur my son ought not to cramp his genius by studying all this trash. But after all, what shall he learn? for it is but right that a young lord should know how to shine upon oc-

casion, as Monsieur my husband very justly observes. I remember hearing an old abbé say once, that the most delightful of all possible sciences was something, of which I have forgotten the name; but it begins with an *h*." "With an *h*, Madam? it was not horticulture." "No, it was not horticulture he meant; it begins, I tell you, with an *h* and ends with a *ry*." "Ah! I understand you, Madam, 'tis heraldry: heraldry is indeed a very profound science, but it has been out of fashion ever since the custom of painting arms on carriage doors was dropped. It was once the most useful thing in the world in a well regulated state: but the study would have become endless; for now-a-days there is not a hair-dresser but has his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common ceases to be esteemed." At length, after having examined the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that Monsieur the Marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does every thing, had bestowed on him a gift that quickly developed itself with a prodigious success; it was an agreeable knack at singing ballads. The graces of youth joined to this superior talent, made him looked upon as a young man of the greatest promise. He was beloved by the women; and having his head always stuffed with songs, he manufactured them for his mistresses. He plundered *Bacchus* and *Cupid* to make one sonnet, the *Night* and the *Day*; for another, the *Charms* and *Alarms*, for a third; but as he always found in his verses some feet too little, or some too much, he was obliged to have them corrected at twenty shillings a song; and thus he got a place in the *Literary Year*, by the side of

the La Fares, the Chaulieus, the Hamiltons, the Sarrasins, and the Voitures of the day.

Madame the Marchioness now thought she should gain the reputation of being the mother of a wit; and gave a supper to all the wits in Paris accordingly. The young man's brain was presently turned; he acquired the art of speaking without understanding a single word he said, and perfected himself in the art of being good for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent, he began to regret very sensibly, that he had not had his son taught Latin; for in that case, he could have bought him such a valuable place in the law. The mother, whose sentiments were less groveling, wished to solicit a regiment for her son; and in the mean time the son fell in love. Love is sometimes more expensive than a regiment: it cost him a great deal; while his parents pinched themselves still more, in order to live among great lords.

A young widow of quality in their neighbourhood, who had but a very moderate fortune, had a great mind to resolve upon putting the vast riches of Monsieur and Madame de la Jeannotiere in a place of security, which she could easily do by appropriating them to her own use, and marrying the young Marquis. She attracted him, suffered him to love her, gave him to understand that she was not indifferent to him, drew him in by degrees, enchanted, and vanquished him without much difficulty: sometimes she gave him praise, and sometimes advice, and quickly became the favourite both of his father and his mother. An old neighbour proposed their marriage; the parents, dazzled with the splendour of the alliance, joyfully accepted the offer, and gave their only son to their intimate

friend. The young Marquis was thus about to marry a woman he adored, and by whom he himself was beloved; the friends of his family congratulated him, and the marriage articles were just about to be settled, whilst all hands were working at their wedding cloaths and songs.

He was one morning upon his knees before the charming wife, with whom love, esteem, and friendship, were about to present him, they were tasting in a tender and animated conversation, the first fruits of their felicity, and were parcelling out a most delicious life, when a valet-de-chambre belonging to Madame the mother came up quite scared: "Here is very different news," said he; "the bailiffs are ransacking the house of Monsieur and Madame; every thing is laid hold of by the creditors; nay, they talk of seizing your persons; and so I made haste to come and be paid my wages." "Let us see a little," said the Marquis, "what all this means; what can this adventure be?" "Go," said the widow, "and punish these rascals, go quickly." He runs to the house; his father was already imprisoned; all the domestics had fled, each about his own business, but having first carried away every thing they could lay hold on; his mother was alone, without protection, without consolation, drowned in tears; nothing remained but the recollection of her fortune, the recollection of her beauty, the recollection of her errors, and the recollection of her mad profuseness.

After the son had wept a long time with the mother, he ventured to say to her: "Let us not despair; this young widow loves me to distraction,

and is still more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He then returned to his mistress, and found her in a private interview with a very charming young officer. "What! is it you, Monsieur de la Jeannotiere? what do you do here? is it thus you have abandoned your mother? go to that unfortunate woman, and tell her that I wish her every happiness: I am in want of a chamber-maid, and I will most undoubtedly give her the preference." "My lad," said the officer, "you seem well shaped enough; if you are inclined to enlist in my company, I'll give you every encouragement."

The Marquis, thunderstruck, and bursting with rage, went in quest of his old tutor, lodged his troubles in his breast, and asked his advice. The tutor proposed to him to become a preceptor like himself. "Alas!" said the Marquis, "I know nothing; you have taught me nothing, and are indeed the principal cause of all my misfortunes." As he spoke this, he sobbed aloud. "Write romances," said a wit who was present; "it is an excellent resource at Paris."

The young man, more desperate than ever, ran towards his mother's confessor, who was a Theatin in great repute, troubling himself with the consciences of women of the first rank only. As soon as Jeannot saw him, he prostrated himself before him. "Good God! Monsieur Marquis," said he, "where is your carriage? how does that respectable lady, the Marchioness your mother?" The poor unfortunate youth related the disasters of his family; and the farther he proceeded, the graver, the cooler, and the more hypocritical was

the air of the Theatin. "My son," said he, "it has pleased God to reduce you to this; riches serve but to corrupt the heart; God has therefore conferred a favour on your mother in bringing her to this miserable state."

"Yes, Sir,"—"Her election is thus rendered the more sure."—"But, father," resumed the Marquis, "in the mean time, is there no means of obtaining relief in this world?" "Adieu! my son; there is a court-lady waiting for me."

The Marquis was ready to faint: he was treated in pretty much the same way by all his friends, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he did in all the rest of his life.

As he was thus plunged into the blackest despair, he saw advancing an old-fashioned sort of calash or tilted-cart, with leather curtains, which was followed by four enormous waggons well loaded. In the chaise was a young man coarsely cloathed; he had a countenance round and fresh, breathing all the complacency of cheerfulness; his wife, a little brunette, fat, but not disagreeably so, was jolted in beside him; the vehicle did not move like the carriage of a *petit-maitre*, but afforded the traveller sufficient time to contemplate the Marquis, motionless and abyssed in grief as he stood. "Eh! good God!" cried the rider, "I do think that is Jeannot." At this name the Marquis lifted up his eyes; the chaise stopped. "It is too true, it is Jeannot," sighed the Marquis. The fat little fellow made but one jump of it, and flew to embrace his old schoolfellow. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You have abandoned me," said Colin;

“but though you are a great Lord, I will love you for ever.” Jeannot, confused and heart-broken, related to him with many sobs a part of his story. “Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest there,” said Colin; “embrace my little wife, and then let’s go and dine together.”

They all three set forwards on foot, their baggage following behind. “What is the meaning of all this equipage? is it your’s?” says Jeannot. “Yes, it is all mine and my wife’s. We are just arrived from the country, where I have the management of a good manufactory of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in utensils which are necessary both to great and small; we work hard; God has prospered us; we have never changed our condition; we are happy; and we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be a Marquis no longer; all the greatness in the world is not to be compared to a friend. You shall go back into the country with me; I will teach you our trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the very corner of the earth where we were born.”

The astonished Jeannot felt himself divided between grief and joy, between affection and shame; and said to himself: “All my fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, alone comes to my relief.” What an instruction! The goodness of Colin’s soul elicited from the breast of Jeannot a spark of nature which all the world had not yet stifled: he felt himself unable to abandon his father and mother. “We’ll take care of your mother,” said Colin; “and as to your father, who is in prison, I understand those matters a little;

his creditors, when they see he has nothing to pay, will make up matters for a very trifle; I'll undertake to manage the whole business." Colin quickly released the father from prison; Jeannot returned to the country with his parents, who resumed their former profession; he married a sister of Colin's, who being of the same disposition as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, now saw that happiness was not to be found in vanity.

ZADIG.*

(*TRANSLATED FROM VOLTAIRE'S ROMANCES.*)

THE BLIND OF ONE EYE.

THERE lived at Babylon, in the reign of king Moabdar, a young man, named Zadig, of a good natural disposition, strengthened and improved by education. Though rich and young he had learned to moderate his passions: he had nothing stiff or affected in his behaviour; he did not pretend to examine every action by the strict rules of reason, but was always ready to make proper allowances for the weakness of mankind. It was matter of surprize, that, notwithstanding his sprightly wit, he never exposed by his raillery those vague,

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

incoherent, and noisy discourses, those rash censures, ignorant decisions, coarse jests, and all that empty jingle of words which at Babylon went by the name of Conversation. He had learned, in the first book of Zoroaster, that self-love is a foot-ball swelled with wind, from which, when pierced, the most terrible tempests issue forth. Above all, Zadig never boasted of his conquests among the women, nor affected to entertain a contemptible opinion of the fair sex. He was generous, and was never afraid of obliging the ungrateful; remembering the grand precept of Zoroaster, "When thou eatest, give to the dogs, should they even bite thee." He was as wise as it is possible for man to be; for he sought to live with the wise. Instructed in the sciences of the ancient Chaldeans, he understood the principles of natural philosophy, such as they were then supposed to be; and knew as much of metaphysics as hath ever been known in any age, that is, little or nothing at all. He was firmly persuaded, notwithstanding the new philosophy of the times, that the year consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, and that the sun was in the center of the world. But when the principal magi told him, with a haughty and contemptuous air, that his sentiments were of a dangerous tendency, and that it was to be an enemy to the state to believe that the sun revolved round its own axis, and that the year had twelve months, he held his tongue with great modesty and meekness*.

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

Possessed as he was of great riches, and consequently of many friends, blessed with a good constitution, a handsome figure, a mind just and moderate, and a heart noble and sincere, he fondly imagined that he might easily be happy. He was going to be married to Semira, who, in point of beauty, birth, and fortune, was the first match in Babylon. He had a real and virtuous affection for this lady, and she loved him with the most passionate fondness. The happy moment was almost arrived, that was to unite them for ever in the bands of wedlock, when happening to take a walk together towards one of the gates of Babylon, under the palm trees that adorn the banks of the Euphrates, they saw some men approaching, armed with sabres and arrows. These were the attendants of young Orcan, the minister's nephew, whom his uncle's creatures had flattered into an opinion that he might do every thing with impunity. He had none of the graces nor virtues of Zadig; but thinking himself a much more accomplished man, he was enraged to find that the other was preferred before him. This jealousy, which was merely the effect of his vanity, made him imagine that he was desperately in love with Semira; and accordingly he resolved to carry her off. The ravishers seized her; in the violence of the outrage they wounded her, and made the blood flow from a person, the sight of which would have softened the tygers of mount Imaus. She pierced the heavens with her complaints. She cried out, "My dear husband! they tear me from the man I adore." Regardless of her own danger, she was only concerned for the fate of her dear Zadig, who, in the mean time, defended himself with all the strength that courage

and love could inspire. Assisted only by two slaves, he put the ravishers to flight, and carried home Semira, insensible and bloody as she was. On opening her eyes, and beholding her deliverer, “O Zadig, (said she) I loved thee formerly as my intended husband; I now love thee as the preserver of my honour and my life.” Never was heart more deeply affected than that of Semira. Never did a more charming mouth express more moving sentiments, in those glowing words inspired by a sense of the greatest of all favours, and by the most tender transports of a lawful passion. Her wound was slight and was soon cured. Zadig was more dangerously wounded; an arrow had pierced him near his eye, and penetrated to a considerable depth. Semira wearied heaven with her prayers for the recovery of her lover. Her eyes were constantly bathed in tears; she anxiously waited the happy moment when those of Zadig should be able to meet her’s; but an abscess growing on the wounded eye, gave every thing to fear. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Memphis, for the great physician Hermes, who came with a numerous retinue. He visited the patient, and declared that he would lose his eye. He even foretold the day and hour when this fatal event would happen. “Had it been the right eye, (said he) I could easily have cured it; but the wounds of the left eye are incurable.” All Babylon lamented the fate of Zadig, and admired the profound knowledge of Hermes. In two days the abscess broke of its own accord, and Zadig was perfectly cured. Hermes wrote a book to prove that it ought not to have been cured. Zadig did not read it: but, as soon as he was able to go abroad, he went to pay a visit

to her in whom all his hopes of happiness were centered, and for whose sake alone he wished to have eyes. Semira had been in the country for three days past. He learned on the road, that that fine lady, having openly declared that she had an unconquerable aversion to one-eyed men, had the night before given her hand to Orcan. At this news he fell speechless to the ground. His sorrows brought him almost to the brink of the grave. He was long indisposed; but reason at last got the better of his affliction; and the severity of his fate served even to console him.

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

THE NOSE.

One morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion, and uttering the most violent exclamations. “What aileth thee, (said he) my dear spouse? what is it that can thus have discomposed thee?” “Alas, (said she) thou wouldst be as much enraged as I am, hadst thou seen what I have just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who, within these two days,

hath raised a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow. She vowed to heaven, in the bitterness of her grief, to remain at this tomb, while the water of the rivulet should continue to run near it." "Well, (said Zadig) she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection." "Ah, (replied Azora) didst thou but know in what she was employed when I went to wait upon her!" "In what, pray, beautiful Azora? was she turning the course of the rivulet? Azora broke out into such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue.

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

They sat longer at supper than at dinner. They now talked with greater confidence. Azora praised the deceased ; but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During supper Cador complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, greatly concerned, and eager to serve him, caused all kinds of essences to be brought, with which she anointed him, to try if some of them might not possibly ease him of his pain. She lamented that the great Hermes was not still in Babylon. She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain. “ Art thou subject to this cruel disorder ?” said she to him with a compassionate air. “ It sometimes brings me (replied Cador) to the brink of the grave ; and there is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is, to apply to my side the nose of a man who is lately dead.” “ A strange remedy, indeed !” said Azora. “ Not more strange (replied he) than the sachels of Arnou against the apoplexy.”* This reason, added to the great merit of the young man, at last determined the lady. “ After all, (says she) when my husband shall cross the bridge Tchinavar, in his journey to the other world, the angel Asrael will not refuse him a passage, because his nose is a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first.” She then took a razor, went to her husband’s tomb, bedewed it with her tears, and drew near to cut off the nose of Zadig, whom she found extended at full length in

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

the tomb. Zadig arose, holding his nose with one hand, and putting back the razor with the other. “Madam, (said he) don’t exclaim so violently against young Cosrou: the project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet.” *

THE DOG AND THE HORSE.

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

Possessed of these ideas, he retired to a country-house on the banks of the Euphrates. There he did not employ himself in calculating how many inches of water flow in a second of time under the arches of a bridge, or whether there fell a cube-line of rain in the month of the Mouse more than in the month of the Sheep. He never dreamed of making silk of cobwebs, or porcelain of broken

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

Translator.

bottles; but he chiefly studied the properties of plants and animals; and soon acquired a sagacity that made him discover a thousand differences where other men see nothing but uniformity.

One day, as he was walking near a little wood, he saw one of the queen's eunuch's running towards him, followed by several officers, who appeared to be in great perplexity, and who ran to and fro like men distracted, eagerly searching for something they had lost of great value. "Young man, (said the first eunuch) hast thou seen the queen's dog?" "It is a bitch, (replied Zadig with great modesty) and not a dog." "Thou art in the right," returned the first eunuch. "It is a very small she-spaniel, (added Zadig); she has lately whelped; she limps on the left fore-foot, and has very long ears," "Thou hast seen her," said the first eunuch, quite out of breath. "No, (replied Zadig) I have not seen her, nor did I so much as know that the queen had a bitch."

Exactly at the same time, by one of the common freaks of fortune, the finest horse in the king's stable had escaped from the jockey in the plains of Babylon. The principal huntsman, and all the other officers, run after him with as much eagerness and anxiety as the first eunuch had done after the bitch. The principal huntsman addressed himself to Zadig, and asked him if he had not seen the king's horse passing by. "He is the fleetest horse in the king's stable, (replied Zadig); he is five feet high, with very small hoofs, and a tail three feet and a half in length; the studs on his bit are gold of twenty-three carats, and his shoes are silver of eleven penny-weights." "What way did he

take? where is he?" demanded the chief huntsman. "I have not seen him, (replied Zadig) and never heard talk of him before."

The principal huntsman and the first eunuch never doubted but that Zadig had stolen the king's horse and the queen's bitch. They therefore had him conducted before the assembly of the grand desterham, who condemned him to the knout, and to spend the rest of his days in Siberia.* Hardly was the sentence passed when the horse and the bitch were both found. The judges were reduced to the disagreeable necessity of reversing their sentence; but they condemned Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold, for having said that he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was obliged to pay; after which he was permitted to plead his cause before the counsel of the grand desterham, when he spoke to the following effect:

"Ye stars of justice, abyss of sciences, mirrors of truth, who have the weight of lead, the hardness of iron, the splendour of the diamond, and many of the properties of gold: Since I am permitted to speak before this august assembly, I swear to you by Oromades, that I have never seen the queen's respectable bitch, nor the sacred horse of the king of kings. The truth of the matter was as follows: I was walking towards the little wood, where I afterwards met the venerable eunuch, and

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

the most illustrious chief huntsman. I observed on the sand the traces of an animal, and could easily perceive them to be those of a little dog. The light and long furrows impressed on little eminences of sand between the marks of the paws, plainly discovered that it was a bitch, whose dugs were hanging down, and that therefore she must have whelped a few days before. Other traces of a different kind, that always appeared to have gently brushed the surface of the sand near the marks of the fore-feet, shewed me that she had very long ears; and as I remarked that there was always a slighter impression made on the sand by one foot than by the other three, I found that the bitch of our august queen was a little lame, if I may be allowed the expression.

“With regard to the horse of the king of kings, you will be pleased to know, that walking in the lanes of this wood, I observed the marks of a horse’s shoes, all at equal distances. This must be a horse, said I to myself, that gallops excellently. The dust on the trees in a narrow road that was but seven feet wide was a little brushed off, at the distance of three feet and a half from the middle of the road. This horse, said I, has a tail three feet and a half long, which being whisked to the right and left, has swept away the dust. I observed under the trees that formed an arbour five feet in height, that the leaves of the branches were newly fallen: from whence I inferred that the horse had touched them, and that he must therefore be five feet high. As to his bit, it must be gold of twenty-three carats, for he had rubbed its bosses against a stone which I knew to be a touchstone,

and which I have tried. In a word, from the marks made by his shoes on flints of another kind, I concluded that he was shod with silver eleven deniers fine." All the judges admired Zadig for his acute and profound discernment. The news of this speech was carried even to the king and queen. Nothing was talked of but Zadig in the antichambers, the chambers, and the cabinet ; and though many of the magi were of opinion that he ought to be burnt as a sorcerer, the king ordered his officers to restore him the four hundred ounces of gold which he had been obliged to pay. The register, the attornies, and bailiffs, went to his house with great formality, to carry him back his four hundred ounces. They only retained three hundred and ninety-eight of them to defray the expences of justice ; and their servants demanded their fees.

Zadig saw how extremely dangerous it sometimes is to appear too knowing, and therefore resolved, that on the next occasion of the like nature he would not tell what he had seen.

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

THE ENVIOUS MAN.

Zadig resolved to comfort himself by philosophy and friendship for the evils he had suffered from fortune. He had in the suburbs of Babylon a house elegantly furnished, in which he assembled all the arts and all the pleasures worthy the pursuit of a gentleman. In the morning his library was open to the learned. In the evening his table was surrounded by good company. But he soon found what very dangerous guests these men of letters are. A warm dispute arose on one of Zoroaster's laws, which forbids the eating of a griffin. "Why, said one of them, prohibit the eating, if there is no such animal in nature?" "There must necessarily be such an animal (said the others) since Zoroaster forbids us to eat it." Zadig would fain have reconciled them by saying, "If there are no griffins, we cannot possibly eat them; and thus either way we shall obey Zoroaster."

A learned man, who had composed thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, and was besides the chief theurgite, hasted away to accuse Zadig before one of the principal magi, named Yebor,* the greatest blockhead, and therefore the greatest fanatick among the Chaldeans. This man would have empaled Zadig to do honour to the

* Yebor is the anagram of Boyer, an ignorant Theatin monk, who persecuted VOLTAIRE with unceasing bigotry, and managed his intrigues so effectually, as at one time to exclude him from a seat in the French Academy. H.

sun, and would then have recited the breviary of Zoroaster with greater satisfaction. The friend Cador (a friend is better than a hundred priests) went to Yebor, and said to him, “ Long live the sun and the griffins ; beware of punishing Zadig ; he is a saint ; he has griffins in his inner court, and does not eat them : and his accuser is an heretic, who dares to maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean.” “ Well, (said Yebor, shaking his bald pate) we must empale Zadig for having thought contemptuously of griffins, and the other for having spoke disrespectfully of rabbits.” Cador hushed up the affair by means of a maid of honour who had bore him a child, and who had great interest in the college of the magi. Nobody was empaled. This lenity occasioned a great murmuring among some of the doctors, who from thence predicted the fall of Babylon.* “ Upon what does happiness depend (said Zadig) I am persecuted by every thing in the world, even on account of beings that have no existence.” He cursed those men of learning, and resolved for the future to live with none but good company.

He assembled at his house the most worthy men, and the most beautiful ladies of Babylon. He gave them delicious suppers, often preceded by concerts of music, and always animated by polite conversation, from which he knew how to banish that affectation of wit, which is the surest method of preventing it entirely, and of spoiling the plea-

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

sure of the most agreeable society. Neither the choice of his friends, nor that of the dishes, was made by vanity; for in every thing he preferred the substance to the shadow: and by these means he procured that real respect to which he did not aspire.

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

The envious man went to see Zadig, who was

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

To flagrant crimes
His Crown he owes,
To peaceful times
The worst of foes.

The envious man was now happy for the first time in his life. He had it in his power to ruin a

person of virtue and merit. Filled with this fiend-like joy, he found means to convey to the king the satire written by the hand of Zadig, who, together with the lady and his two friends, was thrown into prison.

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

Just as he was preparing for death, the king's parrot flew from its cage, and alighted on a rose-bush in Zadig's garden. A peach had been driven thither by the wind from a neighbouring tree, and had fallen on a piece of the written leaf of the pocket-book, to which it stuck. The bird carried off the peach and the paper, and laid them on the king's knee. The king took up the paper with great eagerness, and read the words, which formed

in sense, and seemed to be the endings of verses. He loved poetry; and there is always some money to be expected from a prince of that disposition. The adventure of the parrot set him a thinking.

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

Tyrants are prone to flagrant crimes;
To clemency his crown he owes;
To concord and to peaceful times,
Love only is the worst of foes.

The king gave immediate orders that Zadig should be brought before him, and that his two friends and the lady should be set at liberty. Zadig fell prostrate on the ground before the king and queen, humbly begged their pardon for having made such bad verses, and spoke with so much propriety, wit, and good sense, that their majesties desired they might see him again. He did himself that honour, and insinuated himself still farther into their good graces. They gave him all the wealth of the envious man; but Zadig restored him back the whole of it; and this instance of generosity gave no other pleasure to the envious man than that of having preserved his estate. The king's esteem for Zadig increased every day. He admitted him into all his parties of pleasure, and consulted him in all affairs of state. From that time the queen began to regard him with an eye of tenderness, that might one day prove dangerous to herself, to the king her august consort, to Zadig, and to the kingdom in general. Zadig

now began to think that happiness was not so unattainable as he had formerly imagined.

THE GENEROUS.

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

This memorable day being come, the king appeared on his throne, surrounded by the grandees, the magi, and the deputies of all the nations that came to these games, where glory was acquired not by the swiftness of horses, nor by strength of body, but by virtue. The first satrape recited, with an audible voice, such actions as might entitle the authors of them to this invaluable prize. He did not mention the greatness of soul with which Zadig had restored the envious man his fortune, because it was not judged to be an action worthy of disputing the prize.

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

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

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

The judges were inclined to give the prize to the soldier. But the king took up the discourse and said, "The action of the soldier, and those of the other two, are doubtless very great, but they have nothing in them surprising. Yesterday Zadig performed an action that filled me with wonder. I had a few days before disgraced Coreb, my minister and favourite. I complained of him in the most violent and bitter terms; all my courtiers

assured me that I was too gentle, and seemed to vie with each other in speaking ill of Coreb. I asked Zadig what he thought of him, and he had the courage to commend him. I have read in our histories of many people who have atoned for an error by the surrender of their fortune; who have resigned a mistress; or preferred a mother to the object of their affection; but never before did I hear of a courtier who spoke favourably of a disgraced minister, that laboured under the displeasure of his sovereign. I give to each of those whose generous actions have been now recited twenty thousand pieces of gold; but the cup I give to Zadig."

"May it please your majesty (said Zadig) thyself alone deservest the cup; thou hast performed an action of all others the most uncommon and meritorious, since notwithstanding thy being a powerful king, thou wast not offended at thy slave, when he presumed to oppose thy passion." The king and Zadig were equally the object of admiration. The judge who had given his estate to his client; the lover who had resigned his mistress to his friend; and the soldier, who had preferred the safety of his mother to that of his mistress, received the king's presents, and saw their names enrolled in the catalogue of generous men. Zadig had the cup, and the king acquired the reputation of a good prince, which he did not long enjoy. The day was celebrated by feasts that lasted longer than the law enjoined; and the memory of it is still preserved in Asia. Zadig said, "Now I am happy at last;" but he found himself fatally deceived.

THE MINISTER.

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

He made every one feel the sacred authority of the laws, but no one felt the weight of his dignity. He never checked the deliberations of the divan ; and every vizier might give his opinion without the fear of incurring the minister’s displeasure. When he gave judgment, it was not he that gave it, it was the law ; the rigour of which, however, whenever it was too severe, he always took care to

soften ; and when laws were wanting, the equity of his decisions was such as might easily have made them pass for those of Zoroaster.

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

Zadig sent for both of them, the one after the other. To the eldest he said, " Thy father is not dead ; he is recovered of his last illness, and is returning to Babylon." " God be praised, (replied the young man) but his tomb cost me a considerable sum." Zadig afterwards said the same thing to the youngest. " God be praised, (said he) I will go and restore to my father all that I have ; but I could wish that he would leave my sister what I have given her." " Thou shalt restore no-

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

THE DISPUTES AND THE AUDIENCES.

In this manner he daily discovered the subtilty of his genius and the goodness of his heart. The people at once admired and loved him. He passed for the happiest man in the world. The whole empire resounded with his name. All the ladies ogled him. All the men praised him for his justice. The learned regarded him as an oracle; and even the priests confessed that he knew more than the old archmagi Yebor. They were now so far from prosecuting him on account of the grif-fins, that they believed nothing but what he thought credible.

There had reigned in Babylon, for the space of fifteen hundred years, a violent contest that had divided the empire into two sects. The one pretended that they ought to enter the temple of Mitra with the left foot foremost*; the other held this custom in detestation, and always entered with the right foot first. The people waited with great impatience for the day on which the solemn feast of the sacred fire was to be celebrated, to see which sect Zadig would favour. All the world had their eyes fixed on his two feet, and the whole city was

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

in the utmost suspense and perturbation. Zadig jumped into the temple with his feet joined together; and afterwards proved, in an eloquent discourse, that the Sovereign of heaven and earth, who accepteth not the persons of men, makes no distinction between the right and the left foot. The envious man and his wife alledged that his discourse was not figurative enough, and that he did not make the rocks and mountains to dance with sufficient agility. "He is dry, (said they) and void of genius: he does not make the sea to fly, and stars to fall, nor the sun to melt like wax: he has not the true oriental stile." Zadig contented himself with having the stile of reason. All the world favoured him, not because he was in the right road, or followed the dictates of reason, or was a man of real merit, but because he was prime vizier.

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

Thus he found out the happy secret of finishing all affairs, whether of a private or public nature, in the morning. The rest of the day he employed in superintending and promoting the embellishments of Babylon. He exhibited tragedies that drew tears from the eyes of the spectators, and comedies that shook their sides with laughter; a

custom which had long been disused, and which his good taste now induced him to revive. He never affected to be more knowing in the polite arts than the artists themselves; he encouraged them by rewards and honours, and was never jealous of their talents. In the evening the king was highly entertained with his conversation, and the queen still more. "Great minister!" said the king. "Amiable minister!" said the queen; and both of them added, "it would have been a great loss to the state had such a man been hanged."

Never was a man in power obliged to give so many audiences to the ladies. Most of them came to consult him about—no business at all, that so they might have some business with him.

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

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

JEALOUSY.

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

Astarte was much more beautiful than that Semira who had such a strong aversion to one-eyed men, or that other woman who had resolved to cut off her husband's nose. Her unreserved familiarity, her tender expressions, at which she began to blush; and her eyes, which, though she endeavoured to divert them to other objects, were always fixed upon his, inspired Zadig with a

passion that filled him with astonishment. He struggled hard to get the better of it. He called to his aid the precepts of philosophy, which had always stood him in stead; but from thence, though he could derive the light of knowledge, he could procure no remedy to cure the disorders of his love-sick heart. Duty, gratitude, and violated majesty, presented themselves to his mind, as so many avenging gods. He struggled; he conquered; but this victory, which he was obliged to purchase afresh every moment, cost him many sighs and tears. He no longer dared to speak to the queen with that sweet and charming familiarity which had been so agreeable to them both. His countenance was covered with a cloud. His conversation was constrained and incoherent. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and when, in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, they encountered those of the queen, they found them bathed in tears, and darting arrows of flame. They seemed to say, We adore each other, and yet are afraid to love: we both burn with a fire which we both condemn.

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

“I have already discovered, said Cador, the sentiments which thou wouldst fain conceal from thyself. The symptoms by which the passions

shew themselves are certain and infallible. Judge, my dear Zadig, since I have read thy heart, whether the king will not discover something in it that may give him offence. He has no other fault but that of being the most jealous man in the world. Thou canst resist the violence of thy passion with greater fortitude than the queen, because thou art a philosopher, and because thou art Zadig. Astarte is a woman : she suffers her eyes to speak with so much the more imprudence, as she does not as yet think herself guilty. Conscious of her own innocence, she unhappily neglects those external appearances which are so necessary. I shall tremble for her so long as she has nothing wherewithal to reproach herself. Were ye both of one mind, ye might easily deceive the whole world. A growing passion which we endeavour to suppress, discovers itself in spite of all our efforts to the contrary ; but love, when gratified, is easily concealed.” Zadig trembled at the proposal of betraying the king, his benefactor ; and never was he more faithful to his prince, than when guilty of an involuntary crime against him. Meanwhile, the queen mentioned the name of Zadig so frequently, and with such a blushing and downcast look ; she was sometimes so lively, and sometimes so perplexed, when she spoke to him in the king’s presence, and was seized with such a deep thoughtfulness at his going away, that the king began to be troubled. He believed all that he saw, and imagined all that he did not see. He particularly remarked, that his wife’s shoes were blue, and that Zadig’s shoes were blue ; that his wife’s ribbands were yellow, and that Zadig’s bonnet was yellow ; and these were terrible symptoms to a prince of so much delicacy. In

his jealous mind suspicions were turned into certainty.

All the slaves of kings and queens are so many spies over their hearts. They soon observed that Astarte was tender, and that Moabdar was jealous. The envious man persuaded the wife to send the king her garter, which resembled those of the queen; and to complete the misfortune, this garter was blue. The monarch now thought of nothing but in what manner he might best execute his vengeance. He one night resolved to poison the queen, and in the morning to put Zadig to death by the bowstring. The orders were given to a merciless eunuch, who commonly executed his acts of vengeance. There happened at that time to be in the king's chamber a little dwarf, who, though dumb, was not deaf. He was allowed, on account of his insignificance, to go wherever he pleased; and, as a domestic animal, was a witness of what passed in the most profound secrecy. This little mute was strongly attached to the queen and Zadig. With equal horror and surprise he heard the cruel orders given. But how prevent the fatal sentence that in a few hours was to be carried into execution. He could not write, but he could paint; and excelled particularly in drawing a striking resemblance. He employed a part of the night in sketching out with his pencil what he meant to impart to the queen. The piece represented the king in one corner, boiling with rage, and giving orders to the eunuch; a blue bowstring, and a bowl on a table, with blue garters and yellow ribbands; the queen in the middle of the picture, expiring in the arms of her woman, and Zadig strangled at her feet. The horizon represented a

rising sun, to express that this shocking execution was to be performed in the morning. As soon as he had finished the picture, he ran to one of Astarte's women, awaked her, and made her understand that she must immediately carry it to the queen.

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

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

plunged in sorrow and astonishment, soon lost sight of his friend.

This illustrious fugitive arriving on the side of a hill, from whence he could take a view of Babylon, turned his eyes towards the queen's palace, and fainted away at the sight; nor did he recover his senses but to shed a torrent of tears, and to wish for death. At length, after his thoughts had been long engrossed in lamenting the unhappy fate of the loveliest woman and the greatest queen in the world, he for a moment turned his views on himself, and cried, "What then is human life? O virtue, how hast thou served me! Two women have basely deceived me; and now a third, who is innocent, and more beautiful than both the others, is going to be put to death! Whatever good I have done hath been to me a continual source of calamity and affliction; and I have only been raised to the height of grandeur to be tumbled down the most horrid precipice of misfortune." Filled with these gloomy reflections, his eyes overspread with the veil of grief, his countenance covered with the paleness of death, and his soul plunged in an abyss of the blackest despair, he continued his journey towards Egypt.

THE WOMAN BEATEN.

Zadig directed his course by the stars. The constellation of Orion, and the splendid Dogstar, guided his steps towards the pole of Canopæa. He admired those vast globes of light, which appear to our eyes but as so many little sparks,

while the earth, which in reality is only an imperceptible point in nature, appears to our fond imaginations as something so grand and noble. He then represented to himself the human species, as it really is, as a parcel of insects devouring one another on a little atom of clay. This true image seemed to annihilate his misfortunes, by making him sensible of the nothingness of his own being, and of that of Babylon. His soul launched out into infinity, and detached from the senses, contemplated the immutable order of the universe. But when afterwards, returning to himself, and entering into his own heart, he considered that Astarte had perhaps died for him, the universe vanished from his sight, and he beheld nothing in the whole compass of nature but Astarte expiring, and Zadig unhappy. While he thus alternately gave up his mind to this flux and reflux of sublime philosophy and intolerable grief, he advanced towards the frontiers of Egypt; and his faithful domestic was already in the first village, in search of a lodging. Meanwhile, as Zadig was walking towards the gardens that skirted the village, he saw, at a small distance from the highway, a woman bathed in tears, and calling heaven and earth to her assistance, and a man in a furious passion pursuing her. This madman had already overtaken the woman, who embraced his knees, notwithstanding which he loaded her with blows and reproaches. Zadig judged by the frantic behaviour of the Egyptian, and by the repeated pardons which the lady asked him, that the one was jealous, and the other unfaithful. But when he surveyed the woman more narrowly, and found

her to be a lady of exquisite beauty, and even to have a strong resemblance to the unhappy Astarte, he felt himself inspired with compassion for her, and horror towards the Egyptian. “ Assist me, (cried she to Zadig with the deepest sighs) deliver me from the hands of the most barbarous man in the world; save my life.” Moved by these pitiful cries, Zadig ran and threw himself between her and the barbarian. As he had some knowledge of the Egyptian language, he addressed him in that tongue: “ If (said he) thou hast any humanity, I conjure thee to pay some regard to her beauty and weakness. How canst thou behave in this outrageous manner to one of the master-pieces of nature, who lies at thy feet, and has no defence but her tears?” “ Ah, ah! (replied the madman) thou art likewise in love with her; I must be revenged on thee too.” So saying, he left the lady, whom he had hitherto held with his hand twisted in her hair, and taking his lance, attempted to stab the stranger. Zadig, who was in cold blood, easily eluded the blow aimed by the frantic Egyptian. He seized the lance near the iron with which it was armed. The Egyptian strove to draw it back; Zadig to wrest it from the Egyptian; and in the struggle it was broke in two. The Egyptian draws his sword; Zadig does the same. They attack each other. The former gives a hundred blows at random; the latter wards them off with great dexterity. The lady, seated on a turf, re-adjusts her head-dress, and looks at the combatants. The Egyptian excelled in strength; Zadig in address. The one fought like a man whose arm was directed by his judgment, the

other like a madman, whose blind rage made him deal his blows at random. Zadig closes with him, and disarms him; and while the Egyptian, now becoming more furious, endeavours to throw himself upon him, he seizes him, presses him close, and throws him down; and then holding his sword to his breast, offers him his life. The Egyptian, frantic with rage, draws his poinard, and wounds Zadig at the very instant that the conqueror was granting a pardon. Zadig, provoked at such a brutal behaviour, plunged his sword in the bosom of the Egyptian, who giving a horrible shriek and a violent struggle, instantly expired. Zadig then approached the lady, and said to her with a gentle tone, "He hath forced me to kill him; I have avenged thy cause; thou art now delivered from the most violent man I ever saw: what further, madam, wouldst thou have me to do for thee?" "Die, villain, (replied she) die; thou hast killed my lover; O that I were able to tear out thy heart!" "Why truly, madam, (said Zadig) thou hadst a strange kind of a man for a lover; he beat thee with all his might, and would have killed me, because thou hadst entreated me to give thee assistance." "I wish he were beating me still, (replied the lady, with tears and lamentation) I well deserved it; for I had given him cause to be jealous. Would to heaven that he was now beating me, and that thou wast in his place." Zadig, struck with surprise, and inflamed with a higher degree of resentment than he had ever felt before, said, "Beautiful as thou art, madam, thou deservest that I should beat thee in my turn for thy perverse and impertinent

behaviour; but I shall not give myself the trouble." So saying, he remounted his camel, and advanced towards the town. He had proceeded but a few steps, when he turned back at the noise of four Babylonian couriers, who came riding at full gallop. One of them, upon seeing the woman, cried, "It is the very same; she resembles the description that was given us." They gave themselves no concern about the dead Egyptian, but instantly seized the lady. She called out to Zadig, "Help me once more, generous stranger; I ask pardon for having complained of thy conduct; deliver me again, and I will be thine for ever." Zadig was no longer in the humour of fighting for her. "Apply to another, (said he) thou shalt not again ensnare me by thy wiles." Besides, he was wounded; his blood was still flowing, and he himself had need of assistance; and the sight of four Babylonians, probably sent by King Moabdar, filled him with apprehension. He therefore hastened toward the village, unable to comprehend why four Babylonian couriers should come to seize this Egyptian woman, but still more astonished at the lady's behaviour.

SLAVERY.

As he entered the Egyptian village, he saw himself surrounded by the people. Every one said, "This is the man who carried off the beautiful Missouf, and assassinated Clitosis." "Gentlemen (said he) God preserve me from carrying off your beautiful Missouf; she is too capricious

for me: and with regard to Clitosis, I did not assassinate him; I only fought with him in my own defence. He endeavoured to kill me, because I humbly interceded for the beautiful Missouf, whom he beat most unmercifully. I am a stranger come to seek refuge in Egypt; and it is not likely, that in coming to implore your protection, I should begin by carrying off a woman, and assassinating a man.”

The Egyptians were then just and humane. The people conducted Zadig to the town-house. They first of all ordered his wound to be dressed, and then examined him and his servant apart, in order to discover the truth. They found that Zadig was not an assassin; but as he was guilty of having killed a man, the law condemned him to be a slave. His two camels were sold for the benefit of the town: all the gold he had brought with him was distributed among the inhabitants; and his person, as well as that of the companion of his journey, was exposed to sale in the market-place. An Arabian merchant, named Setoc, made the purchase; but as the servant was fitter for labour than the master, he was sold at a higher price. There was no comparison between the two men. Thus Zadig became a slave subordinate to his own servant. They were linked together by a chain fastened to their feet, and in this condition they followed the Arabian merchant to his house. By the way Zadig comforted his servant, and exhorted him to patience; but he could not help making, according to his usual custom, some reflections on human life. “I see (said he) that the unhappiness of my fate hath an influence on thine. Hi-

therto every thing has turned out to me in a most unaccountable manner. I have been condemned to pay a fine for having seen the marks of a bitch's feet. I thought that I should once have been empaled on account of a griffin. I have been sent to execution for having made some verses in praise of the king. I have been on the point of being strangled because the queen had yellow ribbands; and now I am a slave with thee, because a brutal wretch beat his mistress. Come, let us keep a good heart; all this perhaps will have an end. The Arabian merchant must necessarily have slaves; and why not me as well as another, since, as well as another, I am a man? This merchant will not be cruel; he must treat his slaves well, if he expects any advantage from them." But while he spoke thus, his heart was entirely engrossed by the fate of the Queen of Babylon.

Two days after, the merchant Setoc set out for Arabia Deserta, with his slaves and his camels. His tribe dwelt near the desert of Oreb. The journey was long and painful. Setoc set a much greater value on the servant than the master, because the former was more expert in loading the camels; and all the little marks of distinction were shewn to him. A camel having died within two days journey of Oreb, his burden was divided and laid on the backs of the servants; and Zadig had his share among the rest. Setoc laughed to see all his slaves walking with their bodies inclined. Zadig took the liberty to explain to him the cause, and inform him of the laws of the balance. The merchant was astonished, and began to regard him with other eyes. Zadig, finding he had raised his

curiosity, encreased it still further by acquainting him with many things that related to commerce; the specific gravity of metals and commodities under an equal bulk; the properties of several useful animals; and the means of rendering those useful that are not naturally so. At last Setoc began to consider Zadig as a sage, and preferred him to his companion, whom he had formerly so much esteemed. He treated him well, and had no cause to repent of his kindness.

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

they are dead ; but there remains a large stone upon which the money was counted ; and if it please thy grandeur to order the stone to be sought for, I hope that it will bear witness. The Hebrew and I will tarry here till the stone arrives : I will send for it at my master's expence." " With all my heart," replied the judge, and immediately applied himself to the discussion of other affairs.

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

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

THE FUNERAL PILE.

Setoc, charmed with the happy issue of this affair, made his slave his intimate friend. He had now conceived as great an esteem for him as ever the King of Babylon had done ; and Zadig was glad that Setoc had no wife. He discovered in his master a good natural disposition, much pro-

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

At night Zadig lighted up a great number of candles in the tent where he was to sup with Setoc ; and the moment his patron appeared, he fell on his knees before these lighted tapers, and said, “ Eternal and shining luminaries ! be ye always propitious to me.” Having thus said, he sat down at the table, without taking the least notice of Setoc. “ What art thou doing ?” said Setoc to him in amaze. “ I act like thee (replied Zadig) I adore these candles, and neglect their master and mine.” Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this apologue. The wisdom of his slave sunk deep into his soul ; he no longer offered in-

cense to the creatures, but adored the eternal Being who made them.

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

Accordingly he was introduced to her; and, after having insinuated himself into her good graces

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

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

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

THE SUPPER.

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

hand, cried out in a sorrowful tone, "Ah! what art thou going to do?" "To eat a bit of this fowl," replied the man who owned the mummy. "Take care that thou dost not (replied the Indian). It is possible that the soul of the deceased may have passed into this fowl, and thou wouldst not, surely, expose thyself to the danger of eating thy aunt*? To boil fowls is a manifest outrage on nature."—"What dost thou mean by thy nature and thy fowls? (replied the choleric Egyptian). We adore a bull, and yet we eat heartily of beef." "You adore a bull! is it possible?" said the man of Ganges. "Nothing is more possible (returned the other;) we have done so for these hundred and thirty-five thousand years; and nobody amongst us has ever found fault with it." A hundred and thirty-five thousand years! said the Indian. This account is a little exaggerated; it is but eighty thousand years since India was first peopled, and we are surely more ancient than you: Brama† prohibited our eating of ox-flesh before you thought of putting it on your spits or altars." "This Brama of your's (said the Egyptian) is a pleasant sort of an animal truly to compare with our Apis; what great things hath your Brama performed?" "It was he (replied the Bramin) that taught mankind to read and write, and to whom the world is indebted for the game of chess." "Thou art

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

Translator.

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

Translator.

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

The man of Cathay took up the discourse, and said ; “ I have a great respect for the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Celts, Brama, the bull Apis, and the beautiful fish Oannes ; but

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

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

"Ignorant men, as ye all are (said the Greek); do you not know that Chaos is the father of all; and that form and matter have put the world into its present condition?" The Greek spoke for a long time, but was at last interrupted by the Celtic, who having drank pretty deeply while the rest were disputing, imagined he was now more knowing than all the others, and said with an oath, that there were none but Teutat† and the misletoe of oak that were worth the trouble of a dispute; that for his own part, he had always some mistletoe in his pocket; and that the Scythians, his ancestors, were the only men of merit that had ever appeared in the world; that it was true they had sometimes ate human flesh, but that, notwithstanding that

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

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

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

at a very high price, returned to his own tribe with his friend Zadig, who learned, upon his arrival, that he had been tried in his absence, and was now going to be burned by a slow fire.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

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

person whatever. Zadig was to be executed the next day: if she could save him at all, she must do it that very night; and the method taken by this charitable and prudent lady was as follows:

She perfumed herself; she heightened her beauty by the richest and gayest apparel, and went to demand a private audience of the chief priest of the stars. As soon as she was introduced to the venerable old man, she addressed him in these terms: "Eldest son of the great bear; brother of the bull; and cousin of the great dog, (such were the titles of this pontiff) I come to acquaint thee with my scruples. I am much afraid that I have committed a heinous crime in not burning myself on the funeral pile of my dear husband; for, indeed, what had I worth preserving? perishable flesh, thou seest, that is already entirely withered." So saying, she drew up her long sleeves of silk, and shewed her naked arms, which were of an elegant shape and a dazzling whiteness. "Thou seest (said she) that these are little worth." The priest found in his heart that they were worth a great deal; his eyes said so, and his mouth confirmed it: he swore that he had never in his life seen such beautiful arms. "Alas! (said the widow) my arms, perhaps, are not so bad as the rest; but thou wilt confess that my neck is not worthy of the least regard." She then discovered the most charming bosom that nature had ever formed. Compared to it, a rose-bud on an apple of ivory would have appeared like madder on the box-tree, and the whiteness of new-washed lambs would have seemed of a dusky yellow. Her neck; her large black eyes, languishing with the gentle

lustre of a tender fire ; her cheeks animated with the finest purple, mixed with the whiteness of the purest milk ; her nose, which had no resemblance to the tower of mount Lebanon ; her lips, like two borders of coral, inclosing the finest pearls in the Arabian Sea ; all conspired to make the old man believe that he was but twenty years of age. Almona, seeing him inflamed, intreated him to pardon Zadig. “ Alas ! (said he) my charming lady, should I grant thee his pardon, it would be of no service, as it must necessarily be signed by three others, my brethren.” “ Sign it, however,” said Almona. “ With all my heart, (said the priest) on condition that thy favours shall be the price of my ready compliance.” “ Thou doest me too much honour (said Almona) be pleased only to come to my chamber after sun-set, and when the bright star of Sheat shall appear in the horizon, thou wilt find me on a rose-coloured sopha ; and thou mayest then use thy servant as thou art able.” So saying, she departed with the signature, and left the old man full of love and distrust of his own abilities. He employed the rest of the day in bathing ; he drank a liquor composed of the cinnamon of Ceylon, and of the precious spices of Tidor and Ternate ; and waited with impatience till the star Sheat should make its appearance.

Meanwhile, Almona went to the second pontiff. He assured her that the sun, the moon, and all the luminaries of heaven, were but glimmering meteors in comparison of her charms. She asked the same favour of him ; and he proposed to grant it on the same terms. She suffered herself to be overcome ; and appointed the second pontiff to

meet her at the rising of the star Algenib. From thence she went to the third and fourth priest, always taking their signatures, and making an assignation from star to star. She then sent a message to the judges, entreating them to come to her house, on an affair of great importance. They obeyed her summons. She shewed them the four names, and told them at what price the priests had sold the pardon of Zadig. Each of them arrived at the hour appointed. Each was surprised at finding his brethren there, but still more at seeing the judges, before whom their shame was now manifest. Zadig was saved; and Setoc was so charmed with the ingenuity and address of Almona, that he made her his wife. Zadig departed, after having thrown himself at the feet of his fair deliverer. Setoc and he took leave of each other with tears in their eyes, swearing an eternal friendship, and promising, that the first of them that should acquire a large fortune should share it with the other.

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

THE ROBBER.

Arriving on the frontiers which divide Arabia Petræa from Syria, he passed by a pretty strong castle, from which a party of armed Arabians sallied forth. They instantly surrounded him, and cried, "All thou hast belongs to us, and thy person is the property of our master." Zadig replied by drawing his sword; his servant, who was a man of courage, did the same. They killed the first Arabians that presumed to lay hands on them; and though the number was redoubled, they were not dismayed, but resolved to perish in the conflict. Two men defended themselves against a multitude, and such a combat could not last long. The master of the castle, whose name was Arbogad, having observed from a window the prodigies of valour performed by Zadig, conceived a high esteem for this heroic stranger. He descended in haste, and went in person to call off his men, and deliver the two travellers. "All that passes over my lands (said he) belongs to me, as well as what I find upon the lands of others; but thou seemest to be a man of such undaunted courage, that I will exempt thee from the common law." He then conducted him to his castle, ordering his men to treat him well; and in the evening Arbogad supped with Zadig. The lord of the castle was one of those Arabians who are commonly called robbers; but he now and then performed some good actions amidst a multitude of bad ones. He robbed with a furious rapacity, and granted favours with great generosity; intrepid in action; affable in company; a

debauchee at table, but gay in his debauchery ; and particularly remarkable for his frank and open behaviour. He was highly pleased with Zadig, whose lively conversation lengthened the repast. At last Arbogad said to him, “ I advise thee to enroll thy name in my catalogue ; thou canst not do better ; this is not a bad trade ; and thou mayst one day become what I am at present.” “ May I take the liberty of asking thee (said Zadig) how long thou hast followed this noble profession ?” “ From my most tender youth (replied the lord). I was servant to a pretty good-natured Arabian, but could not endure the hardships of my situation. I was vexed to find that fate had given me no share of the earth, which equally belongs to all men. I imparted the cause of my uneasiness to an old Arabian, who said to me, “ My son, do not despair ; there was once a grain of sand that lamented that it was no more than a neglected atom in the deserts ; at the end of a few years it became a diamond ; and it is now the brightest ornament in the crown of the king of the Indies.” This discourse made a deep impression on my mind ; I was the grain of sand, and I resolved to become the diamond. I began by stealing two horses ; I soon got a party of companions ; I put myself in a condition to rob small caravans ; and thus, by degrees, I destroyed the difference which had formerly subsisted between me and other men. I had my share of the good things of this world ; and was even recompensed with usury for the hardships I had suffered. I was greatly respected, and became the captain of a band of robbers. I seized this castle by force. The satrape of Syria had a mind to dispossess me of it ; but I was too rich to

have any thing to fear. I gave the satrape a handsome present, by which means I preserved my castle, and increased my possessions. He even appointed me treasurer of the tributes which Arabia Petræa pays to the king of kings. I perform my office of receiver with great punctuality ; but take the freedom to dispense with that of paymaster.

The grand Desterham of Babylon sent hither a petty satrape in the name of King Moabdar, to have me strangled. This man arrived with his orders : I was apprised of all ; I caused to be strangled in his presence the four persons he had brought with him to draw the noose ; after which I asked him how much his commission of strangling me might be worth. He replied, that his fees would amount to above three hundred pieces of gold. I then convinced him that he might gain more by staying with me. I made him an inferior robber ; and he is now one of my best and richest officers. If thou wilt take my advice, thy success may be equal to his ; never was there a better season for plùnder, since King Moabdar is killed, and all Babylon thrown into confusion.

“ Moabdar killed ! (said Zadig) and what is become of Queen Astarte ? ” “ I know not (replied Arbogad). All I know is, that Moabdar lost his senses, and was killed ; that Babylon is a scene of disorder and bloodshed ; that all the empire is desolated ; that there are some fine strokes to be struck yet ; and that, for my own part, I have struck some that are admirable. ” “ But the queen (said Zadig) for heaven’s sake, knowest thou nothing of the queen’s fate ? ” “ Yes (replied he) I have heard something of a prince of Hircania ; if

she was not killed in the tumult, she is probably one of his concubines ; but I am much fonder of booty than news. I have taken several women in my excursions, but I keep none of them ; I sell them at a high price, when they are beautiful, without inquiring who they are. In commodities of this kind rank makes no difference, and a queen that is ugly will never find a merchant. Perhaps I may have sold Queen Astarte ; perhaps she is dead ; but, be it as it will, it is of little consequence to me, and I should imagine of as little to thee." So saying, he drank a large draught, which threw all his ideas into such confusion, that Zadig could obtain no farther information.

Zadig remained for some time without speech, sense, or motion. Arbogad continued drinking ; told stories ; constantly repeated that he was the happiest man in the world ; and exhorted Zadig to put himself in the same condition. At last the soporiferous fumes of the wine lulled him into a gentle repose. Zadig passed the night in the most violent perturbation. " What ! (said he) did the king lose his senses ? and is he killed ? I cannot help lamenting his fate. The empire is rent in pieces ; and this robber is happy. O fortune ! O destiny ! A robber is happy, and the most beautiful of nature's works hath perhaps perished in a barbarous manner, or lives in a state worse than death. O Astarte ! what is become of thee ? "

At day break, he questioned all those he met in the castle, but they were all busy, and he received no answer. During the night they had made a new capture, and they were now employed in dividing the spoil. All he could obtain in this hurry and confusion, was an opportunity

of departing, which he immediately embraced, plunged deeper than ever in the most gloomy and mournful reflections.

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

THE FISHERMAN.

At a few leagues distance from Arbogad's castle, he came to the banks of a small river, still deploring his fate, and considering himself as the most wretched of mankind. He saw a fisherman lying on the brink of the river, scarcely holding, in his weak and feeble hand, a net which he seemed ready to drop, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.

"I am certainly (said the fisherman) the most unhappy man in the world. I was universally allowed to be the most famous dealer in cream-cheese in Babylon, and yet I am ruined. I had the most handsome wife that any man in my station could have, and by her I have been betrayed. I had still left a paltry house, and that I have seen pillaged and destroyed. At last I took refuge in this cottage, where I have no other resource than fishing, and yet I cannot catch a single fish. Oh, my net! no more will I throw thee into the

water; I will throw myself in thy place." So saying, he arose and advanced forward, in the attitude of a man ready to throw himself into the river, and thus to finish his life.

"What! (said Zadig to himself,) are there men as wretched as I?" His eagerness to save the fisherman's life was as sudden as this reflection. He runs to him, stops him, and speaks to him with a tender and compassionate air. It is commonly supposed that we are less miserable when we have companions in our misery. This, according to Zoroaster, does not proceed from malice, but necessity. We feel ourselves insensibly drawn to an unhappy person as to one like ourselves. The joy of the happy would be an insult, but two men in distress are like two slender trees, which mutually supporting each other, fortify themselves against the storm. "Why (said Zadig to the fisherman) dost thou sink under thy misfortunes?" "Because (replied he) I see no means of relief. I was the most considerable man in the village of Derlback, near Babylon, and with the assistance of my wife I made the best cream-cheese in the empire. Queen Astarte, and the famous minister Zadig, were extremely fond of them. I had sent them six hundred cheeses, and one day went to the city to receive my money; but on my arrival at Babylon, was informed that the queen and Zadig had disappeared. I ran to the house of Lord Zadig, whom I had never seen; but found there the inferior officers of the grand Desterham, who being furnished with a royal licence, were plundering it with great loyalty and order. From thence I flew to the queen's kitchen, some of the

lords of which told me that the queen was dead ; some said she was in prison ; and others pretended that she had made her escape ; but they all agreed in assuring me that I would not be paid for my cheese. I went with my wife to the house of Lord Orcan, who was one of my customers, and begged his protection in my present distress. He granted it to my wife, but refused it to me. She was whiter than the cream-cheeses that began my misfortune ; and the lustre of the Tyrian purple was not more bright than the carnation which animated this whiteness. For this reason Orcan detained her, and drove me from his house. In my despair I wrote a letter to my dear wife. She said to the bearer, “ Ah, ha ! I know the writer of this a little ; I have heard his name mentioned ; they say he makes excellent cream-cheese ; desire him to send me some, and he shall be paid.”

“ In my distress I resolved to apply to justice. I had still six ounces of gold remaining : I was obliged to give two to the lawyer whom I consulted, two to the procurator who undertook my cause, and two to the secretary of the first judge. When all this was done, my business was not begun ; and I had already expended more money than my cheese and my wife were worth. I returned to my own village, with an intention to sell my house, in order to enable me to recover my wife.

“ My house was well worth sixty ounces of gold ; but as my neighbours saw that I was poor, and obliged to sell it, the first to whom I applied offered me thirty ounces, the second twenty, and the third, ten. Bad as these offers were, I was so

blind that I was going to strike a bargain, when a prince of Hircania came to Babylon, and ravaged all in his way. My house was first sacked and then burnt.

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

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

“ O powerful Oromazes! (continued he) thou employest me to comfort this man; whom wilt thou employ to give me consolation?” So saying, he gave the fisherman half the money he had

brought from Arabia. The fisherman, struck with surprise, and ravished with joy, kissed the feet of the friend of Cador, and said, "Thou art surely an angel sent from heaven to save me!"

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

THE BASILISK.

Arriving in a beautiful meadow, he there saw several women, who were searching for something with great application. He took the liberty to

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

Zadig left her and the other Assyrians to search for their basilisk, and continued to walk in the meadow; when coming to the brink of a small rivulet, he found another lady lying on the grass, and who was not searching for any thing. Her person seemed to be majestic; but her face was covered with a veil. She was inclined towards the rivulet, and profound sighs proceeded from her mouth. In her hand she held a small rod with which she was tracing characters on the fine sand that lay between the turf and the brook. Zadig had the curiosity to examine what this woman was writing. He drew near; he saw the letter Z, then an A; he was astonished: then appeared a

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D; he started. But never was surprise equal to his, when he saw the two last letters of his name. He stood for some time immoveable. At last breaking silence with a faltering voice, "O generous lady! pardon a stranger, an unfortunate man, for presuming to ask thee by what surprising adventure I here find the name of Zadig traced out by thy divine hand." At this voice, and these words, the lady lifted up the veil with a trembling hand, looked at Zadig, sent forth a cry of tenderness, surprise, and joy, and sinking under the various emotions which at once assaulted her soul, fell speechless into his arms. It was Astarte herself; it was the Queen of Babylon; it was she whom Zadig adored, and whom he had reproached himself for adoring; it was she whose misfortunes he had so deeply lamented, and for whose fate he had been so anxiously concerned. He was for a moment deprived of the use of his senses, when he had fixed his eyes on those of Astarte, which now began to open again with a languor mixed with confusion and tenderness: "O ye immortal powers! (cried he) who preside over the fates of weak mortals, do ye indeed restore Astarte to me! at what a time, in what a place, and in what a condition do I again behold her?" He fell on his knees before Astarte, and laid his face in the dust of her feet. The Queen of Babylon raised him up, and made him sit by her side on the brink of the rivulet. She frequently wiped her eyes, from which the tears continued to flow afresh: she twenty times resumed her discourse, which her sighs as often interrupted: she asked by what strange accident they were brought together; and suddenly prevented his answers by

other questions: she waved the account of her own misfortunes, and desired to be informed of those of Zadig. At last, both of them having a little composed the tumult of their souls, Zadig acquainted her in a few words by what adventure he was brought into that meadow. “But, O unhappy and respectable queen! by what means do I find thee in this lonely place, cloathed in the habit of a slave, and accompanied by other female slaves, who are searching for a basilisk, which, by order of the physician, is to be stewed in rose-water?”

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

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

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

ordered her master of the horse to make her a pie of sweetmeats. In vain did he represent that he was not a pastry-cook; he was obliged to make it, and lost his place because it was baked a little too hard. The post of master of the horse she gave to her dwarf, and that of chancellor to her page. In this manner did she govern Babylon. Every body regretted the loss of me. The king, who, till the moment of his resolving to poison me and strangle thee, had been a tolerably good kind of man, seemed now to have drowned all his virtues in his immoderate fondness for this capricious fair one. He came to the temple on the great day of the feast held in honour of the sacred fire. I saw him implore the gods in behalf of Missouf, at the feet of the statue in which I was inclosed. I raised my voice, I cried out, ‘The gods reject the prayers of a king who is now become a tyrant, and who attempted to murder a reasonable wife, in order to marry a woman remarkable for nothing but her folly and extravagance.’ “At these words Moabdar was confounded, and his head became disordered. The oracle I had pronounced, and the tyranny of Missouf, conspired to deprive him of his judgment, and in a few days his reason entirely forsook him.

“His madness, which seemed to be the judgment of heaven, was the signal to a revolt. The people rose, and ran to arms; and Babylon, which had been so long immersed in idleness and effeminacy, became the theatre of a bloody civil war. I was taken from the heart of my statue, and placed at the head of a party. Cadore flew to Memphis to bring thee back to Babylon. The Prince of Hircania, informed of these fatal events, returned

with his army, and made a third party in Chaldæa. He attacked the king, who fled before him with his capricious Egyptian. Moabdar died pierced with wounds. Missouf fell into the hands of the conqueror. I myself had the misfortune to be taken by a party of Hircanians, who conducted me to their prince's tent, at the very moment that Missouf was brought before him. Thou wilt doubtless be pleased to hear that the prince thought me more beautiful than the Egyptian; but thou wilt be sorry to be informed that he designed me for his seraglio. He told me, with a blunt and resolute air, that as soon as he had finished a military expedition, which he was just going to undertake, he would come to me. Judge how great must have been my grief. My ties with Moabdar were already dissolved; I might have been the wife of Zadig; and I was fallen into the hands of a barbarian. I answered him with all the pride which my high rank and noble sentiment could inspire. I had always heard it affirmed, that heaven stamped on persons of my condition a mark of grandeur, which, with a single word or glance, could reduce to the lowliness of the most profound respect, those rash and forward persons who presume to deviate from the rules of politeness. I spoke like a queen, but was treated like a maid-servant. The Hircanian, without even deigning to speak to me, told his black eunuch that I was impertinent, but that he thought me handsome. He ordered him to take care of me, and to put me under the regimen of favourites, that so my complexion being improved, I might be the more worthy of his favours, when he should be at leisure to honour me with them. I told him, that rather than submit

to his desires, I would put an end to my life. He replied with a smile that women, he believed, were not so blood-thirsty, and that he was accustomed to such violent expressions; and then left me with the air of a man who had just put another parrot into his aviary. What a state for the first queen of the universe, and what is more, for a heart devoted to Zadig!”

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

“ As I approached the frontiers of Arabia, a famous robber, named Arbogad, seized me, and sold me to some merchants, who brought me to this castle, where Lord Ogul resides. He bought me without knowing who I was. He is a voluptuary, ambitious of nothing but good living, and thinks that God sent him into the world for no other

purpose than to sit at table. He is so extremely corpulent, that he is always in danger of being suffocated. His physician, who has but little credit with him when he has a good digestion, governs him with a despotic sway when he has ate too much. He has persuaded him that a basilisk stewed in rose-water will effect a complete cure. The Lord Ogul hath promised his hand to the female slave that brings him a basilisk. Thou seest that I leave them to vie with each other in meriting this honour; and never was I less desirous of finding the basilisk than since heaven hath restored thee to my sight."

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

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

The proposal was accepted. Astarte set out for

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

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

Ogul's first physician observing how dangerous this man might prove to the medical art, formed a design, in conjunction with the apothecary, to send Zadig to search for a basilisk in the other world. Thus, after having suffered such a long

train of calamities on account of his good actions, he was now upon the point of losing his life for curing a gluttonous lord. He was invited to an excellent dinner, and was to have been poisoned in the second course; but, during the first, he happily received a courier from the fair Astarte. "When one is beloved by a beautiful woman, (says the great Zoroaster) he hath always the good fortune to extricate himself out of every kind of difficulty and danger."

THE COMBATS.

The queen was received at Babylon with all those transports of joy which are ever felt on the return of a beautiful princess who hath been involved in calamities. Babylon was now in greater tranquillity. The Prince of Hircania had been killed in battle. The victorious Babylonians declared that the queen should marry the man whom they should chuse for their sovereign. They were resolved that the first place in the world, that of being husband to Astarte and the king of Babylon, should not depend on cabals and intrigues. They swore to acknowledge for king the man who, upon trial, should be found to be possessed of the greatest valour and the greatest wisdom. Accordingly, at the distance of a few leagues from the city, a spacious place was marked out for the list, surrounded with magnificent amphitheatres. Thither the combatants were to repair in complete armour. Each of them had a separate apartment behind the amphitheatres, where they were neither to be seen

nor known by any one. Each was to encounter four knights; and those that were so happy as to conquer four, were then to engage with one another; so that he who remained the last master of the field, would be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days after, he was to return with the same arms, and to explain the ænigmas proposed by the magi. If he did not explain the ænigmas, he was not king; and the running at the lances was to begin afresh, till a man should be found who was conqueror in both these combats; for they were absolutely determined to have a king possessed of the greatest wisdom and the most invincible courage. The queen was all the while to be strictly guarded: she was only allowed to be present at the games, and even there she was to be covered with a veil; but was not permitted to speak to any of the competitors, that so they might neither receive favour, nor suffer injustice.

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

queen ; as also from himself one of the finest horses in Persia. Zadig presently perceived that these presents were sent by Astarte ; and from thence his courage derived fresh strength, and his love the most animated hopes.

Next day, the queen being seated under a canopy of jewels, and the amphitheatres filled with all the gentlemen and ladies of rank in Babylon, the combatants appeared in the circus. Each of them came and laid his device at the feet of the grand magi. They drew their devices by lot ; and that of Zadig was the last. The first who advanced was a certain lord, named Itobad, very rich and very vain, but possessed of little courage, of less address, and hardly of any judgment at all. His servants had persuaded him that such a man as he ought to be king ; he said in reply, “ Such a man as I ought to reign ; ” and thus they had armed him cap-a-pee. He wore an armour of gold enamelled with green, a plume of green feathers, and a lance adorned with green ribbands, It was instantly perceived by the manner in which Itobad managed his horse, that it was not for such a man as him that heaven reserved the scepter of Babylon. The first knight that ran against him threw him out of his saddle ; the second laid him flat on his horse’s buttocks, with his legs in the air, and his arms extended. Itobad recovered himself, but with so bad a grace, that the whole amphitheatre burst out a laughing. The third knight disdained to make use of his lance ; but, making a pass at him, took him by the right leg, and wheeling him half round, laid him prostrate on the sand. The squires of the games ran to him

laughing, and replaced him in his saddle. The fourth combatant took him by the left leg, and tumbled him down on the other side. He was conducted back with scornful shouts to his tent, where, according to the law, he was to pass the night; and as he limped along, with great difficulty, he said; “What an adventure for such a man as I!”

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

The two champions made their passes and vaults with so much agility, they mutually gave and received such dexterous blows with their lances, and sat so firmly in their saddles, that every body but the queen wished there might be two kings in Babylon. At length, their horses being tired, and their lances broken, Zadig had recourse to this stratagem: he passes behind the blue prince; springs upon the buttocks of his horse; seizes him by the middle; throws him on the earth; places himself in the saddle, and wheels around Otamus

as he lay extended on the ground. All the amphitheatre cried out, "Victory to the white knight!" Otamus rises in a violent passion, and draws his sword; Zadig leaps from his horse with his sabre in his hand. Both of them are now on the ground, engaged in a new combat where strength and agility triumph by turns. The plumes of their helmets, the studs of their bracelets, and the rings of their armour, are driven to a great distance by the violence of a thousand furious blows. They strike with the point and the edge; to the right, to the left; on the head, on the breast; they retreat; they advance; they measure swords; they close; they seize each other; they bend like serpents; they attack like lions; and the fire every moment flashes from their blows. At last Zadig, having recovered his spirits, stops; makes a feint; leaps upon Otamus; throws him on the ground and disarms him; and Otamus cries out, "It is thou alone, O white knight, that oughtest to reign over Babylon!" The queen was now at the height of her joy. The knight in blue armour, and the knight in white, were conducted each to his own apartment, as well as all the others, according to the intention of the law. Mutes came to wait upon them, and to serve them at table. It may be easily supposed that the queen's little mute waited upon Zadig. They were then left to themselves, to enjoy the sweets of repose till next morning, at which time the conqueror was to bring his device to the grand magi, to compare it with that which he had left, and make himself known.

Zadig, though deeply in love, was so much fatigued that he could not help sleeping. Itobad, who lay near him, never closed his eyes. He

arose in the night, entered his apartment, took the white arms and the device of Zadig, and put his green armour in their place. At break of day, he went boldly to the grand magi, to declare that so great a man as he was conqueror. This was little expected; however, he was proclaimed while Zadig was still asleep. Astarte, surprised and filled with despair, returned to Babylon. The amphitheatre was almost empty when Zadig awoke; he sought for his arms, but could find none but the green armour. With this he was obliged to cover himself, having nothing else near him. Astonished and enraged, he put it on in a furious passion, and advanced in this equipage.

The people that still remained in the amphitheatre and the circus received him with hoots and hisses. They surrounded him, and insulted him to his face. Never did man suffer such cruel mortifications. He lost his patience; with his sabre he dispersed such of the populace as dared to affront him; but he knew not what course to take. He could not see the queen; he could not claim the white armour she had sent him, without exposing her; and thus, while she was plunged in grief, he was filled with fury and distraction. He walked on the banks of the Euphrates, fully persuaded that his star had destined him to inevitable misery; and revolving in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men, to that of his armour. “This (said he) is the consequence of my having slept too long. Had I slept less, I should now have been King of Babylon, and in possession of Astarte. Knowledge, virtue, and courage, have hitherto served only to make me miserable.” He then let

fall some secret murmurings against Providence, and was tempted to believe that the world was governed by a cruel destiny, which oppressed the good, and prospered knights in green armour. One of his greatest mortifications was his being obliged to wear that green armour which had exposed him to such contumelious treatment. A merchant happening to pass by, he sold it to him for a trifle, and bought a gown and a long bonnet. In this garb he proceeded along the banks of the Euphrates, filled with despair, and secretly accusing Providence, which thus continued to persecute him with unremitting severity.

THE HERMIT.

While he was thus sauntering, he met a hermit, whose white and venerable beard hung down to his girdle. He held a book in his hand, which he read with great attention. Zadig stopt, and made him a profound obeisance. The hermit returned the compliment with such a noble and engaging air, that Zadig had the curiosity to enter into conversation with him. He asked him what book it was that he had been reading? "It is the book of destinies (said the hermit) wouldst thou choose to look into it?" He put the book into the hands of Zadig, who, thoroughly versed as he was in several languages, could not decypher a single character of it. This only redoubled his curiosity. "Thou seemest (said this good father) to be in great distress." "Alas! (replied Zadig) I have but too much reason." "If thou wilt permit me to accompany thee (resumed the old man) perhaps

I may be of some service to thee. I have often poured the balm of consolation into the bleeding heart of the unhappy." Zadig felt himself inspired with respect for the air, the beard, and the book of the hermit. He found, in the course of the conversation, that he was possessed of superior degrees of knowledge. The hermit talked of fate, of justice, of morals, of the chief good, of human weakness, and of virtue and vice, with such a spirited and moving eloquence, that Zadig felt himself drawn toward him by an irresistible charm. He earnestly intreated the favour of his company till their return to Babylon. "I ask the same favour of thee (said the old man) swear to me by Oromazes, that whatever I do, thou wilt not leave me for some days." Zadig swore, and they set out together.

In the evening, the two travellers arrived at a superb castle. The hermit intreated a hospitable reception for himself and the young man who accompanied him. The porter, whom one might have easily mistaken for a great lord, introduced them with a kind of disdainful civility. He presented them to a principal domestic, who shewed them his master's magnificent apartments. They were admitted to the lower end of the table, without being honoured with the least mark of regard by the lord of the castle; but they were served, like the rest, with delicacy and profusion. They were then presented with water to wash their hands, in a golden bason adorned with emeralds and rubies. At last they were conducted to bed in a beautiful apartment; and, in the morning, a domestic brought each of them a piece of gold, after which they took their leave and departed.

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

About noon, the hermit came to the door of a paltry house, inhabited by a rich miser, and begged the favour of an hospitable reception for a few hours. An old servant, in a tattered garb, received them with a blunt and rude air, and led them into the stable, where he gave them some rotten olives, mouldy bread, and sour beer. The hermit ate and drank with as much seeming satisfaction as he had done the evening before; and then addressing himself to the old servant, who watched them both, to prevent their stealing any thing, and rudely pressed them to depart, he gave him the two pieces of gold he had received in the morning, and thanked him for his great civility: “Pray (added he) allow me to speak to thy master.” The servant, filled with astonishment, introduced the two travellers. “Magnificent Lord! (said the hermit) I cannot but return thee my most humble thanks for the noble manner in which thou hast entertained us. Be pleased to accept of this golden bason, as a small mark of my gratitude.” The miser started, and was ready to fall backwards; but the hermit, without giving him time to recover from his surprise, instantly departed with his young

fellow-traveller. "Father (said Zadig) what is the meaning of all this? thou seemest to me to be entirely different from other men; thou stealest a golden bason adorned with precious stones from a lord who received thee magnificently, and givest it to a miser who treats thee with indignity." "Son (replied the old man) this magnificent lord, who receives strangers only from vanity and ostentation, will hereby be rendered more wise; and the miser will learn to practise the duties of hospitality. Be surprised at nothing, but follow me." Zadig knew not as yet whether he was in company with the most foolish or the most prudent of mankind; but the hermit spoke with such an ascendancy, that Zadig, who was moreover bound by his oath, could not refuse to follow him.

In the evening, they arrived at a house built with equal elegance and simplicity, where nothing savoured either of prodigality or avarice. The master of it was a philosopher, who had retired from the world, and who cultivated in peace the study of virtue and wisdom, without any of that rigid and morose severity, so commonly to be found in men of his character. He had chosen to build this country-house in which he received strangers with a generosity free from ostentation. He went himself to meet the two travellers, whom he led into a commodious apartment, where he desired them to repose themselves a little. Soon after he came and invited them to a decent and well ordered repast, during which he spoke with great judgment of the last revolutions in Babylon. He seemed to be strongly attached to the queen, and wished that Zadig had appeared in the lists to dispute the crown: "But the people (added he) do

not deserve to have such a king as Zadig." Zadig blushed, and felt his griefs redoubled. They agreed, in the course of the conversation, that the things of this world did not always answer the wishes of the wise. The hermit still maintained that the ways of Providence were inscrutable; and that men were in the wrong to judge of a whole, of which they understood but the smallest part.

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

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

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

parting was tender; Zadig especially felt himself filled with esteem and affection for a man of such an amiable character.

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

This was at the house of a charitable and virtuous widow, who had a nephew fourteen years of age, a handsome and promising youth, and her only hope. She performed the honours of her house as well as she could. Next day, she ordered her nephew to accompany the strangers to a bridge, which being lately broken down, was become extremely dangerous in passing. The young man walked before them with great alacrity. As

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

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

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

this house is burnt: but there is no such thing as chance; all is either a trial or a punishment, or a reward, or a foresight. Remember the fisherman, who thought himself the most wretched of mankind. Oromazes sent thee to change his fate. Cease then, frail mortal, to dispute against what thou oughtest to adore." "But," (said Zadig) ——— As he pronounced the word "But," the angel took his flight towards the tenth sphere. Zadig on his knees adored Providence, and submitted. The angel cried to him from on high, "Direct thy course towards Babylon."

THE ÆNIGMAS.

Zadig, entranced as it were, and like a man about whose head the thunder had burst, walked at random. He entered Babylon on the very day when those who had fought at the tournaments were assembled in the grand vestibule of the palace, to explain the ænigmas, and to answer the questions of the grand magi. All the knights were already arrived, except the knight in green armour. As soon as Zadig appeared in the city, the people crowded round him; every eye was fixed on him, every mouth blessed him, and every heart wished him the empire. The envious man saw him pass; he frowned and turned aside; the people conducted him to the place where the assembly was held. The queen, who was informed of his arrival, became a prey to the most violent agitations of hope and fear. She was filled with anxiety and apprehension. She could not com-

prehend why Zadig was without arms, nor why Itobad wore the white armour. A confused murmur arose at the sight of Zadig. They were equally surprised and charmed to see him; but none but the knights who had fought were permitted to appear in the assembly.

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

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

Itobad was to speak. He replied, that so great a man as he did not understand ænigmas; and that it was sufficient for him to have conquered by his strength and valour. Some said that the meaning of the ænigma was Fortune; some, the Earth; and others, the Light. Zadig said that it was Time: “Nothing (added he) is longer, since it is the measure of eternity; nothing is shorter, since it is insufficient for the accomplishment of our projects; nothing more slow to him that expects; nothing more rapid to him that enjoys; in greatness it extends to infinity, in smallness it is infinitely divisible; all men neglect it, all regret the loss of it;

nothing can be done without it; it consigns to oblivion whatever is unworthy of being transmitted to posterity, and it immortalizes such actions as are truly great." The assembly acknowledged that Zadig was in the right.

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

Every one gave his own explanation. Zadig alone guessed that it was Life, and explained all the other ænigmas with equal facility. Itobad always said that nothing was more easy, and that he could have answered them with the same readiness, had he chosen to have given himself the trouble. Questions were then proposed on justice, on the sovereign good, and on the art of government. Zadig's answers were judged to be the most solid. "What a pity it is (said they) that such a great genius should be so bad a knight!"

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

Itobad accepted the challenge with the greatest confidence. He never doubted, but that, armed as he was, with a helmet, a cuirass, and brassarts, he would obtain an easy victory over a champion

in a cap and a night-gown. Zadig drew his sword, saluting the queen, who looked at him with a mixture of fear and joy. Itobad drew his, without saluting any one. He rushed upon Zadig, like a man who had nothing to fear; he was ready to cleave him in two. Zadig knew how to ward off his blows, by opposing the strongest part of his sword to the weakest of that of his adversary, in such a manner that Itobad's sword was broken. Upon which Zadig, seizing his enemy by the waist, threw him on the ground; and fixing the point of his sword at the extremity of his breast-plate, "Suffer thyself to be disarmed, (said he) or thou art a dead man." Itobad, always surprised at the disgraces that happened to such a man as he, was obliged to yield to Zadig, who took from him with great composure, his magnificent helmet, his superb cuirass, his fine brassarts, his shining cuishes, cloathed himself with them, and in this dress ran to throw himself at the feet of Astarte. Cador easily proved that the armour belonged to Zadig. He was acknowledged king by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, and especially by that of Astarte, who, after so many calamities, now tasted the exquisite pleasure of seeing her lover worthy, in the eyes of all the world, to be her husband. Itobad went home to be called lord in his own house. Zadig was king, and was happy; he recollected what the angel Jesrad had said to him; he even remembered the grain of sand that became a diamond. The queen and Zadig adored Providence. He left the capricious beauty Missouf to run through the world. He sent in search of the robber Arbogad, to whom he gave an honourable post in

his army, promising to advance him to the first dignities, if he behaved like a true warrior; and threatening to hang him, if he followed the profession of a robber.

Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from the heart of Arabia, and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cadon was preferred and distinguished according to his great services. He was the friend of the king; and the king was then the only monarch on earth that had a friend. The little mute was not forgotten. A fine house was given to the fisherman; and Orcan was condemned to pay a large sum of money, and to restore him his wife; but the fisherman, who was now become wise, took only the money.

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

MICROMEGAS,
A PHILOSOPHICAL STORY.

(*Newly translated from VOLTAIRE'S Romances.*)

CHAPTER I.

The voyage of an inhabitant of the star Sirius to the planet Saturn.

IN one of those planets which revolve round the star called Sirius, lived a young man of much genius, with whom I had the honour to be acquainted, during his last visit to this our small ant-hill. He was called Micromegas,* a name extremely appropriate to any great man. He was eight leagues high: I mean by eight leagues 24,000 geometrical paces of five feet each.

Many of your Algebraists, men of vast public utility, will snatch up their pens now, and calculate that, since Mr. Micromegas, the inhabitant of Sirius, measures from top to toe 24,000 paces, that is 120,000 royal feet, and that since we inhabitants of this earth are little more than five feet in height, and our earth but 9,000 leagues round, it must necessarily follow that the globe which

* The name Micromegas is composed of two Greek words, which signify *little* and *great*. Translator,

produced this gentleman is exactly 21,600,000 times larger in circumference than our diminutive ball. Nothing in nature is simpler or more common. The states of some German or Italian sovereigns, which may be walked round in half an hour, are, when compared with the empires of Turkey, Moscovy, or China, but a very faint image of the prodigious differences there are in the works of nature.

The stature of his excellency being such as I have represented it, all our sculptors and painters will readily concur, that his waist might measure 50,000 royal feet round; which makes a very amiable proportion.

As to his genius, it is one of the best cultivated I know; he understands a great deal, and has invented a little: he was not quite two hundred and fifty years old before, according to the custom of his planet, he began his studies in the Jesuits' college there; when, by the mere dint of his own genius, he solved upwards of fifty propositions of Euclid. This is eighteen more than Blaise Pascal solved, he that having, as we are told by his own sister, guessed thirty-three for his private amusement, afterwards became a tolerable geometrician,* and a very bad metaphysician. When Micro-megas was about four hundred and fifty years old, that is to say near the end of his childhood, he dissected a great number of little insects, not above

* Pascal was a very great geometrician, not of that class who have by their important discoveries contributed to the progress of science, like Descartes or Newton, but of that class who have discovered in their works the reflections of no ordinary genius.

a hundred feet in diameter, and consequently imperceptible by ordinary microscopes. Of these, he wrote a very curious treatise; only it caused him a great deal of embarrassment; for the mufti of his nation, a fidgetty old blockhead, pretended to discover some propositions in his book, which he called ill-sounding, rash, and savouring of heresy; and accordingly began to persecute him with much alertness. The question was whether the substantial form of the Sirian flea was of the same nature as that of the snail. Micromegas defended his hypothesis with great spirit; the ladies were of his opinion in a moment; the whole proceedings lasted two hundred and twenty years. At length the mufti caused the book to be condemned by some learned judges, who had never read it, and the author was ordered not to appear at court for eight hundred years.*

He was but moderately afflicted at being banished from a court, which was full of nothing but meanness and trick; and made a very humorous song against the mufti, who was totally unconcerned about the matter. He then set out upon his travels from one planet to another, in order to *improve his mind and finish his education*, as it is called. Now such as never travel but in a post-chaise or a berlin will, doubtless, be not a little astonished at the equipages of the stars; for we who drive about our hillock of dirt can conceive

* VOLTAIRE had been persecuted by Boyer, one of the religious order of the Theatins, for having said in his Philosophical Letters, that the faculties of the soul develop themselves at the same time as the organs, just as the faculties of other animals do.

nothing beyond our own paltry customs. But our traveller understood to a miracle the laws of gravitation, and was intimate with every power, attractive or repulsive. Of this profundity of knowledge he made such a dexterous use, that, sometimes by the convenience of a sunbeam, and sometimes by the accommodation of a comet, he glided from sphere to sphere, he and his whole suit, just as a robin hops from one twig to another. He passed through the milky way in no time; and here truth compels me to confess, that through all the stars with which it is sown, he did not perceive an atom of that beautiful empyrean heaven, which the illustrious Dr. Derham* boasts of having seen at the end of his telescope. Not that I presume to impeach the eye-sight of the doctor; God forbid! but Micromegas was upon the very spot; he was an accurate observer; and it is not my way to contradict any man. Be this as it may, after many twistings and turnings, Micromegas found himself in the planet Saturn. Accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for the life of

* A learned Englishman, author of *Astro-Theology*, and of some other works to prove the existence of God from the wonders of nature. Unfortunately he and his imitators are often mistaken in the exposition of these wonders; they are in extacies with the wisdom which is displayed in the regulation of a phenomenon, and it is presently discovered that this phenomenon is very different from what they suppose it to be; then it is the new regulation which appears to them the summit of all wisdom. It is this fault, so common to such works, that has discredited them; it is too well known before hand, that let things be as they will, the author must conclude by admiring them.

French Editor.

him suppress a kind of supercilious smile, which sometimes escapes from the cheeks of the wisest of us, at seeing the diminutiveness of the globe he trode on, and the infinite littleness of its inhabitants; for after all Saturn is hardly nine hundred times larger than our earth, and the people of that country are dwarfs of not above a thousand fathoms high, or thereabouts. He at first amused himself with deriding these little gentlemen, just as an Italian musician when he enters Paris begins to laugh at Lulli's music: but as the Sirian was a man of sense, he quickly saw that a rational being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six hundred feet high. For this reason, he familiarized himself with these Saturnians, after he had done astonishing them; and commenced an intimate friendship with the secretary of the Saturnian academy, a man of understanding, who had not indeed invented any thing himself, but who could give a very good account of the inventions of others, and who had a tolerable knack at small rhimes and great calculations. But for the satisfaction of my readers, I shall here introduce a singular conversation, which Micromegas one day had with this Mr. Secretary.

CHAPTER II.

The conversation of the inhabitant of Sirius with that of Saturn.

After his Excellency had reclined himself, and the secretary had walked towards his visage, "It must be confessed," said Micromegas, "that

nature is replete with variety.” “ True,” said the Saturnian, “ nature is like a garden, the flowers of which—” “ Pshaw,” cried the other, “ let’s have none of your gardens.” “ Nature,” replied the secretary, “ is like an assemblage of fair women and brown, whose ornaments—” “ And what the devil have I to do with you and your brown women?” said the other. “ Nature then is like a gallery of pictures, the lineaments of which—” “ No, no, no, no,” again interrupted the traveller, “ I tell you once for all, nature is like nature; and why do you ransack your brain for comparisons?” “ To please you,” replied the secretary. “ But I don’t want to be pleased,” replied the traveller; “ I want to be instructed; and do you begin by telling me how many senses the men of your globe reckon.” “ We have only seventy-two,” said the academician; “ but we daily complain of the smallness of that number. Our imaginations go far beyond our wants; we find that with our seventy-two senses, and even with the ring and five moons of our planet, we are horridly confined; and notwithstanding all our curiosity, and all the passions to which these seventy-two passions give rise, we have still time enough to be weary of having nothing to do.” “ That may very easily be,” said Micromegas, “ for though we of our globe have nearly a thousand senses, yet we still feel some vague desire, some indescribable inquietude, which eternally reminds us of our own insignificance; in short, we are convinced that there are beings much more perfect than us. I have been somewhat of a traveller; I have seen men who are my

inferiors, and I have seen men who are my superiors; but I have seen none who have not more desires than real wants, and more real wants than satisfaction. I shall probably arrive one day in a country where the inhabitants want nothing at all; but as yet I have no positive intelligence of any such country." The Saturnian and the Sirian were then lost in mutual conjectures; but after much speculative reasoning that was very ingenious and very unsatisfactory, they were compelled to revert to mere matter of fact. "How long do you usually live?" said the Sirian. "Lack-a-day, but a very short time," replied the little Saturnian. "Just our case," said the Sirian, "the brevity of life is our constant complaint. This then must be one of nature's universal laws." "Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "we are pilgrims here but for five hundred grand revolutions of the sun." (This, according to our way of reckoning, will amount to about fifteen thousand years.) "Thus you see we may be said to die almost at the same moment as we are born; our existence is a mere point, our duration a single instant, our very globe but an atom. Scarcely do we begin to instruct ourselves a little, but death intervenes, and we know that there is such a thing as experience, only by hearsay. As for me, I dare not venture upon the slightest project; I find myself like nothing but a drop of water in an immense ocean. Before you, I feel particularly ashamed of the ridiculous figure I must cut in this world."

"If you were not a philosopher," replied Micromegas, "I should be afraid of afflicting you, by saying that we live seven hundred times longer than you; but you must know very well that when

a man comes to give up his body to the elements, and to animate nature in some other form, that is to say, *to die*, when the moment of that metamorphosis is arrived, it is of very little consequence to him whether he has lived from all eternity, or whether he has fluttered only for an hour. I have been in countries where they live one thousand times longer than we do; yet I have always found the same spirit of discontent. But there nevertheless are some men of sense in all nations, who can be satisfied with the world as they find it, and thank God for every thing. The author of nature has scattered over the universe a profusion of variety; and yet at the same time an admirable tenor of uniformity runs through the whole. For instance, no two men think alike; and yet all resemble each other fundamentally, in the gift of reason and of passion. Matter is extended every where; but it has different properties in every different globe. How many of these properties now do you reckon in the matter which composes your world?" "If you mean those properties," said the Saturnian, "without which we cannot imagine this globe to subsist as it does, we calculate them at three hundred, such as extent, thickness, motion, gravitation, divisibility, and so on." "I make no doubt," replied the traveller, "that these few are sufficient to answer the views which the Creator has in your little habitation. I admire his wisdom in every thing; I see in all things difference, but in all things proportion. Your globe is small; but then your inhabitants are small too: you have very few senses; and with you matter has very few properties: all this is the work of

Providence. Of what colour do you find your sun upon examination?" "Of a very yellowish white," said the Saturnian; "and in dissecting one of its rays, we find that it contains seven colours." "Now, our sun is of a reddish hue," said the Sirian, "and contains thirty-nine primitive colours. I never approached a single sun that was like any other; just as among your countrymen there are no two faces alike."

After many questions of this kind, the Sirian asked how many essentially different substances there were in Saturn; and learnt that they reckoned only thirty, such as God, space, matter, beings endued with extension who feel only, beings thus endued who both feel and think, thinking beings who have no extension, penetrating beings, beings who have no penetration, and the rest." The Saturnian however was perfectly astounded at hearing the Sirian boast of possessing no less than three hundred different substances in his own nation, and of having discovered nearly three thousand more in his travels. In short, after communicating to one another a little of what they did know, and a great deal of what they did not, and after having reasoned very profoundly during a whole revolution of the sun, they mutually resolved to take a little philosophical tour together.

CHAPTER III.

The travels of an inhabitant of Sirius with one of Saturn.

Our two philosophers were just upon the point of embarking to the atmosphere of Saturn, with a tolerable provision of mathematical instruments, when our Saturnian's mistress, who had by this time ferreted out their project, rushed before them and began to remonstrate against its execution. She was a pretty little brunette, not above six hundred and sixty fathoms tall; but she made ample amends for the shortness of her stature by her agreeable qualities. "Cruel man!" cried she, "after I had resisted thy importunities for only five hundred years, after I had so speedily become thine, and when I have passed scarcely a hundred years in thine arms, to quit me thus; and all for the sake of rambling with a giant of some other world! Go, thou art a mere antiquary; thou never hadst any love for me; if thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldst be faithful to thy too-doating spouse. Whither art thou roaming? what dost thou mean? Our five moons are less fickle than thou art; the ring of our planet is less changeable. Well, this I swear, never to love man more!" The philosopher embraced her, nay, philosopher as he was, wept with her; and the little lady, after having swooned with great propriety, went and consoled herself with a certain beau of her acquaintance.

In the mean, our two virtuosi set out; they

first jumped upon the ring, which they found sufficiently flat, as an illustrious inhabitant of this our globule has shrewdly guessed it to be. From thence they skipped from one moon to another, till they were overtaken by a comet, upon which they dexterously sprang, they, their domestics, and their whole apparatus. When they had made about a hundred and fifty million leagues, they met the satellites of Jupiter, which they passed by, and came to Jupiter itself. In this planet they remained a year, during which insignificant time they learnt some very fine secrets, which would have been actually published, had it not been for the gentlemen inquisitors, who found some of their propositions rather too hard of digestion. But nevertheless I myself have read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious Archbishop of ***, who granted me the inspection of his books, with that generosity and condescension which can never be sufficiently extolled.

To return however to our travellers. After they had taken leave of Jupiter, they traversed a space of about a hundred million leagues, and coasted the planet Mars, which all the world knows is five times less than our little globe: Here they described two moons, which are subservient to this planet, and which have eluded the sight of our astronomers. I am very well aware now that Father Castel will write against the existence of these two moons, and perhaps with a good deal of pleasantry; but I can appeal only to those who reason by analogy. The worthy philosophers who do this, well know that it must be extremely difficult for Mars, placed as it is so far from the sun, to exist even with two moons. Be this as it may,

my gentlemen found this Mars so small, that they were afraid of not having room enough to lie down in it; and consequently they proceeded on their voyage, like two travellers who disdain the petty alehouse of a village, and push forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion very soon repented of their delicacy; for they travelled a most immense way without meeting a single atom. At length however they spied a little spark of light; it was the earth. Coming as they did from Jupiter, they could not help pitying this unfortunate speck; but for fear of repenting themselves a second time, they determined to alight upon it. They accordingly lifted themselves on the tail of a comet, and meeting, as good luck would have it, with an aurora borealis just ready to sail, they placed themselves in it, and landed at the northern coast of the Baltic sea, on the 5th of July, new stile, in the year 1737.

CHAPTER IV.

What happened to them upon this our globe.

After some repose, they breakfasted upon two mountains, which their attendants had very palatably dressed for them. Having done this, they very naturally wished to reconnoitre the little spot where they were, and accordingly they traversed it at once from north to south. The ordinary paces of the Sirian and his attendants measured about thirty thousand royal feet each; the dwarfish Saturnian usually came panting behind; for

he was compelled to take nearly a dozen strides for every single step of his fellow-traveller. Figure to yourself (if I may be allowed to compare my philosophers to so humble a resemblance of them) a little tiny spaniel, dodging after a captain of Prussian grenadiers.

As these strangers walked at a good round pace, they made the tour of the whole globe in six and thirty hours. The sun, it must be allowed, or rather the earth itself, makes a similar tour in one day; but it must be remembered that you travel much more at your ease when you turn on your own axis, than when you walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to the place from whence they set out, after having had a glimpse of that almost imperceptible sea, which is called the Mediterranean, and that other narrow puddle, which surrounds this mole-hill, under the denomination of the Great Ocean; in stepping through which, the dwarf found no occasion to wet himself higher than his middle, while his companion scarcely moistened his heel. They did what they could, both in going and in returning through each hemisphere, to discover, whether this globe was inhabited or not: they stooped, they lay down, they groped about; but neither their eyes nor their hands were proportioned to the diminutive beings, who run up and down the earth; they did not receive the smallest hint which could lead them to suspect, that we and our little brethren, the other inhabitants of this globe, had the honour to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged too hastily, decided at once that there was no living creature upon the face of the whole earth; and his chief

reason for this decision was, that he had seen nobody. But Micromegas, in a polite manner, made him sensible of the fallacy of this mode of reasoning: "For," said he, "with the trifling powers of your eye-sight, you are not able to perceive many stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I can see distinctly; and yet would you conclude from thence, that such stars do not exist?" "But I have groped in every place with the greatest care," said the dwarf. "Perhaps," replied the other, "your sense of feeling is bad." "But then," said the dwarf, "this globe is so ill constructed; it is so irregular, and of so ridiculous a form; every thing here seems in a chaos. Do but observe those little rivers, not one of which is in a straight line; those ponds which are neither round, square, oval, nor any thing else; and all these little pointed pebbles with which the earth is bristled, (meaning the mountains) and which have torn all the skin off my feet. Observe too the form of the whole globe, how flat it is at the poles; it turns round the sun in so clumsy a manner that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Upon my word, what principally makes me think the place unpeopled is, that no man of sense would consent to live in it." "Well," said Micromegas, "it is very probable that these are not the kind of men that do live here; but still there is some chance that the globe was not made for nothing. Every thing seems irregular here, say you, because you see every thing drawn by lines in Saturn and Jupiter; and probably it is for this very reason that there is so much confusion here. Have I not told you again and again, that in all my travels I have every where met with variety in nature?"

The Saturnian replied to every tittle of this reasoning; and in all likelihood the dispute would never have been brought to a conclusion, had it not luckily happened that Micromegas, in his eagerness to retort, broke the string of his diamond necklace; and thus his argument and his jewels fell to the ground together. The necklace was composed of very pretty karats of unequal sizes, the largest of them weighing not more than four hundred pounds, and the smallest only fifty. The dwarf as he picked them up, perceived, on lifting them to his eye, that these diamonds, from the manner in which they were cut, formed excellent microscopes. He therefore took up one of these little microscopes of about six hundred feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye; while Micromegas chose out one of two thousand five hundred feet. They were excellent; but at first our travellers could discern nothing with all their assistance. They must be adjusted a little. Now the Saturnian thought he could descry an almost imperceptible atom which was gliding between two waves in the Baltic sea; it was a whale. He caught it with a curve of his little finger very dexterously, and, placing it carefully on his thumb-nail, directed the Sirian's eye to it. The Sirian, when he had caught it, laughed most heartily at the excessive diminutiveness peculiar to the inhabitants of our globe. The Saturnian was now convinced that our world was inhabited, but with his usual hastiness insisted that it was by whales only; and, as he was a mighty reasoner, he began to conjecture how so insignificant an atom could move, and whether it could possess ideas, will, liberty. Micromegas was infinitely perplexed at

all this ; he pored over the animal very patiently, and the result of his minute examination was, that he had no reason to believe that such a thing as a soul was lodged in the whole insect. The two travellers were hence inclined to think that there could be no such thing in the whole globe, when by the assistance of their microscopes, they perceived something larger than a whale, floating on the Baltic. All the world knows that at this time a whole volley of philosophers were returning from a voyage to the polar circle, under which they had made divers discoveries, of which till then nobody had ever thought. The gazettes say that their ship ran ashore on the coast of Bohemia, and that they were with great difficulty saved ; but in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things. For my part, I shall ingenuously tell the story as it happened, without putting in any thing of my own, which is no small effort in a modern historian.

CHAPTER V.

The experiments and reasonings of the two travellers.

Micromegas stretched out his hand very gently towards the place where the object appeared ; and advancing two fingers, then drawing them back for fear of a disappointment, and afterwards slowly opening and closing them, he very dexterously caught the ship that contained these gentlemen, and placed it on his thumb-nail, taking care how-

ever not to squeeze it too much for fear of crushing it to atoms. "Here," said the Saturnian dwarf, "is an animal very different from the former:" the Sirian placed the supposed animal in the hollow of his hand. The passengers and crew, who thought they had been blown up by a hurricane and seated upon a species of a rock, began to bestir themselves. The sailors having hoisted up some hogsheads of wine, whirled them into the hand of Micromegas, and afterwards jumped there themselves: the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, their sectors and their Lapland mistresses, climbed down upon the fingers of the Sirian, where they made such a disturbance that he at last felt something moving which gave him a tickling sensation. This was an iron crow which they had thrust about a foot deep into his forefinger. From this prick, he judged that something had issued from the little animal he held in his hand, but did not at first suspect any thing more; for the microscope, which could but just compass a whale and a ship, had no hold at all on so imperceptible a being as man. I do not intend here to shock the vanity of any man; but I am obliged to request the self-conceited to stop and make a little remark here with me. It is, that, supposing the height of us men to be about five feet, we make no greater figure on the earth than an animal not the six hundred thousandth part of our thumb in stature would on a ball ten feet in circumference. Figure to yourself then a being capable of holding the whole globe in his hand, endued with organs proportionate to our's; (and it may very well be supposed that there are many

such;) then conceive, if you please, what must they think of those battles that have gained us two villages, which we have been forced only to cede again?

I have no doubt now that if some captain of grenadiers should read this work, he would pull up the caps of his whole company at least two feet higher; but I must forewarn him that, do what he will, he and his men will still be infinitely diminutive.

What marvellous address then must our Sirian philosopher have had, to perceive the atoms of which I am about to speak! When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoeker first saw, or thought they saw, the seed of which we are formed, they did not make any thing like so astonishing a discovery. What delight did Micromegas feel at seeing these little machines move about, in examining all their pranks, in following them through all their operations! with what transport did he exclaim! with what eager joy did he thrust one of his microscopes into the hands of his companion! "I see them distinctly," cried they both at the same instant; "don't you perceive them carrying burdens? now they stoop down, and now they rise up again!" So saying, their very hands trembled with pleasure at seeing such uncommon objects, and with fear lest they should for a moment lose sight of them,

CHAPTER VI.

What happened to them in their intercourse with men.

Micromegas, who was a much narrower observer than his dwarf, plainly discovered that the atoms conversed. This he remarked to his companion, who would not believe that such a puny species could possibly communicate their ideas: he had the gift of tongues as well as the Sirian; he did not hear these puppets speak, and therefore he took it for granted that they did not speak; besides, how, in the name of the miraculous, could such imperceptible atoms possess the organs of articulation, and what could they possibly have to say to one another? In order to speak they must think, or something like it; and if these little creatures think, they must have something equivalent to a soul: now to attribute any thing like a soul to such a race as this, must be absolutely absurd.

“But we must endeavour to examine these insects in the first place, it will be time enough to speculate upon them by and bye.” “Very well,” replied Micromegas, drawing forth a pair of scissars which he kept for the purpose of paring his nails, and instantly forming, of a slice which he cut from his thumb nail, a large speaking trumpet, like a vast tunnel, the muzzle of which he placed in his ear. The circumference of this tunnel enveloped the ship and its whole equipage; and the most feeble voice could not fail to glide along the circular fibres of this bit of nail; so that thanks to

his industry, the philosopher on high could hear distinctly every buzz of the insects below. In a few hours he began even to distinguish words in what they said, and at last he actually heard French. The dwarf did the same, though with more difficulty. The astonishment of our travellers redoubled every instant: they now heard mites talking tolerably good sense: this freak of nature appeared to them most inexplicable. You may very well suppose that the Sirian and his dwarf turned with impatience to hold some conversation with these atoms; but the dwarf was afraid that the thunder of his voice, and more so that of Micromegas's, would only deafen the mites, without making them comprehend what was said. They must try to diminish its force then. Accordingly each placed in his mouth a sort of little tooth-pick, the thin end of which touched the vessel. The Sirian held the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship and its equipage upon his nail; he stooped his head, and practised a low tone of voice. At length, after these, and ten thousand other precautions, he ventured to begin his discourse thus:—

“ O ye invisible insects, to whom the hand of the Creator is pleased to give birth in the abyss of infinite littleness, I give him thanks that he hath deigned to disclose unto me secrets which seemed impenetrable. Perhaps, O atoms, the court of Sirius will not condescend to regard you; but for my part, I despise no creature, and offer you my protection.”

If ever man was astounded, the people who heard this address were so. They were at a loss to conceive from whence it proceeded. The chap-

lain of the vessel repeated the prayers of exorcism, the sailors swore, and the philosophers of the ship formed a system; but whatever system it was, they could not guess who spoke to them by it. The dwarf of Saturn, whose voice was more gentle than that of Micromegas, then told them in a few words with what beings they had to deal. He related their voyage from Saturn, gave them to understand who this Mr. Micromegas was, and after having pitied their smallness, asked them if they had always been in this miserable state so near akin to annihilation, what they did in a globe which appeared to belong to whales, whether they were happy, if they multiplied, if they had souls, and a hundred other questions of this nature.

A certain mathematician of the crew, who was more courageous than the rest, shocked to hear his soul's existence doubted, took an observation of this spokesman with pinnules pointed on a quadrant, planted himself in two different stations, and at the third spoke thus. "You flatter yourself, then, Sir, that, because you are a thousand fathoms from top to toe, you must be a ——" "A thousand fathoms," cried the dwarf; "in the name of God, how came he to know my height so exactly? A thousand fathoms! my dimensions to a hair! What! and has this atom measured me? He is a geometrician, forsooth, acquainted with my stature; and yet I, who can but just descry him with the assistance of a microscope, am left totally unacquainted with his!" "Yes, I have measured you," said the philosopher, "and what is more, I'll measure your gigantic companion." The proposition was accepted, and his

excellency laid himself all along; for if he had been kept upright, his head would have risen too much above the clouds. The philosophers planted a large tree against him, and then by a succession of triangles connected together, they concluded that what they saw was nothing but a young man of a hundred and twenty thousand feet long.

Micromegas then pronounced these words. "I am convinced, more than ever convinced, how wrong it is to judge of any thing by its apparent size. O God, who hast given intelligence to particles in all appearance so contemptible, the infinitely small costeth thee as little in its production as the infinitely great; and if it be possible that there are beings even less than these, yet still they may possess a mind superior to that of the stupendous animals I have seen in heaven, a single foot of whom would cover the whole globe on which I have perched."

One of our little philosophers told him, that he might rest assured that there were thinking beings, who were much smaller than man; and related to him, not all the fables about bees with which Virgil has amused us, but what Swammerdam has discovered, and what Reaumur has dissected. After this, he gave him to understand, that there were insects who are to bees what bees are to men, what the Sirian himself was to these vast animals he spoke of, and what these gigantic creatures must be to other substances before whom they appeared but as atoms. By degrees, the conversation became interesting, and Micromegas delivered himself thus.

CHAPTER VII.

A conversation with men.

“ O ye intelligent little atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleased to manifest his skill and omnipotence, you must certainly taste the purest joys in a globe like yours ; for, seeing the small quantity of matter you are composed of, and appearing as you do all mind, you must pass your lives in nothing but the pleasures of love and of meditation ; this is the true spiritual life. I have hitherto been unsuccessful in finding real happiness ; but here it must undoubtedly exist ! ” At these words, all the little philosophers shook their heads in silence ; till at length one of them more frank than the rest, confessed in good earnest that, excepting a very small number of his fellow-inhabitants who were held in no estimation at all, they were an assembly of fools, knaves and miserable wretches. “ We have more than enough matter about us,” continued he, “ to do a great deal of mischief, if mischief proceeds from matter, and more than enough spirit, if mischief proceeds from spirit. You must know, for instance, that at the very moment I am speaking, there are no less than a hundred thousand fools of our species, covered with hats, who are slaying a hundred thousand other fools, who are covered with turbans, or else they are slain by the turbans ; and what is more, this has been the custom in almost every part of our earth from time immemorial.” The Sirian shuddered, and asked what could be the

subject of these horrible quarrels among such pitiful little animals. "It all turns," said the philosopher, "upon two or three heaps of dirt about as big as your heel: not that a single one of these millions, who are cutting one another's throats, cares a straw for the heaps of dirt; the question is whether they belong to a certain man called Sultan, or to another whom, I know not why, they dignify with the appellation of Cæsar. Neither the one nor the other of these men has ever seen, or ever will see, the contemptible nook in question; and scarcely one of these animals, the mutual cut-throats, has ever seen the animal in whose cause they cut.

"Wretches!" cried the Sirian indignantly, "can any one conceive so furious an excess of rage? I have a great mind to take two or three steps, and crush the whole ant-hill of these ludicrous little assassins." "You need not give yourself that trouble," replied one of the philosophers; they will ruin themselves quite fast enough. Do you know that at the end of ten years, the hundredth part of these wretches will not be in existence; for even if they should not draw a single sword, hunger, fatigue and intemperance would carry almost all of them off. Besides it is not they whom you ought to punish, it is those sedentary barbarians, who from their closets give orders for the massacre of millions of their fellow-creatures, and who afterwards solemnly thank God for it." The traveller felt himself touched with pity for this little human race, in whom he discovered such astonishing contrasts. "Since you are of the small number of the wise," said he to these gentlemen, "and since you perhaps never murder

for money, tell me, I beseech you, what can your employment be." "We dissect flies," said the philosopher, "we measure right lines, we calculate figures; we are agreed upon two or three points which we do understand, and we dispute upon two or three thousand which we do not." The Sirian and the Saturnian immediately took it into their heads to interrogate these thinking atoms upon what they did understand. "How far do you measure," said one of them, "from the dog-star to the great star of the constellation gemini?" The philosophers bawled out all at once, "Thirty-two degrees and a half." "And how far do you reckon from hence to the moon?" "Why, in round numbers, say sixty semi-diameters of the earth." Of what specific gravity is your atmosphere?" said the interrogator, thinking to pose them; but they answered him to a man, that common air weighed about nine hundred times less than its similar quantity of the lightest water, and nineteen thousand times less than ducat gold." The little Saturnian dwarf, astonished at their replies, was now tempted to take for wizards the very people, to whom he had but a quarter of an hour before denied the possession of souls.

At length Micromegas said to them: "Since, gentlemen, you are so well acquainted with what is without you, you are no doubt better acquainted with what is within you: tell me what is your soul, and how are its ideas formed?" Here the philosophers burst out all together as they had done before. The oldest of them quoted Aristotle, another mentioned the name of Descartes, this talked of Mallebranche, that of Leibnitz, and a third of Locke. An old peripatetic confidently

said aloud, “the soul is a perfection, and a reason by which it has the power to be what it is. This is what Aristotle expressly declares, page 633 of the Louvre edition—

Εὔτελεχεται ἐς τι, &c.

“I don’t understand too much Greek,” said the giant. “Nor I neither,” said the mite of a philosopher. “Why then,” replied the Sirian, “do you quote that same Aristotle in Greek?” “Because,” replied the philosopher, “it is right to quote what you don’t understand at all in the language you understand the least.”

Here the Cartesian took up the discourse: “The soul,” said he, “is a pure spirit, which has received in its formation every one of its metaphysical ideas, and which, when formed, is obliged to go to school and learn anew what it once was so well acquainted with, and which it will never know again.” “It surely was not worth while,” replied the animal of eight leagues, “for your soul to be thus wise in its embryo state, only to be thus ignorant when you have got a beard on your chin. But what do you understand by spirit?” “Why do you ask me that question?” said the reasoner; “I have not a single idea on the subject; it is said not to be matter.” “But do you even know what matter is?” said the Sirian. “Very well,” replied the other: “for example, this stone is grey, and of such and such a form; it has its three dimensions, it is heavy, divisible.” “And now,” said the Sirian, “that thing which appears to you divisible, heavy and grey, do you know what it is? You see a few of its attributes, but the nature of the thing, are you acquainted with that?”

“No,” said the other. “Then you are totally ignorant what matter is.”

Mr. Micromegas then addressed the other sage, whom he held on this thumb, and asked him what the soul was, and what were its functions. “Nothing at all,” replied the Mallebranchian philosopher; “it is God that does every thing for me; in him I see every thing; in him I do every thing; it is he who is the universal agent, and that without my interference.” “Then we had as good not exist,” replied the Sirian sage. “And you, my little friend,” said he to a disciple of Leibnitz who stood near the other, “what is your soul?” “It is,” said the Leibnitzian, “a hand that points the hour, while the body strikes it; or if you like it better, it is the soul that strikes, while the body points it; or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body is the frame of that mirror: this last definition is peculiarly luminous.”

A little partizan of Locke hopped up presently afterwards, and upon being asked the same question, “I know not,” said he, “by what means I think; but this I know, that I have never had a single thought of which my senses were not the cause. That there are such things as immaterial and yet intelligent substances, I don’t at all doubt: but that it is possible for God to communicate thought to matter, I cannot so readily believe. I revere eternal power, and it does not become me to set bounds to it; I affirm nothing, but content myself with believing, that many more things are possible than are actually thought so.”

The Sirian animal smiled; he did not think the last sage the least wise; and as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would actually have embraced this little disciple of Locke, if it had not been for the un-

accommodating disproportion there was between their sizes. But unluckily there was another animalcule in a square cap, who cut short every one of these philosophical animalcules, by saying that he knew the whole secret, and that it was to be found in the abridgment of St. Thomas; he then eyed our two celestial inhabitants from top to toe, and maintained to their faces, that their persons, their worlds, their suns, their stars, all were made solely for the convenience of man. At this monstrous assertion, our two travellers could not help rolling upon one another in endeavouring to stifle that inextinguishable laughter, which according to Homer, is the portion of the Gods only; their shoulders and bodies went and came, and in the midst of all these convulsions, the ship which the Sirian held on his nail, fell into the Saturnian's breeches-pocket. Our good folks searched for it a long time, and at last found the whole equipage up in one corner of it; they then adjusted every thing exactly as it was before. The Sirian took up the ludicrous little mites again, and spoke to them with renewed affability, although at the bottom he was very mortified to find that if these creatures were infinitely small, their pride was infinitely great. However, he promised to write them a very nice book of philosophy, purposely for their use; and added, that in this book they would be able to come at the truth of every thing. In fact, before his departure he actually gave them this same book: it was carried to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, but when the secretary opened it, he saw nothing but blank paper. "Ah!" said he, "this is just what I suspected."

THE HISTORY OF
THE TRAVELS OF SCARMENTADO,*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

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

My father sent me at fifteen years of age to prosecute my studies at Rome. There I arrived in full hopes of learning all kinds of truth; for I had hitherto been taught quite the reverse, according to the custom of this lower world from China to the Alps. Monsignor Profondo, to whom I was recommended, was a man of a very singular character, and one of the most terrible scholars in the world. He was for teaching me the categories of Aristotle, and was just on the point of placing

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

me in the category of his minions; a fate which I narrowly escaped. I saw processions, exorcisms, and some robberies. It was commonly said, but without any foundation, that la Signora Olimpia, a lady of great prudence, sold several things that ought not to be sold. I was then of an age to relish all these comical adventures. A young lady of great sweetness of temper, called la Signora Fatelo, thought proper to fall in love with me: she was courted by the reverend father Poignardini, and by the reverend father Aconiti,* young monks of an order which is now extinct; and she reconciled the two rivals, by granting her favours to me; but at the same time I ran the risk of being excommunicated and poisoned. I left Rome highly pleased with the architecture of St. Peter.

I travelled to France: it was during the reign of Lewis the Just. The first question put to me was, whether I chused to breakfast on a slice of the Mareschal D'Ancre†, whose flesh the people had roasted, and distributed with great liberality to such as chused to taste it.

This kingdom was continually involved in civil wars, sometimes for a place at court, sometimes

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

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

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

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

From thence I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquillity among a people of a more

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

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

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

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

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

As I was going to bed in the evening, two members of the inquisition came to my lodging with a figure of St. Hermadad. They embraced me with great tenderness, and conducted me in solemn silence to a well-aired prison, furnished with a bed of mat and a beautiful crucifix. There I remained for six weeks; at the end of which the

reverend father, the inquisitor, sent for me. He pressed me in his arms for some time with the most paternal affection, and told me that he was sorry to hear that I had been so ill lodged; but that all the apartments of the house were full, and hoped I should be better accommodated the next time. He then asked me with great cordiality if I knew for what reason I was imprisoned? I told the reverend father that it was evidently for my sins. "Very well," says he, "my dear child; but for what particular sin? Speak freely." I racked my brain with conjectures, but could not possibly guess. He then charitably dismissed me.

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

The itch of travelling still possessed me. I had proposed to finish the tour of Europe with Turkey; and thither we now directed our course. I put on a firm resolution not to give my opinion of the

public feasts I might see for the future. “These Turks, (said I to my companions,) are a set of miscreants that have not been baptized, and of consequence will be more cruel than the reverend fathers the inquisitors. Let us observe a profound silence while we are among the Mahometans.”

Accordingly we arrived among them. I was greatly surprised to see more Christian churches in Turkey than in Candia. I even saw some numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the Virgin Mary with great freedom, and to curse Mahomet; some in Greek, some in Latin, and others in Armenian. “What good-natured people are these Turks,” cried I. The Greek Christians and the Latin Christians in Constantinople were mortal enemies. These slaves persecuted each other in much the same manner as dogs fight in the streets, till their masters part them with a cudgel. The grand vizier was at that time the protector of the Greeks. The Greek patriarch accused me of having supped with the Latin patriarch; and I was condemned in full divan to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, redeemable for five hundred sequins. Next day the grand vizier was strangled. The day following his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month after, condemned me to suffer the same punishment, for having supped with the Greek patriarch. Thus was I reduced to the sad necessity of absenting myself entirely from the Greek and Latin churches: I then fled directly into Persia, resolved for the future never to hear Greek or Latin mass.

On my arrival at Ispahan, the people asked me

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

I proceeded as far as China, in company with an interpreter, who assured me that this country was the seat of gaiety and freedom. The Tartars had made themselves masters of it, after having destroyed every thing with fire and sword. The reverend fathers the Jesuits on the one hand, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, alledged that they had gained many souls to God in that country, without any one knowing aught of the matter. Never were seen such zealous converters; they alternately persecuted one another: they transmitted to Rome whole volumes of slander, and treated each other as infidels and prevaricators for the sake of one soul. But the most violent dispute between them was with regard to the manner of making a bow. The Jesuits would have the Chinese to salute their parents after the fashion of China; and the Dominicans would have them to do it after the fashion of Rome. I happened unluckily to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican. They represented me to his Tartarian majesty as a spy of the pope. The supreme council charged a prime mandarin, who ordered a serjeant, who commanded four sbires of the country, to seize me and bind me with great ceremony.

In this manner I was conducted before his majesty, after having made about an hundred and forty genuflexions. He asked me if I was a spy of the pope's, and if it was true that that prince was to come in person to dethrone him. I told him that the pope was a priest of seventy years of age; that he lived at the distance of four thousand leagues from his sacred Tartaro-chinese majesty; that he had about two thousand soldiers, who mounted guard with umbrellas; that he never dethroned any body; and that his majesty might sleep in perfect security. Of all the adventures of my life this was the least fatal. I was sent to Macao, and there I took shipping for Europe.

My ship required to be refitted on the coast of Golconda. I embraced this opportunity to visit the court of the great Aureng-Zeb, of whom such wonderful things have been told, and who was then in Deli. I had the pleasure to see him on the day of that pompous ceremony in which he receives the celestial present sent him by the Sherif of Mecca: this was the besom with which they had swept the holy house, the Caaba, and the Beth Alla. It is a symbol that sweeps away all the pollutions of the soul. Aureng-Zeb seemed to have no need of it; he was the most pious man in all Indostan. It is true, he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poisoned his father. Twenty Rajas and as many Omras, had been put to death; but that was a trifle; nothing was talked of but his devotion. No king was thought comparable to him, except his sacred majesty Muley Ismael, the most serene Emperor of Morocco, who cut off some heads every Friday after prayers.

I spoke not a word. My travels had taught me

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

I had now only Africa to visit, in order to enjoy all the pleasures of our continent; and thither I went in reality. The ship in which I embarked was taken by the Negro-Corsairs. The master of the vessel complained loudly, and asked why they thus violated the laws of nations. The captain of the negroes replied: "You have a long nose and we have a short one: your hair is strait and ours is curled: your skin is ash-coloured, and ours is of the colour of ebon; and therefore we ought, by the sacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coast of Guinea like beasts of burden, to make us labour in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mountains for

a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and is not so valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner, wherever we meet you, and are superior to you in strength, we make you slaves, and oblige you to manure our fields: or in case of refusal cut off your nose and ears."

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

THE WORLD AS IT GOES, THE VISION OF BABOUC.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AMONG the genii, who preside over the empires of the earth, Ithuriel held one of the first ranks, and had the department of Upper Asia. He one morning descended into the abode of Babouc, the Scythian, who dwelt on the banks of the Oxus, and said to him; "Babouc, the follies and vices of the Persians have drawn upon them our indignation; yesterday was held an assembly of the genii of Upper Asia, to consider whether we

would chastise Persepolis, (Paris) or destroy it entirely. Go to that city; examine everything; return and give me a faithful account; and, according to thy report, I will then determine whether to correct or extirpate the inhabitants.” “ But, my lord, (said Babouc with great humility) I have never been in Persia, nor do I know a single person in that country.” “ So much the better (said the angel) thou wilt be the more impartial; thou hast received from heaven the spirit of discernment, to which I now add the power of inspiring confidence. Go, see, hear, observe, and fear nothing; thou shalt every where meet with a favourable reception.

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

Babouc, having given the soldier a small present, entered the camp. He soon became acquainted with the captain, and asked him the subject of the war. “ How canst thou imagine that I should know it? (said the captain) or what im-

portance is it to me? I live about two hundred leagues from Persepolis; I hear that war is declared; I instantly leave my family, and, having nothing else to do, go, according to our custom, to raise my fortune, or to fall by a glorious death.” “But are not thy companions (said Babouc) a little better informed than thee?” “No (said the officer) there are none but our principal satrapes that know the true cause of our cutting one another’s throats.”

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

Next day, on a report being spread that peace

was going to be concluded, the Persian and Indian generals made haste to come to an engagement. The battle was long and bloody. Babouc beheld every crime, and every abomination: he was witness to the arts and stratagems of the principal satrapes, who did all that lay in their power to expose their general to the disgrace of a defeat. He saw officers killed by their own troops, and soldiers stabbing their already expiring comrades, in order to strip them of a few bloody garments, torn and covered with dirt. He entered the hospitals to which they were conveying the wounded, most of whom died through the inhuman negligence of those who were well paid by the King of Persia to assist these unhappy men. "Are these men (cried Babouc) or are they wild beasts? Ah! I plainly see that Persepolis will be destroyed."

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

Meanwhile the peace was proclaimed; and the generals of the two armies, neither of whom had

gained a complete victory, but who, for their own private interest, had shed the blood of so many of their fellow-creatures, went to solicit their courts for rewards. The peace was celebrated in public writings, which announced the return of virtue and happiness to the earth. “God be praised (said Babouc) Persepolis will now be the abode of spotless innocence, and will not be destroyed, as the cruel genii intended. Let us haste without delay to this capital of Asia.”

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

Babouc mingled in a crowd of people, composed of the most nasty and deformed of both sexes, who were thronging with a stupid air into a large and gloomy inclosure. By the constant hum, by the gestures of the people, by the money which some persons gave to others for the liberty of sitting down, he imagined that he was in a market, where chairs were sold; but observing several women fall down on their knees, with an appearance of looking directly before them, while in reality they were leering at the men by their sides, he was soon convinced that he was in a temple. Shrill, hoarse, savage, and discordant voices, made

the vault re-echo with ill-articulated sounds, that produced the same effect as the braying of wild asses, when in the plains of Pictavia, they answer the cornet that calls them together. He stopped his ears ; but he was ready to shut his eyes and hold his nose, when he saw several labourers enter into the temple with crows and spades, who removed a large stone, and threw up the earth on both sides, from whence exhaled a pestilential vapour : at last some others approached, deposited a dead body in the opening, and replaced the stone upon it. “ What ! (cried Babouc) do these people bury their dead in the place where they adore the Deity ? What ! are their temples paved with carcases ? I am no longer surprised at those pestilential diseases that frequently depopulate Persepolis. The putrefaction of the dead, and the infected breath of such numbers of the living, assembled and crowded together in the same place, are sufficient to poison the whole terrestrial globe. Oh ! what an abominable city is Persepolis ! The angels probably intend to destroy it, in order to build a more beautiful one in its place, and to people it with inhabitants who are more virtuous and better singers. Providence may have its reasons for so doing ; to its disposal let us leave all future events.”

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Meanwhile the sun approached his meridian height. Babouc was to dine at the other end of the city with a lady, for whom her husband, an officer in the army, had given him some letters ; but he first took several turns into Persepolis,

where he saw other temples, better built and more richly adorned, filled with a polite audience, and resounding with harmonious music; he beheld public fountains, which, though ill-placed, struck the eye by their beauty; squares where the best kings that had governed Persia seemed to breathe in bronze, and others where he heard the people crying out, "When shall we see our beloved master?" He admired the magnificent bridges built over the river; the superb and commodious quays; the palaces raised on both sides; and an immense house, where thousands of old soldiers, covered with scars and crowned with victory, offered their daily praises to the god of armies. At last he entered the house of the lady, who, with a set of fashionable people, waited his company to dinner. The house was neat and elegant; the repast delicious; the lady young, beautiful, witty, and engaging; and the company worthy of her; and Babouc every moment said to himself, "The angel Ithuriel has little regard for the world, or he would never think of destroying such a charming city."

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

to a young citizen, remarkable for his modesty and graceful appearance. The magistrate's wife rose first from table, to go to converse in an adjoining closet with her director, who came too late, and for whom they had waited dinner; and the director, a man of great eloquence, spoke to her with such vehemency and holy zeal, that when she returned, her eyes were humid, her cheeks inflamed, her gait irregular, and her voice trembling.

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

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

who this man was. The mistress of the house said to him in a low voice, "He is one of the best advocates in the city, and hath studied the law these fifty years. The other, who is but twenty-five years of age, and has only been a satrape of the law for two days, hath ordered him to make an extract of a process he is going to determine, though he has not as yet examined it." "This giddy youth acts wisely, (said Babouc,) in asking counsel of an old man. But why is not the old man himself the judge?" "Thou art surely in jest, (said they;) those who have grown old in laborious and inferior posts are never raised to places of dignity. This young man has a great post, because his father is rich; and the right of dispensing justice is purchased here like a farm." "O manners! O unhappy city! (cried Babouc) this is the height of anarchy and confusion. Those who have thus purchased the right of judging, will doubtless sell their judgments; nothing do I see here but an abyss of iniquity."

While he was thus expressing his grief and surprise, a young warrior, who that very day had returned from the army, said to him "why wouldest thou not have seats in the courts of justice to be purchased? I myself purchased the right of braving death at the head of two thousand men, who are under my command: it has this year cost me forty thousand darics of gold to lie on the earth thirty nights successively in a red dress, and at last to receive two wounds with an arrow, of which I still feel the smart. If I ruin myself to serve the Emperor of Persia, whom I never saw, the satrape of the law may well pay something for enjoying the pleasure of giving audience to plead-

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

He was still further confirmed in his bad opinion by the arrival of a fat man, who, after saluting all the company with great familiarity, went up to the young officer, and said, "I can only lend thee fifty thousand darics of gold; for indeed the taxes of the empire have this year brought me in but three hundred thousand." Babouc inquired into the character of this man, who complained of having gained so little, and was informed, that in Persepolis there were forty plebeian kings, who held the empire of Persia by lease, and paid a small tribute to the monarch.

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

they had been present at a very instructive discourse. Babouc said, "This man has done his best to tire two or three hundred of his fellow-citizens; but his intention was good; and there is nothing in this that should occasion the destruction of Persepolis."

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

As soon as the entertainment was finished, he resolved to visit the principal queen, who had recommended such pure and noble morals in the palace. He desired to be introduced to her majesty, and was led up a narrow staircase to an ill-

furnished apartment in the second story, where he found a woman in a mean dress, who said to him with a noble and pathetic air, "This employment does not afford me a sufficient maintenance; one of the princes whom thou sawest has seduced me; I shall soon be brought to bed; I want money, and without money there is no lying in." Babouc gave her an hundred darics of gold, saying, "Had there been no other evil in the city but this, Ithuriel would have been to blame for being so much offended."

From thence he went to spend the evening at the house of a tradesman who dealt in magnificent trifles. He was conducted thither by a man of sense, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance. He bought whatever pleased his fancy; and the toyman with great politeness sold him every thing for more than it was worth. On his return home his friend shewed him how much he had been cheated. Babouc set down the name of the tradesman in his pocket-book, in order to point him out to Ithuriel as the object of peculiar vengeance on the day when the city should be punished. As he was writing, he heard somebody knock at the door: this was the toyman himself, who came to restore him his purse, which he had left by mistake on the counter. "How canst thou," cried Babouc, "be so generous and faithful, when thou hast had the assurance to sell me these trifles for four times their value?" "There is not a tradesman," replied the merchant, "of ever so little note in the city, that would not have returned thee thy purse; but whoever said that I sold thee these trifles for four times their value, is greatly mistaken: I sold them for ten times their value;

and this is so true, that wert thou to sell them again in a month hence, thou wouldst not get even this tenth part. But nothing is more just: it is the variable fancies of men that set a value on these baubles; it is this fancy that maintains an hundred workmen whom I employ; it is this that gives me a fine house and a handsome chariot and horses; it is this, in fine, that excites industry, encourages taste, promotes circulation, and produces abundance.

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

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

While the brother was shewing him the magnificence of this house of penitence, a report was spread abroad that Babouc was come to reform all these houses. He immediately received petitions

from each of them, the substance of which was, "Preserve us, and destroy all the rest." On hearing their apologies, all these societies were absolutely necessary; on hearing their mutual accusations, they all deserved to be abolished. He was surprised to find that all the members of these societies were so extremely desirous of edifying the world, that they wished to have it entirely under their dominion.

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

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On his return home, he sent for some new books to alleviate his grief, and, in order to exhilarate his spirits, invited some men of letters to dine with him; when, like wasps attracted by a pot of honey, there came twice as many as he desired. These parasites were equally eager to eat and to speak; they praised two sorts of persons, the dead and themselves; but none of their cotemporaries, except the master of the house. If any of them happened to drop a smart and witty expression, the rest cast down their eyes and bit their lips, out of mere vexation that it had not been said by themselves. They had less dissimulation than the magi, because they had not such grand objects of ambition. Each of them behaved at once with all the meanness of a valet, and all the dignity of a great man. They said to each other's face the most insulting things, which they took for strokes of wit. They had some knowledge of the design of Babouc's commission; one of them entreated him in a low voice to extirpate an author who had not praised him sufficiently about five years before; another requested the ruin of a citizen who had never laughed at his comedies; and a third demanded the destruction of the academy, because he had not been able to get admitted into it. The repast being ended, each of them departed by himself; for in the whole crowd there were not two men that could endure the company or conversation of each other, except at the houses of the rich, who invited them to their tables. Babouc thought that it would be no great loss to the public if all these vermin were destroyed in the general catastrophe.

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

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

“Thou hast read very despicable performances, (said the man of letters;) but in all times, in all countries, and in all kinds of literature, the bad swarm and the good are rare. Thou hast received into thy house the very dregs of pedantry; for, in all professions, those who are least worthy of appearing, are always sure to present themselves with the greatest impudence. The truly wise live among themselves in retirement and tranquillity; and we have still some men and some books worthy of thy attention.” While he was thus speaking, they were joined by another man of letters; and the conversation became so entertaining and instruc-

tive, so elevated above vulgar prejudices, and so conformable to virtue, that Babouc acknowledged he had never heard the like. “These are men, (said he to himself,) whom the angel Ithuriel will not presume to touch, or he must be a merciless being indeed.”

Though reconciled to men of letters, he was still enraged against the rest of the nation. “Thou art a stranger, (said the judicious person who was talking to him;) abuses present themselves to thy eyes in crowds, while the good, which lies concealed, and which is even sometimes the result of these very abuses, escapes thy observation.” He then learned, that among men of letters there were some who were free from envy; and that even among the magi themselves there were some men of virtue. In fine, he concluded that these great bodies, which, by their mutual shocks, seemed to threaten their common ruin, were at bottom very salutary institutions; that each society of magi was a check upon its rivals; and that though these rivals might differ in some speculative points, they all taught the same morals, instructed the people, and lived in subjection to the laws, not unlike to those preceptors who watch over the heir of a family, while the master of the house watches over them. He conversed with several of these magi, and found them possessed of exalted souls. He likewise learned that even among the fools who pretended to make war on the great lama, there had been some men of distinguished merit; and, from all these particulars, he conjectured that it might be with the manners of Persepolis as it was with the buildings;

some of which moved his pity, while others filled him with admiration.

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

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

He led him next day to the grand tribunal, where an affair of great importance was to be decided. The cause was known to all the world. All the old advocates that spoke on the subject were wavering and unsettled in their opinions: they quoted an hundred laws, none of which were applicable to the question. They considered the matter in a hundred different lights, but never in its true point of view. The judges were more

quick in their decision than the advocates in raising doubts. They were unanimous in their sentiments; they decided justly, because they followed the light of reason. The others reasoned falsely, because they only consulted their books.

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

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

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

As he was desirous of prying into the characters of men of every condition, he went to wait on a minister of state; but trembled all the way, lest some wife should be assassinated by her husband in his presence. Having arrived at the statesman's, he was obliged to remain two hours in the anti-chamber before his name was sent in, and two hours more after that was done. In this interval, he resolved to recommend to the angel Ithuriel both the minister and his insolent porters. The anti-chamber was filled with ladies of every rank, magi of all colours, judges, merchants, officers, and pedants; and all of them complained of the minister. The miser and the usurer said, "Doubtless this man plunders the provinces." The capricious reproached him with fickleness; the voluptuary said, "He thinks of nothing but his pleasure." The factious hoped to see him soon ruined by a cabal; and the women flattered themselves that they should soon have a younger minister.

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

The lady conducted Babouc to her own house. The husband, who was at last arrived, overwhelmed with grief, received his wife with transports of joy and gratitude. He embraced by turns his wife, his mistress, the little magi, and Babouc. Wit, harmony, cheerfulness, and all the graces, embellished the repast. "Know, (said the lady with whom he supped) that those who are sometimes called dishonest women, have almost always the merit of very honest men; and to convince thee of this, I invite thee to dine with me to-morrow at the beautiful Theona's. There are some old vestals that tear her character in pieces; but she does more good than all of them together. She would not commit the least act of injustice to gain the greatest advantage; she gives the most generous advice to her lover; she consults only his glory; and he would blush before her, should he let slip any opportunity of doing good; for nothing can more effectually excite a man to the performance of virtuous actions, than to have for the witness and judge of his conduct a mistress whose esteem he wishes to deserve."

Babouc did not fail to keep the appointment. He saw a house where all the pleasures seemed to

reign, with Theona at the head of them, who well knew how to preserve the most perfect order. Her easy wit made all around her happy; she pleased almost without intending to do so; she was as amiable as beneficent; and what enhanced the merit of all her good qualities, she was a beauty.

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

This, however, he did in the following manner: he caused a little statue, composed of all kinds of metals, of earth, and stones the most precious and the most vile, to be cast by one of the best founders in the city, and carried it to Ithuriel. “Wilt thou break, (said he,) this pretty statue, because it is not wholly composed of gold and diamonds?” Ithuriel immediately understood his meaning, and resolved to think no more of punishing Persepolis, but to leave “The world as it goes.” “For, (said he,) if all is not well, all is passable.” Thus Persepolis was suffered to remain; nor did Babouc complain like Jonas, who was so highly incensed at the preservation of Nineveh.

THE TWO COMFORTERS.

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

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

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

"I must relate to you," added the other, "the adventure of a sovereign princess, who, within my memory, was dethroned after supper, and who died in a desert island." "I know her whole history," replied the lady.

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

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

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and

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

MEMNON THE PHILOSOPHER;

OR,

HUMAN WISDOM.

MEMNON one day took it into his head to become a great philosopher. There are few men who have not, at some time or other, conceived the same wild project. Says Memnon to himself, to be a perfect philosopher, and of course to be perfectly happy, I have nothing to do but to divest myself entirely of passions; and nothing is more easy, as every body knows. In the first place, I will never be in love; for, when I see a beautiful woman, I will say to myself, these cheeks will one day grow wrinkled, these eyes be encircled with vermilion, that bosom become flabby and pendant, that head bald and palsied. Now I have only to consider her at present in imagination, as

she will afterwards appear ; and certainly a fair face will never turn my head.

In the second place, I will be always temperate. It will be in vain to tempt me with good cheer, with delicious wines, or the charms of society. I will have only to figure to myself the consequences of excess, an aching head, a loathing stomach, the loss of reason, of health, and of time : I will then only eat to supply the waste of nature ; my health will be always equal, my ideas pure and luminous. All this is so easy, that there is no merit in accomplishing it.

But, says Memnon, I must think a little of how I am to regulate my fortune : why, my desires are moderate, my wealth is securely placed with the Receiver General of the finances of Nineveh : I have wherewithal to live independent ; and that is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be under the cruel necessity of dancing attendance at court ; I will never envy any one, and nobody will envy me : still all this is easy. I have friends, continued he, and I will preserve them, for we shall never have any difference ; I will never take amiss any thing they may say or do ; and they will behave in the same way to me. There is no difficulty in all this.

Having thus laid his little plan of philosophy in his closet, Memnon put his head out of the window. He saw two women walking under the plane-trees near his house. The one was old, and appeared quite at her ease. The other was young, handsome, and seemingly much agitated ; she sighed, she wept, and seemed on that account still more beautiful. Our philosopher was touched,

not, to be sure, with the beauty of the lady, (he was too much determined not to feel any uneasiness of that kind) but with the distress which he saw her in. He came down stairs and accosted the young Ninevite in the design of consoling her with philosophy. That lovely person related to him, with an air of the greatest simplicity, and in the most affecting manner, the injuries she sustained from an imaginary uncle ; with what art he had deprived her of some imaginary property, and of the violence which she pretended to dread from him. “ You appear to me (said she) a man of such wisdom, that if you will condescend to come to my house and examine into my affairs, I am persuaded you will be able to draw me from the cruel embarrassment I am at present involved in.” Memnon did not hesitate to follow her, to examine her affairs philosophically, and to give her sound counsel.

The afflicted lady led him into a perfumed chamber, and politely made him sit down with her on a large sofa, where they both placed themselves opposite to each other, in the attitude of conversation, their legs crossed ; the one eager in telling her story, the other listening with devout attention. The lady spoke with downcast eyes, whence there sometimes fell a tear, and which, as she now and then ventured to raise them, always met those of the sage Memnon. Their discourse was full of tenderness, which redoubled as often as their eyes met. Memnon took her affairs exceedingly to heart, and felt himself every instant more and more inclined to oblige a person so virtuous and so unhappy. By degrees, in the warmth

of conversation, they ceased to sit opposite ; they drew nearer ; their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon counselled her so closely, and gave her such tender advices, that neither of them could talk any longer of business, nor well knew what they were about.

At this interesting moment, as may easily be imagined, who should come in but the uncle ; he was armed from head to foot, and the first thing he said was, that he would immediately sacrifice, as was just, the sage Memnon and his niece ; the latter, who made her escape, knew that he was well enough disposed to pardon, provided a good round sum were offered to him. Memnon was obliged to purchase his safety with all he had about him. In those days people were happy in getting so easily quit. America was not then discovered, and distressed ladies were not nearly so dangerous as they are now.

Memnon, covered with shame and confusion, got home to his own house : there he found a card inviting him to dinner with some of his intimate friends. If I remain at home alone, said he, I shall have my mind so occupied with this vexatious adventure, that I shall not be able to eat a bit, and I shall bring upon myself some disease. It will therefore be prudent in me to go to my intimate friends, and partake with them of a frugal repast. I shall forget, in the sweets of their society, the folly I have this morning been guilty of. Accordingly he attends the meeting ; he is discovered to be uneasy at something, and he is urged to drink and banish care. A little wine, drunk in moderation, comforts the heart of god

and man: so reasons Memnon the philosopher, and he becomes intoxicated. After the repast, play is proposed. A little play, with one's intimate friends, is a harmless pastime: he plays and loses all that is in his purse, and four times as much on his word. A dispute arises on some circumstance in the game, and the disputants grow warm: one of his intimate friends throws a dice-box at his head, and strikes out one of his eyes. The philosopher Memnon is carried home to his house, drunk and pennyless, with the loss of an eye.

He sleeps out his debauch, and when his head has got a little clear, he sends his servant to the Receiver-General of the finances of Nineveh to draw a little money to pay his debt of honour to his intimate friends. The servant returns and informs him, that the Receiver-General had that morning been declared a fraudulent bankrupt, and that by this means an hundred families are reduced to poverty and despair. Memnon, almost beside himself, puts a plaster on his eye, and a petition in his pocket, and goes to court to solicit justice from the king against the bankrupt. In the saloon he meets a number of ladies, all in the highest spirits, and sailing along with hoops four and twenty feet in circumference. One of them, who knew him a little, eyed him askance, and cried aloud, "Ah! what a horrid monster!" Another, who was better acquainted with him, thus accosts him, "Goodmorrow, Mr. Memnon, I hope you are very well, Mr. Memnon: La! Mr. Memnon, how did you lose your eye?" and turning upon her heel, she tripped away without

waiting an answer. Memnon hid himself in a corner, and waited for the moment when he could throw himself at the feet of the monarch. That moment at last arrived. Three times he kissed the earth, and presented his petition. His gracious majesty received him very favourably, and referred the paper to one of his satraps, that he might give him an account of it. The satrap takes Memnon aside, and says to him with a haughty air and satirical grin, “Hark ye, you fellow with the one eye, you must be a comical dog indeed, to address yourself to the king rather than to me; and still more so, to dare to demand justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection, and who is nephew to the waiting-maid of my mistress. Proceed no further in this business, my good friend, if you wish to preserve the eye you have left.”

Memnon having thus, in his closet, resolved to renounce women, the excesses of the table, play and quarreling, but especially having determined never to go to court, had been in the short space of four and twenty hours duped and robbed by a gentle dame, had got drunk, had gamed, had been engaged in a quarrel, had got his eye knocked out, and had been at court, where he was sneered at and insulted.

Petrified with astonishment, and his heart broken with grief, Memnon returns homeward in despair. As he was about to enter his house, he is repulsed by a number of officers who are carrying off his furniture for the benefit of his creditors; he falls down almost lifeless under a plane-tree. There he finds the fair dame of the morning, who was walk-

ing with her dear uncle ; and both set up a loud laugh on seeing Memnon with his plaster. The night approached, and Memnon made his bed on some straw near the walls of his house. Here the ague seized him, and he fell asleep in one of the fits, when a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

It was all resplendent with light ; it had six beautiful wings, but neither feet, nor head, nor tail, and could be likened to nothing. “What art thou?” said Memnon. “Thy good genius,” replied the spirit. “Restore to me then my eye, my health, my fortune, my reason,” said Memnon ; and he related how he had lost them all in one day. “These are adventures which never happen to us in the world we inhabit,” said the spirit. “And what world do you inhabit?” said the man of affliction. “My native country,” replied the other, “is five hundred millions of leagues distant from the sun, in a little star near Sirius, which you see from hence.” “Charming country!” said Memnon : “And are there indeed with you no jades to dupe a poor devil, no intimate friends that win his money and knock out an eye to him, no fraudulent bankrupts, no satraps, that make a jest of you while they refuse you justice?” “No,” said the inhabitant of the star, “we have nothing of what you talk of ; we are never duped by women, because we have none among us ; we never commit excesses at table, because we neither eat nor drink ; we have no bankrupts, because with us there is neither silver nor gold ; our eyes cannot be knocked out, because we have not bodies in the form of yours ; and satraps never do us injustice, because in our

world we are all equal." "Pray, my Lord," then said Memnon, "without women and without eating how do you spend your time?" "In watching," said the genius, "over the other worlds that are entrusted to us; and I am now come to give you consolation." "Alas!" replied Memnon, "why did you not come yesterday to hinder me from committing so many indiscretions?" "I was with your elder brother Hassan," said the celestial being. "He is still more to be pitied than you are. His most gracious majesty, the Sultan of the Indies, in whose court he has the honour to serve, has caused both his eyes to be put out for some small indiscretion; and he is now in a dungeon, his hands and feet loaded with chains." "'Tis a happy thing truly," said Memnon, "to have a good genius in one's family, when out of two brothers one is blind of an eye, the other blind of both; one stretched upon straw, the other in a dungeon." "Your fate will soon change," said the animal of the star. "It is true, you will never recover your eye, but, except that, you may be sufficiently happy if you never again take it into your head to be a perfect philosopher." "Is it then impossible?" said Memnon. "As impossible as to be perfectly wise, perfectly strong, perfectly powerful, perfectly happy. We ourselves are very far from it. There is a world indeed where all this takes place; but, in the hundred thousand millions of worlds dispersed over the regions of space, every thing goes on by degrees. There is less philosophy and less enjoyment in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second, and so forth till the last in the scale, where all are completely fools." "I

am afraid," said Memnon, "that our little terraqueous globe here is the mad-house of those hundred thousand millions of worlds, of which your Lordship does me the honour to speak." "Not quite," said the spirit, "but very nearly: every thing must be in its proper place." "But are those poets and philosophers wrong, then, who tell us that every thing is for the best?" "No, they are right, when we consider things in relation to the gradation of the whole universe." "Oh! I shall never believe it till I recover my eye again," said the poor Memnon.

BABABEC.

WHEN I was in the city of Benarez, on the borders of the Ganges, the country of the ancient Brachmans, I endeavoured to instruct myself in their religion and manners. I understood the Indian language tolerably well. I heard a great deal, and remarked every thing. I lodged at the house of my correspondent Omri, who was the most worthy man I ever knew. He was of the religion of the Bramins: I have the honour to be a Mussulman. We never exchanged one word higher than another about Mahomet or Brama. We performed our ablutions each on his own side; we drank of the same sherbet, and we ate of the same rice, as if we had been two brothers.

One day we went together to the pagoda of Gavani. There we saw several bands of Faquirs;

some of whom were Janguis, that is to say, contemplative Faquirs; and others disciples of the ancient Gymnosophists, who led an active life. They have all a learned language peculiar to themselves; it is that of the most ancient Brachmans; and they have a book written in this language, which they call the Hanscrit. It is, beyond all contradiction, the most ancient book in all Asia, not excepting the Zend.

I happened to cross a Faquir, who was reading in this book. Ah! wretched infidel! cried he, thou hast made me lose a number of vowels that I was counting, which will occasion my soul to pass into the body of a hare instead of that of a parrot, with which I had before the greatest reason to flatter myself. I gave him a roupee to comfort him for the accident. In going a few paces farther, I had the misfortune to sneeze; the noise I made roused a Faquir who was in a trance. Heavens! cried he, what a dreadful noise! Where am I? I can no longer see the tip of my nose*! the heavenly light has disappeared. If I am the cause, said I, of your seeing further than the length of your nose, here is a roupee to repair the injury I have done you: squint again, and resume the heavenly light.

Having thus brought myself off discreetly enough, I passed over to the side of the Gymnosophists, several of whom brought me a parcel of mighty pretty nails to drive into my arms and thighs, in honour of Brama. I bought their nails,

* When the Faquirs have a mind to see the heavenly light, which very frequently happens with them, they turn their eyes downwards towards the tip of their nose.

and made use of them to fasten down my boxes. Others were dancing upon their hands, others cut capers on the slack rope, and others went always upon one foot. There were some who dragged a heavy chain about with them, and others carried a pack-saddle; some had their heads always in a bushel; the best people in the world to live with. My friend Omri carried me to the cell of one of the most famous of these. His name was Bababec: he was as naked as he was born, and had a great chain about his neck, that weighed upwards of sixty pounds. He sat on a wooden chair, very neatly decorated with little points of nails, that run into his body; and you would have thought he had been sitting on a velvet cushion. Numbers of women flocked to him to consult him: he was the oracle of all the families in the neighbourhood; and was, truly speaking, in great reputation. I was witness to a long conversation that Omri had with him. Do you think, father, said my friend, that, after having gone through seven metempsychoses, I may at length arrive at the habitation of Brama? That is as it may happen, said the Faquir. What sort of life do you lead? I endeavour, answered Omri, to be a good subject, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend: I lend money without interest to the rich who want it, and I give it to the poor: I preserve peace amongst my neighbours. But have you ever run nails into your body? demanded the Bramin. Never, reverend father. I am sorry for it, replied the father; very sorry for it, indeed: it is a thousand pities; but you will certainly not reach above the nineteenth heaven. No higher! said Omri. In truth, I am very well contented

with my lot. What is it to me whether I go into the nineteenth or the twentieth, provided I do my duty in my pilgrimage, and am well received at the end of my journey? Is it not as much as one can desire, to live with a fair character in this world, and be happy with Brama in the next? And pray what heaven do you think of going to, good master Bababec, with your nails and your chain? Into the thirty-fifth, said Bababec. I admire your modesty, replied Omri, to pretend to be better lodged than me: this is surely the mere effects of an excessive ambition. How can you, who condemn others that covet honours in this world, arrogate such distinguished ones to yourself in the next? What right have you to be better treated than me? Know, that I bestow more alms to the poor in ten days, than the nails you run into your body cost for ten years! What is it to Brama, that you pass the whole day stark naked with a chain about your neck? This is doing a notable service to your country, doubtless! I have a thousand times more esteem for the man who sows pulse, or plants trees for all your tribe, than they who look at the tip of their noses, or carry a pack-saddle to shew their magnanimity. Having finished this speech, Omri softened his voice, embraced the Bramin, and, with an endearing sweetness, besought him to throw aside his nails and his chain, to go home with him, and live with decency and comfort. The Faquir was persuaded: he was washed clean, rubbed with essences and perfumes, and clad in a decent habit: he lived a fortnight in this manner, behaved with prudence and wisdom, and acknowledged that he was a thousand times more happy than before:

but he lost his credit among the people; the women no longer crowded to consult him: he therefore quitted the house of the friendly Omri, and returned to his nails and his chain, to regain his reputation.

THE
HURON;
OR,
PUPIL OF NATURE.

CHAPTER I.

ONE day, Saint Dunstan, an Irishman by nation, and a saint by trade, left Ireland on a small mountain, which took its route towards the coast of France, and set his saintship down in the bay of St. Malo's: when he had dismounted, he gave his blessing to the mountain, which, after some profound bows, took its leave, and returned to its former place.

Here St. Dunstan laid the foundation of a small priory, and gave it the name of the Priory Mountain, which it still keeps, as every body knows.

In the year 1689, the fifteenth day of July, in the evening, the abbot Kerkabon, prior of our

Lady of the Mountain, happened to take the air along the shore with Miss Kerkabon his sister: the prior, who was a little declined in age, was a very good clergyman, beloved by his neighbours, after having been so formerly by their wives. What added most to the respect that was paid him was, that among all his clerical neighbours, he was the only one that could walk to his bed after supper: he was tolerably read in theology; and when he was tired of reading St. Augustin, he refreshed himself with Rabelais; so all the world spoke well of him.

Miss Kerkabon, who had never been married, notwithstanding her hearty wishes so to be, had preserved a freshness of complexion in her forty-fifth year: her character was that of a good and sensible woman: she was fond of pleasure, and was a devotee.

As they were walking, the prior, looking on the sea, said to his sister, "It was here, alas! that our poor brother embarked with our dear sister-in-law, Madam Kerkabon, his wife, on board the Swallow frigate, in 1669, to serve the king in Canada: had he not been killed, probably we might see him again."

"Do you believe," says Miss Kerkabon, "that our sister-in-law has been eaten by the Cherokees, as we have been told?" "Certain it is, had she not been eaten, she would have come back; I shall weep for her all my life-time: she was a charming woman; and our brother, who had a great deal of wit, would no doubt have made a fortune."

Thus were they going on with mutual tender-

ness, when they beheld a small vessel enter the bay of Rence with the tide: it was from England, and came to sell provisions: the crew leaped on shore without looking at the prior, or Miss his sister, who were shocked at the little attention shewn them.

That was not the behaviour of a well-made youth, who, darting himself over the heads of his companions, stood on a sudden before Miss Kerkabon. Being unaccustomed to bowing, he made her a sign with his head. His figure and his dress attracted the notice of brother and sister: his head was uncovered, and his legs bare; instead of shoes, he wore a kind of sandals: from his head his long hair flowed in tresses; a small close doublet displayed the beauty of his shape; he had a sweet and martial air; in one hand he held a small bottle of Barbadoes water, and in the other a bag, in which he had a goblet and some sea-biscuit: he spoke French very intelligibly: he offered some of the Barbadoes to Miss Kerkabon and her brother: he drank with them, he made them drink a second time, and all this with an air of such native simplicity, that quite charmed brother and sister. They offered him their service, and asked him who he was, and whither going? The young man answered, "That he knew not where he should go; that he had some curiosity; that he had a desire to see the coast of France; that he had seen it, and should return."

The prior, judging by his accent that he was not an Englishman, took the liberty of asking of what country he was. "I am a Huron," answered the youth.

Miss Kerkabon, amazed and enchanted to see a Huron who had behaved so politely to her, begged the young man's company to supper : he complied immediately, and all three went together to the priory of our Lady of the Mountain. This short and round Miss devoured him with her little eyes, and said from time to time to her brother, " This tall lad has a complexion of lilies and roses ; what a fine skin he has for a Huron ! " " Very true, sister," says the prior. She put a hundred questions, one after another, and the traveller answered always pertinently.

The report was soon spread that there was a Huron at the priory : all the genteel company of the country came to supper. The Abbot of St. Yves came with Miss his sister, a fine, handsome, well-educated girl : the bailiff, the tax-gatherer, and their wives, came all together. The foreigner was seated between Miss Kerkabon and Miss St. Yves ; the company eyed him with admiration ; they all questioned him together. This did not confound the Huron ; he seemed to have taken Lord Bolingbroke's motto, *Nihil admirari* ; but at last tired out with so much noise, he told them in a sweet, but serious tone, " Gentlemen, in my country one talks after another ; how can I answer you, if you will not allow me to hear you ? " Reasoning always brings people to a momentary reflection ; they were all silent. Mr. Bailiff, who always made a property of a foreigner wherever he found him, and who was the first man for asking questions in the province, opening a mouth of half a foot, began : " Sir, what is your name ? " " I have always been called the *Ingenu*, answered

the Huron; and the English have confirmed that name, because I always speak as I think, and act as I like." "But being born a Huron, how could you come to England?" "I have been carried thither; I was made prisoner by the English after some resistance, and the English, who love brave people, because they are brave and as honest as we, proposed to me, either to return to my family, or go with them to England. I accepted the latter, having naturally a relish for travelling." "But, Sir," says the bailiff with his usual gravity, "how could you think of abandoning father and mother?" "Because I never knew either father or mother," says the foreigner. This moved the company; they all repeated, "Neither *father* nor *mother*!" "We will be in their stead," says the mistress of the house to her brother the prior: "how interesting this Huron gentleman is!" The Ingenu thanked her with a noble and proud cordiality, and gave her to understand, that he wanted the assistance of nobody.

"I perceive, Mr. Huron," said the huge bailiff, "that you talk better French than can be expected from an Indian." "A Frenchman," answered he, "whom they had made prisoner when I was a boy, and with whom I contracted a great friendship, taught it me. I presently learn what I like to learn. When I came to Plymouth, I met with one of your French refugees, whom you, I know not why, call Huguenots: he improved my knowledge of your language, and as soon as I could express myself intelligibly, I came to see your country, because I like the French well enough, if they do not put too many questions."

Notwithstanding this small advertisement, the Abbé of St. Yves asked him, which of the three languages pleased him best, the Huron, English, or French? “The Huron, to be sure,” answered the Ingenu. “Is it possible?” cries Miss Kerkabon; “I always thought the French was the first of all languages, after that of Low-Brittany.”

They were all eager to know how, in Huron, they asked for snuff? He replied, “*Taya.*” “What signifies to eat?” “*Essenten.*” Miss Kerkabon was impatient to know how they called “to make love?” He informed her, *Trovander*; and insisted on it, not without reason, that these words were well worth their synonymas in French and English. *Trovander*, especially, seemed very pretty to all the company. The prior, who had in his library a Huron grammar, which had been given by the Rev. Father Sagar Theodat, a recollect and famous missionary, rose from the table to consult it: he returned quite panting with tenderness and joy; he acknowledged the foreigner for a true Huron: the company speculated a little on the multiplicity of languages; and all agreed, that had it not been for the affair of the Tower of Babel, all the world would have spoken French.

The inquisitive bailiff, who till then had some suspicions of the foreigner, conceived the deepest respect for him; he spoke to him with more civility than before, and the Huron took no notice of it.

Miss St. Yves was very curious to know how people made love among the Hurons. “In performing great actions to please such as resemble

you." All the company admired and applauded, Miss St. Yves blushed, and was extremely well pleased. Miss Kerkabon blushed likewise, but was not so well pleased; she was a little piqued that this gallantry was not addressed to her; but she was so good-natured, that her affection for the Huron was not diminished at all. She asked him, with great complacency, how many mistresses he had at home? "Only one," answered the foreigner; "Miss Abacaba, the good friend of my dear nurse. The reed is not more straight, ermine is not more white, no lamb meeker, no eagle fiercer, nor stag swifter, than was my Abacaba. One day she pursued a hare not above fifty leagues from my habitation: a base Algonquin, who dwells an hundred leagues farther, took her hare from her. I was told of it; I ran thither, and with one stroke of my club levelled him with the ground. I brought him to the feet of my mistress, bound hand and foot. Abacaba's parents were for eating him, but I always had a disrelish for such kind of dishes; I set him at liberty, I made him my friend. Abacaba was so pleased with my conduct, that she preferred me to all her lovers: how would she continue to love me, had she not been devoured by a bear! I slew the bear, and wore his hide a long while; but that has not comforted me."

Miss St. Yves felt a secret pleasure at hearing that Abacaba had been his only mistress, and that she was no more; yet she understood not the cause of her own pleasure. All eyes were rivetted on the Huron, and he was much applauded for delivering an Algonquin from the spits of his countrymen.

The merciless bailiff was now grown so furious,

that he even asked the Huron what religion he was of; whether he had chosen the English, the French, or that of the Huguenots? "I am of my own religion," said he, "just as you are of yours." "Lord!" cried Miss Kerkabon, "I see already that those wretched English have not once thought of baptizing him!" "Good God," said Miss St. Yves, "how is it possible! how is it possible the Hurons should not be Roman Catholics! Have not those reverend fathers the Jesuits converted all the world!" The Huron assured her, "that in his country nobody was converted, that no true American had ever changed his opinion, and that there was not in their language a word to express inconstancy."

These last words extremely pleased Miss St. Yves. "Oh! we'll baptize him, we'll baptize him," said Miss Kerkabon to the prior; "you shall have that honour, my dear brother, and I will be his godmother; the Abbot St. Yves shall present him at the font; it will make a fine appearance; it will be talked of all over Brittany, and do us the greatest honour." The company were all of the same mind with the mistress of the house; they all cried, "We'll baptize him." The Huron interrupted them, by saying, "that in England every one was allowed to live as he pleased." He rather shewed some aversion to the proposal which was made, and could not help telling them, that the laws of the Hurons were to the full as good as those of Low Brittany:" he finished with saying, "that he should return the next day." The bottles grew empty, and the company went to bed.

After the Huron had been conducted to his

room, Miss Kerkabon and her friend Miss St. Yves could not help peeping through the key-hole, to see how a Huron went to bed: they saw that he spread the blankets on the floor, and laid himself down upon them in the finest attitude in the world.

CHAPTER II.

The Huron, called the Ingenu, acknowledged by his relations.

The Ingenu, according to custom, awoke with the sun, at the crowing of the cock, which is called in England and Huronia, “the trumpet of the day.” He did not imitate what is styled good company, who languish in the bed of indolence till the sun has performed half his career, unable to sleep, but not disposed to rise, and lose so many precious hours in that doubtful state, between life and death, and who nevertheless complain that life is too short.

He had already traversed two or three leagues, and killed fifteen brace of game, with ball only, when, upon his return, he found the prior of our Lady of the Mountain, with his discreet sister, walking in their night-caps in their little garden. He presented them with the spoils of his morning labour, and taking from his bosom a kind of little talisman, which he constantly wore about his neck, he intreated them to accept of it as an acknowledgment for the kind reception they had given him: “It is,” said he, “the most valuable thing I am possessed of: I have been assured that I shall always be happy whilst I carry this little toy

about me ; and I give it you that you may be always happy."

The prior and Miss smiled with pity at the frankness of the Ingenu. This present consisted of two little portraits very ill done, tied together with a greasy string.

Miss Kerkabon asked him, if there were any painters in Huronia? "No," replied the Ingenu, "I had this curiosity from my nurse ; her husband had obtained it by conquest, in stripping some of the French of Canada, who had made war upon us ; this is all I know of the matter."

The prior looked attentively upon these pictures, whilst he changed colour, his hands trembled, and he seemed much affected: "By our Lady of the Mountain," he cried out, "I believe these to be the faces of the captain my brother, and his lady." Miss, after having consulted them with the like emotion, thought the same. They were both struck with astonishment and joy blended with grief: they both melted, they both wept, their hearts throbbed, and during their disorder, the pictures were interchanged between them at least twenty times in a second. They seemed to devour the Huron's pictures with their eyes ; they asked one after another, and even both at once, at what time, in what place, and how these miniatures fell into the hands of the nurse? they reckoned and computed the time from the captain's departure ; they recollected having received advice, that he had penetrated as far as the country of the Hurons ; and from that time they had never heard any thing more of him.

The Huron had told them, that he had never known either father or mother. The prior, who

was a man of sense, observed, “that he had a little beard, and he knew very well that the Hurons never had any. His chin was somewhat hairy; he was therefore the son of an European. My brother and sister-in-law were never seen after the expedition against the Hurons, in 1669. My nephew must then have been sucking at the breast; the Huron nurse has preserved his life, and been a mother to him.” At length, after an hundred questions and answers, the prior and his sister concluded that the Huron was their own nephew. They embraced him, whilst tears streamed from their eyes: and the Huron laughed to think, that an Indian should be nephew to a prior of Lower Brittany.

All the company went down stairs. Mr. de St. Yves, who was a great physiognomist, compared the two pictures with the Huron’s countenance: they observed very skilfully, that he had the mother’s eyes, the forehead and nose of the late Captain Kerkabon, and the cheeks common to both.

Miss St. Yves, who had never seen either father or mother, was strenuously of opinion, that the young man had a perfect resemblance of them. They all admired providence and the concatenation of events of this world. In a word, they were so persuaded, so convinced of the birth of the Huron, that he himself consented to be the prior’s nephew, saying, “that he would as soon have him for his uncle as another.”

He went to return thanks in the church of our Lady of the Mountain; whilst the Huron, with an air of indifference, amused himself with drinking in the house.

The English who had brought him over, and

who were ready to set sail, came to tell him that it was time to depart. "Probably," said he to them, "you have not met with any of your uncles or aunts; I shall stay here, go you back to Plymouth. I give you all my cloaths, as I have no longer occasion for any thing in this world, since I am the nephew of a prior." The English set sail, without being at all concerned whether the Huron had any relations or not in Lower Brittany.

After the uncles, the aunt, and the company had sung *Te Deum*; after the bailiff had once more overwhelmed the Huron with questions; after they had exhausted all their astonishment, joy, and tenderness, the Prior of the Mountain and the Abbé of St. Yves concluded that the Huron should be baptized with all possible expedition. But the case was very different with a tall robust Indian of twenty-two, and an infant who is regenerated without his knowing any thing of the matter. It was necessary to instruct him, and this appeared difficult; for the Abbé of St. Yves supposed, that a man, who was not born in France, could not be endued with common sense.

The prior indeed observed to the company, "that though, in fact, the ingenuous gentleman his nephew was not so fortunate as to be born in Lower Brittany, he was not, upon that account, any way deficient in sense, which might be concluded from all his answers; and that, doubtless, nature had greatly favoured him, as well on his father as on his mother's side."

He then was asked, if he had ever read any book? He said, "he had read Rabelais translated into English, and some passages in Shakespeare, which he knew by heart; and that these books be-

longed to the captain, on board of whose ship he came from America to Plymouth; and that he was very well pleased with them." The bailiff failed not putting many questions to him concerning these books. "I acknowledge," said the Huron, "I thought I understood some things, but not the whole."

The Abbé of St. Yves reflected upon this discourse, that it was in this manner he had always read, and that most men read no other way. "You have," said he to the Huron, "doubtless read the bible." "Never, Mr. Abbé: it was not among the captain's books; I never heard it mentioned." "This is the way of those cursed English," said Miss Kerkabon; "they mind more a piece of Shakespeare's, a plum-pudding, or a bottle of rum, than they do to the Pentateuch. For this reason they have never converted any Indians in America. They are certainly cursed by God; and we shall conquer Jamaica and Virginia from them in a very short time."

Be this as it may, the most skilful tailor in all St. Malo was sent for, to dress the Huron from head to foot. The company separated, and the bailiff went elsewhere to display his inquisitiveness. Miss St. Yves, in parting, returned several times to observe the young stranger, and made him lower courtesies than ever she did any one in her life.

The bailiff, before he took his leave, presented to Miss Yves a stupid dolt of a son, just come from the college; but she scarce looked at him, so much was she taken up with the politeness of the Huron.

CHAPTER III.

The Huron converted.

The prior finding that he was somewhat advanced in years, and that God had sent him a nephew for his consolation, took it into his head that he would resign his benefice in his favour, if he succeeded in baptizing him, and of making him enter into orders.

The Huron had an excellent memory. The firmness of the organs of Lower Brittany, strengthened by the climate of Canada, had made his head so vigorous, that when he was struck upon it, he scarce felt it; and when any thing was graven in it, nothing could efface it; nothing had ever escaped his memory. His conception was the more sure and lively, by reason that his infancy not having been loaded with useless fooleries, which overwhelm ours, things entered into his head without being clouded. The prior at length resolved to make him read the New Testament; the Huron devoured it with great pleasure; but not knowing at what time, or in what country, all the adventures related in this book had happened, he did not in the least doubt that the scene of action had been in Lower Brittany; and he swore, that he would cut off Caiphas and Pontius Pilate's ears, if ever he met those scoundrels.

His uncle, charmed with these good dispositions, soon brought him to the point; he applauded his zeal, but at the same time acquainted him, that it

was needless, as these people had been dead upwards of 1690 years. The Huron soon got the whole book by heart. He sometimes proposed difficulties that greatly embarrassed the prior. He was often obliged to consult the Abbé St. Yves, who not knowing what to answer, brought a Jesuit of Lower Brittany to perfect the conversion of the Huron.

Grace, at length, operated ; and the Huron promised to become a Christian. He did not doubt but that the first step was circumcision.

The prior rectified the Huron's mistake, representing to him, that circumcision was no longer in fashion ; that baptism was much more gentle and salutary ; that the law of grace was not like the law of rigour. The Huron, who had much good sense, and was well disposed, disputed, but soon acknowledged his error, which seldom happens in Europe among disputants ; in a word, he promised to let himself be baptized whenever they pleased.

It was necessary that he should go previously to confession ; and this was the greatest difficulty to surmount. The Huron had constantly in his pocket the book his uncle gave him. He did not there find that a single apostle had ever been confessed ; and this made him very restive. The prior silenced him, by shewing him, in the epistle of St. James the Minor, these words : *Confess your sins to one another.* The Huron was mute, and confessed his sins to a recollet. When he had done, he dragged the recollet from the confessional chair, and seizing him with a vigorous arm, placed himself in his seat, making the recollet kneel before

him ; “ Come, my friend, it is said *we must confess our sins to one another* ; I have related to you my sins, and you shall not stir till you recount yours.” Whilst he said this, he fixed his great knee against his adversary’s stomach. The recollet roared and groaned, till he made the church re-echo. The noise brought people to his assistance, who found the catechumen cuffing the monk in the name of St. James the Minor. The joy diffused at the baptizing at once a Low-Breton, a Huron, and an Englishman, surmounted all these singularities. There were even some theologians of opinion that confession was not necessary, as baptism supplied the place of every thing.

The Bishop of St. Malo was chosen for the ceremony, who flattered, as may be believed, at baptizing a Huron, arrived in a pompous equipage, followed by his clergy. Miss St. Yves put on her best gown to bless God, and sent for a hairdresser from St. Malo’s, to shine at the ceremony. The inquisitive bailiff brought the whole country with him. The church was magnificently ornamented. But when the Huron was summoned to attend the baptismal font, he was not to be found.

His uncle and aunt sought for him every where. It was imagined that he was gone a-hunting, according to his usual custom. Every one convened to the festival, searched the neighbouring woods and villages ; but no intelligence could be obtained of the Huron. They began to fear he was returned to England. Some remembered that he had said that he was fond of that country. The prior and his sister were persuaded that nobody was baptized there, and were troubled for their

nephew's soul. The bishop was confounded, and ready to return home ; the prior and the Abbé of St. Yves were in despair ; the bailiff interrogated all passengers with his usual gravity ; Miss Kerkabon melted into tears ; Miss St. Yves did not weep, but she vented such deep sighs, as seemed to testify her sacramental disposition. They were walking in this melancholy mood, among the willows and reeds upon the banks of the little river Rence, when they perceived in the middle of the stream a large figure, tolerably white, with its two arms across its breast. They screamed out, and ran away. But curiosity being stronger than any other consideration, they slipt softly among the reeds ; and when they were pretty certain they could not be seen, they were willing to descry what it was.

CHAPTER IV.

The Huron baptized.

The prior and the abbé having run to the river side, they asked the Huron what he was doing? "In faith," said he, "gentlemen, I am waiting to be baptized. I have been an hour in the water up to my neck, and I do not think it is civil to let me be quite spent." "My dear nephew," said the prior to him tenderly, "this is not the way of being baptized in Lower Brittany; put on your clothes, and come with us."

The Huron, however, replied to the prior, "You will not make me believe you now as you

did before ; I have studied very well since, and I am very certain there is no other kind of baptism. The eunuch of Queen Candace was baptized in a rivulet. I defy you to shew me in the book you gave me, that people were ever baptized in any other way. I either will not be baptized at all, or the ceremony shall be performed in the river." It was in vain to remonstrate to him that customs were altered. He always recurred to the eunuch of Queen Candace. And though Miss and his aunt, who had observed him through the willows, were authorised to tell him, that he had no right to quote such a man, they nevertheless said nothing ;—so great was their discretion. The bishop came himself to speak to him, which was a great thing ; but he could not prevail ; the Huron disputed with the bishop.

" Shew me," said he, " in the book my uncle gave me, one single man that was not baptized in a river, and I will do whatever you please."

His aunt, in despair, had observed, that the first time her nephew bowed, he made a much lower bow to Miss St. Yves than to any one in the company ; that he had not even saluted the bishop with so much respect, blended with cordiality, as he did that agreeable young lady. She thought it adviseable to apply to her in this great embarrassment ; she entreated her to use her influence to engage the Huron to be baptized according to the custom of Brittany, thinking that her nephew could never be a Christian if he persisted in being christened in the stream.

Miss St. Yves blushed at the secret joy she felt in being appointed to execute so important a com-

mission. She modestly approached the Huron, and squeezing his hand in quite a noble manner, she said to him, "What! will you do nothing to please me?" and, in uttering these words, she raised her eyes from a downcast look into a graceful tenderness. "Oh! yes, Miss, every thing you require, all that you command, whether it is to be baptized in water, fire, or blood;—there is nothing I can refuse you." Miss St. Yves had the glory of effecting, in two words, what neither the importunities of the prior, the repeated interrogations of the bailiff, nor the reasoning of the bishop, could effect. She was sensible of her triumph; but she was not yet sensible of its utmost latitude.

Baptism was administered, and received with all the decency, magnificence, and propriety possible. His uncle and aunt yielded to the Abbé St. Yves and his sister the favour of supporting the Huron upon the font. Miss St. Yves's eyes sparkled with joy at being a godmother. She was ignorant how much this high title subjected her; she accepted the honour, without being acquainted with its fatal consequences.

As there never was any ceremony that was not followed by a good dinner, the company took their seats at table after the christening. The humourists of Lower Brittany said "they did not chuse to have their wine baptized." The prior said, "that wine, according to Solomon, cherished the heart of man." The bishop added, that the Patriarch Judah ought to have tied his ass-colt to the vine, and steeped his cloak in the blood of the grape; and that he was sorry the same could not be done in Lower Brittany, to which God had not allotted vines." Every one endeavoured to

say a good thing upon the Huron's christening, and strokes of gallantry to the godmother. The bailiff, ever interrogating, asked the Huron, "if he was faithful in keeping his promises?" "How," said he, "can I fail keeping them, since I have deposited them in the hands of Miss St. Yves?"

The Huron grew warm; he had drank plentifully his godmother's health. "If," said he, "I had been baptized with your hand, I feel that the water which was poured on the nape of my neck would have burnt me." The bailiff thought that this was too poetical, being ignorant that allegory is a familiar figure in Canada. But his godmother was very well pleased.

The Huron had, at his baptism, received the name of Hercules. The bishop of St. Malo frequently enquired, who was this tutelar saint, whom he had never heard mentioned before? The Jesuit, who was very learned, told him, "that he was a saint who had wrought twelve miracles. There was a thirteenth, which was well worth the other twelve, but it was not proper for a Jesuit to mention it."

CHAPTER V.

The Huron in love.

It must be acknowledged, that from the time of this christening and the dinner, Miss St. Yves passionately wished that the bishop would make her again an assistant with Mr. Hercules in some other fine ceremony. However, as she was well brought up, and very modest, she did not dare en-

tirely agree with herself in regard to these tender sentiments ; but if a look, a word, a gesture, a thought, escaped from her, she concealed it admirably well under the veil of modesty. She was tender, lively, and sagacious.

As soon as the bishop was gone, the Huron and Miss St. Yves met together, without thinking they were in search of one another. They spoke together, without premeditating what they said. The sincere youth immediately declared, “ that he loved her with all his heart ; and that the beauteous Abacaba, with whom he had been desperately in love in his own country, was far inferior to her.” Miss replied, with her usual modesty, “ that the prior her uncle, and the lady her aunt, should be spoken to immediately ; and that, on her side, she would say a few words to her dear brother the Abbé of St. Yves, and that she flattered herself it would meet with no opposition.”

The youth replied, “ that the consent of any one was entirely superfluous, that it appeared to him extremely ridiculous to go and ask others what they were to do ; that when two parties were agreed, there was no occasion for a third, to accomplish their union. I never consult any one,” said he, “ when I have a mind to breakfast, to hunt, or to sleep ; I am sensible, that in love it is not amiss to have the consent of the person whom we wish for ; but as I am neither in love with my uncle nor my aunt, I have no occasion to address myself to them in this affair ; and if you will believe me, you may equally dispense with the advice of the Abbé of St. Yves.”

It may be supposed that the young lady exerted all the delicacy of her wit to bring her Huron to

the terms of good breeding. She was even angry, but soon softened. In a word, it cannot be said how this conversation would have ended, if the declining day had not brought the abbé to conduct his sister home. The Huron left his uncle and aunt to rest, being somewhat fatigued with the ceremony, and their long dinner. He passed part of the night in writing verses in the Huron language, upon his well-beloved; for it should be known, there is no country where love has not rendered lovers poets.

The next day his uncle spoke to him in the following manner, after breakfast, in the presence of Miss Kerkabon, who was quite melted at the discourse: "Heaven be praised, that you have the honour, my dear nephew, to be a Christian of Lower Brittany! But this is not enough; I am somewhat advanced in years: my brother has left only a little bit of ground, which is a very small matter; I have a good priory. If you will only make yourself sub-deacon, as I hope you will, I will resign my priory in your favour; and you will live quite at your ease, after having been the consolation of my old age."

The Huron replied, "Uncle, much good may it do you; live as long as you can. I do not know what it is to be a sub-deacon, or what it is to resign; but every thing will be agreeable to me, provided I have Miss St. Yves at my disposal." "Good God, nephew! what is it you say? You love that beautiful young lady to distraction!" "Yes, uncle." "Alas! nephew, it is impossible you should ever marry her." "It is very possible, uncle; for she did not only squeeze my hand when she left me, but she promised she would ask

me in marriage: I certainly shall wed her." "It is impossible, I tell you, she is your godmother: it is a dreadful sin for a godmother to give her hand to her godson; it is contrary to all laws, human and divine." "Why the deuce, uncle, should it be forbidden to marry one's godmother, when she is young and handsome? I did not find, in the book you gave, that it was wrong to marry young women who assisted at christenings. I perceive, every day, that an infinite number of things are done here which are not in your book, and nothing is done that is said in it. I must acknowledge to you, that this astonishes and displeases me. If I am deprived of the charming Miss St. Yves on account of my baptism, I give you notice, that I will run away with her and unbaptize myself."

The prior was confounded; his sister wept. "My dear brother," said she, "our nephew must not damn himself; our holy father the Pope can give him a dispensation, and then he may be happy, in a christian-like manner, with the person he likes." The ingenuous Hercules embraced his aunt: "For goodness sake," said he, "who is this charming man, who is so gracious as to promote the amours of girls and boys? I will go and speak to him this instant."

The dignity and character of the Pope was explained to him, and the Huron was still more astonished than before. "My dear uncle," said he, "there is not a word of all this in your book; I have travelled, and am acquainted with the sea; we are now upon the coast of the ocean, and I must leave Miss St. Yves, to go and ask leave to have her of a man who lives towards the Mediterranean, 400 leagues from hence, and whose lan-

guage I do not understand ! This is most incomprehensibly ridiculous ! But I will go first to the Abbé of St. Yves, who lives only a league from hence ; and I promise you I will wed my mistress before night."

Whilst he was yet speaking, the bailiff entered, and, according to his usual custom, asked him where he was going ? " I am going to be married," replied the ingenuous Hercules, running along ; and in less than a quarter of an hour he was with his charming dear mistress, who was still asleep. " Ah ! my dear brother," said Miss Kerkabon to the prior, " you will never make a sub-deacon of our nephew."

The bailiff was very much displeased at this journey ; for he laid claim to Miss St. Yves in favour of his son, who was a still greater and more insupportable fool than his father.

CHAPTER VI.

The Huron flies to his mistress, and becomes quite furious.

No sooner had the ingenuous Hercules reached the house, than having asked his old servant, which was his mistress's apartment ; he forced open the door, which was badly fastened, and flew towards the bed.

The alarming outcries of the lady brought the sagacious Abbé de St. Yves with his house-keeper, an old devotee servant, and the parish priest. The sight of these moderated the courage of the assailant. " Good God !" cried the abbé, " my

dear neighbour, what are you about?" "My duty," replied the young man; "I am fulfilling my promises, which are sacred."

Miss St. Yves adjusted herself, not without blushing. The lover was conducted into another apartment. The abbé demonstrated to him the enormity of his conduct. The Huron defended himself upon the privileges of the law of nature, which he understood perfectly well. The abbé maintained, that the law positive should be allowed all its advantages; and that without conventions agreed on between men, the law of nature must almost constantly be nothing more than natural felony. Notaries, priests, witnesses, contracts, and dispensations, are absolutely necessary." The ingenuous Hercules made answer with the observation constantly adopted by savages; "You are then very great rogues, since so many precautions are necessary."

This remark somewhat disconcerted the abbé. "There are, I acknowledge, libertines and cheats among us, and there would be as many among the Hurons, if they were united in a great city: but, at the same time, we have discreet, honest, enlightened people; and these are the men who have framed the laws. The more upright we are, the more readily we should submit to them, as we thereby set an example to the vicious, who respect those bounds which virtue has given herself."

This answer struck the Huron. It has already been observed, that his mind was well disposed. He was softened by flattering speeches, which promised him hopes; all the world is caught in these snares; and Miss St. Yves herself appeared, after

having been at her toilet. Every thing was now conducted with the utmost good breeding. But notwithstanding this decorum, the sparkling eyes of the ingenuous Hercules constantly made his mistress blush, and the company tremble.

It was with much difficulty he was sent back to his relations. It was again necessary for the charming Miss St. Yves to interfere; the more she found the influence she had upon him, the more she loved him. She made him depart, and was much afflicted at it: at length, when he was gone, the abbé, who was not only Miss St. Yves's elder brother by many years, but was also her guardian, endeavoured to wean his ward from the importunities of this dreadful lover. He went to consult the bailiff, who had always intended his son for the abbé's sister, and who advised him to place the poor girl in a convent. This was a terrible stroke: such a measure would to a young lady unaffected with any particular passion, have been inexpressible punishment; but to a love-sick maid, equally sagacious and tender, it was despair itself.

When the ingenuous Hercules returned to the prior's, he related all that had happened with his usual frankness. He met with the same remonstrances, which had some effect upon his mind, though none upon his senses; but the next day, when he wanted to return to his mistress, in order to reason with her upon the law of nature and the law of convention, the bailiff acquainted him, with insulting joy, that she was in a convent. "Very well," said he, "I'll go and reason with her in this convent." "That cannot be," said the bailiff: and then entered into a long explanation of the

nature of a convent, telling him that this word was derived from *conventus*, in the Latin, which signifies “an assembly;” and the Huron could not comprehend why he might not be admitted into this assembly. As soon as he was informed that this assembly was a kind of a prison in which girls were shut up, a shocking institution, unknown in Huronia and England, he became as furious as was his patron Hercules, when Euritus, King of Oechalia, no less cruel than the Abbé of St. Yves, refused him the beauteous Iola, his daughter, not inferior in beauty to the abbé’s sister. He was upon the point of going to set fire to the convent, to carry off his mistress, or be burnt with her. Miss Kerkabon, terrified at such a declaration, gave up all hopes of ever seeing her nephew a sub-deacon; and weeping, said, “The devil was certainly in him since he had been christened.”

CHAPTER VII.

The Huron repulses the English.

The ingenuous Hercules walked towards the sea-coast, wrapped in a deep and gloomy melancholy, with his doubled-charged fusee upon his shoulder, and his cutlass by his side, shooting now and then a bird, and often tempted to shoot himself; but he had still some affection for life, for the sake of his dear mistress, by turns execrating his uncle and aunt, all Lower Brittany, and his christening; then blessing them, as they had introduced him to the knowledge of her he loved.

He resolved upon going to burn the convent, and he stopt short for fear of burning his mistress. The waves of the Channel are not more agitated by the easterly and westerly winds, than was his heart by so many contrary emotions.

He was walking very fast along, without knowing whither he was going, when he heard the beat of a drum. He saw, at a great distance, a vast multitude, part of whom ran towards the coast, and the other part flew from it.

A thousand shrieks re-echoed on every side: curiosity and courage hurried him that instant towards the spot where the greatest clamour arose, which he attained in a few leaps. The commander of the militia, who had supped with him at the prior's, knew him immediately, and he ran to the Huron with open arms: "Ah! it is the sincere American: he will fight for us." Upon which the militia, who were almost dead with fear, recovered themselves, crying out with one voice, "It is the Huron, the ingenuous Huron."

"Gentlemen," said he, "what is the matter? Why are you so scared? Have they shut your mistresses up in convents?" Instantly a thousand confused voices cried out, "Do you not see the English, who are landing?" "Very well," replied the Huron, "they are a brave people; they never proposed making me a sub-deacon; they never carried off my mistress."

The commander made him understand, that they were coming to pillage the abbey of the mountain, drink his uncle's wine, and perhaps carry off Miss St. Yves; that the little vessel which set him on shore in Brittany was come only

to reconnoitre the coast; that they were committing acts of hostility, without having declared war against France; and that the province was entirely exposed to them. "If this be the case," said he, "they violate the law of nature: let me alone; I lived a good while among them; I am acquainted with their language, and I will speak to them; I cannot think they can have so wicked a design."

During this conversation the English fleet approached; the Huron ran towards it, and having jumped into a little boat, soon rowed to the admiral's ship, and having gone on board, asked, "whether it was true, that they were come to ravage the coast, without having honestly declared war?" The admiral and all his crew burst out into laughter, made him drink some punch, and sent him back.

The ingenuous Hercules, piqued at this reception, thought now of nothing else but beating his old friends for his countrymen and the prior. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood ran from all quarters, and joined them: they had some cannon, and he discharged them one after the other. The English landed, and he flew towards them, when he killed three of them with his own hand: he even wounded the admiral, who had made a joke of him. The whole militia were animated with his prowess; the English returned to their ships, and went on board; and the whole coast re-echoed with the shouts of victory, "Live the king! live the ingenuous Hercules!" Every one ran to embrace him; every one strove to stop the bleeding of some slight wounds he had received.

“ Ah ! ” said he, “ if Miss St. Yves were here, she would put on a plaister for me.”

The bailiff, who had hid himself in his cellar during the battle, came to pay his compliments like the rest. But he was greatly surprised, when he heard the ingenuous Hercules say to a dozen young men, well disposed for his service, who surrounded him ; “ My friends, having delivered the abbey of the mountain is nothing, we must rescue a nymph.”

The warm blood of these youths were fired at the expression. He was already followed by crowds, who repaired to the convent. If the bailiff had not immediately acquainted the commandant with their design, and he had not sent a detachment after the joyous troop, the thing would have been done. The Huron was conducted back to his uncle and aunt, who overwhelmed him with tears and tenderness.

“ I see very well,” said his uncle, “ that you will never be either a sub-deacon or a prior ; you will be an officer, and one still braver than my brother the captain, and probably as poor.” Miss Kerkabon could not stop an incessant flood of tears, whilst she embraced him, saying, “ he will be killed too like my brother ; it were much better he were a sub-deacon.”

The Huron had, during the battle, picked up a large purse full of guineas, which probably the admiral lost. He did not doubt but that this purse would buy all Lower Brittany, and, above all, make Miss St. Yves a great lady. Every one persuaded him to repair to Versailles, to receive the recompence due to his services. The com-

mandant and the principal officers furnished him with certificates in abundance. The uncle and aunt also approved of this journey. He was to be presented to the king without any difficulty. This alone would give him great weight in the province. These two good folks added to the English purse a considerable present out of their savings. The Huron said to himself, "When I see the king, I will ask Miss St. Yves of him in marriage, and certainly he will not refuse me." He set out accordingly, amidst the acclamations of the whole district, stifled with embraces, bathed in tears by his aunt, blessed by his uncle, and recommending himself to the charming Miss St. Yves.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Huron goes to court. Sups upon the road with some Huguenots.

The ingenuous Hercules took the Saumur road in the coach, because there was at that time no other convenience. When he came to Saumur, he was astonished to find the city almost deserted, and to see several families going away. He was told, that half a dozen years before, Saumur contained upwards of 50,000 inhabitants, and that at present there were not 6,000. He mentioned this at the inn, whilst at supper. Several Protestants were at table; some complained bitterly, others trembled with rage, others weeping, said, *Nos dulcia linquimus arva, nos patriam fugimus.* The Huron, who did not understand Latin, had these words explained to him, which signified,

“ We abandon our sweet fields ; we fly from our country.”

“ And why do you fly from your country, gentlemen ?” “ Because we must otherwise acknowledge the pope.” “ And why not acknowledge him ? You have no godmothers, then, that you want to marry ; for, I am told it is he that grants this permission.” “ Ah ! Sir, this pope says, that he is master of the domains of kings.”

“ But, gentlemen, what religion are you of ?”

“ Why, Sir, we are for the most part drapers and manufacturers.” “ If the pope,” says he, “ is the master of your cloaths and manufactures, you do very well not to acknowledge him ; but as to kings, it is their business, and why do you trouble yourself with it ?” Here a little black man took up the argument, and very learnedly set forth the grievances of the company. He talked of the revocation of the edict of Nantes with so much energy ; he deplored, in so pathetic a manner, the fate of 50,000 fugitive families, and of 50,000 others converted by dragoons ; that the ingenuous Hercules could not refrain from shedding tears. “ Whence arises it,” said he, “ that so great a king, whose renown expands itself even to the Hurons, should thus deprive himself of so many hearts that would have loved him, and so many arms that would have served him ?”

“ Because he has been imposed upon, like other great kings,” replied the little orator. “ He has been made to believe, that as soon as he utters a word, all people think as he does ; and that he can make us change our religion, just as his musician Lulli, in a moment, changes the decorations of his opera. He has not only already lost five or

six hundred thousand very useful subjects, but he has turned many of them into enemies; and King William, who is at this time master of England, has composed several regiments of these identical Frenchmen, who would otherwise have fought for their monarch.

“Such a disaster is the more astonishing, as the present pope, to whom Louis XIV. sacrifices a part of his people, is his declared enemy. A violent quarrel has subsisted between them for near nine years; it has been carried so far, that France was in hopes of at length casting off the yoke, by which it has been kept in subjection for so many ages to this foreigner, and more particularly, of not giving him any more money, which is the *primum mobile* of the affairs of this world. It therefore appears evident that this great king has been imposed on, as well with respect to his interest, as the extent of his power, and that even the magnanimity of his heart has been struck at.”

The Huron, melted more and more, asked, “Who were the Frenchmen who thus deceived a monarch so dear to the Hurons?” “They are the Jesuits,” he was answered; “and particularly Father La Chaise, the king’s confessor. It is to be hoped that God will one day punish them for it, and that they will be driven out, as they now drive us. Can any misfortune equal our’s? Mons. de Louvois besets us on all sides with Jesuits and dragoons.”

“Well, gentlemen,” replied the Huron, who could contain no longer, “I am going to Versailles to receive the recompence due to my services; I will speak to Mons. de Louvois; I am told it is he who makes war from his closet. I shall see the

king, and I will acquaint him with the truth; it is impossible not to yield to this truth, when it is felt. I shall return very soon to marry Miss St. Yves, and I beg you will be present at our nuptials." These good people now took him for some great lord, who travelled *incognito* in the coach. Some took him for the king's fool.

There was at table a disguised Jesuit, who acted as a spy to the Reverend Father de la Chaise. He gave him an account of every thing that passed, and Father de la Chaise reported it to Mons. de Louvois. The spy wrote. The Huron and the letter arrived almost at the same time at Versailles.

CHAPTER IX.

The arrival of the Huron at Versailles: his reception at Court.

The ingenuous Herculès was set down from a *pot de chambre**, in the court of the kitchens. He asks the chairmen, what hour the king can be seen? The chairmen laugh in his face, just as the English admiral had done; and he treated them in the same manner, he beat them: they were for retaliation, and the scene had like to have proved bloody, if a life-guardman, who was a gentleman of Brittany, had not passed by, and who dispersed the mob. "Sir," said the traveller to him, "you appear to me to be a brave man. I am nephew to the prior of our Lady of the Mountain. I have killed Englishmen, and I am come to speak to the king; I beg you will conduct me to his chamber."

* A vehicle that goes from Paris to Versailles, which resembles a little covered tumbrel.

The soldier, ravished to find a man of courage from his province, who did not seem acquainted with the customs of the court, told him that this was not the manner of speaking to the king, and that it was necessary to be presented by M. de Louvois. "Very well, then, conduct me to M. de Louvois, who will, doubtless, conduct me to the king." "It is more difficult," resumed the soldier, "to speak to M. de Louvois, than to the king. But I will conduct you to Mr. Alexander, first commissioner at war, and this will be just the same as if you spoke to the minister." They accordingly repair to Mr. Alexander's, who is first clerk; but they cannot be introduced, he being closely engaged in business with a lady of the court, and no person is allowed admittance.— "Well," said the life-guardman, "there is no harm done, let us go to Mr. Alexander's first clerk; this will be just the same as if you spoke to Mr. Alexander himself."

The Huron, quite astonished, followed him; they remain together half an hour in a little anti-chamber. "What is all this?" said the ingenuous Hercules: "is all the world invisible in this country? It is much easier to fight in Lower Brittany against Englishmen, than to meet with people in Versailles, with whom one hath business." He amused himself for some time with relating his amours to his countryman; but the clock striking, recalled the soldier to his post, when a mutual promise was given of meeting on the morrow. The Huron remained another half-hour in the anti-chamber, ruminating upon Miss St. Yves, and the difficulty of speaking to kings and first clerks.

At length the patron appeared. "Sir," said the

ingenuous Hercules, "if I had waited to repulse the English as long as you have made me wait for my audience, they would certainly have ravaged all Lower Brittany without opposition." These words struck the clerk. He at length said to the inhabitant of Brittany, "What is your request?" "A recompence," said the other: "these are my titles;" shewing his certificates. The clerk read, and told him, "that probably he might obtain leave to purchase a lieutenancy." "Me! what must I pay money for having repulsed the English? Must I pay a tax to be killed for you, whilst you are peaceably giving your audiences here? You are certainly jesting. I require a company of cavalry for nothing. I require that the king shall set Miss St. Yves at liberty from the convent, and that he give her me in marriage. I want to speak to the king in favour of 50,000 families, whom I propose restoring to him. In a word, I want to be useful; let me be employed and advanced."

"What is your name, Sir, who talk in such a high stile?" "Oh! oh!" answered the Huron; "you have not then read my certificates? This is the way they are treated! My name is Hercules de Kerkabon, I am christened, and I lodge at the Blue Dial." The clerk concluded, like the people at Saumur, that his head was turned, and did not pay him any further attention.

The same day, the Reverend Father de la Chaise, confessor to Louis XIV. received his spy's letter, which accused the Breton Kerkabon of favouring in his heart the Huguenots, and condemning the conduct of the Jesuits. M. de Louvois had, on his side, received a letter from the inqui-

sitive bailiff, which depicted the Huron as a wicked lewd fellow, inclined to burn convents, and carry off the nuns.

Hercules, after having walked in the gardens of Versailles, which had become irksome to him; after having supped like a native of Huronia and Lower Brittany; was gone to rest, in the pleasant hope of seeing the king the next day; obtaining Miss St. Yves in marriage; having, at least, a company of cavalry; and of setting aside the persecution against the Huguenots. He was rocking himself asleep with these flattering ideas, when the *Marechaussee* entered his chamber, and seized upon his double-charged fusee and his great sabre.

They took an inventory of his ready money, and then conducted him to the castle erected by King Charles V. son to John II. near the street of St. Antoine, at the gate des Tournelles.

What was the Huron's astonishment in his way thither, the reader is left to imagine. He at first fancied it was all a dream; and remained for some time in a state of stupefaction: presently transported with rage, that gave him more than common strength, he collared two of his conductors who were with him in the coach, flung them out at the door, cast himself after them, and then dragged the third, who wanted to hold him. He fell in the attempt, when they tied him, and replaced him in the carriage. "This then," said he, "is what one gets by driving the English out of Lower Brittany! What wouldst thou say, charming Miss St. Yves, if thou didst see me in this situation!"

They at length arrived at the place of their des-

tion. He was carried without any noise into the chamber in which he was to be locked up, like a dead corpse going to the grave. This room was already occupied by an old solitary student of Port Royal, named Gordon, who had been languishing here for two years. "See," said the chief of the Marechaussée, "here is company I bring you;" and immediately the enormous bolts of this strong door, secured with large iron bars, were fastened upon them. These two captives were thus separated from all the universe besides.

CHAPTER X.

The Huron is shut up in the Bastille with a Jansenist.

Mr. Gordon was a healthy old man, of a serene disposition, who was acquainted with two great things; the one was, to bear adversity; the other, to console the afflicted. He approached his companion with an open sympathizing air, and said to him, whilst he embraced him, "Whoever thou art that is come to partake of my grave, be assured that I shall constantly forget myself to soften your torments in the infernal abyss where we are plunged. Let us adore Providence that has conducted us here. Let us suffer in peace, and trust in hope." These words had the same effect upon the youth, as English drops, which recal a dying person to life, and shew to his astonished eyes a glimpse of light.

After the first compliments were over, Gordon, without urging him to relate the cause of his misfortune, inspired him by the sweetness of his dis-

course, and by that interest which two unfortunate persons share with each other, with a desire of opening his heart, and of disburdening himself of the weight which oppressed him; but he could not guess the cause of his misfortune, and the good man Gordon was as much astonished as himself.

“God must, doubtless,” said the Jansenist to the Huron, “have great designs upon you, since he conducted you from Lake Ontario into England, from thence to France; caused you to be baptized in Lower Brittany, and has now lodged you here for your salvation.” “I’ faith,” replied Hercules, “I believe the devil alone has interfered in my destiny. My countrymen in America would never have treated me with the barbarity that I have experienced; they have not the least idea of it. They are called savages;—they are good people, but rustic; and the men of this country are refined villains. I am indeed,” said he, “greatly surprised to have come from another world, to be shut up in this, under four bolts, with a priest; but I consider what an infinite number of men set out from one hemisphere to go and get killed in the other, or are cast away in the voyage, and are eaten by the fishes. I cannot discover the gracious designs of God over all these people.”

Their dinner was brought them through a wicket. The conversation turned upon Providence, *lettres de cachet*, and upon the art of not sinking under disgrace, to which all men in this world are exposed. “It is two years since I have been here,” said the old man, “without any other consolation than myself and books; and yet I have never been a single moment out of temper.”

“ Ah! Mr. Gordon,” cried Hercules, “ you are not then in love with your godmother ; if you were as well acquainted with Miss St. Yves as I am, you would be in a state of desperation.” At these words he could not refrain from tears, which greatly relieved him from his oppression. “ How is it then, that tears solace us ? It seems to me that they should have a quite opposite effect.” “ My son,” said the good old man, “ every thing is physical about us ; all secretions are useful to the body, and all that comforts it, comforts the soul : we are the machines of Providence.”

The ingenuous Huron, who, as we have already observed more than once, had a great share of understanding, entered deeply into the consideration of this idea, the seeds whereof appeared to be in himself. After which he asked his companion, “ Why his machine had for two years been confined by four bolts ?” “ By effectual grace,” answered Gordon : “ I pass for a Jansenist ; I know Arnaud and Nicole the Jesuits, have persecuted us. We believe that the pope is nothing more than a bishop like another, and therefore Father la Chaise has obtained from the king his penitent, an order for robbing me, without any form of justice, of the most precious inheritance of man, liberty.” “ This is very strange,” said the Huron, “ all the unhappy people I have met with have been made so solely by the pope.”

“ With respect to your effectual grace, I acknowledge I do not understand what you mean ; but I consider it as a very great favour that God has let me in my misfortunes meet with a man who pours into my heart such consolation as I thought myself incapable of receiving.”

The conversation became each day more interesting and instructive. The souls of the two captives seemed to unite in one body. The old man knew a great deal, and the young man was willing to acquire much instruction. At the end of the first month, he eagerly applied himself to the study of geometry. Gordon made him read Rohault's *Physics*, which book was still in fashion; and he had good sense enough to find in it nothing but doubts and uncertainties.

He afterwards read the first volume of the *Enquiry after Truth*. This instructive work gave him new light.—“What!” said he, “does our imagination and our senses deceive us to that degree? What, are not our ideas formed by objects, and can we not acquire them by ourselves?” When he had gone through the second volume, he was not so well satisfied; and he concluded it was much easier to destroy than to build.

His colleague, astonished that a young ignoramus should make such a remark, conceived a very high opinion of his understanding, and was more strongly attached to him.

“Your Malebranche,” said he to Gordon one day, “seems to have written half his book whilst he was in possession of his reason, and the other half with the assistance only of imagination and prejudice.”

Some days after, Gordon asked him, “What he thought of the soul, and the manner in which we receive our ideas? of volition, grace, and free agency?” “Nothing,” replied the Huron. “If I think sometimes, it is that we are under the power of the Eternal Being, like the stars and the

elements ; that he operates every thing in us ; that we are small wheels of the immense machine, of which he is the soul ; that he acts according to general laws, and not from particular views ; this is all that appears to me intelligible ; all the rest is to me a dark abyss."

" But this, my son, would be making God the author of sin !" " But, father, your effectual grace would equally make him the author of sin ; for certainly all those to whom this grace was refused, would sin ; and is not he that gives us up to evil, the author of evil ? "

This sincerity greatly embarrassed the good man ; he found that all his endeavours to extricate himself from this quagmire were ineffectual ; and he heaped such quantities of words upon one another, which seemed to have meaning, but which in fact had none (in the stile of physical pre-motion) that the Huron could not help pitying him. This question evidently determined the origin of good and evil ; and poor Gordon was reduced to the necessity of recurring to Pandora's box, Oros-mades's egg pierced by Arimanes, the enmity between Typhon and Osiris, and at last, original sin ; and these he huddled together in profound darkness, without their throwing the least glimmering light upon one another. However, this romance of the soul diverted their thoughts from the contemplation of their own misery ; and, by a strange magic, the multitude of calamities dispersed throughout the world diminished the sensation of their own miseries : they did not dare complain, when all mankind was in a state of sufferance.

But in the repose of night, the image of the

charming Miss St. Yves effaced from the mind of her lover every metaphysical and moral idea. He awoke with his eyes bathed in tears; and the old Jansenist forgot his effectual grace, and the Abbé of St. Ciran, and Jansenius himself, to allow consolation to a youth whom he judged guilty of a mortal sin.

After these lectures and their reasonings were over, their adventures furnished them with subjects of conversation; after this store was exhausted, they read together, or separately. The Huron's understanding daily encreased; and he would certainly have made great progress in the mathematics, if the thoughts of Miss St. Yves had not frequently distracted him.

He read histories, which made him melancholy. The world appeared to him too wicked and too miserable. In fact, history is nothing more than a picture of crimes and misfortunes. The crowd of innocent and peaceable men are always invisible upon this vast theatre. The *dramatis personæ* are composed of ambitious, perverse men. The pleasure which history affords is derived from the same source as tragedy, which would languish and become insipid, were it not inspired with strong passions, great crimes, and piteous misfortunes. Clio must be armed with a poniard as well as Melpomene.

Though the history of France is not less filled with horror than those of other nations, it nevertheless appeared to him so disgusting in the beginning, so dry in the continuation, and so trifling in the end, even in the time of Henry IV. ever destitute of grand monuments, or foreign to those fine discoveries which have illustrated other na-

tions ; that he was obliged to resolve upon not being tired, to go through all the particulars of obscure calamities confined to a little corner of the world.

Gordon thought like him. They both laughed with pity, when they read of the sovereigns of Fezensacs, Fesansaquet, and Astrac : such a study could be relished only by their heirs, if they had any. The brilliant ages of the Roman republic made him sometimes quite indifferent as to any other part of the globe. The spectacle of victorious Rome, the law-giver of nations, engrossed his whole soul. He glowed in contemplating a people who were governed for seven hundred years by the enthusiasm of liberty and glory.

Thus rolled days, weeks, and months ; and he would have thought himself happy in the sanctuary of despair, if he had not loved.

The natural goodness of his heart was softened still more when he reflected upon the prior of our Lady of the Mountain, and the sensible Kerkabon ; “ What must they think,” he would often repeat, “ when they can get no tidings of me ? — They must think me an ungrateful wretch.” This idea rendered him inconsolable ;—he pitied those who loved him much more than he pitied himself.

CHAPTER XI.

How the Huron discloses his genius.

Reading aggrandizes the soul, and an enlightened friend affords consolation. Our captive had these two advantages in his favour, which he had

never expected. “ I shall begin to believe in the *Metamorphoses*, for I have been transformed from a brute into a man.” He formed a chosen library with part of the money which he was allowed to dispose of. His friend encouraged him to commit to writing such observations as occurred to him.— These are his notes upon ancient history:—

“ I imagine that nations were for a long time like myself; that they did not become enlightened till very late; that for many ages they were occupied with nothing but the present moment which elapsed: that they thought very little of what was passed, and never of the future. I have traversed five or six hundred leagues in Canada, and I did not meet with a single monument: no one is any way acquainted with the actions of his predecessors. Is not this the natural state of man? The human species of this continent appear to me superior to that of the other. They have extended their being for many ages by arts and knowledge. Is this because they have beards upon their chins, and God has refused this ornament to the Americans? I do not believe it; for I find the Chinese have very little beard, and that they have cultivated arts for upwards of 5000 years. In effect, if their annals go back upwards of 4000 years, the nation must necessarily have been united, and in a flourishing state, more than 500 centuries.

“ One thing particularly strikes me in this ancient history of China, which is, that almost every thing is probable and natural. I admire it because it is tinctured with any thing of the marvellous.

“ Why have all other nations adopted fabulous origins? The ancient chronicles of the history of

France, who, by the by, are not very ancient, make the French descend from one Francus, the son of Hector. The Romans said, they were the issue of a Phrygian, though there was not in their whole language a single word that had the least connection with the language of Phrygia. The gods had inhabited Egypt for 10,000 years, and the devils Scythia, where they had engendered the Huns. I meet with nothing before Thucydides but romances similar to the Amadis's, and far less amusing. Apparitions, oracles, prodigies, sorcery, metamorphoses, are interspersed throughout with the explanation of dreams, which are the bases of the destiny of the greatest empires and the smallest states: here are speaking beasts, there brutes that are adored, gods transformed into men, and men into gods. If we must have fables, let us, at least, have such as appear the emblem of truth. I admire the fables of philosophers, but I laugh at those of children, and I hate those of impostors."

He one day hit upon a history of the Emperor Justinian. It was there related, that some Appeantes of Constantinople had delivered, in very bad Greek, an edict against the greatest captain of the age, because this hero had uttered the following words in the warmth of conversation: *Truth shines forth with its proper light, and people's minds are not illumined with flaming piles.* The Appeantes declared, "That this proposition was heretical, bordering upon heresy; and that the contrary axiom was catholic, universal, and Grecian: *The minds of the people are not enlightened but with flaming piles, and truth cannot shine forth with*

its own light." These Linostolians thus condemned several discourses of the captain, and published an edict.

"What!" said the Huron with much emotion, "shall such people publish edicts?" "They are not edicts," replied Gordon; "they are contradictions, which all the world laughed at in Constantinople, and the emperor the first. He was a wise prince, who knew how to reduce the Linostolian Appedeutes to a state incapable of doing any thing but good. He knew that these gentlemen, and several other Pastophores, had tired the patience of the emperors, his predecessors, with contradictions in more serious matters." "He did very right," said the Huron; "the Pastophores should be constrained."

He committed several other observations to paper, which astonished old Gordon. "What!" said he to himself, "have I consumed fifty years in instruction, and I fear I have not attained to the degree of natural good sense of this child, who is almost a savage! I tremble to think I have so arduously strengthened prejudices, and he listens to simple nature only."

The good man had some little books of criticism, some of those periodical pamphlets, wherein men, incapable of producing any thing themselves, blacken the productions of others; where a Vise insults a Racine, and a Faidit a Fenelon. The Huron ran over some of them. "I compare them to certain gnats that lodge their eggs in the posteriors of the finest horses, which do not, however, prevent them from running." The two philosophers scarce deigned to cast their eyes upon these excrements of literature.

They soon after went through the elements of astronomy. The Huron sent for some globes: he was ravished at this great spectacle. "How hard it is," said he, "that I should only begin to be acquainted with heaven, when the power of contemplating it is ravished from me! Jupiter and Saturn revolve in these immense spaces; millions of suns illumine myriads of worlds; and, in this corner of the earth on which I am cast, there are beings that deprive me of seeing and thinking of those worlds whither my eye might reach, and even that in which God created me! The light created for the whole universe is lost to me. It was not hidden from me in the northern horizon, where I passed my infancy and youth. Without you, my dear Gordon, I should be annihilated."

CHAPTER XII.

The Huron's sentiments upon theatrical pieces.

The young Huron resembled one of those vigorous trees, which, planted in an ungrateful soil, extends, in a little time, its roots and branches, when transplanted to a more favourable spot; and it was very extraordinary that this favourable spot should be a prison.

Among the books which employed the leisure of the two captives, were some poems, and the translations of Greek tragedies, and some dramatic pieces in French. Those passages that dwelt on love, communicated at once pleasure and pain to the soul of the Huron. They were but so many images of his dear Miss St. Yves. The fable of

the two pigeons rent his heart; but he was far estranged from his tender dove.

Moliere enchanted him. He taught him the manners of Paris and of human nature. "To which of his comedies do you give the preference?" "Doubtless to his *Tartuffe*." "I am of your opinion," said Gordon; "it was a *Tartuffe* that flung me into this dungeon, and perhaps they were *Tartuffes* who have been the cause of your misfortunes."

"What do you think of these Greek tragedies?" "They are very good for Grecians." But when he read the modern *Iphigenia*, *Phædrus*, *Andromache*, and *Athalia*, he was in ecstasy, he sighed, he wept,—and he learned them by heart, without having any such intention.

"Read *Rodogune*," said Gordon, "that is said to be a capital production; the other pieces which have given you so much pleasure, are trifles compared to this." The young man had scarcely got through the first page, before he said, "This is not wrote by the same author." "How do you know it?" "I know nothing yet; but these lines neither touch my ear nor my heart." "Oh!" said Gordon, "the versification does not signify." The Huron asked, "What must I judge by then?"

After having read the piece very attentively, without any other design than being pleased, he looked stedfastly at his friend with much astonishment, not knowing what to say. At length, being urged to give his opinion, with respect to what he felt, this was the answer he made: "I understood very little of the beginning, the middle disgusted me, but the last scene greatly moved me, though

there appears to me but little probability in it. I have no prejudices for or against any one, but I do not remember twenty lines, I who recollect them all when they please me."

"This piece, nevertheless, passes for the best upon our stage." "If that be the case," said he, "it is perhaps like many people, who are not worthy of the places they hold. After all, this is a matter of taste, and mine cannot yet be formed. I may be mistaken; but you know I am accustomed to say what I think, or rather what I feel. I suspect that illusion, fashion, caprice, often warp the judgments of men." Here he repeated some lines from *Iphigenia*, which he was full of; and though he declaimed but indifferently, he uttered them with such truth and sensation, that he made the old Jansenist weep. He then read *Cinna*, which did not excite his tears, but his admiration.

CHAPTER XIII.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves goes to Versailles.

Whilst the unfortunate Hercules was more enlightened than consoled; whilst his genius, so long stifled, unfolded itself with so much rapidity and strength; whilst nature, which was attaining a degree of perfection in him, avenged herself of the outrages of fortune; what became of the prior, his good sister, and the beautiful recluse Miss St. Yves? The first month they were uneasy, and the third they were immersed in sorrow. False conjectures, ill-grounded reports, alarmed them.

At the end of six months, it was concluded he was dead. At length, Mr. and Miss Kerkabon learned, by a letter of ancient date, which one of the king's guards wrote to Brittany, that a young man, resembling the Huron, arrived one night at Versailles, but that since that time no one had heard him spoken of.

"Alas!" said Miss Kerkabon, "our nephew has done some ridiculous thing, which has brought on some terrible consequences. He is young, a *Low Breton*, and cannot know how to behave at court. My dear brother, I never saw Versailles nor Paris; here is a fine opportunity, and we shall, perhaps, find our poor nephew; he is our brother's son, and it is our duty to assist him. Who knows, we may perhaps at length prevail upon him to become a *sub-deacon*, when the fire of youth is somewhat abated. He was much inclined to the sciences.—Do you recollect how he reasoned upon the Old and New Testament? We are answerable for his soul: he was baptized at our instigation. His dear mistress Miss St. Yves does nothing but weep incessantly. Indeed we must go to Paris. If he is concealed in any of those infamous houses of pleasure which I have often heard of, we will get him out." The prior was affected at his sister's discourse. He went in search of the Bishop of St. Malo's, who had baptized the Huron, and requested his protection and advice. The prelate approved of the journey. He gave the prior letters of recommendation to Father la Chaise, the king's confessor, who was invested with the first dignity in the kingdom; to Harlai, the Archbishop of Paris; and to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux.

At length, the brother and sister set out; but when they came to Paris, they found themselves bewildered in a great labyrinth without clue or end. Their fortune was but middling, and they had occasion every day for carriages to pursue their discovery, which they could not accomplish.

The prior waited upon the Reverend Father la Chaise: he was with Mademoiselle du Tron, and could not give audience to priors. He went to the Archbishop's door: the prelate was shut up with the beautiful Mademoiselle de Lesdiguieres about church matters. He flew to the country-houses of the Bishop of Meaux: he was upon a close examination, with Mademoiselle de Mauleon, of the mystical amour of Mademoiselle Guyon. At length, however, he gained access to these two prelates: they both declared, "they could not interfere with regard to his nephew, as he was not a sub-deacon."

He, at length, saw the Jesuit, who received him with open arms, protesting he had always entertained the greatest private esteem for him, though he had never known him. He swore that his society had always been attached to the inhabitants of Lower Brittany. "But," said he, "has not your nephew the misfortune of being a Huguenot?" "No certainly, reverend father," "May he not be a Jansenist?" "I can assure your reverence, that he is scarce a Christian. It is about eleven months since he was christened." "This is very well;—we will take care of him. Is your benefice considerable?" "No, a very trifle, and our nephew costs us a great deal." "Are there any Jansenists in your neighbourhood? Take

great care, my dear Mr. Prior, they are more dangerous than Huguenots, or even Atheists.” “My reverend father, we have none; it is not even known at our Lady of the Mountain what Jansenism is.” “So much the better: go, there is nothing I will not do for you.” He dismissed the prior in this affectionate manner, but thought no more about him.

Time slipped away, and the prior and his good sister were almost in despair.

In the mean while, the cursed bailiff urged very strenuously the marriage of his great booby son with the beautiful Miss St. Yves, who was taken purposely out of the convent. She always entertained a passion for her godson, in proportion as she detested the husband who was designed for her. The insult that had been offered her, by shutting her up in a convent, encreased her affection; and the mandate for wedding the bailiff's son completed her antipathy for him. Chagrin, tenderness, and terror, racked her soul. Love, we know, is much more inventive and more daring in a young woman, than friendship in an aged prior, and an aunt upwards of forty-five. Besides, she had received good instructions in her convent, with the assistance of romances, which she read by stealth.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves remembered the letter that had been written by the life-guardman to Lower Brittany, and which had been spoken of in the province. She resolved to go herself and gain information at Versailles; to throw herself at the minister's feet, if her husband should be in prison as it was said, and obtain justice for him. I know not what secret intelligence she had gained,

that at court nothing is refused to a pretty woman; but she knew not the price of these boons.

Having taken this resolution, it afforded her some consolation; and she enjoyed some tranquillity, without upbraiding Providence with the severity of her lot. She receives her detested, intended father-in-law, caresses the brother, and spreads happiness throughout the house. On the day appointed for the ceremony, she secretly departed at four o'clock in the morning, with the little nuptial presents she had received, and all she could gather. Her plan was so well laid, that she was about ten leagues upon her journey, when, about noon, her absence was discovered, and when every one's consternation and surprise was inexpressible. The inquisitive bailiff asked more questions that day than he had done for a week before; the intended bridegroom was more stupefied than ever. The Abbé St. Yves resolved in his rage to pursue his sister. The bailiff and his son were disposed to accompany him. Their fate led almost the whole canton of Lower Brittany to Paris.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves was not without apprehensions that she should be pursued. She rode on horseback, and she got all the intelligence she could, without being suspected, from the couriers, if they had not met a fat abbé, an enormous bailiff, and a young booby, galloping as fast as they could to Paris. Having learned, on the third day, that they were not far behind, she took a quite contrary road, and was skilful and lucky enough to arrive at Versailles, whilst they were in a fruitless pursuit after her, at Paris. But how

was she to behave at Versailles? Young, handsome, untutored, unsupported, unknown, exposed to every danger, how could she dare go in search of one of the king's guards? She had some thoughts of applying to a Jesuit of low rank, for there were some for every station of life; as God, they say, has given different aliments to every species of animals, he had given the king his confessor, who was called, by all solicitors of benefices, the head of the Gallican church. Then came the prince's confessors; the ministers had none, they were not such dupes. There were Jesuits for genteel mob, and particularly those for chambermaids, by whom were known the secrets of their mistresses; and this was no small vocation. The beautiful Miss St. Yves addressed herself to one of these last, who was called Father *Tout a tout* (all to every one). She confessed to him, set forth her adventure, her situation, her danger, and conjured him to get her a lodging with some good devotee, who might shelter her from temptations.

Father *Tout a tout* introduced her to the wife of the cup-bearer, one of his most trusty penitents. From the moment Miss St. Yves became her lodger, she did her utmost to obtain the confidence and friendship of this woman. She gained intelligence of the Breton guard, and invited him to visit her. Having learned from him that her lover had been carried off after having had a conference with one of the first clerks, she flew to this clerk. The sight of a fine woman softened him, for it must be allowed, God created woman only to tame mankind.

The scribe thus mollified, acknowledged to her every thing. "Your lover has been in the Bastile

almost a year, and without your intercession, he would, perhaps, have ended his days there." The tender Miss St. Yves swooned at this intelligence. When she had recovered herself, the penman told her: "I have no power to do good; all my influence extends to doing harm sometimes. Take my advice, wait upon M. de St. Pouange, who has the power of doing both good and ill; he is Mons. de Louvois's cousin and favourite. This minister has two souls: the one is Mons. de St. Pouange, and Mademoiselle de Belle is the other, but she is at present absent from Versailles; so that you have nothing to do but captivate the protector I have pointed out to you." The beautiful Miss St. Yves, divided between some trifling joy and excessive grief, between a glimmering of hope and dreadful apprehensions;—pursued by her brother, idolizing her lover, wiping her tears, which flowed in torrents; trembling and feeble, yet summoning all her courage;—in this situation, she flew on the wings of love to M. de St. Pouange's.

CHAPTER XIV.

The progress of the Huron's intellects.

The ingenuous youth was making a rapid progress in the sciences, and particularly in the science of man. The cause of this sudden disclosure of his understanding was as much owing to his savage education as to the disposition of his soul; for having learned nothing in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices. His mind not hav-

ing been warped by error, had retained all its primitive rectitude. He saw things as they were; whereas the ideas that are communicated to us in our infancy, make us see them all our life in a false light. "Your persecutors are abominable wretches," said he to his friend Gordon. "I pity you for being oppressed, but I condemn you for being a Jansenist. All sects appear to me to be founded in error; tell me if there be any sectaries in geometry?" "No, my child," said the good old Gordon, heaving a deep sigh; "all men are agreed concerning truth, when demonstrated; but they are too much divided about latent truths." "If there were but one single hidden truth in your load of arguments, which have been so often sifted for such a number of ages, it would doubtless have been discovered, and the universe would certainly have been unanimous, at least in that respect. If this truth had been necessary, as the sun is to the earth, it would have been as brilliant as that planet. It is an absurdity, an insult to human nature; it is an attack upon the Infinite and Supreme Being, to say there is a truth essential to the happiness of man which God conceals."

All that this ignorant youth, instructed only by nature, said, made a very deep impression upon the mind of the old unhappy scholiast. "Is it really certain," he cried, "that I should have made myself truly miserable for mere chimeras? I am much more certain of my misery than of effectual grace. I have spent my time in reasoning about the liberty of God and human nature, but I have lost my own; neither St. Augustin nor St. Prosper will extricate me from my present misfortunes."

The ingenuous Huron, who gave way to his natural characteristic, at length said, "Will you give me leave to speak to you boldly and frankly? Those who bring upon themselves persecution for such idle disputes, seem to me to have very little sense; those who persecute, appear to me very monsters."

The two captives entirely coincided with respect to the injustice of their captivity. "I am a hundred times more to be pitied than you," said the Huron; "I am born free as the air: I had two lives, liberty and the object of my love; and I am deprived of both. We are both in fetters, without knowing who put them on us, or without being able to inquire. I lived a Huron for twenty years. It is said they are barbarians, because they avenge themselves of their enemies; but they never oppress their friends. I had scarce set foot in France, before I shed my blood for this country: I have, perhaps, preserved a whole province, and my recompence is being swallowed up in this sepulchre of the living, where I should have died with rage, had it not been for you. There must then be no laws in this country. Men are condemned without being heard. This is not the case in England. Alas! it was not against the English I should have fought." Thus his growing philosophy could not brook nature being insulted in the first of her rights, and he gave vent to his just choler.

His companion did not contradict him. Absence ever increases ungratified love, and philosophy does not diminish it. He as frequently spoke of his dear Miss St. Yves, as he did of morality or metaphysics. The more he purified his sentiments,

the more he loved. He read some new romances; but he met with few that depicted to him the real state of his soul. He always felt that his heart stretched beyond the bounds of his author. "Alas!" said he, "almost all these writers have nothing but wit and art." At length, the good Jansenist priest became, insensibly, the confident of his tenderness. He was hitherto acquainted with love as a sin with which a penitent accuses himself at confession. He now learned to know it as a sentiment equally noble and tender, which can elevate the soul as well as soften it, and can produce sometimes virtues. In fine, for the last miracle, a Huron converted a Jansenist.

CHAPTER XV.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves resists some delicate proposals.

The charming Miss St. Yves, still more afflicted than her lover, waited accordingly upon M. de St. Pouange, accompanied by her friend with whom she lodged, each having their faces covered with their hoods. The first thing she saw at the door was the Abbé St. Yves, her brother, coming out. She was terrified, but her pious friend supported her spirits. "For the very reason," said she, "that people have been speaking against you, speak to him for yourself. You may be assured, that the accusers in this part of the world are always in the right, unless they are immediately detected. Besides, your presence will have

greater effect, or else I am much mistaken, than the words of your brother."

Ever so little encouragement to a passionate lover makes her intrepid. Miss St. Yves appears at the audience. Her youth, her charms, her languishing eyes, moistened with some involuntary tears, attract every one's attention. Every sycophant to the deputy minister forgot, for an instant, the idol of power, to contemplate that of beauty. St. Pouange conducted her into a closet; she spoke with an affecting grace; St. Pouange felt some emotion. She trembled, but he told her not to be afraid. "Return to-night," said he; "your business requires some reflection, and it must be discussed at leisure. There are too many people here at present. Audiences are rapidly dispatched. I must get to the bottom of all that concerns you." He then paid her some compliments upon her beauty and manner of thinking, and advised her to come at seven in the evening.

She did not fail attending at the hour appointed, and her pious friend again accompanied her; but she kept in the hall, where she was reading the *Christian Pedagogue*, whilst St. Pouange and the beauteous Miss St. Yves were in the back closet. He began by saying, "Would you believe it, Miss, that your brother has been to request me to grant him a *lettre de cachet* against you; but, indeed, I would sooner grant one to send him back to Lower Brittany." "Alas! Sir," said she, "*lettres de cachet* are granted very liberally in your offices, since people come from the extremity of the kingdom to solicit them like pensions. I am very far from requesting one against



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my brother, yet I have much reason to complain of him ; but I respect the liberty of mankind, and therefore supplicate for that of a man, whom I want to make my husband ; of a man, to whom the king is indebted for the preservation of a province ; who can beneficially serve him ; and who is the son of an officer killed in his service. What is he accused of ? How could he be treated so cruelly without being heard ?”

The deputy minister then shewed her the letter of the spy Jesuit, and that of the perfidious bailiff. “ What !” said she with astonishment, “ are there such monsters upon earth ? and would they force me to marry the stupid son of a ridiculous wicked man ? and is it upon such evidence that the fate of citizens is determined ?” She threw herself upon her knees, and, with a flood of tears, solicited the freedom of a brave man who adored her. Her charms appeared to the greatest advantage in such a situation. She was so beautiful, that St. Pouange, bereft of all shame, insinuated to her, “ that she would succeed, if she began by yielding him the first fruits of what she reserved for her lover.” Miss St. Yves, shocked and confused, pretended for some time not to understand him ; and he was obliged to explain himself more clearly. One word, used with some reserve, brought on another less delicate, which was succeeded by one still more expressive. The revocation of the *lettre de cachet* was not only proposed, but pecuniary recompences, honours, and places ; and the more he promised, the greater was his desire of not being refused.

Miss St. Yves wept, whilst her anguish almost

choaked her, half resting upon a sopha, scarce able to believe what she saw and heard. St. Pouange, in turn, threw himself upon his knees. He was not disagreeable, and might not so much have shocked a heart less prepossessed ; but Miss St. Yves adored her lover, and thought it the greatest of crimes to betray him, in order to serve him. St. Pouange renewed with greater fervency his prayers and intreaties. He at length went so far as to say, “ this was the only means of obtaining the liberty of the man whose interest she had so violently and affectionately at heart.” This uncommon conversation continued for a long time. The devotee in the antichamber, in reading her *Christian Pedagogue*, said to herself, “ My God ! what can they be doing there for these two hours ? My Lord St. Pouange never before gave so long an audience ; perhaps he has refused every thing to this poor girl, and she is still intreating him.”

At length her companion came out of the closet in the greatest confusion, without being able to speak, in deep meditation upon the character of the great and the half great, who so slightly sacrifice the liberty of men, and the honour of women.

She did not utter a syllable all the way back. But being returned to her friends, she burst out, and told all that had happened. Her pious friend made frequent signs of the cross. “ My dear friend,” said she, “ you must consult to-morrow Father *Tout a tout*, our director ; he has much influence over M. de St. Pouange ; he is confessor to many of the female servants of the house ; he is a pious accommodating man, who has also the di-

rection of some women of fashion. Yield to him; this is my way, and I always found myself right. We weak women stand in need of a man to lead us; and so, my dear friend, I'll go to-morrow in search of Father *Tout a tout*."

CHAPTER XVI.

She consults a Jesuit.

No sooner was the beautiful and disconsolate Miss St. Yves with her holy confessor, than she told him, "that a powerful, voluptuous man had proposed to her to set at liberty the man whom she intended making her lawful husband, and that he required a great price for his service; that she held such infidelity in the highest detestation; and that if her life only had been required, she would much sooner have sacrificed it than have submitted."

"This is a most abominable sinner," said Father *Tout a tout*. "You should tell me the name of this vile man; he must certainly be some Jansenist; I will inform against him to his reverence Father de la Chaise, who will place him in the situation of your dear beloved intended bridegroom."

The poor girl, after much struggle and embarrassment, at length mentioned St. Pouange.

"My Lord St. Pouange!" cried the Jesuit. "Ah! my child, the case is quite different; he is cousin to the greatest minister we have ever had; a man of worth, a protector of the good cause, a good Christian; he could not possibly entertain

such a thought; you certainly must have misunderstood him.” “Oh! father, I did but understand him too well. I am lost on which ever side I turn: the only alternative I have to chuse is misery or shame; either my lover must be buried alive, or I must make myself unworthy of living. I cannot let him perish, nor can I save him.”

Father *Tout a tout* endeavoured to console her with these gentle expressions:

“In the first place, my child, never use the word *lover*; it intimates something worldly, which may offend God: say my *husband*; for although he is not yet your husband, you consider him as such, and nothing can be more decent.

“Secondly, though he be ideally your husband, and you are in hopes he will be such, he is not so in effect; consequently you will not commit adultery; an enormous sin, that should always be avoided as much as possible.

“Thirdly, actions are not maliciously culpable, when the intention is virtuous; and nothing can be more virtuous than to procure your husband his liberty.

“Fourthly, you have examples in holy antiquity, that may miraculously serve you for a guide. St. Augustin relates, that under the proconsulate of Septimus Acyndinus, in the 340th year of our salvation, a poor man could not pay unto Cæsar what belonged to Cæsar, and was justly condemned to die, notwithstanding the maxim, *Where there is nothing, the king must lose his right*. The object in question was a pound of gold. The culprit had a wife in whom God had united beauty and prudence. An old miser promised to give a pound of

gold, and even more to the lady, upon condition that he committed with her the sin of uncleanness. The lady thought she did not act wrong to save her husband's life. St. Augustin highly approves of her generous resignation. It is true that the old miser cheated her, and perhaps her husband was nevertheless hanged; but she did all that was in her power to save his life.

“ You may assure yourself, my child, that when a Jesuit quotes St. Augustin, that saint must certainly have been in the right. I advise you to nothing; you are prudent, and it is to be presumed that you will do your husband a service. My Lord St. Pouange is an honest man; he will not deceive you; this is all I can say: I will pray to God for you, and I hope every thing will take place for his glory.”

The beautiful Miss St. Yves, who was no less terrified with the Jesuit's discourse, than with the proposals of the deputy minister, returned in despair to her friend. She was tempted to deliver herself by death from the horror of leaving in a shocking captivity the lover she adored, and the shame of releasing him at the dearest of all prices, which was the sole property of this unfortunate lover.

CHAPTER XVII.

She yields through virtue.

She intreated her friend to kill her; but this lady, who was full as indulgent as the Jesuit, spoke to her still more clearly. “ Alas!” said she,

“ business is seldom carried at this agreeable, gallant, and famous court, upon any other terms. The most considerable, as well as the most indifferent places are seldom given away, but at the price required of you. My dear, you have inspired me with friendship and confidence; I will own to you, that if I had been as nice as you are, my husband would not enjoy the post upon which he lives; he knows it, and so far from being displeased, he considers me as his benefactress, and himself as my creature. Do you think that all those who have been at the head of provinces, or even armies, have been indebted for their honours and fortune solely to their services? There are some who are beholden to the ladies their wives. The dignities of war are solicited by the queen of love; and a place is given to him who has got the handsomest wife.

“ You are in a situation that is still more critical; the object is to let your lover see day-light, and to marry him; it is a sacred duty that you are to fulfil. No one has ever censured the great and beautiful ladies I mention to you; the world will applaud you: it will be said, that you only allowed yourself to be guilty of a weakness, through an excess of virtue.” “Heavens!” cried Miss St. Yves, “What kind of virtue is this? What a labyrinth of distress! What a world! What men to become acquainted with! A Father de la Chaise and a ridiculous bailiff imprison my lover; I am persecuted by my family; assistance is offered me, only that I may be dishonoured! A Jesuit has ruined a brave man, another Jesuit wants to ruin me: on every side snares are laid

for me, and I am upon the very brink of destruction! I must even speak to the king; I will throw myself at his feet as he goes to mass or the play-house."

"His attendants will not let you approach him," said her good friend; "and if you should be so unfortunate as to speak to him, M. de Louvois, or the reverend Father de la Chaise, might bury you in a convent for the rest of your days."

Whilst this generous friend thus increased the perplexities of Miss St. Yves's tortured soul, and plunged the dagger deeper in her heart, a messenger arrived from M. de St. Pouange with a letter, and two fine pendant ear-rings. Miss St. Yves, with tears, refused accepting of any part of the contents of the packet; but her friend took the charge of them upon herself.

As soon as the messenger was gone, our confidante read the letter, in which a *petit-souper* was proposed to the two friends for that night. Miss St. Yves protested she would not go, whilst her pious friend endeavoured to make her try on the diamond ear-rings; but Miss St. Yves could not endure them, and opposed it all the day long. At length, being entirely wrapped up in the contemplation of her lover, overcome and dragged along, not knowing whither she was carried, she let herself be led to the fatal supper. She had remained inexorable to all entreaties of putting on the ear-rings; so that her confidante took them with her, and placed them in her ears against her will, before they sat down to supper. Miss St. Yves was so confused and agitated, that she underwent this torment, and her patron considered it as a very favourable prognostic. To-

wards the end of the repast, her friend very prudently retired. Her patron then shewed her the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, the grant of a considerable recompence, and a captain's commission, which were accompanied with unlimited promises. "Ah!" said Miss St. Yves, with a deep sigh, "how much should I love you, if you did not desire to be loved so much!"

In a word, after a long resistance, shrieks, cries, and torrents of tears, weakened with the conflict, overwhelmed and languishing, she was compelled to yield; and the only consolation now left her was, that she resolved to think of nothing but the ingenuous Huron, whilst her cruel ravisher relentlessly enjoyed the advantage of that necessity to which she was reduced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

She delivers her lover and a Jansenist.

At day-break she flew to Paris with the minister's mandate. It would be difficult to depict the agitations of her mind in this journey. Image a virtuous and noble soul, humbled by its own reproaches, intoxicated with tenderness, distracted with the remorse of having betrayed her lover, and elated with the pleasure of releasing the object of her adoration. Her torments, her conflicts, her success, by turns engaged her reflections. She was no longer that innocent girl whose ideas were confined to a provincial education. Love and misfortunes had united to new-mould her. Sentiment had made as rapid a progress in her.

mind, as reason had in that of her unfortunate lover. Girls learn to feel more easily than men learn to think. Her adventure afforded her more instruction than four years confinement in a convent.

Her dress was dictated by the greatest simplicity. She viewed with horror the trappings with which she had appeared before her fatal benefactor; her companion had taken her ear-rings without her having before looked at them. Charmed and confused, idolizing the Huron and detesting herself, she at length arrived at the gate *of that dreadful castle, the palace of vengeance, where oft crimes and innocence are alike immured* *.

When she was upon the point of getting out of the coach, her strength failed her; some people came to her assistance: she entered, whilst her heart was in the greatest palpitation, her eyes streaming, and her whole frame bespoke the greatest consternation. She was presented to the governor; he was going to speak to her, but she had lost all power of expression: she shewed her order, whilst with great difficulty she articulated some accents. The governor entertained a great esteem for his prisoner, and he was greatly pleased at his being released. His heart was not callous, like those of most of his brethren, who think of nothing but the fees their captives are to pay them, extort their revenues from their victims, and living by the misery of others, conceive a horrid joy at the lamentations of the unfortunate.

He sent for the prisoner into his apartment.

* De cet affreux chateau, palais de la vengeance,
Qui renferme souvent le crime et l'innocence.

The two lovers swooned at the sight of each other. The beautiful Miss St. Yves remained for a long time motionless, without any symptoms of life; the other soon recalled his fortitude. "This," said the Governor, "is probably the lady your wife; you did not tell me you were married. I am informed, that it is through her generous solicitude that you have obtained your liberty." Alas! said the beautiful Miss St. Yves, in a faltering voice, "I am not worthy of being his wife;" and swooned again.

When she recovered her senses, she presented with a trembling hand, the grant and written promise of a company. The Huron, equally astonished and affected, awoke from one dream to fall into another. "Why was I shut up here? How could you deliver me? Where are the monsters that immured me? You are a divinity sent from heaven to succour me."

The beautiful Miss St. Yves with a dejected air, looked at her lover, blushed, and instantly turned away her streaming eyes. In a word, they told him all she knew, and all she had undergone, except what she was willing to conceal for ever, but which any other except the Huron, more accustomed to the world, and better acquainted with the customs of courts, would easily have guessed.

"Is it possible that a wretch like the bailiff can have deprived me of my liberty? Alas! I find that men, like the vilest of animals, can all hurt. But is it possible that a monk, a Jesuit, the king's confessor, should have contributed to my misfortunes as much as the bailiff, without my being able to imagine under what pretence this detestable knave has persecuted me? Did he make me pass

for a Jansenist? In fine, how came you to remember me? I did not deserve it; I was then only a savage. What! could you, without advice, without assistance, undertake a journey to Versailles? You there appeared, and my fetters were broke! There must then be in beauty and virtue an invincible charm, that opens gates of adamant, and softens hearts of steel."

At the word virtue, a flood of tears issued from the eyes of the beautiful Miss St. Yves. She did not know how far she had been virtuous in the crime with which she reproached herself.

Her lover thus continued: "Thou angel, who hast broken my chains, if thou hast had sufficient influence (which I cannot yet comprehend) to obtain justice for me, obtain it likewise for an old man who first taught me to think, as thou didst to love. Misfortunes have united us; I love him as a father; I can neither live without thee nor him."

"I solicit!"—"The same man."—"Who?"—"Yes, I will be beholden to you for every thing, and I will owe nothing to any one but yourself.—Write to this man in power, overwhelm me with kindnesses, complete what you have begun, perfect your miracles." She was sensible she ought to do every thing her lover desired. She wanted to write, but her hand refused its office. She began her letter three times, and tore it as often; at length she got to the end, and the two lovers left the prison, after having embraced the old martyr to efficacious grace.

The happy, yet disconsolate Miss St. Yves, knew where her brother lodged: thither she repaired; and her lover took an apartment at the same house.

They had scarce reached their lodging, before her protector sent the order for releasing the good old Gordon, at the same time making an appointment with her for the next day.

Thus was every generous and laudable action of the beautiful Miss St. Yves performed at the price of her honour. She considered with detestation this practice of selling at once the happiness and misery of man. She gave the order of release to her lover, and refused the appointment of a benefactor, whom she could no more see without expiring with shame and grief. Her lover could not have left her upon any other errand than to release his friend. He flew to the place of his confinement, and fulfilled this duty in reflecting upon the strange vicissitudes of this world, and admiring the courageous virtue of a young lady, to whom two unfortunate men owed more than their life.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Huron, the beautiful Miss St. Yves, and their relations, are convened.

The generous and respectable, but faithless girl, was with her brother the Abbé de St. Yves, the good Prior of the Mountain, and Lady de Kerkabon. They were equally astonished, but their situations and sentiments were very different. The Abbé de St. Yves was expiating the wrongs he had done his sister at her feet, and she pardoned him. The prior and his sympathising sister likewise wept, but it was for joy. The filthy bailiff and

his insupportable son did not trouble this affecting scene. They had set out upon the first report of their antagonist's being released; they flew to bury in their own province their folly and fear.

The four *dramatis personæ*, variously agitated, were waiting for the return of the young man, who was gone to deliver his friend. The Abbé de St. Yves did not dare to raise his eyes to meet those of his sister: the good Kerkabon said, "I shall then see once more my dear nephew." "You will see him again," said the charming Miss St. Yves, "but he is no longer the same man; his behaviour, his manners, his ideas, his sense, all have undergone a complete mutation; he is become as respectable, as he was ignorant and strange to every thing. He will be the honour and consolation of your family; could I also be the honour of mine!" "What, are you not the same as you were?" said the prior. "What then has happened, to work so great a change?"

During this conversation the Huron returned with the Jansenist in his hand. The scene now was changed, and became more interesting. It began by the uncle and aunt's tender embraces. The Abbé de St. Yves almost kissed the knees of the ingenuous Huron, who, by the by, was no longer ingenuous. The language of the eyes formed all the discourse of the two lovers, who, nevertheless, expressed every sentiment with which they were penetrated. Satisfaction and acknowledgment sparkled in the countenance of the one, whilst embarrassment was depicted in Miss St. Yves's melting, but half averted eyes. Every one was astonished that she should mingle grief with so much joy.

The venerable Gordon soon endeared himself to the whole family. He had been unhappy with the young prisoner, and this was a sufficient title; he owed his deliverance to the two lovers, and this alone reconciled him to love: the acrimony of his former sentiments was dismissed from his heart; he was converted to a man, as well as the Huron. Every one related his adventures before supper. The two abbés and the aunt listened like children to the relation of stories of ghosts, and like men all interested in so many calamities. "Alas!" said Gordon, "there are perhaps upwards of five hundred virtuous people in the same fetters as Miss St. Yves has broken; their misfortunes are unknown. Many hands are found to strike the unhappy multitude, but seldom one to succour them." This very just reflection increased his sensibility and gratitude; every thing heightened the triumph of the beautiful Miss St. Yves; the grandeur and intrepidity of her soul were the subjects of each one's admiration. This admiration was blended with that respect which we feel in despite of ourselves for a person who we think has some influence at court. But the Abbé de St. Yves sometimes said, "What could my sister do, to obtain this influence so soon?"

Supper was ready, and every one seated very early; when lo! the worthy confidante of Versailles arrived, without being acquainted with any thing that had passed; she was in a coach and six, and it was easily seen to whom the equipage belonged. She entered with that air of authority assumed by people in power who have a great deal of business, saluted the company with much indifference, and pulling the beautiful Miss St.

Yves on one side, said, "Why do you make people wait so long? Follow me; there are the diamonds you forgot." However softly she uttered these expressions, the Huron, nevertheless, overheard them; he saw the diamonds; the brother was speechless; the uncle and aunt testified that kind of surprise common to good people, who had never before beheld such magnificence. The young man, whose mind was now formed by a twelvemonth's reflections, could not help making some against his will, and was for a moment in anxiety. His mistress perceived it, and a mortal paleness spread itself over her countenance; a tremor seized her, and it was with difficulty she could support herself. "Ah! Madam," said she to her fatal friend, "you have ruined me, you have given me the mortal blow." These words pierced the heart of the Huron; but he had already learned to possess himself; he did not dwell upon them, lest he should make his mistress uneasy before her brother, but turned pale as well as her.

Miss St. Yves, distracted with the change she perceived in her lover's countenance, pulled the woman out of the room into the passage, and there threw the jewels at her feet, saying, "Alas! these were not my seducers, you know; but he that gave them shall never set eyes on me again." Her friend took them up, whilst Miss St. Yves added, "He may either take them again, or give them to you; begone, and do not make me still more odious to myself." The ambassadress at length returned, not being able to comprehend the remorse to which she had been witness.

The beautiful Miss St. Yves, greatly oppressed, and feeling a revolution in her body that almost suffocated her, was compelled to go to bed; but that she might not alarm any one, she kept her pains and sufferings to herself; and under pretence of only being weary, she asked leave to take a little rest: this however she did not do, till she had re-animated the company with consolatory and flattering expressions, and cast such a kind look upon her lover as darted fire into his soul.

The supper, which she was not fond of, was in the beginning gloomy, but this gloominess was of that interesting kind that affords attracting and useful conversation, so superior to that frivolous joy sought for, and which is usually nothing more than a troublesome noise.

Gordon, in a few words, gave the history of Jansenism and Molinism; of those persecutions with which one party hampered the other, and of the obstinacy of both. The Huron entered into a criticism thereupon, pitying those men who, not satisfied with all the confusion occasioned by these opposite interests, create evils by imaginary interests and unintelligible absurdities. Gordon related, the other judged; the guests listened with emotion, and gained new lights. The length of misfortunes, and the shortness of life, then became the topics. It was remarked that all professions have peculiar vices and dangers annexed to them; and that from the prince down to the lowest beggar, all seem alike to accuse Providence. How happens it that so many men, for so little, perform the office of persecutors, serjeants, and executioners to others? With what inhuman indifference

does a man in place sign the destruction of a family; and with what joy, still more barbarous, do mercenaries execute them?

“ I saw in my youth,” said the good old Gordon, “ a relation of the Marshal de Marillac, who being prosecuted in his own province, on account of that illustrious but unfortunate man, concealed himself under a borrowed name in Paris. He was an old man near seventy-two years of age. His wife, who accompanied him, was nearly of the same age. They had a libertine son, who, at fourteen years of age, absconded from his father’s house, turned soldier and deserted; he had gone through every gradation of debauchery and misery: at length, having changed his name, he was in the guards of Cardinal Richelieu, (for this priest, as well as Mazarine, had guards) and had obtained an exempt’s staff in their company of sergeants.

“ This adventurer was appointed to arrest the old man and his wife, and acquitted himself with all the obduracy of a man who was willing to please his master. As he was conducting them, he heard these two victims deplore the long succession of miseries which had befallen them from their cradle. This aged couple reckoned as one of their greatest misfortunes, the wildness and loss of their son. He recollected them, but he nevertheless led them to prison, assuring them that his reverence was to be served in preference to every body else. His eminence rewarded his zeal.

“ I have seen a spy of Father de la Chaise betray his own brother, in hopes of a little benefice, which he did not obtain; and I saw him die, not

of remorse, but of grief, at having been cheated by the Jesuit.

“The vocation of a confessor, which I for a long while exercised, made me acquainted with the secrets of families. I have known very few, who, though immersed in the greatest distress, did not externally wear the mask of felicity, and every appearance of joy; and I have always observed, that great grief was the fruit of our unconstrained desires.”

“For my part,” said the Huron, “I imagine that a noble, grateful, sensible man, may always be happy; and I doubt not but to enjoy an unchequered felicity with the charming, generous Miss St. Yves. For I flatter myself,” added he, in addressing himself to her brother with a friendly smile, “that you will not now refuse me as you did last year: besides, I shall pursue a more decent method.” The abbé was confounded in apologies for the past, and in protesting an eternal attachment.

Uncle Kerkabon said this would be the most glorious day of his whole life. His good aunt, in extasies and floods of joy, cried out, “I always said you would never be a sub-deacon; this sacrament is preferable to the other, would to God I had been honoured with it! but I will serve you for a mother.” And now every one vied with each other in applauding the gentle Miss St. Yves.

Her lover’s heart was too full of what she had done for him, and he loved her too much for the affair of the jewels to make any predominant impression on him. But those words, which he too well heard, *you have given me the mortal blow*, still

secretly terrified him, and interrupted all his joy, whilst the eulogiums paid his beautiful mistress still increased his love. In a word, nothing was thought of but her, nothing was mentioned but the happiness those two lovers deserved. A plan was agitated to live altogether at Paris, and schemes of grandeur and fortune succeeded: these hopes, which the smallest ray of happiness engenders, strongly operated. But the Huron felt, in the secret recesses of his heart, a sentiment that exploded this illusion. He read over the promises signed by St. Pouange, and the commission signed Louvois: these men were painted to him such as they were, or such as they were thought to be. Every one spoke of the ministers and administration with the freedom of convivial conversation, which is considered in France as the most precious liberty to be obtained on earth.

“If I were King of France,” said the Huron, “this is the kind of minister that I would chuse for the war department. I would have a man of the highest birth, as he is to give orders to the nobility. I would require that he should himself have been an officer, and passed through the various gradations; or at least that he had attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was worthy of being a Marshal of France. For is it not necessary that he should have served himself, to be acquainted with the details of the service; and will not officers obey with a hundred times more alacrity a military man, who like themselves has been signalized by his courage, than a mere man of the cabinet, who at most can only guess at the operations of a campaign, let him have ever so great a share of sense? I should not be displeased

at my minister's generosity, even though it might sometimes embarrass a little the keeper of the royal treasure. I should chuse him to have a facility in business, and that he should distinguish himself by that kind of gaiety of mind, which is the lot of a man superior to business, so agreeable to the nation, and which renders the performance of every duty less irksome." This is the character he would have chosen for a minister; as he had constantly observed, that such an amiable disposition is incompatible with cruelty.

Monsieur de Louvois would not, perhaps, have been satisfied with the Huron's wishes; his merit lay in a different walk. But whilst they were still at table, the disorder of this unhappy girl took a fatal turn; her blood was on fire, the symptoms of a malignant fever had appeared; she suffered, but did not complain, unwilling to disturb the pleasure of the guests.

Her brother, knowing that she was not asleep, went to the foot of her bed: he was astonished at the condition he found her in. Every body flew to her; her lover appeared next to her brother. He was certainly the most alarmed, and the most affected of any one; but he had learned to unite discretion to all the happy gifts nature had bestowed upon him, and a quick sensibility of decorum began to prevail over him.

A neighbouring physician was immediately sent for. He was one of those itinerant doctors who confound the last disorder they were consulted upon with the present; who follow a blind practice, in a science from which the most mature investigation, and justest observations, do not preclude uncertainty and danger. He greatly increased the dis-

order, by prescribing a fashionable nostrum.—Can fashion extend to medicine? This phrenzy was then too prevalent in Paris.

The grief of Miss St. Yves contributed still more than her physician to render her disorder fatal. Her body suffered martyrdom in the torments of her mind. The crowd of thoughts which agitated her breast, communicated to her veins a more dangerous poison than that of the most burning fever.

CHAPTER XX.

The death of the beautiful Miss St. Yves, and its consequences.

Another physician was called in. This, instead of assisting nature, and leaving it to act in a young person, whose organs recalled the vital stream, applied himself solely to counteract the effects of his brother's prescription. The disorder, in two days, became mortal. The brain, which is thought to be the seat of the mind, was as violently afflicted as the heart, which, we are told, is the seat of the passions. By what incomprehensible mechanism are the organs in subjection to sentiment and thought? How is it that a single melancholy idea shall disturb the whole course of the blood; and that the blood should in turn communicate irregularities to the human understanding? What is that unknown fluid, which certainly exists, and quicker and more active than light, flies in less than the twinkling of an eye into all the channels of life, produces sensations, memory, joy or grief, reason or phrenzy; recalls with horror what we would chuse to forget;

and renders a thinking animal either a subject of admiration, or an object of pity and compassion?

These were the reflections of the good old Gordon; and these observations, so natural, which men seldom make, did not prevent his feeling upon the occasion; for he was not of the number of those gloomy philosophers, who pique themselves upon being insensible. He was affected at the fate of this young woman, like a father who sees his dear child yielding to a slow death. The Abbé St. Yves was desperate; the prior and his sister shed floods of tears; but who could describe the situation of her lover? All expression falls far short of the summit of his affliction, and language here proves its imperfection.

His aunt, almost lifeless, supported the head of the departing fair in her feeble arms; her brother was upon his knees at the foot of the bed; her lover squeezed her hand, which he bathed in tears; his groans rent the air, whilst he called her his guardian angel, his life, his hope, his better-half, his mistress, his wife. At the word wife, a sigh escaped her, whilst she looked upon him with inexpressible tenderness, and then abruptly gave a horrid scream. Presently, in one of those intervals when grief, the oppression of the senses, and pain, subside, and leave the soul its liberty and powers, she cried out;—"I your wife!—Ah! dear lover, this name, this happiness, this felicity, were not destined for me!—I die, and I deserve it. O God of my heart!—O you, whom I sacrificed to infernal dæmons—it is done—I am punished—live and be happy." These tender, but dreadful expressions were incomprehensible;—yet they melted and terrified every heart. She had the courage to

explain herself, and her auditors quaked with astonishment, grief, and pity. They with one voice, detested the man in power, who repaired a shocking act of injustice only by his crimes, and who had forced the most amiable innocence to be his accomplice.

“Who? you guilty!” said her lover, “no, you are not; guilt can only be in the heart;—yours is devoted solely to virtue and to me.”

This opinion he corroborated by such expressions as seemed to recal the beautiful Miss St. Yves back to life. She felt some consolation from them, and was astonished at being still beloved. The aged Gordon would have condemned her at the time he was only a Jansenist; but having attained wisdom, he esteemed her, and wept.

In the midst of these lamentations and fears, whilst the dangerous situation of this worthy girl engrossed every breast, and all were in the greatest consternation, a courier arrived from court. “A courier! from whom? and upon what account?” He was sent by the king’s confessor to the Prior of the Mountain, it was not Father de la Chaise who wrote, but Brother Vadbled, his valet de chambre, a man of great consequence at that time, who acquainted the archbishops with the reverend father’s pleasure, who gave audience, promised benefices, and sometimes issued *lettres de cachet*. He wrote to the Abbé of the Mountain, “that his reverence had been informed of his nephew’s exploits; that his being sent to prison was through mistake; that such little disgraces frequently happened, and should therefore not be attended to; and, in fine, it behoved him, the prior, to come and present his nephew the next day: that he was to bring with

him that good man, Gordon ; and that he, Brother Vaddled, should introduce them to his reverence and M. de Louvois, who would say a word to them in his antichamber."

To which he added, " that the history of the Huron, and his combat against the English, had been related to the king ; that doubtless the king would deign to take notice of him in passing through the gallery, and perhaps he might even nod his head to him." The letter concluded by flattering him with hopes that all the ladies of the court would shew their eagerness to send for his nephew to their toilets ; and that several among them would say to him, " Good day, Mr. Huron ;" and that he would certainly be talked of at the king's supper. The letter was signed, " Your affectionate brother Jesuit, Vaddled."

The prior having read the letter aloud, his furious nephew for a moment suppressed his rage, and said nothing to the bearer : but turning towards the companion of his misfortunes, asked him, what he thought of that stile ? Gordon replied, " This, then, is the way that men are treated like monkies ! They are first beaten, and then they dance." The Huron resuming his character, which always returned in the great emotions of his soul, tore the letter to bits, and threw them in the courier's face ; " There is my answer," said he. His uncle in terrors, who fancied he saw thunderbolts, and twenty *lettres de cachet* at once fall upon him, immediately wrote the best excuse he could for these transports of passion in a young man, which he considered as the ebullition of a great soul.

But a solicitude of a more melancholy stamp now seized every heart. The beautiful and unfor-

fortunate Miss St. Yves was already sensible of her approaching end; she was serene, but it was that kind of shocking serenity, the effect of exhausted nature, no longer able to withstand the conflict. "Oh, my dear lover!" said she, in a faltering voice, "death punishes me for my weakness; but I expire with the consolation of knowing you are free. I adored you whilst I betrayed you, and I adore you in bidding you an eternal adieu."

She did not make a parade of a ridiculous fortitude; she did not understand that miserable glory of having some of her neighbours say, she died with courage. Who, at twenty, can be at once torn from her lover, from life, and what is called honour, without regret, without some pangs? she felt all the horror of her situation, and made it felt by those expiring looks and accents which speak with so much energy. In a word, she shed tears like other people, at those intervals that she was capable of giving vent to them.

Let others strive to celebrate the pompous deaths of those who insensibly rush into destruction. This is the lot of all animals; we die like them, only when age or disorders make us resemble them by the stupidity of our organs. Whoever suffers a great loss, must feel great regret; if they are stifled, it is nothing but vanity that is pursued, even in the arms of death.

When the fatal moment came, all around her most feelingly expressed their grief, by incessant tears and lamentations. The Huron was senseless. Great souls feel more violent sensations than those of less tender dispositions. The good old Gordon knew enough of him to make him dread, that when

he came to himself, he would be guilty of suicide. All kinds of arms were put out of his way, which the unfortunate young man perceived: he said to his relations and Gordon, without shedding any tears, without a groan, or the least emotion; "Do you then think, that any one upon earth hath the right and power to prevent my putting an end to my life?" Gordon took care to avoid making a parade of those common-place declamations, whereby it is endeavoured to be proved, that we are not allowed to exercise our liberty in ceasing to be, when we are in a shocking situation; that we may not leave the house, when we can no longer remain in it; that a man is on earth like a soldier at his post: as if it signified to the Being of beings, whether the conjunction of the particles of matter were in one spot or another: impotent reasons, to which a firm and contemplated despair disdains to listen, and to which Cato replied only with the use of a poniard.

The Huron's sullen and dreadful silence, his doleful aspect, his trembling lips, and the shivering of his whole frame, to every spectator's soul communicated that mixture of compassion and terror, which fetters all its powers, precludes discourse, and is only uttered by faltering accents. The hostess and her family came running; they trembled to behold the state of his desperation, yet all kept their eyes upon him, and attended to all his motions. The ice-cold corpse of the beautiful Miss St. Yves had already been carried into a lower hall, out of the sight of her lover, who seemed still in search of it, though incapable of observing any object.

In the midst of this spectacle of death, whilst the dead body was exposed at the door of the house ; whilst two priests, by the side of a holy water-pot, were repeating prayers with an air of distraction ; whilst some passengers, through idleness, sprinkled the bier with some drops of holy water, and others went their ways quite indifferent ; whilst her relations were drowned in tears, and every one thought the lover would not survive his loss ;—in this situation St. Pouange arrived with his female Versailles friend.

His transitory taste having been but once gratified, it became a fixed passion. A refusal of his generous gifts had piqued his pride. Father de la Chaise would never have suggested the thought of coming into this house ; but St. Pouange having constantly before his eyes the image of the beautiful Miss St. Yves ; burning to satisfy a passion, which, by a single enjoyment, had fixed in his heart the poignancy of desire ; did not hesitate coming himself in search of her, whom he would not, perhaps, have been inclined to see a third time, had she gone to him of her own accord.

He alighted from his coach ; and the first object that presented itself was a bier : he turned away his eyes with that simple distaste of a man bred up in pleasures, and who thinks he should avoid a spectacle which might recal him to the contemplation of human misery. He is inclined to go up stairs, whilst his female friend enquires, through curiosity, whose funeral it is ? The name of Miss St. Yves is pronounced. At this name she turned, and gave a shocking shriek. St. Pouange now returns, whilst surprise and grief possess his soul.

The good old Gordon stood with streaming eyes : he, for a moment ceased his lamentations, to acquaint the courtier with all the circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe. He spoke with that authority which is the companion to sorrow and virtue. St. Pouange was not naturally wicked ; the torrent of business and amusements had hurried away his soul, which was not yet acquainted with itself. He did not border upon that grey age which usually hardens the hearts of ministers ; he listened to Gordon with a downcast look, and some tears escaped him which he was surprised to shed ; in a word, he repented.

“ I will,” said he, “ absolutely see this extraordinary man you have mentioned to me ; he affects me almost as much as this innocent victim, whose death I have been the occasion of.” Gordon followed him as far as the chamber, where were the Prior Kerkabon, the Abbé St. Yves, and some neighbours, who were recalling to life the young man, who had again fainted.

“ I have been the cause of your misfortunes,” said this deputy minister, “ and my whole life shall be employed in making reparation,” The first idea that struck the Huron was to kill him, and then destroy himself. Nothing was more suitable to the circumstances ; but he was without arms, and closely watched. St. Pouange was ~~not~~ repulsed with refusals, accompanied with reproach, contempt, and the insults he deserved, which were lavished upon him. Time softens every thing, Mons. de Louvois at length succeeded in making an excellent officer of the Huron, who has appeared under another name at Paris and in the

army, applauded by all honest men, being at once a warrior and an intrepid philosopher.

He never mentioned this adventure without being greatly affected; and yet his greatest consolation was to speak of it. He cherished the memory of his beloved Miss St. Yves to the last moment of his life. The Abbé St. Yves and the prior were each provided with good livings; the good Kerka-bon rather chose to see his nephew invested with military honours than in the sub-deaconry. The devotee of Versailles kept the diamond ear-rings, and received besides a handsome present. Father *Tout a tout* had presents of chocolate, coffee, and confectionary, with the Meditations of the Reverend Father Croiset, and the Flower of the Saints, bound in Morocco. Good old Gordon lived with the Huron till his death, in the most friendly intimacy; he had also a benefice, and forgot, for ever, effectual grace, and the concomitant concurrence. He took for his motto, *Misfortunes are of some use*. How many worthy people are there in the world who may justly say, *Misfortunes are good for nothing!*

DIALOGUES AND PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSES.*

(NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM VOLTAIRE.)

DIALOGUE V.

Marcus Aurelius and a Recollet.

M. Aur. At last I begin to recollect myself. This must certainly be the Capitol, and that great building the Temple. The man I see yonder is without doubt a priest of Jupiter. A word with you, friend, if you please.

Recollet. Friend! the expression is somewhat familiar: you must be a great stranger here to accost Brother Fulgence the Recollet in this manner, a man who lives in the Capitol, who is confessor to the Dutchess of Popoli, and who now and then addresses the Pope himself just as he would a man.

* Although the following translations do not come under the title of "Tales," yet it was thought that their truth and nature might answer the same end as the best of Voltaire's Romances, and would be thought a sufficient inducement to preserve the unity of the work, by completing the present volume with the same author.

H.

M. Aur. Brother Fulgence in the Capitol! things are altered a little here. I don't understand a word you say; is not this the Temple of Jupiter?

Recoll. Go, go, my good fellow, you are mad. Who may you be, pray, with your antique dress and your short beard? Whence do you come, and what do you want?

M. Aur. I am dressed in nothing but my usual robes; I am come to see Rome again; I am Marcus Aurelius.

Recoll. Marcus Aurelius? I do think I have heard of some such a name. There was a Pagan Emperor, I think, who was so called.

M. Aur. I am he. I wished to pay another visit to that Rome which once loved me, and which I once loved; that Capitol where I have gained triumphs which I despised; that land which I have made happy: but I recognize Rome no longer. I have seen the pillar again which was erected to me; but I don't find there the statue of the wise Antonine my father; it is quite another visage.

Recoll. Ah, that's very true, Mr. Damned. Sextus Quintus has destroyed your pillar; but he has placed in its stead the statue of a man, who was more deserving than your father and you put together.

M. Aur. I always knew it was very easy to be more deserving than me; but I believe it was difficult to be more so than my father. My piety may have deceived me perhaps; every man is subject to error. But why do you call me damned?

Recoll. Because you are so. Was it not you (if I recollect rightly), who so vehemently persecuted men, to whom you were under obligations,

and who procured you rain to enable you to conquer your enemies?

M. Aur. Alas! I was far from persecuting any body. I thank heaven that, by a happy conjuncture, a storm came just at the time my troops were dying with thirst; but I have never yet heard that I am to thank the men you mention for that storm, although they were very good soldiers. But I can assure you I am not damned. I have done too much good to mankind, for the Divine Essence to wish me ill. But tell me, I pray you, where is the palace of the emperor, my successor? Is it still on the Palatine mount? for, upon my honour, I no longer know my own country.

Recoll. Truly, I believe it; we are quite refined now, I can tell you. If you please, I will take you to Mount Cavallo; where you shall kiss the feet of the holy father, and he shall grant you indulgences, of which you seem to stand in great need.

M. Aur. Grant me your's first; and tell me frankly, is there no longer a Roman Emperor or empire?

Recoll. Yes, yes, there are both; but all that is four hundred leagues off, in a little village called Vienne, on the Danube. I would advise you to go there, and see your successors; for here you are in great danger of seeing the inquisition. At all events, I warn you that the reverend father Dominicans don't comprehend raillery, and that they would very ill use all the Marcus Aureliuses, the Antonines, the Trajans and the Tituses, men who don't know their catechism.

M. Aur. Catechism! inquisition! Dominicans! Recollets! a Pope! and the Roman empire in a

little village on the Danube ! Well, I did not dream of this, though I thought that in sixteen hundred years the face of things must be not a little changed. I shall be curious to see a Roman Emperor a Marcoman, a Quadian, a Cimbrian, or a Teutonian.

Recoll. You shall not only have that pleasure whenever you please, but a greater still than that. You would be very much astonished now, if I were to tell you that the Scythians are masters of one half of your empire, and that we are in possession of the other ; that the sovereign of Rome is a priest like me ; that even Father Fulgence may be that sovereign in his turn ; that I may grant benedictions in the very spot where you perhaps have trailed from you car conquered kings ; and that your successor on the Danube has not a single village of his own ; but that there is a priest who lends him one upon occasion.

M. Aur. You tell me strange things indeed. All these great changes can never have been made without the greatest disasters. I always loved the human species, and I must lament them.

Recoll. You are too good. In truth, they have cost torrents of blood, and the spoliation of more than a hundred provinces ; but there could not possibly have been less, before Brother Fulgence could sleep in the Capitol at his ease.

M. Aur. Rome, then, that capital of the world, is greatly fallen and greatly wretched ?

Recoll. Fallen, if you please ; but not wretched. On the contrary, peace presides there, and the fine arts flourish. Those who were once masters of the world are now masters of music. Instead of sending colonies to England, we send opera-singers and fiddles. We have now no Scipios to demolish

their Carthages; but then we have no more banishments. In a word, we have bartered glory for repose.

M. Aur. In my lifetime, I have endeavoured to be a philosopher; and since that time, I have become so in reality. I find that repose is a much better thing than glory; but notwithstanding all you say, I suspect that Father Fulgence is no philosopher.

Recoll. How! I no philosopher! I'm in a fury. Why I have taught philosophy, and what is more, theology.

M. Aur. Theology! what is that theology, pray?

Recoll. It's—it's what commands me to be here, and emperors to be no more: you seem vexed at my good fortune, and at the small revolution which your empire has undergone.

M. Aur. I bow to the eternal decrees; I know that it is useless to murmur against fate; I even admire the vicissitude of human concerns: but since every thing must change, and since the Roman empire is fallen already, why the recollets may have their turn.

Recoll. I excommunicate you, and must go to matins.

M. Aur. And I to rejoin the Being of beings.

DIALOGUE XII.

Education of Women.

Melinda. Erastes went hence just now, and I find you in a profound reverie. He is young, well-made, ingenious, rich, amiable; and I forgive your thoughtfulness.

Sophonra. He is all that, I confess.

Mel. And what's more, he loves you.

Soph. I confess that too.

Mel. And I think you are not insensible towards him.

Soph. That's a third confession, which my friendship has no hesitation in making.

Mel. Add to it a fourth then; I foresee that you will shortly be the wife of Erastes.

Soph. And I foretel you, with equal confidence, that I shall never be his wife.

Mel. What! does your mother object to so suitable a match?

Soph. No: she leaves me perfectly at liberty to choose for myself: I love Erastes; but I shall not marry him.

Mel. And what reason can you have for tyrannizing over yourself thus?

Soph. Simply the dread of being tyrannized. Erastes has wit; but then he is imperious and satirical: he has graces; but then he will lavish them upon others besides me, and I don't wish to stand a rivalry with one of those persons who sell their charms, who unfortunately lend a renown to the purchasers of them, who disgust one half of a town by their ostentation, and ruin the other by their example, and who triumph in society over the miseries of an honest woman, whom they have reduced to mourn in solitude. My inclinations would strongly lead me to prefer Erastes; but I have studied his character, and that has too strongly contradicted my inclinations: I wish to be happy; and happy I should not be with him: I shall therefore marry Aristes whom I do esteem, and hope to love.

Mel. You talk very reasonably for a girl of your age. There are few whom the dread of future sorrow prevents from enjoying present bliss. How did you acquire such a government of yourself?

Soph. The little reason I have, I owe to the education my mother gave me. She did not bring me up in a convent, because it was not in a convent that I was destined to live. I lament the fate of those girls, the care of whose infancy their mothers have entrusted to nuns ; for it is always entrusting that care to strangers. I have heard that in convents, as in the greater part of those colleges in which young men are brought up, little is learnt but what you must learn to forget in after-life, and that the earliest and sweetest of your days are buried in dulness. You never stir from your prison, but when you are to be betrothed to a man whom you never saw before, and who comes to take a peep at you through the grating ; whoever he is, you consider him as your deliverer, and were he a baboon, you would think yourself too happy ; you give yourself away to him without knowing him ; you live with him without loving him ; it's a bargain which has been made without consulting you ; and presently afterwards both parties begin to repent it.

My mother considered me able always to think for myself, and one day to choose a husband for myself. Had I been born to earn my livelihood, she would have taught me to succeed in occupations suitable to my sex ; but born as I was to live in society, she instructed me betimes in every thing that regards society ; she has directed my genius, by making me avoid the errors of genius ; she has accompanied me to every entertainment that she could select to refine the taste without injuring the morals,

where the dangers of our passions were exposed more than their charms, where decorum reigned, and where I could learn to think and to speak. Tragedy has often appeared to me the school of magnanimity, comedy the school of good-manners; and I will venture to say that those instructions, which are regarded only as amusements, have been more profitable to me than all the books in the world. In a word, my mother always regarded me as a thinking being, whose mind was to be cultivated, and not as a doll which is dressed up, exhibited, and put into its case again the next moment.

DIALOGUE XIII.

The Ancients and the Moderns; or, Madame de Pompadour's Toilet.

Mad. de Pompadour. Who is this lady with an aquiline nose, large black eyes, a gait so elevated and noble, a mien so stately and yet so coquettish, who breaks in upon my toilet without announcing herself, and who curtsies like a nun?

Tullia. I am Tullia, born at Rome, about eight hundred years ago; I curtsey in the Roman not in the French manner: I am come I know not whence, to see your country, your person, and your toilet.

Mad. de Pom. Ah! my dear Madam, do me the honour to be seated. An elbow chair there for Madame Tullia.

Tul. For whom? for me, Madam? Am I to sit upon this kind of little incommodious throne,

from which my legs would hang down, and become all red?

Mad. de Pom. How would you sit then, Madam?

Tul. Upon a good bed, Madam.

Mad. de Pom. Oh! I understand you; you mean upon a good couch. There is one, upon which you may throw yourself quite at your ease.

Tul. I am glad to see that the French are as well provided as we are.

Mad. de Pom. Lack-a-daisy, Madam! you have no stockings; your feet are bare; truly they are ornamented with a very pretty ribbon, tied in the form of a buskin.

Tul. We are totally unacquainted with stockings; they are an agreeable and convenient invention, which I infinitely prefer to our buskins. But there were no such things in my time.

Mad. de Pom. And in what time might you live, Madam?

Tul. In the time of Scylla, of Pompey, of Cæsar, of Cato, of Catiline, and of Cicero; of the last of whom I have the honour to be the daughter; of that very Cicero, whom one of your countrymen has made to talk in barbarous verse. I went yesterday to a Parisian theatre, where Catiline and all the rest of my contemporaries were played; but I did not recognize one of them. I there saw that my father exhorted me to make advances to Catiline; at which I was much surprized. But you seem to have got some beautiful mirrors there, Madam; your chamber is full of them. Our mirrors were not the sixteenth part so big as your's. Are they of steel?

Mad. de Pom. No, Madam, they are made of sand; nothing is so common among us.

Tul. That must be a charming art ; I confess we had no such thing among us. Ah ! what a beautiful painting you have got there !

Mad. de Pom. It is not a painting ; it's a print ; it is done with nothing but the black of smoke ; five hundred copies of it can be thrown off in a day ; and thus this secret perpetuates paintings which time consumes.

Tul. This is an admirable secret indeed ; we Romans never had any thing like it.

A Scholar, [*who was assisting at the toilet, drawing a book from his pocket*]. You will be much more astonished, Madam, when you learn that this book is not written by the hand, that it is impressed very nearly as prints are, and that this invention perpetuates likewise the works of literary genius. [*The Scholar presents his book to Tullia ; it was a collection of poems for Madame the Marchioness. Tullia reads a page of it, admires the printing, and says to the author,*] Monsieur, this kind of impression is a very excellent thing ; and if it can immortalize such verses as these, I shall think it the greatest effort art can make. But should you not at least have employed this invention to print the works of my father ?

The Scholar. Yes, Madam, but they are no longer read ; I am very sorry for Monsieur your father, but now-a-days we scarcely hear of his name.

[*Chocolate, tea, coffee, and ices are now brought in. Tullia is astonished to see cream and gooseberries frozen in summer. She is told that those congealed liquors were made so in six minutes, by means of saltpetre with which they were surrounded,*

and that it was by motion they produced that fixation and icing cold. She remains stunned with wonder. The blackness of the chocolate and the coffee inspire her with some disgust, and she asks how liquor can be extracted from plants. A Duke who was present replies.]

The Duke. The fruits of which these liquors are composed come underneath from another world, Arabia.

Tul. As to Arabia, I know Arabia ; but I never heard of what you call *coffee* ; and as to another world, I know of none but what I come from ; and I can assure you there is no chocolate there.

The Duke. The world of which I speak, Madam, is a continent called America, which is almost as large as Asia, Europe and Africa put together, and from which we hear news of a much more certain nature than from that you come from.

Tul. How ! we then, who called ourselves masters of the universe, possessed only half of it, did we ? that's a little humiliating.

The Scholar, (piqued that Madam Tullia should have thought his poetry bad, replies bluntly). You Romans, who boasted yourselves masters of the universe, had not conquered the twentieth part of it. We have at this moment at the foot of Europe, an empire which of itself is larger than the Roman ; and what is more, it is governed by a woman, who is wiser than you, who is prettier than you, and who wears stockings. If she were to read my verses, I'm sure she'd think them excellent.

[Madame the Marchioness silences the Scholar, for his want of respect to a Roman lady and the daughter of Cicero. Monsieur the Duke explains to

her how America was discovered, and pulling out his watch, from which was very gallantly suspended a little compass, he shews her that it was by the assistance of a needle that they sailed into another hemisphere. The surprise of the Roman lady redoubles at every word he says, and at every thing she sees; at last she exclaims:]

Tul. I begin to fear the moderns excel the ancients; I came here only to inform myself on that subject, and I feel that I shall carry bad news to my father.

The Duke. Console yourself, my dear Madam; no writer among us comes up to your illustrious father, not even the author of the Ecclesiastical Gazette, or that of the Christian Journal; and then no man can come up to Cæsar, with whom you have lived, or to the Scipios who preceded him. Nature may perhaps form elevated souls like these now, as well as formerly; but then they are good shoots that will never arrive to any maturity in a bad soil.

It is not the same with the arts and sciences; time and fortunate circumstances have perfected them. It is much easier for us, for instance, to produce a Sophocles or an Euripides, than such a man as your father, because we have theatres, but we cannot have a rostrum to harangue in. You have been hissing the tragedy of Catiline; but when you see that of Phedre performed you will most likely confess that the character of Phedre in Racine is prodigiously superior to its model which you will recognize in Euripides. I hope too that you will agree that our Moliere is superior to your Terence. With your permission, I shall have the

honour to escort you to the opera, where you will be astonished to hear them sing in parts. That's another science which to you is unknown.

I have here, Madam, a little telescope: have the goodness to apply your eye to this glass, and look through it at that house a league off.

Tul. By the immortal gods, that house is at the very end of my telescope, and much larger than it appeared to be.

The Duke. Very well, Madam; it is with this plaything that we have discovered new heavens, just as it is with a needle that we have discovered a new hemisphere. Do you see too this other varnished instrument, along which there is a small tube of glass neatly fitted? it is this trifling thing which has enabled us to discover the exact weight of the air. And at last indeed, after many experiments, a man has come forward with the first spring of all nature, the cause of gravitation, and with a demonstration that the stars rest upon the earth and the earth upon the stars. This man has dissected a ray of the sun too, just as our ladies untwist a piece of gold lace.

Tul. What do you mean by untwisting, Monsieur?

The Duke. A precise equivalent to that word, Madam, is not to be found in Cicero's Orations. It is to unravel a piece of stuff, to part it thread by thread, and to separate the gold from it: this is what Newton has done by the rays of the sun; the stars too were perfectly subjected to him; and a man of the name of Locke did the same by the human understanding.

Tul. You are very intelligent for a Duke; you

appear to me wiser than that Scholar who wanted me to call his verses good, and you are much more polite than he.

The Duke. That's because I have been better educated, Madam ; but as to my knowledge, it's nothing extraordinary ; one of our young men just come from school, knows more than all your philosophers of antiquity. The only pity is that we Europeans have substituted half a dozen imperfect jargons, for that beautiful Latin language, of which your father made such admirable use ; but rough as our tools are, we have not failed to produce some very excellent works with them, even in polite literature.

Tul. The nations that succeeded the Roman empire must have always lived in the profoundest tranquillity ; and there must have been a continued succession of great men from my father's time to your's, to have invented so many new arts, and to have acquired so great a knowledge of the heavens and the earth.

The Duke. Quite the contrary, Madam ; we were barbarians, who almost all came from Scythia, to destroy your empire, the arts and sciences and all. We lived seven or eight hundred years like savages, and to crown our barbarity, we were inundated with a species of men called *monks*, who did nothing in Europe but brutalize that human race, which you had enlightened and subdued. What will astonish you more than all this, is that in the last ages of this barbarity, it was from these very monks, these enemies of reason, that nature called forth men who were beneficial to society. These of them invented the art of relieving that eye-sight which age had weakened, whilst those formed a

union of saltpetre and charcoal that gave us instruments of war, with which we could have extirpated the Scipios, Alexander and Cæsar, together with the whole Macedonian phalanx and all your legions put together ; not that we should have been greater generals than the Scipios, Alexander and Cæsar, but that we should have been better armed than they.

Tul. I observe in you at all times the politeness of a nobleman joined to the erudition of a statesman ; you would have been worthy of a Roman senatorship.

The Duke. Ah ! Madam, you are much more worthy to be at the head of our Court.

Mad. de Pom. Madame would be too dangerous a rival there for me.

Tul. Consult your beautiful mirrors there made of sand, and you will soon see that you have nothing to fear. Well, Sir, you say then, in the politest manner in the world, that you are much wiser than we.

The Duke. I say, Madam, that the later the age the better informed it is, unless indeed there has been some general revolution that has absolutely destroyed every monument of antiquity. We have had horrible revolutions, it is true ; but then they were transitory, and in all these storms, we have been fortunate enough to preserve the works of your father, and those of some other great men : thus the sacred flame has never been totally extinct, and has at last blazed into an almost universal illumination. We now begin to despise the scholastic barbarisms which have so long reigned among us ; but we respect Cicero and all the ancients who have taught us to think. If we have

other physical laws than those of your time, we have no other rhetorical ones ; and perhaps this is what ought to terminate all disputes between the Ancients and the Moderns.

[*The whole company was of the same opinion as the Duke. They afterwards went to see the opera of Castor and Pollux. Tullia was quite contented with the words and music of it, whatever was said, and confessed that such a spectacle was a much better thing than a combat of gladiators.*]

DIALOGUE XXIV.

*The A, B, C; or, Discourses between A, B and C; translated from the English of M. Huet.**

DISCOURSE II.

Of the Soul.

B. Let us begin. It were as well, before we determine what is just, honest, proper between one human soul and another, to know whence those souls come, and whither they go : one likes to dive to the bottom of men, with whom we have to deal.

C. Ah, that's very well said, though it has nothing at all to do with the question. Whatever

* M. Huet, whom Voltaire has feigned to be the author of these Discourses, was a learned French writer, and the proposer of those editions of the Classics which were compiled for the use of the Dauphin. *Translator.*

may be the origin and destiny of the soul, the essential is that it be just; but I always like to treat of that subject which pleased Cicero so much. What do you think of it, Mr. A? The soul, is it immortal?

A. Why, Mr. C, the question is somewhat blunt. It appears to me, that to know of yourself that the soul is immortal, you must first be pretty certain that it exists, and that's a subject with which we have no acquaintance whatever, except by that faith which surmounts all obstacles. Lucretius said more than eight hundred years ago,

“ Ignoratur enim quæ sit natura animæ,”

we are ignorant of the nature of the soul; and he might with equal justice have said, we are ignorant of its very existence: I have read two or three hundred dissertations on this important subject; but I never gained a single idea from them all. You see me here with you, like St. Augustin with St. Jerome; Augustin confessed very frankly, that as to what concerned the soul, he knew nothing at all about it; and Cicero, who was a better philosopher than Augustin, said the same thing a hundred times before him, only in much better language. Our young bachelors can tell you more, no doubt; but as for me I know nothing of the matter, and find myself, at the age of fourscore, just as forward as I was the first day I thought about it.

C. That's because you are in your dotage. Are you not certain that brutes have life, that plants have vegetation, that air has fluidity, that the winds have their courses? Do you doubt that you

yourself have an old soul that directs an old body?

A. It's precisely for the same reason that I know nothing of all you have alledged, that I am absolutely ignorant, when I consult only my own weak reason, whether I have a soul or no. I see plainly that the air is agitated; but I do not see any real being in that air which is called *the course of the wind*. A rose vegetates; but there is no little individual secret in that rose, which is its vegetation: to say there was would be as philosophically absurd as to say that its fragrance was in the rose; and yet this absurdity has been uttered for ages. The ignorant phisiology of all antiquity has told me that the fragrance departed from the flowers to come to my nose, and that the colour departed from the object to come to my eyes; thus making a kind of separate existence of smell, taste, sight, and hearing, and almost believing that life was something that constituted the animal living. The misfortune of all antiquity was thus to transform mere words into real things; they pretended that an idea was a thing; they must consult ideas, archetypes which subsisted God knows on what. Plato gave loose to this jargon, which they called *philosophy*: Aristotle reduced the chimera to settled rules; and hence his entities, his quiddities, and all the barbarisms of his school.

A few sages indeed perceived that all these imaginary beings are nothing but words invented to assist our understandings; that the life of the animal is nothing else than the animal living, that its ideas are only the animal thinking, and that the vegetation of a plant is nothing but the plant vegetating; that the motion of a bowl is nothing but

the bowl changing its place ; and that in one word every metaphysical existence is nothing but one of our conceptions. Two thousand years elapsed before these sages were thought in the right.

C. But if they are in the right, if all these metaphysical beings are nothing but words, then your soul, which passes for a metaphysical being, must be nothing ? we have in fact then no soul ?

A. I don't say that ; I say that I know nothing at all about the matter of myself. I only believe that God gives us five senses and reflection, and it may very well be that we are in God, as St. Paul and Aratus say, and that we see every thing in God, as Mallebranche says.

C. At this rate then I should have ideas without having a soul : that would be very pleasant.

A. Not so pleasant neither. Don't you agree that animals have feeling ?

B. Assuredly ; it were to renounce common sense to deny it.

A. And don't you believe that there is a little unknown thing lodged in their bodies, which you call *sensibility*, *memory*, *appetite*, or which you designate by that vague and inexplicable name, *soul* ?

B. Certainly not ; neither of us believe a word of it. Beasts feel because it is their nature, and because that nature has given them all the organs of feeling, because the great Author and first cause of all nature has determined it so from all eternity.

A. Very well, this eternal first cause has so arranged things, that when I shall have a head rightly set, when my brain shall be neither too humid nor too dry, I shall think ; and I thank it accordingly, with all my soul.

C. But how does thought come into your head?

A. I know nothing about it, once more. A philosopher was persecuted some forty years ago, at a time when one dared not yet think in one's own country, for saying that the difficulty was, not only to know whether matter could think, but to know how a being, whatever he might be, could possess thought. Now I'm just of this philosopher's opinion, and tell you in defiance of persecuting fools, that I am totally ignorant of all the first principles of things.

B. Then you are very ignorant, and we are so too.

A. Agreed.

B. Why then do we reason any longer? How shall we know who is just, and who is unjust, if we don't know what a soul is?

A. Oh, that's a very different thing: we know nothing of the principles of thought, but we know very well what our interest is. We are very sensible that it is our interest to be just to others, and that it is the interest of others to be just to us; so that every one upon this heap of dirt may be as little wretched as possible, by doing what he can, during the short time given us to vegetate by the Being of beings, to feel and to think.

DISCOURSE IV.

Of the Law of Nature and of Curiosity.

B. We are tolerably well convinced that man is not a being absolutely detestable; but let us come to the point: what do you mean by just and unjust.

A. What appears so to all the world.

C. The world is composed of many heads, you know. We are told that in Lacedæmon a man was applauded for thefts, for which in Athens he would have been sent to the mines.

A. Mere abuse of words. It was impossible to commit a theft in Sparta, where every thing was in common. What you call *theft* was nothing but the punishment of avarice.

B. To marry your sister was forbidden at Rome; but among the Egyptians, the Athenians, and even the Jews, it was permitted: for in spite of the Levitical law, the young Tamar said to her brother Ammon: “Brother, none of your folly; ask me in marriage of my father, and he will not refuse you.”

A. All those were mere laws of agreement, arbitrary customs, fashions which pass away. The essential remains for ever. Shew me a country where it was ever thought honest to rob me of the fruits of my labour, to violate a promise, to lie to the prejudice of another, to calumniate, to assassinate, to poison, to be ungrateful to your benefactor, to beat your father and mother while they are feeding you.

B. That's just what I read in a declamation, which made no little noise in its time, and from which I transcribed this singular passage. “The first man, who having enclosed a piece of ground, bethought himself of saying *This is mine*, and found people silly enough to believe him, was your true founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, what incalculable misery and horror, had that man spared the human race, who,

forcing up its palings, or filling up its ditch, had cried to his fellow creatures; ‘Have a care how you listen to this impostor; you are lost if once you forget that the fruits of the earth are the property of every body, and the earth itself of nobody.*’

C. It must have been some highwayman who was a wit, who could have written such a piece of impertinence.

A. I guess it to have been only some very idle beggar; for instead of going to lay waste the ground of a wise and industrious neighbour, he had nothing to do but to follow his neighbour’s example; and if every father of a family had done so too, there would have been a very pretty village formed at once. The author of that passage appears to me at least a very unsociable animal.

B. You think then that, to outrage and rob the honest man, who has surrounded his garden and poultry-yard with a quickset hedge, is a gross violation of the first duties of the law of nature.

A. Yes, yes, I tell you again there is a natural law, and it consists in neither injuring a fellow-creature yourself, nor in rejoicing at it when done by another.

C. There are men however, who say that nothing is more natural than to do evil. Many children amuse themselves by plucking their spar-

* Treatise on Inequality, by Rousseau. It is one of the examples of human contradiction, that the author of this and many other scandalous passages has been regarded as a preacher of virtue, and Voltaire as a corrupter of the morals. But it is only great men who are forgiven nothing.

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rows; and there is scarcely a man in existence, who would not run with a secret pleasure to the sea-side that he might enjoy the spectacle of a ship combated by the winds, and every moment threatened and now devoured by the waves, while the passengers lift their hands to heaven, till at last, together with their wives who hold their infants in their arms, they all sink together into the abyss of ocean. Lucretius has given us the reason of this, when he says,

“ — Quibus ipse malis careas quia cernere suave est,”
The horror's pleasing; for the sight is sweet.

A. Lucretius does not know what he says, a literary distemper, to which that poet is very subject, notwithstanding all his fine descriptions. We run to such a spectacle as that, from curiosity only. Curiosity is a feeling natural to man; but there is not one of the spectators of such a scene, who would not use his last efforts, were he in any way able to save the drowning victims.

When little boys and girls unplume their sparrows, it is purely from motives of curiosity, just as when they pull to pieces their doll's petticoats. It is that passion alone, which draws so great a crowd to witness a public execution.

“ Etrange empressement de voir des misérables!”

Strange eagerness to see the unfortunate! said the author of a tragedy.

I recollect very well, that being at Paris at the time when Damiens was to suffer a death, the most laboured and dreadful that can be imagined, all

the windows that looked upon the spot were hired at a very extravagant price by ladies ; but assuredly not one of these ladies consoled herself with the reflection that her breast would not be pinched off with red-hot irons, and melted lead or boiling resin poured into the wounds, and that four horses would not stretch her bleeding and dislocated limbs. One of the tormentors of this man judged more wisely than Lucretius ; for when one of the academicians of Paris wished to enter the circle to examine the thing more nearly, and was repulsed by the guards, “ Let the gentleman come in,” said the butcher, “ he is an amateur ;” as much as to say, he is curious ; it is not from hard-heartedness that he comes here, it is not that he may look back upon himself, and taste the pleasure of not being quartered ; it is simply from curiosity, just as one goes to see an experiment in philosophy.

B. True : I conceive that a man loves to do evil, and does it, only for his own advantage ; but then so many men are inclined to procure advantage to themselves by the misery of others, vengeance is so violent a passion, there are so many sorrowful examples of it, and ambition more fatal still has inundated the earth with so much blood, that when I retrace the horrible picture, I am almost tempted to retract, and to avow that man is very diabolical. Let me have the notion of justice and injustice ever so strongly in my mind, an Attila to whom St. Leon cringes, a Phocas whom St. Gregory flatters with the most cowardly baseness, an Alexander VI. polluted with so many incests, with so many homicides, and with so many murders, and with whom the weak Louis XII. who

was called the *good*, made the most unworthy and the closest alliance; a Cromwell, whose protection Cardinal Mazarin sought, and for which he drove from France the heirs of Charles I. cousins-german to Louis XIV. &c. &c. &c.: a hundred instances of this kind derange my whole ideas, and I no longer know where I am.

A. Well, but do the storms of yesterday prevent us from enjoying the clear sunshine of to-day? Would the earthquake which destroyed half the town of Lisbon hinder you from travelling very commodiously from Madrid to Rome upon firm ground? If Attila was a robber, and Cardinal Mazarin a cheat, are there not still princes and ministers who are honest men? and does not the idea of justice still subsist the same? It is upon this that all laws are founded: the Greeks called their laws *daughters of heaven*; but that meant nothing more than daughters of nature.

C. It's of no consequence; I am just ready to contradict myself; for I see that laws were made only because men were wicked. If the horse had always been docile, he would never have had a bridle. But not to lose time in raking into the nature of man, and in comparing pretended savages with pretended civilized men, let us see which is the bit that fits our mouths best.

A. I warn you first though, that I shall not suffer any one to bridle me without consulting me, that I wish to bridle myself, and give my voice for at least knowing who shall mount my back.

C. And we are pretty much of the same stud.

DISCOURSE VI.

Of the three forms of Government, and of a thousand ancient errors.

B. Let us come to the point. I confess that I am very well satisfied with a democratic government. I find that philosopher was in the wrong, who said to a partisan of a popular government: "Begin by trying it in your own house, and you'll very soon repent it." With his leave now, a house and a town are very different things. My house is mine; my children are mine; my domestics, when I pay them, are mine; but by what right do my fellow-citizens belong to me? all those who have possessions in the same territory have an equal right to maintain order in that territory. I like to see free men form with their own heads the laws under which they live, just as with their own hands they formed the houses. To me it is a pleasure to see my mason, my carpenter and my blacksmith, who assisted to build my house, my neighbour the farmer, and my friend the manufacturer, all rise by their trade, and become better acquainted with the public interest than the most insolent officer of the Turkish Grand Signior. In a democracy, not a single labourer, not a single mechanic has vexation and contempt to dread; no one is in the predicament of that hatter who humbly presents his respects to a duke or a peer, to be paid for his goods: "What," cries the duke, "then you have received nothing on account, my friend!" "Oh, I beg your pardon, monseigneur, I have

received a box on the ear from monseigneur your steward."

It is very delightful not to be subject to be dragged to prison, because you are not able to pay to a man you know nothing of an imposition of which you are ignorant of the amount, the cause, and almost the existence.

To be free, to have none but equals, is the true life, the natural life of man; every other is an unworthy deceit, a bad comedy, where this one plays the part of a master, that of a slave, a third of a parasite, and a fourth of a go-between. You will allow at least, that men have descended from the state of nature, only by the ladder of baseness and folly.

C. That's clear: no man can have lost his liberty who knew how to defend it. There are two ways in which it may have been lost; either when fools were deceived by knaves, or when the weak were overcome by the strong. We are told of I know not what conquered men, who had each one eye put out by I know not what conquerors: and there are people who have had both their eyes put out, like those old mares who are put to turn mills. Now I wish to preserve my eyes, and am of opinion that an aristocratical state would put out one of them, and a monarchical one both.

A. You speak like an inhabitant of North-Holland, and I forgive you accordingly.

C. As for me, I like nothing but an aristocracy: the people are not fit to rule. I would not suffer my hairdresser to be a legislator; I had sooner never wear a wig: it is only those who have received a very good education, that are fit to lead those who have received none at all. The govern-

ment of Venice is the best in existence; that aristocracy forms the most ancient in Europe. After that I put the government of Germany. Make me a Venetian nobleman, or a Count of the Empire; for I declare to you I can live happily but in one or other of those situations.

A. You are a rich lord, Monsieur C, and I approve your mode of thinking. I see you would be for the Turkish government, if you were but Emperor of Constantinople. As for me, though I am nothing but a member of the parliament of Great Britain, I look upon our constitution as the best of them all; and I quote, as my authority for saying so, a testimony which is unexceptionable; for it is that of a Frenchman, who, in a poem* consecrated to truth and not to idle fiction, thus speaks of our government:

“ Aux murs de Westminster, on voit paroître ensemble
Trois pouvoirs étonnés du nœud qui les rassemble,
Les députés du peuple, et les grands, et le roi,
Divisés d'intérêt, réunis par la loi;
Tous trois membres sacrés de ce corps invincible,
Dangereux à lui-même, à ses voisins terrible†.”

C. “ Dangereux à lui-même?” “ Dang’rous to friends?” You must have great abuses then among you?

* Voltaire’s *Henriad*.

† In Westminster three well-knit pow’rs we find,
This wond’ring at the knot that those can bind,
The people’s deputies, the lords, the crown,
Sep’rate by interest, by agreement one;
The sacred members that this band compose,
Dang’rous to friends, are terrible to foes.

Translator.

A. Doubtless, just as there were among the Romans, among the Athenians, and just as there always will be among men. The summit of human perfection is to be happy and powerful, notwithstanding enormous abuses; and that is to what we have arrived. It is dangerous to eat too much; but I like to see my table well supplied nevertheless.

B. Have you a mind that we should have the pleasure of examining to the bottom all the governments on earth, from that of the Chinese Emperor Hiao and the Hebrew horde to the last dissensions of Ragusa and of Geneva?

A. Heaven forbid! I have nothing to do with raking up foreign archives to regulate my opinions. There have been quite men enough, not able to govern a maid-servant and a valet, whose pens have intermeddled in governing the universe.

I am perfectly tired of all those books in which we are told over and over again of the conceits of Herodotus and others, upon the ancient monarchies of Asia, and upon republics which have long disappeared. Let them tell us again that a Dido, the pretended sister of Pigmalion (which are not even Phœnician names), flew from Phœnicia to purchase in Africa as much land as an ox's hide would contain; and that cutting it into stripes, she encompassed with them an immense territory, where she founded Carthage; let these romantic historians tell us after many others, and let many others tell us after them, of the oracles of Apollo accomplished, of the ring of Gigis, of the ears of Smerdis, and of the horse of Darius, which made its master King of Persia; let them enlarge upon the laws of Charondas; let them repeat that the little village of Sibaris sent three hundred thousand

men to the field against the little village of Crotona, which could arm only one hundred thousand : we must throw all these stories along with the wolf of Romulus and Remus, or the horse of Troy.

Let us entirely throw aside then all ancient history ; and as to the modern, let every one seek to improve himself by the errors of his country and of his neighbours : the lesson will be long ; but we shall see likewise all the fine institutions by which modern nations have signalized themselves : this lesson will be long too.

B. And what will all this teach us ?

A. That the nearer the laws of a nation approach to the laws of nature, the more supportable is human life.*

C. Let us see then.

DISCOURSE VII.

That modern is better than antient Europe.

C. Will you now be bold enough to maintain that you Englishmen are superior to the Athenians and the Romans ? that your combats of cocks or gladiators in an enclosure of rotten planks bear away the palm from amphitheatres ? The cobblers and buffoons who play their parts in your tragedies, are they better than the heroes of Sophocles ? Do

* This is a great truth and very little known ; but it is spoken with so much simplicity that frivolous readers have not marked it, and continue to cry out that Voltaire was a superficial philosopher, because he was neither a declaimer nor an enigmatist.

your orators supersede Cicero and Demosthenes ? Is London better governed than antient Rome ?

A. No ; but London is ten thousand times greater now than it was in the time of that Rome ; and it is just the same with all the rest of Europe.

B. Nay, except, if you please, that part of Greece which is under the great Turk, and that unfortunate part of Italy which obeys the Pope.

A. I do except them ; but only think that Paris, which is now but a tenth part less than London, was then a little barbarous town ; Amsterdam was but a marsh, Madrid a desert, and from the right bank of the Rhine to the gulf of Bothnia, all was savage ; the inhabitants of these climates lived, as the Tartars do still live, in ignorance, in penury, in barbarity.

Do you count it nothing that in these days we have philosophers on the throne, in Berlin, in Sweden, in Poland, in Russia ; and that the discoveries of our great Newton should have become a catechism to the nobility of Moscow and Petersburg ?

C. You'll allow me that this is not the case on the banks of the Danube * and of the Mansanares : light comes upon us from the North ; for you are of the North compared to us who are born under the 45th degree. But do all these novelties render us more happy in these countries than we were when Cæsar bore down upon your island, where he found you half-naked ?

A. I firmly believe they do ; good houses, good clothes, good cheer, with good laws and liberty,

* The banks of the Danube have seen great changes since this was written.

are much better than want, anarchy and slavery. Those who are not content with London have nothing to do but to go and live in the Orkneys; there they may live as we lived in London in Cæsar's time; there they may eat oat-bread, and cut one another's throats for a fish dried in the sun, and a cabin of straw. A savage life has its charms, and those who preach them up have nothing to do but to set the example, and embrace them.

B. But at least they would then live under the law of nature. Pure nature never heard of parliamentary debates, prerogatives of the crown, India companies, imposts of three shillings in the pound upon one's field or one's meadow, and of one shilling upon one's window. You may very well have corrupted nature; but it is not altered in the Orkneys and among the Topinambes.

A. And what if I were to tell you that it is the savages who corrupt nature, and we who follow it.

C. You astonish me; what! is it to follow nature to consecrate an Archbishop of Canterbury? to call a German transplanted among you, *your majesty*? to be able to marry but one woman? and to give up more than a fourth of your revenue every year? not to reckon a hundred other transgressions against nature which I don't mention.

A. I shall prove it to you however, unless I'm very much mistaken. Is it not true that instinct and judgment, the two eldest sons of nature, teach us to seek every where for our own well-being, and to procure that of others, when it evidently conduces to our own? Is it not true that, if two old cardinals were to meet fasting and dying with hunger, just underneath a plum-tree, they would

mechanically assist each other in mounting the tree to gather the fruit, and that two little rascals of the Black Forest or of the Chicasaws would do the same?

B. Well, and what would you conclude from that?

A. Exactly what the two cardinals and the two urchins would conclude, that in all similar cases one must assist the other. Those who are of the most assistance to society then, are those who follow the dictates of nature the most closely. Those who invent arts (a gift of Providence this), those who propose a law (this is infinitely easier) will be those who best obey the law of nature; the more the arts are cultivated then, and our property secured, the better will the law of nature be virtually obeyed. By this reasoning, when we agree to pay three shillings in the pound in order to enjoy more securely the other seventeen shillings, when we agree to choose a German under the name of King for the preserver of our liberty, the arbiter between the Lords and the Commons, the head of the republic; when for the sake of economy and domestic peace we marry but one wife, when (because we are rich) we suffer an Archbishop of Canterbury to have twelve thousand pieces from the revenue to protect the poor, to preach virtue if he knows how, to preserve good order among the clergy, &c. &c., why we do more than fulfil the law of nature, we look through that to its first cause. But the isolated and brutish savage (if there are such animals on earth, which I much doubt), what does he do from morning to night? what but pervert the law of nature, in

being useless both to himself and his fellow-creatures?

A bee that makes neither honey nor wax, a swallow that does not make its own nest, a hen that never lays an egg, pervert their natural law, which is instinct, and an unsociable man perverts the instinct of human nature.

C. And so a man disguised in sheep's wool, or in the bowels of a silk-worm, inventing gunpowder to destroy himself, is the natural man, and the naked Brazilian, the artificial one?

A. No; but the Brazilian is an animal who has not yet attained the perfection of his species. He is a bird who has not his feathers till late in life, a caterpillar shut up in his chrysalis who will not become a butterfly for some months to come. One day or other the Brazilian may probably have his Newtons and his Lockes, and then he will have filled up the measure of the human career, that is, supposing that the organs of a Brazilian are sufficiently strong and supple to arrive to this pitch; for every thing depends upon the organs. But after all, what have I to do with the character of a Brazilian or the feelings of a Topinambe? I am neither the one nor the other; I wish to be happy within myself in my own way. We should examine the state in which we are, and not that in which we can never be.

DISCOURSE XI.

Of the Right of War.

B. We have hitherto treated of matters, which regard us all very closely ; and men must be very insensible to prefer going a hunting or playing at piquet to instructing themselves in such important subjects. Our original intention was to examine into the right of war and peace, and we have not touched upon it yet.

A. What do you understand by the right of war?

B. You embarrass me ; but after all, Grotius has written an ample treatise on it, in which he cites more than a hundred Greek and Latin authors, and even some Jewish ones.

A. Do you think that Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough had studied them, when they came and chased the French through a hundred leagues of country ? The rights of peace I know very well ; they are to keep one's word, and to let every man enjoy the laws of nature ; but as to the rights of war, I don't know at all what they are. The code of murder appears to me a strange conceit. I expect they'll shortly give us the jurisprudence of highway robbers.

C. How then shall we reconcile this so ancient, so universal horror, war, with our ideas of just and unjust ? with that benevolence towards our fellow-creatures, which we pretend is born with us ? with the *το καλον*, the good, and the honorable ?

B. Not so fast. This crime which consists in committing so many crimes in the front of a flag, is not so universal as you may think it. We have already remarked that the Bramins and those Primitives, called *Quakers*, have never been guilty of this abomination. The nations which are beyond the Ganges rarely shed blood; and I have never read that the republic of Saint Marino has ever been at war, although it had almost as much land as Romulus had. The nations of Indus and of Hydaspes were greatly surprised to see the first armed robbers who came to invade their beautiful country. Many of the American tribes too had never heard of this horrible sin, when the Spaniards went to attack them gospel in hand. How can we explain this principle of fury?

A. Just as physicians explain the reason of the plague, the small-pox, and madness. They are diseases attached to the constitution of our organs. One is not always attacked by madness and the plague; it is very often enough that our mad ministers of state should have bitten another, for the rage to communicate itself in three months to four or five hundred men.

C. Yes; but when one has these disorders, one has some remedy. Do you know any for war?

A. I know of only two, which tragedy has usurped, fear and pity. Fear often obliges us to make peace; and pity, which nature has placed in our hearts as an antidote to devouring heroism, makes us not always treat the conquered with the utmost rigour. Indeed it is our interest to be merciful to them, in order that they may serve their new masters with as little repugnance as possible.

I know very well that there are brutes who have made vanquished nations keenly feel the weight of their chains; but to that I have nothing else to reply than this line of a tragedy entitled *Spartacus*, written by one of those few Frenchmen who think profoundly :

“ *Le loi de l'univers est, malheur aux vaincus,*”

Woe to the conquer'd, is the gen'ral law.

I have tamed a horse : well, if I'm wise, I shall feed him, I shall caress him, mount him ; if I'm a furious fool, I shall cut his throat.

C. That's not very consoling ; for, after all, we have nearly every one of us been subdued ; you English by the Romans, by the Saxons, by the Danes, and then by a bastard of Normandy ; the cradle of our religion is in the hands of the Turks ; a handful of Franks has subjected Gaul ; the Tyrians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, the Arabs, have by turns overcome Spain ; in short, from China to Cadiz, almost the whole universe has always belonged to the strongest. I know of no conqueror who ever came with a sword in one hand and a code in the other ; laws have never been made till after victory, that is to say, after plunder ; and these very laws have been made only to support the conqueror's tyranny. What would you say now, if some Norman bastard was to come and invade your England for the purpose of giving you its laws ?

A. I should say nothing ; I should endeavour to kill him in his descent upon my country ; and if he killed me, I could have nothing to reply : if

he conquered me, I should have but two courses to take, that of killing myself, or of serving him faithfully.

B. Those would be sorrowful alternatives. What! are there no laws of war, no right of nations?

A. I am very sorry; but there is no other way but to be continually on your guard. All kings, all ministers think as I do: and that is why twelve hundred thousand mercenaries of Europe are parading every day in time of peace.

Let a prince but disband his troops, suffer his fortifications to rot, and pass his time in reading Grotius, and you'll see if in a year or two he does not lose his kingdom.

C. That's a great injustice.

A. Granted.

C. And is there no remedy for it?

A. None, but to put yourself in a situation to be as unjust as your neighbours. Then ambition is restrained by ambition; then dogs of equal strength shew their teeth, but bite only when they have prey to dispute about.

C. But the Romans, the Romans, those great legislators!

A. They made laws I tell you, just as the Algerines put their slaves under rule; but when they fought to reduce nations to slavery, their law was their sword. Look at the great Cæsar, the husband of so many wives, the wife of so many husbands; he crucified two thousand citizens of Vannes, that the rest might learn to be more humble; and afterwards, when the whole nation was tolerably tame, came the laws and the fine regulations; they erected circuses and amphithea-

tres, they formed aqueducts, they built public baths, and the conquered people danced in their chains.

B. But we are told that even in war there are certain laws observed: for instance, they make a truce for a few days in order to bury their dead; they stipulate not to give battle in a certain spot; they grant a capitulation to a besieged town; they permit it to redeem its bells; you grant civilities to a wounded officer who has fallen into your hands, and if he dies you cause him to be buried.

A. Don't you see that all those are the laws of peace, the laws of nature, the primitive laws which one executes reciprocally? War has not dictated them; they make themselves heard in spite of war, and without them, three parts of the globe would be nothing but a desert covered with bones.

If two incensed parties, who were about to be ruined by their attornies, were to come to an agreement which left each of them a little bread, would you call that agreement *a rule of Court*? If a herd of theologians, about to burn with due ceremony certain reasoners whom they called *heretics*, were to learn that on the morrow the heretic party would burn them in their turn; if they were gracious enough to spare the heretics, would you say that that was a theological law? You would allow that they listened to nature and interest, in spite of theology. And it's just the same in war; what evil it does not do, necessity and interest prevent. War, I tell you, is a dreadful disease, which attacks nation after nation, and which nature in time cures.

C. What! do you admit no war to be just?

A. I never knew such a war ; and it appears to me contradictory and impossible that there should be such a one.

B. What ! when Pope Alexander VI. and his infamous son Borgia plundered the Romagne, and poisoned or cut the throats of all the lords of that country, in granting them indulgences, it was not proper that they should arm themselves against these monsters ?

A. Don't you see that it was these monsters who made war ? those who defended themselves only kept it up. Nothing in this world can be called war but the offensive ; the defensive is nothing but resistance against armed robbers.

C. You are mocking us. Two princes dispute an inheritance ; their right to it is doubtful ; both their arguments are equally plausible ; war must decide them : then is that war just on both sides.

A. It is you that are mocking yourselves. It is physically impossible but one of the two must be in the wrong ; and it is barbarous and absurd that nations should perish, because one of these princes has reasoned wrongly. Let them both fight in a private field, if they will ; but that a whole race should be immolated to their interests, there is the horror. For example, the Archduke Charles disputes the throne of Spain with the Duke of Anjou, and before the suit is determined, it costs the lives of four hundred thousand men. I ask you if that is just ?

B. I confess it is not. They ought to find out some other way to accommodate their difference.

C. It is found out ; they ought to refer it to the nation over which they wish to reign. The Spanish nation says : “ We'll have the Duke of

Anjou ; the king his grandfather named him heir in his will, to which we have subscribed ; we have recognized him for our king ; we have entreated him to come from France to rule over us." Whoever opposes the law both of the living and the dead is visibly unjust.

B. Very well ; but what if the nation is divided ?

A. Then, as I told you before, the nation, and those who enter into the quarrel, are mad. These horrible symptoms last perhaps for twelve years, till the enraged, exhausted and incapable of further exertion, are forced to agree. Accidents, the mixture of good and ill-fortune, intrigues, weariness, extinguish that flame which other accidents, other intrigues, cupidity, jealousy, hope, had illumined. War is like Mount Vesuvius ; its eruptions swallow up whole towns, and then its conflagrations cease. There were times when ferocious beasts descended from the mountains, devoured half your labours, and then retired to their dens.

C. What an unhappy condition is that of man !

A. That of a partridge is worse ; foxes and birds of prey devour it ; sportsmen kill it ; cooks roast it ; and yet there are always partridges. Nature preserves the species, but cares very little for the individual.

B. You are hard ; morality does not accord with these maxims.

A. It is not I that am hard, it's destiny. Your moralists may very well cry out : " Miserable mortals ! be just and beneficent ; cultivate the earth, and shed no blood. Princes ! lay not waste the inheritance of others, lest they kill you in your own ; stay where you are, poor gentlemen,

build again your ruined houses ; extract from your lands double what is extracted from you ; surround your fields with live hedges ; plant mulberry trees ; let your sisters make you silk stockings ; improve your vines ; and if the neighbouring nations will come and drink your wine in spite of you, defend yourself with courage, but don't go and sell your blood to princes whom you don't know, who will never cast a glance at you, and who will treat you like dogs that are brought out to hunt the boar, and afterwards suffered to die in the kennel."

These words will probably make an impression on three or four well-organized heads, while a hundred thousand others will not understand them, and will canvass for the honor of being lieutenant of hussars.

As for those moralists for hire, who are called *preachers*, they have never even dared to preach against war. They declaim against sensual appetites, after taking their chocolate ; they anathematize love, and after quitting the pulpit where they have cried and gesticulated, they atone by their devotions to it. They exhaust their lungs in proving mysteries, of which they have not the least idea ; but they take special care not to decry war, which unites every unmanly thing that perfidy can give birth to in the manifestoes of armies, every base thing that knavery can invent in its supplies, every dreadful thing that robbery can give rise to, in plunder, violation, homicide, devastation, destruction. On the contrary, these good priests ceremoniously bless the standards of murder, and their brethren chaunt for money

Jewish songs, because the earth has been inundated with blood.


B. Truly, even in the works of the prolix and argumentative Bourdaloue, the first man who threw any thing like reason into his sermons, I don't recollect to have read a single page against war.

The elegant and gentle Massilon indeed, in blessing the rags of Catinat's regiment, sent up a few wishes for peace; but he allowed of ambition. "The desire," said he, "to see your services recompensed, if it be moderated, if it do not carry you into iniquitous means to accomplish your ends, has nothing by which Christian morality can be wounded." And then he goes on to pray God to send the exterminating angel before Catinat's regiment. "O my God! may it always be preceded by victory or death: spread among its enemies terror and confusion." I don't know whether victory can well precede a regiment; but I know that the Austrian preachers said just the same thing against Catinat's army, and that the exterminating angel did not know which to listen to.

A. In short, on whatever side you turn, you will see that priests have always preached up slaughter, down to the sorry Jurieu, the Amsterdam prophet. The merchants of that town, as cunning as this poor fellow was foolish, let him talk on, and sold their cloves and cinnamon just the same.

C. Well then, don't let us go to war, don't let us suffer ourselves to be killed by chance for money. Let us be contented with defending ourselves against those robbers called *conquerors*.

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