Candide

VOLTAIRE

1694–1778

Candide

Candide, ou l'Optimisme

Translated from the French with AI (Claude) and edited



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INTRODUCTION

Candide, or Optimism appeared anonymously in Geneva in 1759 and was banned almost at once, which helped it sell. Its author, Voltaire, was sixty-four and the most famous writer in Europe. Four years earlier the Lisbon earthquake had killed tens of thousands, and philosophers had gone on explaining that, all things considered, this is the best of all possible worlds.

The story follows a guileless young man, Candide, who is thrown out of a Westphalian castle for kissing the baron's daughter, Cunégonde, and is then carried across Europe, South America and the Ottoman Empire by war, shipwreck, earthquake, the Inquisition, swindlers and slavery. At every disaster his tutor Pangloss insists that all is for the best. The pessimist Martin disagrees; the old woman has seen worse. In the end the survivors settle on a small farm near Constantinople, and Candide has the last word: "we must cultivate our garden."

It is a short, fast, very funny book about suffering, and one of the most effective satires ever written against complacency, war, fanaticism and slavery. Some of its jokes rely on the ethnic and religious caricatures of its time; they are given here as Voltaire wrote them, without the slurs.

Chapters I–VIII: From Westphalia to Lisbon

Candide is thrown out of the best of all castles, forced into the Bulgar army, survives the Lisbon earthquake and the auto-da-fé, and finds Cunégonde again.

CHAPITRE I. COMMENT CANDIDE FUT ÉLEVÉ DANS UN BEAU CHÂTEAU, ET COMMENT IL FUT CHASSÉ D'ICELUI.

1.1 There lived in Westphalia, in the castle of the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, a young boy whom nature had given the gentlest of dispositions. His face announced his soul. His judgment was fairly sound, and his mind of the simplest; it was for this reason, I believe, that he was called Candide. The old servants of the house suspected that he was the son of the baron's sister and of a good and honest gentleman of the neighborhood, whom that young lady would never marry because he could prove only seventy-one quarterings, the rest of his family tree having been lost to the ravages of time.[1]

1.2 The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle had a door and windows. His great hall was even hung with a tapestry. All the dogs in his farmyards made up a pack of hounds when needed; his grooms were his huntsmen; the village curate was his chief almoner. They all called him My Lord, and they laughed when he told stories.

1.3 The baroness, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, commanded great respect on that account, and did the

1 Quarterings count a person's noble ancestors; even sixteen was a demanding proof of nobility.

honors of the house with a dignity that made her more respectable still. Her daughter Cunégonde, aged seventeen, was rosy-cheeked, fresh, plump and appetizing. The baron's son seemed in every way worthy of his father. The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the household, and little Candide listened to his lessons with all the good faith of his age and character.

1.4 Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolonigology. He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause, and that, in this best of all possible worlds, my lord the baron's castle was the most beautiful of castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.[2]

1.5 "It is demonstrated," he would say, "that things cannot be otherwise: for since everything is made for an end, everything is necessarily for the best end. Note well that noses were made to wear spectacles; and so we have spectacles. Legs were plainly designed to wear breeches, and we have breeches. Stones were formed to be cut and made into castles; and so my lord has a very fine castle: the greatest baron in the province must be the best housed. And pigs being made to be eaten, we eat pork all year round. Consequently, those who have asserted that all is well have talked nonsense: they should have said that all is for the best."

1.6 Candide listened attentively and believed innocently, for he found Mademoiselle Cunégonde extremely beautiful, though he never made so bold as to tell her so. He concluded that, after the happiness of being born baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Mademoiselle Cunégonde; the third, to see her every day; and the fourth, to hear Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher in the province, and consequently in the whole world.

1.7 One day Cunégonde, walking near the castle in the little wood they called the park, saw Doctor Pangloss in the bushes giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's chambermaid, a little brunette, very pretty and very docile. As

2 Pangloss parodies the optimism of the philosopher Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646–1716) as systematized by his follower Christian Wolff (1679–1754).

Mademoiselle Cunégonde had a great aptitude for the sciences, she observed, holding her breath, the repeated experiments she witnessed; she clearly saw the doctor's sufficient reason, the effects and the causes, and went home all flustered, all pensive, all filled with the desire to be learned, reflecting that she might well be young Candide's sufficient reason, and he might be hers.

1.8 She met Candide on her way back to the castle, and blushed; Candide blushed too. She said good morning to him in a faltering voice; and Candide spoke to her without knowing what he was saying. The next day, after dinner, as everyone was leaving the table, Cunégonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen; Cunégonde dropped her handkerchief, Candide picked it up; she innocently took his hand; the young man innocently kissed the young lady's hand with a most particular liveliness, tenderness and grace; their lips met, their eyes blazed, their knees trembled, their hands wandered. The baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh passed by the screen and, seeing this cause and this effect, drove Candide from the castle with great kicks to the backside. Cunégonde fainted; as soon as she came to, the baroness slapped her face; and all was dismay in the most beautiful and most agreeable of all possible castles.

CHAPTER II: WHAT BECAME OF CANDIDE AMONG THE BULGARS

Candide is tricked into the Bulgar army, drilled with beatings, deserts, and is made to run the gauntlet.

2.1 Candide, driven from the earthly paradise, walked for a long time without knowing where, weeping, raising his eyes to heaven, often turning them back toward the most beautiful of castles, which held the most beautiful of little baronesses; he lay down without supper in the middle of the fields between two furrows; the snow was falling in large flakes. The next day Candide, frozen through, dragged himself toward the neighboring town, which is called *Valdberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff,* without any money, dying of hunger and weariness. He stopped sadly at the door of a tavern. Two men dressed in blue noticed him. "Com-

rade," said one, "there's a very well-built young man, and of the required height." They went up to Candide and very civilly invited him to dinner. "Gentlemen," Candide said to them with charming modesty, "you do me great honor, but I haven't the means to pay my share." "Ah, sir," said one of the men in blue, "people of your looks and your merit never pay anything: aren't you five feet five inches tall?" "Yes, gentlemen, that is my height," he said, bowing. "Ah, sir, sit down at table; not only will we cover your costs, but we will never allow a man like you to be short of money; men are made only to help one another." "You are right," said Candide; "that is what Mr. Pangloss always told me, and I see clearly that all is for the best." They beg him to accept a few crowns; he takes them and wants to write an IOU; they won't hear of it; they sit down at table. "Don't you tenderly love...?" "Oh yes," he replies, "I tenderly love Mademoiselle Cunégonde." "No," says one of the gentlemen, "we are asking whether you don't tenderly love the king of the Bulgars." "Not at all," he says, "for I have never seen him." "What! He is the most charming of kings, and we must drink his health." "Oh, with great pleasure, gentlemen." And he drinks. "That will do," they tell him; "you are now the prop, the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgars; your fortune is made and your glory assured." On the spot they put him in leg irons and take him to the regiment. They make him turn right, turn left, draw the ramrod, return the ramrod, take aim, fire, march at double time, and they give him thirty blows with a stick; the next day he does the drill a little less badly and receives only twenty blows; the day after, they give him only ten, and his comrades regard him as a prodigy.

2.2 Candide, quite stupefied, could not yet make out very well how he was a hero. One fine spring day he took it into his head to go for a walk, walking straight ahead, believing that it was a privilege of the human species, as of the animal species, to use one's legs as one pleased. He had not gone two leagues when four other heroes, six feet tall, catch up with him, tie him up and take him to a dungeon. He was asked, in due legal form, which

he would prefer: to be flogged thirty-six times by the whole regiment, or to receive twelve lead bullets in his brain at once. In vain did he say that the will is free and that he wanted neither; he had to make a choice. By virtue of the gift of God called *freedom,* he decided to run the gauntlet thirty-six times; he endured two runs. The regiment was made up of two thousand men; that came to four thousand strokes of the rod, which laid bare the muscles and nerves from the nape of his neck to his arse. As they were about to proceed to the third run, Candide, unable to bear any more, begged them as a favor to be so kind as to blow his brains out; he obtained this favor; they blindfold him; they make him kneel. At that moment the king of the Bulgars passes by and inquires about the condemned man's crime; and since this king was a man of great genius, he understood from all he learned about Candide that he was a young metaphysician, quite ignorant of the things of this world, and he pardoned him with a clemency that will be praised in every newspaper and in every age. A worthy surgeon cured Candide in three weeks with the emollients prescribed by Dioscorides. He already had a little skin and could walk when the king of the Bulgars gave battle to the king of the Abars.[3]

CHAPTER III: HOW CANDIDE ESCAPED FROM THE BULGARS, AND WHAT BECAME OF HIM

After a battle Candide flees through burned villages to Holland, where the Anabaptist Jacques takes him in.

3.1 Nothing could be so fine, so smart, so brilliant, so well drawn up as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, oboes, drums and cannon made a harmony such as there never was in hell. First the cannon toppled about six thousand men on each side; then the musketry removed from the best of worlds some nine or ten thousand scoundrels who were infesting its surface. The bayonet was also the sufficient reason for the death of a few thou-

3 Dioscorides: Greek physician of the 1st century AD whose treatise on medicinal remedies remained a standard authority for centuries.

sand men. The whole may well have come to some thirty thousand souls. Candide, who was trembling like a philosopher, hid as best he could during this heroic butchery.

3.2 At last, while the two kings were having *Te Deums* sung, each in his own camp, he decided to go and reason elsewhere about effects and causes. He climbed over heaps of the dead and dying and first reached a nearby village; it was in ashes: it was an Abar village that the Bulgars had burned, in accordance with the rules of international law. Here old men riddled with wounds watched their butchered wives die, their children still clutched to their bloody breasts; there girls, disemboweled after satisfying the natural needs of a few heroes, were breathing their last; others, half burned, cried out to be put out of their misery. Brains were scattered on the ground beside severed arms and legs.

3.3 Candide fled as fast as he could to another village: it belonged to Bulgars, and the Abar heroes had treated it the same way. Candide, still stepping over quivering limbs or through ruins, at last got out of the theater of war, carrying a few small provisions in his knapsack, and never forgetting Mademoiselle Cunégonde. His provisions ran out when he was in Holland; but having heard that everyone in that country was rich, and that they were Christians, he did not doubt that he would be treated as well as he had been in the baron's castle before he was driven out of it for the sake of Mademoiselle Cunégonde's lovely eyes.

3.4 He asked for alms from several grave personages, who all told him that if he kept on plying that trade he would be shut up in a house of correction to teach him how to live.

3.5 Next he approached a man who had just spoken all by himself for an hour on end about charity before a large assembly. This orator, looking at him askance, said: "What are you doing here? Are you here for the good cause?" "There is no effect without a cause," Candide replied modestly; "everything is necessarily linked and arranged for the best. I had to be driven away from Mademoiselle Cunégonde, I had to run the gauntlet, and I must beg for my bread until I can earn it; all this could not

be otherwise." "My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the pope is the Antichrist?" "I hadn't heard that before," replied Candide; "but whether he is or not, I have no bread." "You don't deserve to eat any," said the other. "Go on, you scoundrel; go on, you wretch; never come near me again as long as you live." The orator's wife, having put her head out of the window and seeing a man who doubted that the pope was the Antichrist, poured over his head a full… O heavens! To what lengths religious zeal will carry the ladies!

3.6 A man who had never been baptized, a good Anabaptist named Jacques, saw the cruel and shameful way in which one of his brothers was being treated—a two-legged creature without feathers, who had a soul; he took him home, cleaned him up, gave him bread and beer, made him a present of two florins, and even offered to teach him to work in his factories on the Persian fabrics that are made in Holland. Candide, almost prostrating himself before him, exclaimed: "Master Pangloss was quite right to tell me that all is for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more touched by your great generosity than by the harshness of that gentleman in the black cloak and his good lady."[4]

3.7 The next day, out walking, he met a beggar covered all over with sores, his eyes dead, the tip of his nose eaten away, his mouth twisted, his teeth black, speaking from his throat, racked by a violent cough and spitting out a tooth at every spasm.

CHAPTER IV: HOW CANDIDE MET HIS OLD PHILOSOPHY TEACHER, DOCTOR PANGLOSS, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Pangloss, ruined by the pox, tells of the castle's destruction; Jacques has him cured and sails for Lisbon.

4.1 Candide, moved even more by compassion than by horror, gave this frightful beggar the two florins he had received from his honest Anabaptist Jacques. The phantom stared at him, shed tears and flung his arms around his neck. Candide, frightened,

4 Anabaptists baptize only adult believers, hence the joke; "a two-legged creature without feathers" is the definition of man attributed to Plato.

draws back. “Alas!” said the one wretch to the other, “don’t you recognize your dear Pangloss any more?” “What do I hear? You, my dear master! You, in this horrible state! What misfortune has befallen you? Why are you no longer in the most beautiful of castles? What has become of Mademoiselle Cunégonde, the pearl of young ladies, nature’s masterpiece?” “I am at the end of my strength,” said Pangloss. At once Candide took him to the Anabaptist’s stable, where he gave him a little bread to eat; and when Pangloss had revived: “Well,” he said to him, “Cunégonde?” “She is dead,” replied the other. Candide fainted at that word; his friend brought him round with a little bad vinegar that happened to be in the stable. Candide opens his eyes again. “Cunégonde is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where are you? But what illness did she die of? Could it have been from seeing me kicked out of her father’s fine castle?” “No,” said Pangloss, “she was disemboweled by Bulgar soldiers after being raped as much as anyone can be; they smashed the head of the baron, who tried to defend her; the baroness was cut to pieces; my poor pupil was treated exactly like his sister; and as for the castle, not one stone was left upon another, not a barn, not a sheep, not a duck, not a tree; but we were well avenged, for the Abars did just the same to a neighboring barony that belonged to a Bulgar lord.”

4.2 At these words Candide fainted again; but having come to, and having said all that he ought to say, he inquired into the cause and the effect, and the sufficient reason, that had reduced Pangloss to so pitiful a state. “Alas,” said the other, “it is love: love, the comforter of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sentient beings, tender love.” “Alas,” said Candide, “I have known it, this love, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of our soul; it has never brought me anything but one kiss and twenty kicks in the arse. How could so fine a cause produce so abominable an effect in you?”

4.3 Pangloss answered in these terms: “O my dear Candide! You knew Paquette, that pretty attendant of our august baroness; in her arms I tasted the delights of paradise, which have produced these torments of hell by which you see me devoured; she was

infected with them, and perhaps she has died of them. Paquette had this present from a very learned Franciscan friar who had traced it back to its source: for he had it from an old countess, who had received it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marquise, who had it from a page, who had received it from a Jesuit, who, as a novice, had it in direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. As for me, I shall give it to no one, for I am dying."

4.4 "O Pangloss!" cried Candide, "what a strange genealogy! Wasn't it the devil who founded the line?"

4.5 "Not at all," replied that great man. "It was an indispensable thing in the best of worlds, a necessary ingredient; for if Columbus had not caught, on an island in America, this disease which poisons the source of generation, which often even prevents generation, and which is evidently the opposite of nature's great purpose, we should have neither chocolate nor cochineal. It must also be observed that to this day, on our continent, this disease is peculiar to us, like religious controversy. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese and the Japanese do not know it yet; but there is a sufficient reason for them to come to know it in their turn in a few centuries. Meanwhile it has made marvelous progress among us, and especially in those great armies of honest, well-bred hirelings who decide the destiny of states; one can be sure that when thirty thousand men fight a pitched battle against troops equal in number, there are about twenty thousand men with the pox on each side."

4.6 "That is admirable," said Candide, "but you must get yourself cured."

4.7 "And how can I?" said Pangloss. "I haven't a penny, my friend, and nowhere on the whole face of this globe can you get yourself bled or take an enema without paying, or without someone paying for you."

4.8 This last speech decided Candide; he went and threw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist Jacques, and painted so moving a picture of the state to which his friend was reduced that the good man did not hesitate to take in Doctor Pangloss; he

had him cured at his own expense. In the course of the cure Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear. He wrote a good hand and knew arithmetic perfectly. The Anabaptist Jacques made him his bookkeeper. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon on business, he took his two philosophers with him on his ship. Pangloss explained to him how everything could not possibly be better. Jacques was not of that opinion. "Men must surely have corrupted nature a little," he would say, "for they were not born wolves, and they have become wolves. God gave them neither twenty-four-pounders nor bayonets, and they have made themselves bayonets and cannon to destroy one another. I could also put on the account bankruptcies, and the law, which seizes the bankrupts' goods in order to cheat the creditors of them." "All that was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and private misfortunes make the general good; so that the more private misfortunes there are, the more all is well." While he was reasoning, the sky grew dark, the winds blew from the four corners of the world, and the ship was assailed by the most horrible storm, within sight of the port of Lisbon.

CHAPTER V: STORM, SHIPWRECK, EARTHQUAKE, AND WHAT BECAME OF PANGLOSS, CANDIDE AND JACQUES

Jacques drowns off Lisbon, the earthquake strikes, and Pangloss's talk of freedom alarms an agent of the Inquisition.

5.1 Half the passengers, weakened, dying of those inconceivable agonies that the rolling of a ship brings to the nerves and to all the humors of the body, tossed in opposite directions, did not even have the strength to worry about the danger. The other half were shrieking and praying; the sails were torn, the masts broken, the ship split open. Whoever could, worked; no one could hear anyone, no one was in command. The Anabaptist was lending a hand with the rigging; he was on the deck; a furious sailor strikes him hard and lays him out on the planks; but the blow he gave him jolted him so violently that he fell overboard head first. He was left hanging, caught on part of a broken mast. The good Jacques runs to his aid, helps him climb back up,

and with the effort he makes he is flung into the sea before the sailor's eyes, and the sailor let him perish without even deigning to look at him. Candide comes up, sees his benefactor rise to the surface for a moment and then be swallowed up forever. He wants to throw himself into the sea after him; the philosopher Pangloss stops him, proving to him that the bay of Lisbon had been formed expressly for this Anabaptist to drown in. While he was proving this *a priori,* the ship splits open; all perish except Pangloss, Candide and that brute of a sailor who had drowned the virtuous Anabaptist; the scoundrel had the luck to swim to the shore, where Pangloss and Candide were carried on a plank.

5.2 When they had recovered a little, they walked toward Lisbon; they had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from hunger after escaping the storm.

5.3 Scarcely have they set foot in the city, weeping for the death of their benefactor, when they feel the earth tremble beneath their feet; the sea rises boiling in the port and smashes the ships at anchor. Whirlwinds of flame and ash cover the streets and public squares; houses collapse, roofs are toppled onto foundations, and the foundations scatter; thirty thousand inhabitants of every age and both sexes are crushed beneath the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, said: "There'll be something to be had here." "What can be the sufficient reason for this phenomenon?" said Pangloss.[5] "This is the last day of the world!" cried Candide. The sailor runs straight into the midst of the rubble, braves death to find money, finds some, grabs it, gets drunk, and, having slept it off, buys the favors of the first willing girl he meets on the ruins of the destroyed houses, amid the dying and the dead. Pangloss, meanwhile, was tugging at his sleeve. "My friend," he said, "this is not right; you are offending against universal reason; you are choosing your time badly." "Blood and thunder!" replied the other. "I'm a sailor, born in

5 The Lisbon earthquake of 1 November 1755 destroyed much of the city and killed tens of thousands; it shook Europe's faith in providence and prompted Voltaire's Poem on the Lisbon Disaster (1756).

Batavia; I've trampled on the crucifix four times on four voyages to Japan; you've found just the man for your universal reason!"[6]

5.4 Some splinters of stone had wounded Candide; he lay stretched out in the street, covered with rubble. He said to Pangloss: "Alas, get me a little wine and oil; I am dying." "This earthquake is nothing new," replied Pangloss; "the city of Lima, in America, felt the same shocks last year; same causes, same effects; there is certainly a trail of sulfur underground running from Lima to Lisbon." "Nothing is more probable," said Candide; "but for God's sake, a little oil and wine." "What do you mean, probable?" replied the philosopher. "I maintain that the thing is demonstrated." Candide lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a nearby fountain.

5.5 The next day, having found some provisions while slipping through the debris, they restored their strength a little. Then, like the others, they worked to relieve the inhabitants who had escaped death. Some citizens they had helped gave them as good a dinner as could be had in such a disaster. It is true that the meal was a sad one; the guests watered their bread with their tears; but Pangloss consoled them, assuring them that things could not be otherwise. "For," he said, "all this is for the very best; for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could not be anywhere else; for it is impossible for things not to be where they are; for all is well."

5.6 A little man in black, a familiar of the Inquisition, who was sitting beside him, politely spoke up: "Apparently, sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if all is for the best, then there was neither fall nor punishment." "I most humbly beg Your Excellency's pardon," replied Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man and the curse were necessary parts of the best of all possible worlds." "Then, sir, you do not believe in freedom?" said the familiar.[7] "Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss;

6 Batavia (now Jakarta) was the headquarters of the Dutch East India Company; Dutch traders were said to trample on the crucifix to be allowed to trade in Japan.
7 A familiar was a lay officer of the Inquisition who acted as its informer and agent.

"freedom can coexist with absolute necessity; for it was necessary that we should be free; for after all, the determined will..." Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence when the familiar nodded to his attendant, who was pouring him wine from Porto, or Oporto.

CHAPTER VI: HOW A FINE AUTO-DA-FÉ WAS HELD TO PREVENT EARTHQUAKES, AND HOW CANDIDE WAS FLOGGED

The Inquisition burns three men, hangs Pangloss and flogs Candide; the earth shakes again the same day.

6.1 After the earthquake that had destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of the country could find no more effective means of preventing total ruin than to give the people a fine auto-da-fé; it had been decided by the University of Coimbra that the spectacle of a few people being slowly burned, with great ceremony, is an infallible secret for keeping the earth from quaking.[8]

6.2 Accordingly they had seized a Biscayan convicted of having married his fellow godparent, and two Portuguese who, while eating a chicken, had pulled out the bacon it was larded with; after dinner, men came and tied up Doctor Pangloss and his disciple Candide, the one for having spoken, the other for having listened with an air of approval. Both were taken separately to exceedingly cool apartments, where one was never troubled by the sun; a week later they were both dressed in a sanbenito, and their heads were adorned with paper miters: Candide's miter and sanbenito were painted with inverted flames and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss's devils had

8 An auto-da-fé ("act of faith") was the public ceremony at which the Inquisition's sentences were read and carried out, including the burning of the condemned; one was held in Lisbon in June 1756.

claws and tails, and his flames were upright.[9] Dressed in this way, they marched in procession and heard a very moving sermon, followed by fine music in fauxbourdon. Candide was flogged in time to the singing; the Biscayan and the two men who had refused to eat bacon were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, though that is not the custom. The same day the earth shook again with a frightful roar.[10]

6.3 Candide, terrified, dumbfounded, bewildered, all bloody, all trembling, said to himself: "If this is the best of all possible worlds, what then are the others? It would be one thing if I had only been flogged; I was flogged among the Bulgars. But, O my dear Pangloss, greatest of philosophers! must I have seen you hanged without knowing why! O my dear Anabaptist, best of men! must you have been drowned in the harbor! O Mademoiselle Cunégonde, pearl of young ladies! must your belly have been slit open!"

6.4 He was making his way back, barely able to stand, preached at, flogged, absolved and blessed, when an old woman came up to him and said: "My son, take heart, follow me."

CHAPTER VII: HOW AN OLD WOMAN TOOK CARE OF CANDIDE, AND HOW HE FOUND THE ONE HE LOVED

An old woman nurses Candide and leads him to a country house, where he finds Cunégonde alive.

7.1 Candide did not take heart, but he followed the old woman into a hovel; she gave him a pot of ointment to rub on himself and left him food and drink; she showed him a small, fairly clean bed; beside the bed was a complete suit of clothes. "Eat, drink, sleep," she told him, "and may Our Lady of Atocha, my lord Saint Anthony of Padua and my lord Saint James of Compostela watch over you! I will come back tomorrow." Candide,

9 Godparents of the same child counted as spiritual kin, so their marriage was incest in canon law; refusing pork marked the two men as secret Jews. The sanbenito was the penitential tunic of those condemned by the Inquisition, its downward flames signifying that the wearer had repented and would not be burned.
10 Fauxbourdon is a simple style of harmonized chant.

still amazed at all he had seen and all he had suffered, and even more at the old woman's charity, wanted to kiss her hand. "It is not my hand you should kiss," said the old woman. "I will come back tomorrow. Rub yourself with the ointment, eat and sleep."

7.2 Candide, in spite of so many misfortunes, ate and slept. The next day the old woman brings him breakfast, examines his back and rubs it herself with another ointment; then she brings him dinner; she comes back toward evening and brings supper. The day after, she performed the same ceremonies again. "Who are you?" Candide kept asking her. "Who inspired you with such kindness? How can I ever thank you?" The good woman never answered. She came back toward evening and brought no supper. "Come with me," she said, "and don't say a word." She takes him by the arm and walks with him about a quarter of a mile into the countryside; they come to a secluded house surrounded by gardens and canals. The old woman knocks at a small door. It opens; she leads Candide up a hidden staircase into a gilded little room, leaves him on a brocade sofa, shuts the door and goes away. Candide thought he was dreaming, and looked on his whole life as a dismal dream, and the present moment as a pleasant one.

7.3 The old woman soon reappeared; she was supporting with difficulty a trembling woman of majestic figure, glittering with jewels and covered by a veil. "Take off that veil," the old woman said to Candide. The young man approaches; with a timid hand he lifts the veil. What a moment! What a surprise! He thinks he sees Mademoiselle Cunégonde; he did indeed see her—it was she herself. His strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, he falls at her feet. Cunégonde falls onto the sofa. The old woman douses them with smelling spirits; they come to, they speak to each other: at first it is broken words, questions and answers crossing each other, sighs, tears, cries. The old woman urges them to make less noise and leaves them to themselves. "What! Is it you?" said Candide. "You are alive! I find you again in Portugal! So you were not raped? Your belly was not slit open, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?" "Oh yes, it was," said the lovely

Cunégonde, "but one doesn't always die of those two accidents." "But were your father and mother killed?" "It is only too true," said Cunégonde, weeping. "And your brother?" "My brother was killed too." "And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know I was here? And by what strange adventure did you have me brought to this house?" "I will tell you all that," replied the lady, "but first you must tell me everything that has happened to you since the innocent kiss you gave me and the kicks you received."

7.4 Candide obeyed her with deep respect; and though he was dazed, though his voice was weak and trembling, though his spine still hurt a little, he told her in the most artless way everything he had gone through since the moment they were parted. Cunégonde raised her eyes to heaven; she shed tears at the death of the good Anabaptist and of Pangloss; after which she spoke in these terms to Candide, who did not miss a word and devoured her with his eyes.

CHAPTER VIII: CUNÉGONDE'S STORY

Cunégonde tells how she survived the Bulgars and came to be shared by Don Issachar and the Grand Inquisitor.

8.1 I was in my bed, sound asleep, when it pleased heaven to send the Bulgars into our beautiful castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; they cut the throats of my father and my brother and chopped my mother to pieces. A big Bulgar, six feet tall, seeing that I had fainted at the sight, set about raping me; that brought me round; I came to my senses, I screamed, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I wanted to tear out that big Bulgar's eyes, not knowing that everything happening in my father's castle was the usual thing. The brute stabbed me in the left side with a knife; I still bear the mark. "Alas! I do hope to see it," said the naive Candide. "You shall," said Cunégonde, "but let us go on." "Go on," said Candide.

8.2 She took up the thread of her story again: A Bulgar captain came in; he saw me all covered in blood, and the soldier did not let himself be disturbed. The captain grew angry at the lack of

respect this brute showed him, and killed him on top of me. Then he had my wounds dressed and took me away as a prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed the few shirts he had, I did his cooking; he found me very pretty, I must admit; and I will not deny that he was very well built, and that his skin was white and soft; otherwise, little wit, little philosophy: one could see he had not been brought up by Doctor Pangloss. At the end of three months, having lost all his money and grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal and who was passionately fond of women. This Jew became very attached to my person, but he could not triumph over it; I have resisted him better than I did the Bulgar soldier: a person of honor may be raped once, but her virtue is strengthened by it. The Jew, to tame me, brought me to this country house you see. Until then I had believed there was nothing on earth so beautiful as the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; I have been disabused.

8.3 The Grand Inquisitor noticed me one day at Mass; he ogled me a great deal and sent word that he needed to speak to me on secret business. I was taken to his palace; I told him of my birth; he pointed out to me how far beneath my rank it was to belong to an Israelite. On his behalf, Don Issachar was asked to give me up to His Lordship. Don Issachar, who is the court banker and a man of credit, would have none of it. The Inquisitor threatened him with an auto-da-fé. At last my Jew, intimidated, struck a bargain by which the house and I would belong to both of them jointly: the Jew would have Mondays, Wednesdays and the Sabbath, and the Inquisitor the other days of the week. This arrangement has been in force for six months. It has not been without quarrels; for it has often been unclear whether the night from Saturday to Sunday belonged to the old law or to the new. For my part, I have resisted them both so far; and I believe that is why I have always been loved.

8.4 Finally, to ward off the scourge of earthquakes and to intimidate Don Issachar, it pleased My Lord the Inquisitor to celebrate an auto-da-fé. He did me the honor of inviting me. I had a very

good seat. The ladies were served refreshments between the Mass and the execution. I was, it is true, seized with horror at seeing those two Jews burned, and that honest Biscayan who had married his fellow godparent. But what was my surprise, my terror, my distress, when I saw, in a sanbenito and under a miter, a figure that looked like Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I looked closely, I saw him hanged; I fainted. Scarcely had I come to my senses when I saw you stripped stark naked. That was the height of horror, of consternation, of grief, of despair. I will tell you truthfully that your skin is even whiter, and of a more perfect pink, than my Bulgar captain's. The sight redoubled all the feelings that were overwhelming me, devouring me. I cried out, I tried to say, "Stop, you brutes!" but my voice failed me, and my cries would have been useless. When you had been thoroughly flogged, I said to myself: "How can it be that the lovable Candide and the wise Pangloss are in Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of My Lord the Inquisitor, whose beloved I am? So Pangloss deceived me very cruelly when he told me that all is for the best in the world!"

8.5 Agitated, distraught, now beside myself and now ready to die of weakness, I had my head full of the massacre of my father, my mother, my brother; of the insolence of my vile Bulgar soldier, of the knife wound he gave me; of my servitude, of my work as a cook; of my Bulgar captain, of my vile Don Issachar, of my abominable Inquisitor; of the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, of that great *miserere* sung in fauxbourdon while they were flogging you; and above all of the kiss I had given you behind a screen, the day I had seen you for the last time. I praised God, who was bringing you back to me through so many trials.[11] I told my old woman to take care of you and to bring you here as soon as she could. She carried out my errand very well. I have tasted the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of hearing you, of speaking to you. You must be ravenously hungry; I have a great appetite; let us begin with supper.

8.6 So there they both sit down at table; and after supper they settle again on that fine sofa already mentioned. They were there when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, arrived. It was the sabbath day. He had come to enjoy his rights and to declare his tender love.

11 The Miserere is Psalm 51 (“Have mercy on me, O God”).

Chapters IX–XVI: The Old Woman, and the New World

Two killings and a flight to Spain; the old woman tells her story; Candide sails to Buenos Aires, meets the Jesuits of Paraguay and escapes the Oreillons.

CHAPITRE IX. CE QUI ADVINT DE CUNÉGONDE, DE CANDIDE, DU GRAND INQUISITEUR, ET D'UN JUIF.

9.1 This Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew seen in Israel since the Babylonian captivity. "What!" he said. "You Galilean dog, isn't the Inquisitor enough for you? Must this scoundrel share with me too?" As he says this he draws a long dagger, which he always carried, and, not believing his adversary had any weapons, throws himself on Candide. But our good Westphalian had received a fine sword from the old woman along with the complete suit of clothes. He draws his sword, gentle as his manners were, and lays the Israelite out stone dead on the floor at the feet of the fair Cunégonde.

9.2 "Holy Virgin!" she cried. "What will become of us? A man killed in my house! If the law comes, we are lost." "If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would give us good advice in this extremity, for he was a great philosopher. Failing him, let us consult the old woman." She was very prudent, and was beginning to give her opinion when another little door opened. It was one o'clock in the morning, the beginning of Sunday. That day belonged to My Lord the Inquisitor. He comes in and sees the flogged Candide, sword in hand, a dead man

stretched on the floor, Cunégonde aghast, and the old woman giving advice.

9.3 Here is what passed through Candide's soul at that moment, and how he reasoned: "If this holy man calls for help, he will infallibly have me burned, and he may do the same to Cunégonde. He had me mercilessly whipped. He is my rival. I have already started killing. There is no room for hesitation." This reasoning was clear and quick; and without giving the Inquisitor time to recover from his surprise, he runs him clean through and throws him down beside the Jew. "This is worse still!" said Cunégonde. "There is no more forgiveness; we are excommunicated; our last hour has come! How did you manage, you who were born so gentle, to kill a Jew and a prelate in two minutes?" "My fair young lady," replied Candide, "when one is in love, jealous and flogged by the Inquisition, one no longer knows oneself."

9.4 The old woman then spoke up and said: "There are three Andalusian horses in the stable, with their saddles and bridles. Let the brave Candide get them ready. Madam has moidores and diamonds. Let us mount quickly, though I can sit on only one buttock, and go to Cadiz. The weather is the finest in the world, and it is a great pleasure to travel in the cool of the night."[1]

9.5 At once Candide saddles the three horses; Cunégonde, the old woman and he ride thirty miles at a stretch. While they were getting away, the Holy Hermandad arrives at the house; My Lord is buried in a fine church, and Issachar is thrown on the dung heap.[2]

9.6 Candide, Cunégonde and the old woman were already in the little town of Avacena, in the heart of the Sierra Morena; and they were talking as follows in a tavern.

1 Moidores were Portuguese gold coins.

2 The Santa Hermandad ("Holy Brotherhood") was a Spanish rural police force.

CHAPTER X: IN WHAT DISTRESS CANDIDE, CUNÉGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN REACH CADIZ, AND HOW THEY SET SAIL

Robbed on the road, the fugitives reach Cadiz, and Candide is made captain in a fleet bound for Paraguay.

10.1 "Who can have stolen my pistoles and my diamonds?" Cunégonde was saying in tears. "What shall we live on? What shall we do? Where will I find Inquisitors and Jews to give me more?" "Alas," said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a reverend Franciscan father who slept at the same inn as we did yesterday in Badajoz. God keep me from rash judgment! But he came into our room twice, and he left long before we did." "Alas," said Candide, "the good Pangloss often proved to me that the goods of the earth are common to all men, and that everyone has an equal right to them. By those principles, this Franciscan ought surely to have left us enough to finish our journey. So you have nothing at all left, my fair Cunégonde?" "Not a single maravedí," she said. "What are we to do?" said Candide. "Let us sell one of the horses," said the old woman. "I will ride pillion behind the young lady, though I can sit on only one buttock, and we shall get to Cadiz."

10.2 In the same inn there was a Benedictine prior; he bought the horse cheap. Candide, Cunégonde and the old woman passed through Lucena, Chillas and Lebrija, and at last arrived at Cadiz. A fleet was being fitted out there, and troops assembled, to bring to reason the reverend Jesuit fathers of Paraguay, who were accused of having stirred up one of their hordes to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal, near the town of Sacramento. Candide, having served with the Bulgars, performed the Bulgar drill before the general of the little army with such grace, speed, skill, pride and agility that he was given a company of infantry to command.[3] So there he is, a cap-

3 The Jesuit missions of Paraguay resisted the Spanish–Portuguese Treaty of Madrid (1750), which led to the Guaraní War of 1754–1756.

tain. He embarks with Mademoiselle Cunégonde, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses that had belonged to His Lordship the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

10.3 Throughout the crossing they reasoned a great deal about poor Pangloss's philosophy. "We are going to another universe," Candide kept saying. "It is in that one, no doubt, that all is well. For it must be admitted that one might groan a little at what goes on in ours, both physically and morally." "I love you with all my heart," Cunégonde kept saying, "but my soul is still quite shaken by what I have seen, by what I have been through." "All will be well," replied Candide. "The sea of this New World is already better than the seas of our Europe: it is calmer, the winds more constant. It is certainly the New World that is the best of all possible universes." "God grant it!" said Cunégonde. "But I have been so horribly unhappy in mine that my heart is almost closed to hope." "You complain," the old woman said to them. "Alas! You have not suffered misfortunes like mine." Cunégonde nearly burst out laughing, and found it very amusing of the good woman to claim to be unhappier than she was. "Alas! my good woman," she said to her, "unless you have been raped by two Bulgars, taken two knife wounds in the belly, had two of your castles demolished, had two mothers and two fathers butchered before your eyes, and seen two of your lovers flogged at an auto-da-fé, I do not see how you can outdo me. Add to that that I was born a baroness with seventy-two quarterings, and I have been a cook." "Mademoiselle," replied the old woman, "you do not know what my birth is; and if I showed you my backside, you would not talk as you do, and you would suspend your judgment." This speech aroused extreme curiosity in the minds of Cunégonde and Candide. The old woman spoke to them in these terms.

CHAPTER XI: THE OLD WOMAN'S STORY

The old woman, daughter of a pope, tells how pirates carried her to Morocco, where her mother was killed.

11.1 My eyes were not always bleary and rimmed with scarlet; my nose did not always touch my chin; and I was not always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X and the Princess of Palestrina. Until I was fourteen I was brought up in a palace for which all the castles of your German barons would not have made a stable; and one of my dresses was worth more than all the splendors of Westphalia. I grew in beauty, in graces, in talents, amid pleasures, homage and hopes. I was already inspiring love; my bosom was forming—and what a bosom! White, firm, shaped like that of the Venus de' Medici. And what eyes![4] What eyelids! What black brows! What flames shone in my two pupils and outshone the twinkling of the stars!—as the local poets used to tell me. The women who dressed and undressed me fell into ecstasy looking at me from the front and from behind; and every man would have liked to be in their place.

11.2 I was betrothed to a sovereign prince of Massa-Carrara. What a prince! As handsome as I was, made of sweetness and charm, sparkling with wit and burning with love. I loved him as one loves for the first time, with idolatry, with abandon. The wedding was prepared: there was pomp, an unheard-of magnificence; there were feasts, tournaments, comic operas without end; and all Italy wrote sonnets for me, not one of which was passable. I was on the brink of my happiness when an old marchioness who had been my prince's mistress invited him to take chocolate at her house. He died in less than two hours, in dreadful convulsions. But that is only a trifle. My mother, in despair, though far less grieved than I was, wished to tear herself away for a while from so fatal a place. She had a very fine estate near

4 There has never been a Pope Urban X; Voltaire took care not to give an illegitimate daughter to a real pope. The Venus de' Medici is a celebrated ancient statue in Florence.

Gaeta. We embarked on a local galley, gilded like the altar of St. Peter's in Rome. And then a corsair from Salé swoops down on us and boards us. Our soldiers defended themselves like the Pope's soldiers: they all fell to their knees, throwing down their arms and asking the corsair for absolution *in articulo mortis*.[5]

11.3 At once they were stripped as naked as monkeys, and so was my mother, and so were our ladies-in-waiting, and so was I. It is a remarkable thing, the speed with which these gentlemen undress people. But what surprised me more was that they put a finger into all of us in a place where we women usually let nothing be put but the nozzles of enema syringes. This ceremony struck me as very strange: that is how one judges everything when one has never left one's own country. I soon learned that it was to see whether we had hidden any diamonds there. It is a custom established since time immemorial among the civilized nations that sail the seas. I have learned that the religious gentlemen, the Knights of Malta, never fail to do it when they capture Turkish men and women. It is a rule of the law of nations that has never once been set aside.

11.4 I will not tell you how hard it is for a young princess to be carried off as a slave to Morocco with her mother. You can well imagine all we had to suffer on the corsair ship. My mother was still very beautiful; our ladies-in-waiting, even our mere chambermaids, had more charms than can be found in all Africa. As for me, I was ravishing, I was beauty and grace itself, and I was a virgin. I did not remain one long. That flower, which had been reserved for the handsome prince of Massa-Carrara, was ravished from me by the corsair captain. He was an abominable Black man, who even thought he was doing me a great honor. Surely the Princess of Palestrina and I must have been very strong to withstand everything we went through before we reached Morocco! But let us move on: these things are so common that they are not worth mentioning.

11.5 Morocco was swimming in blood when we arrived. Fifty sons of the Emperor Mulay Ismail each had his own faction,

which in effect produced fifty civil wars—Black against Black, Black against brown, brown against brown, mixed-race against mixed-race. It was continual carnage throughout the length and breadth of the empire.[6]

11.6 Scarcely had we landed when some Black men from a faction hostile to my corsair's turned up to take his booty from him. After the diamonds and the gold, we were the most precious thing he had. I witnessed a fight such as you never see in your European climates. Northern peoples do not have hot enough blood; they do not have the rage for women to the degree that is common in Africa. Your Europeans seem to have milk in their veins; it is vitriol, it is fire, that flows in the veins of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighboring countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers and serpents of that land to decide who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm; my captain's lieutenant held her back by the left arm; a Moorish soldier took her by one leg; one of our pirates held her by the other. In a moment almost all our girls found themselves pulled apart in the same way by four soldiers. My captain kept me hidden behind him. He had his scimitar in his fist and killed everything that stood in the way of his rage. At last I saw all our Italian women and my mother torn apart, cut up, massacred by the monsters who were fighting over them. The captives, my companions, the men who had captured them, soldiers, sailors, Black, brown, white, mixed-race, and finally my captain—all were killed, and I lay dying on a heap of corpses. Scenes like these, as everyone knows, were taking place over an area of more than three hundred leagues, without anyone ever missing the five daily prayers ordained by Muhammad.

11.7 With great difficulty I freed myself from the crowd of so many bloody corpses heaped together, and I dragged myself under a large orange tree on the bank of a nearby stream. There

5 Salé, on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, was a notorious base for corsairs. *In articulo mortis*: "at the point of death."

6 Mulay Ismail, sultan of Morocco from 1672 to 1727, was said to have fathered hundreds of children; his death was followed by decades of civil war.

I collapsed from terror, exhaustion, horror, despair and hunger. Soon afterward my overwhelmed senses gave way to a sleep that was more like fainting than rest. I was in this state of weakness and insensibility, between death and life, when I felt myself pressed by something moving on my body. I opened my eyes and saw a white man of good appearance, who was sighing and muttering between his teeth: *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!* [7]

CHAPTER XII: THE OLD WOMAN'S MISFORTUNES CONTINUED

Sold across the Mediterranean, the old woman loses a buttock in a siege and ends up serving in Europe.

12.1 Astonished and delighted to hear the language of my homeland, and no less surprised at the words this man was uttering, I answered that there were greater misfortunes than the one he was complaining of. I told him in a few words of the horrors I had endured, and I fainted again. He carried me to a nearby house, had me put to bed, had me given something to eat, waited on me, consoled me, flattered me, told me he had never seen anything so beautiful as me, and that he had never so much regretted what no one could give back to him. "I was born in Naples," he told me. "There they caponize two or three thousand children every year. Some die of it; others acquire a voice more beautiful than any woman's; others go on to govern states. This operation was performed on me with very great success, and I was a musician in the chapel of the Princess of Palestrina." "Of my mother!" I cried. "Of your mother!" he cried, weeping. "What! Can you be that young princess whom I brought up until the age of six, and who already promised to be as beautiful as you are?"[8] "It is I. My mother lies four hundred paces from here, cut into quarters under a heap of corpses..."

7 Italian: "Oh, what a misfortune to have no balls!"

8 Castrato singers were stars of eighteenth-century opera; the most famous, Farinelli, became a powerful figure at the Spanish court.

12.2 I told him everything that had happened to me; he told me his adventures too, and explained how he had been sent to the King of Morocco by a Christian power, to conclude a treaty with that monarch by which he would be supplied with powder, cannon and ships to help him wipe out the trade of the other Christians. "My mission is accomplished," said this honest eunuch. "I am going to embark at Ceuta, and I will take you back to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*"

12.3 I thanked him with tears of tenderness; and instead of taking me to Italy, he took me to Algiers and sold me to the dey of that province. Scarcely had I been sold when that plague which has gone round Africa, Asia and Europe broke out furiously in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes; but, Mademoiselle, have you ever had the plague?

12.4 "Never," replied the baroness.

12.5 If you had had it, the old woman went on, you would admit that it is far worse than an earthquake. It is very common in Africa; I caught it. Imagine the situation of a pope's daughter, fifteen years old, who in the space of three months had known poverty and slavery, had been raped almost every day, had seen her mother cut into four, had endured hunger and war, and was now dying of plague in Algiers! Yet I did not die of it. But my eunuch, and the dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers perished.

12.6 When the first ravages of this appalling plague were over, the dey's slaves were sold. A merchant bought me and took me to Tunis. He sold me to another merchant, who resold me in Tripoli; from Tripoli I was resold to Alexandria, from Alexandria resold to Smyrna, from Smyrna to Constantinople. In the end I belonged to an aga of the Janissaries, who was soon ordered to go and defend Azov against the Russians who were besieging it.[9]

12.7 The aga, who was a very gallant man, took his whole seraglio with him and lodged us in a little fort on the Maeotian Marshes, guarded by two Black eunuchs and twenty soldiers.

9 Azov, a Turkish fortress at the mouth of the Don, was besieged by the Russians several times, notably in 1695–1696 and 1736.

Russians were killed in prodigious numbers, but they paid us back in full: Azov was put to fire and sword, and neither sex nor age was spared. Only our little fort was left, and the enemy decided to starve us out. The twenty Janissaries had sworn never to surrender. The extremes of hunger to which they were reduced forced them to eat our two eunuchs, for fear of breaking their oath. After a few days they resolved to eat the women.[10]

12.8 We had a very pious and very compassionate imam, who preached them a fine sermon and persuaded them not to kill us outright. "Just cut off one buttock from each of these ladies," he said, "and you will dine very well. If you have to come back for more, you will have as much again in a few days. Heaven will be grateful to you for so charitable an act, and you will be relieved."

12.9 He was very eloquent; he persuaded them. This horrible operation was performed on us. The imam applied to us the same balm that is put on children who have just been circumcised. We were all at death's door.

12.10 Scarcely had the Janissaries eaten the meal we had provided when the Russians arrive in flat-bottomed boats. Not one Janissary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the state we were in. There are French surgeons everywhere; one of them, who was very skillful, took care of us and cured us; and I shall remember all my life that, as soon as my wounds were properly closed, he made me propositions. For the rest, he told us all to take comfort. He assured us that the same thing had happened in several sieges, and that it was the law of war.

12.11 As soon as my companions could walk, they were marched off to Moscow. I fell to the share of a boyar, who made me his gardener and gave me twenty lashes a day. But after two years this lord was broken on the wheel, along with some thirty other boyars, over some squabble at court, and I took advantage of the occasion. I ran away. I crossed the whole of Russia. For a long time I was a tavern servant in Riga, then in Rostock, Wismar, Leipzig, Kassel, Utrecht, Leiden, The Hague, Rotterdam. I

10 The Palus Maeotis was the classical name for the Sea of Azov and its marshy shores.

have grown old in poverty and disgrace, with only half a backside, always remembering that I was a pope's daughter. A hundred times I wanted to kill myself, but I still loved life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps one of our most fatal inclinations. For is there anything more foolish than to insist on forever carrying a burden that one always wants to throw to the ground? To hold one's own being in horror, and yet cling to it? In short, to caress the serpent that devours us until it has eaten our heart?

12.12 In the countries fate has made me travel through, and in the taverns where I have served, I have seen a prodigious number of people who loathed their existence; but I have seen only twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery: three Black people, four Englishmen, four Genevans, and a German professor named Robeck. I ended up as a servant to the Jew Don Issachar; he placed me with you, my fair young lady. I attached myself to your destiny, and I have been more concerned with your adventures than with my own.[11] I would never even have spoken to you of my misfortunes if you had not piqued me a little, and if it were not the custom on board ship to tell stories to pass the time. In short, Mademoiselle, I have experience, I know the world. Treat yourself to a pleasure: get each passenger to tell you his story; and if there is a single one who has not often cursed his life, who has not often told himself that he was the most unhappy of men, throw me into the sea headfirst.

CHAPTER XIII: HOW CANDIDE WAS FORCED TO PART FROM THE FAIR CUNÉGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN

In Buenos Aires the governor courts Cunégonde, and officers arrive hunting the Grand Inquisitor's killer.

13.1 The fair Cunégonde, having heard the old woman's story, paid her all the courtesies due to a person of her rank and merit. She accepted the proposal: she got all the passengers, one after

11 Johann Robeck (1672–1739), a scholar who wrote a treatise defending suicide and then drowned himself in the Weser.

another, to tell her their adventures. She and Candide admitted that the old woman was right. "It is a great pity," said Candide, "that the wise Pangloss was hanged, contrary to custom, at an auto-da-fé. He would tell us admirable things about the physical evil and the moral evil that cover land and sea, and I would feel strong enough to venture a few respectful objections."

13.2 As each one told his story, the ship made headway. They landed at Buenos Aires. Cunégonde, Captain Candide and the old woman went to call on the governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman had a pride befitting a man who bore so many names. He spoke to people with the noblest disdain, carrying his nose so high, raising his voice so pitilessly, adopting so imposing a tone, affecting so lofty a gait, that everyone who greeted him was tempted to beat him. He loved women to distraction. Cunégonde seemed to him the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. The first thing he did was to ask whether she was the captain's wife. The way he asked this question alarmed Candide. He did not dare say she was his wife, because in fact she was not; he did not dare say she was his sister, because she was not that either; and although this obliging lie had once been very much in fashion among the ancients, and might be useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to betray the truth. "Mademoiselle Cunégonde," he said, "is to do me the honor of marrying me, and we beg Your Excellency to deign to give us our wedding."[12]

13.3 Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, twirling up his mustache, smiled bitterly and ordered Captain Candide to go and review his company. Candide obeyed; the governor remained with Mademoiselle Cunégonde. He declared his passion to her, and swore that the next day he would marry her before the Church, or otherwise, as it might please her charms. Cunégonde asked him for a quarter of an hour to collect herself, to consult the old woman, and to make up her mind.

12 An allusion to Abraham, who passed off his wife Sarah as his sister (Genesis 12 and 20).

13.4 The old woman said to Cunégonde: "Mademoiselle, you have seventy-two quarterings and not a penny. You have only to say the word to be the wife of the greatest lord in South America, who has a very fine mustache. Is it for you to pride yourself on a fidelity proof against everything? You have been raped by the Bulgars; a Jew and an Inquisitor have enjoyed your favors. Misfortunes give one rights. I confess that if I were in your place, I would have no scruple about marrying the governor and making Captain Candide's fortune." While the old woman was speaking with all the prudence that age and experience bring, a small ship was seen entering the harbor. It carried an alcalde and some alguaciles, and here is what had happened.[13]

13.5 The old woman had guessed quite rightly that it was a wide-sleeved Franciscan who had stolen Cunégonde's money and jewels in the town of Badajoz, when she was fleeing in haste with Candide. This monk tried to sell some of the stones to a jeweler. The merchant recognized them as the Grand Inquisitor's. Before he was hanged, the Franciscan confessed that he had stolen them; he described the people and the road they were taking. The flight of Cunégonde and Candide was already known. They were traced to Cadiz; without losing any time, a ship was sent in pursuit of them. That ship was now in the harbor of Buenos Aires. The rumor spread that an alcalde was about to land, and that the murderers of My Lord the Grand Inquisitor were being hunted. The prudent old woman saw in an instant everything that had to be done. "You cannot run away," she said to Cunégonde, "and you have nothing to fear. It was not you who killed My Lord; and besides, the governor, who loves you, will not let you be ill-treated. Stay." She runs at once to Candide. "Flee," she said, "or within an hour you will be burned." There was not a moment to lose. But how could he part from Cunégonde, and where could he take refuge?

13 A Spanish magistrate and his constables.

CHAPTER XIV: HOW CANDIDE AND CACAMBO WERE RECEIVED BY THE JESUITS OF PARAGUAY

Candide flees with his valet Cacambo to the Jesuits, whose commandant turns out to be Cunégonde's brother.

14.1 Candide had brought from Cadiz a valet of a kind often found on the coasts of Spain and in the colonies. He was one-quarter Spanish, born of a mestizo in Tucumán; he had been a choirboy, sacristan, sailor, monk, commercial agent, soldier, lackey. His name was Cacambo, and he was very fond of his master, because his master was a very good man. He saddled the two Andalusian horses as fast as he could. "Come, master, let us follow the old woman's advice. Let us go, and ride without looking back." Candide shed tears. "O my dear Cunégonde! Must I abandon you just when the governor is going to give us our wedding! Cunégonde, brought here from so far away, what will become of you?" "She will become whatever she can," said Cacambo. "Women are never at a loss what to do with themselves. God provides. Let's run." "Where are you taking me? Where are we going? What shall we do without Cunégonde?" said Candide. "By Saint James of Compostela," said Cacambo, "you were going to make war on the Jesuits; let's go and make war for them. I know the roads well enough. I'll take you to their kingdom. They will be delighted to have a captain who can do the Bulgar drill. You will make a prodigious fortune. When you don't get your due in one world, you find it in another. It is a very great pleasure to see and do new things." "So you have been to Paraguay before?" said Candide. "Why, yes indeed!" said Cacambo. "I was a servant at the college in Asunción, and I know the government of los padres as well as I know the streets of Cadiz. It's a wonderful thing, that government. The kingdom is already more than three hundred leagues across; it is divided into thirty provinces. Los padres have everything there, and the people nothing. It is the masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part, I know of nothing so divine as los padres, who here make war on the King of Spain and the King of Portugal, and in Europe hear those kings'

confessions; who here kill Spaniards, and in Madrid send them to heaven. That delights me. Let's push on: you are going to be the happiest of all men. What pleasure los padres will have when they learn that a captain is coming to them who knows the Bulgar drill!"

14.2 As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo told the advance guard that a captain was asking to speak to My Lord the Commandant. Word was sent to the main guard. A Paraguayan officer ran and threw himself at the Commandant's feet to give him the news. Candide and Cacambo were first disarmed; their two Andalusian horses were seized. The two strangers are led in between two files of soldiers. The Commandant stood at the far end, his three-cornered biretta on his head, his cassock tucked up, sword at his side, half-pike in hand. He made a sign; at once twenty-four soldiers surround the two newcomers. A sergeant tells them that they must wait; that the Commandant cannot speak to them; that the reverend Father Provincial does not allow any Spaniard to open his mouth except in his presence, or to stay more than three hours in the country. "And where is the reverend Father Provincial?" said Cacambo. "He is on parade, having said his Mass," replied the sergeant, "and you will not be able to kiss his spurs for another three hours." "But," said Cacambo, "the captain, who is dying of hunger as I am, is not a Spaniard; he is a German. Couldn't we have breakfast while we wait for His Reverence?"

14.3 The sergeant went at once to report this speech to the Commandant. "God be praised!" said that lord. "Since he is a German, I can speak to him. Have him brought to my arbor." At once Candide is led into a bower of greenery, adorned with a very pretty colonnade of green and gold marble, and with trelliswork enclosing parrots, colibris, hummingbirds, guinea fowl and all the rarest birds. An excellent breakfast had been laid out in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans ate maize from wooden bowls, in the open fields, in the blazing sun, the reverend Father Commandant entered the arbor.

14.4 He was a very handsome young man: full-faced, rather pale, high-colored, with arched eyebrows, a lively eye, red ears, vermilion lips, and a proud air—but with a pride that was neither a Spaniard's nor a Jesuit's. Candide and Cacambo were given back the weapons that had been taken from them, as well as the two Andalusian horses. Cacambo fed them oats near the arbor, always keeping an eye on them for fear of a surprise.

14.5 Candide first kissed the hem of the Commandant's robe; then they sat down at table. "So you are a German?" the Jesuit said to him in that language. "Yes, reverend father," said Candide. As they spoke these words, each looked at the other with extreme surprise and an emotion they could not master. "And from what part of Germany are you?" said the Jesuit. "From the filthy province of Westphalia," said Candide. "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh." "O heavens! Is it possible?" cried the Commandant. "What a miracle!" cried Candide. "Can it be you?" said the Commandant. "It isn't possible," said Candide. They both fall over backward, they embrace, they shed streams of tears. "What! Can it be you, reverend father? You, the brother of the fair Cunégonde! You, who were killed by the Bulgars! You, the son of the baron! You, a Jesuit in Paraguay! It must be admitted that this world is a strange thing. O Pangloss! Pangloss! How pleased you would be if you had not been hanged!"

14.6 The Commandant sent away the enslaved Black people and the Paraguayans who were serving drinks in rock-crystal goblets. He thanked God and Saint Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candide in his arms; their faces were bathed in tears. "You would be even more astonished, more moved, more beside yourself," said Candide, "if I told you that Mademoiselle Cunégonde, your sister, whom you believed disemboweled, is in the best of health." "Where?" "Near here, at the house of the governor of Buenos Aires; and I was coming to make war on you." Every word they spoke in this long conversation heaped wonder upon wonder.[14] Their whole souls flew to their tongues, hung attentive in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. Being Ger-

14 Saint Ignatius of Loyola (1491–1556) founded the Society of Jesus.

mans, they sat at table a long time, waiting for the reverend Father Provincial; and the Commandant spoke thus to his dear Candide:

CHAPTER XV: HOW CANDIDE KILLED HIS DEAR CUNÉGONDE'S BROTHER

The baron tells how he survived; when Candide says he will marry Cunégonde, they fight and Candide stabs him.

15.1 "As long as I live I shall remember the horrible day when I saw my father and mother killed and my sister raped. When the Bulgars had withdrawn, that adorable sister was nowhere to be found. My mother, my father and I, two servant girls and three little boys with their throats cut, were put into a cart to be taken for burial in a Jesuit chapel two leagues from the castle of my fathers. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water; it was horribly salty; a few drops got into my eyes; the father noticed that my eyelid gave a little flicker; he put his hand on my heart and felt it beating. I was cared for, and at the end of three weeks there was no sign of anything. You know, my dear Candide, that I was very pretty; I grew prettier still; and so the Reverend Father Croust, superior of the house, conceived the most tender friendship for me. He gave me a novice's habit; some time later I was sent to Rome. The Father General needed a fresh batch of young German Jesuits.[15] The rulers of Paraguay take in as few Spanish Jesuits as they can; they prefer foreigners, whom they think they can control better. The Reverend Father General judged me fit to go and labor in that vineyard. We set off, a Pole, a Tyrolean and I. On arrival I was honored with the subdiaconate and a lieutenancy; today I am a colonel and a priest. We shall give the King of Spain's troops a vigorous reception; I promise you they will be excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent you here to support us. But is it really true that my dear sister Cunégonde is nearby, at the house of the governor of Buenos Aires?"

15 Father Croust: a jibe at Antoine Kroust, a Jesuit at Colmar with whom Voltaire had quarreled.

Candide swore to him that nothing was truer. Their tears began to flow again.

15.2 The baron could not tire of embracing Candide; he called him his brother, his savior. "Ah! perhaps, my dear Candide," he said, "we can enter the city together as conquerors and take back my sister Cunégonde." "That is all I wish," said Candide, "for I meant to marry her, and I still hope to." "You, insolent fellow!" replied the baron. "You would have the impudence to marry my sister, who has seventy-two quarterings! I find you very brazen to dare speak to me of so rash a plan!" Candide, petrified by such words, answered him: "Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world make no difference. I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and an inquisitor; she owes me a good deal, and she wants to marry me. Master Pangloss always told me that men are equal; and I shall certainly marry her." "We shall see about that, you scoundrel!" said the Jesuit Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh; and at the same moment he struck him hard across the face with the flat of his sword. Candide instantly draws his own and plunges it up to the hilt into the Jesuit baron's belly; but as he pulled it out, all steaming, he began to weep. "Alas! Good God!" he said. "I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law. I am the kindest man in the world, and that makes three men I have killed already; and of those three, two are priests."

15.3 Cacambo, who was standing guard at the door of the arbor, came running. "There is nothing left for us but to sell our lives dearly," his master said to him. "They will surely come into the arbor; we must die with our weapons in our hands." Cacambo, who had seen worse, did not lose his head. He took the Jesuit robe the baron was wearing, put it on Candide, gave him the dead man's square cap, and got him up on a horse. All this was done in the blink of an eye. "Let's gallop, master; everyone will take you for a Jesuit on his way to give orders, and we shall be over the border before anyone can come after us." He was already flying off as he spoke these words, shouting in Spanish: "Make way, make way for the Reverend Father Colonel!"

CHAPTER XVI: WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TWO TRAVELERS WITH TWO GIRLS, TWO MONKEYS, AND THE PEOPLE CALLED THE OREILLONS

Candide shoots two monkeys who turn out to be lovers, and the Oreillons nearly eat him as a Jesuit.

16.1 Candide and his valet were beyond the barriers, and no one in the camp yet knew of the German Jesuit's death. The watchful Cacambo had taken care to fill his bag with bread, chocolate, ham, fruit and a few measures of wine. On their Andalusian horses they plunged into an unknown country where they found no road. At last a fine meadow crossed by streams lay before them. Our two travelers let their mounts graze. Cacambo suggests to his master that they eat, and sets him the example. "How do you expect me to eat ham," said Candide, "when I have killed the baron's son and see myself condemned never to see the beautiful Cunégonde again as long as I live? What good will it do me to prolong my wretched days, since I must drag them out far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the Journal de Trévoux say?"[16]

16.2 Talking thus, he went on eating all the same. The sun was setting. The two lost men heard some little cries that seemed to come from women. They did not know whether these were cries of pain or of joy; but they leaped to their feet with that anxiety and alarm that everything inspires in an unknown country. The shrieks came from two girls, stark naked, who were running lightly along the edge of the meadow, while two monkeys followed them, biting their buttocks. Candide was moved to pity. He had learned to shoot among the Bulgars, and he could have knocked a hazelnut off a bush without touching the leaves. He takes up his double-barreled Spanish gun, fires, and kills both monkeys. "God be praised, my dear Cacambo! I have delivered these two poor creatures from great danger. If I committed a sin

16 The Journal de Trévoux was the Jesuits' learned monthly review and a long-standing adversary of Voltaire.

in killing an inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made up for it by saving the lives of two girls. They may be two young ladies of rank, and this adventure may win us very great advantages in this country."

16.3 He was about to go on, but his tongue was struck speechless when he saw the two girls tenderly embrace the two monkeys, burst into tears over their bodies, and fill the air with the most grief-stricken cries. "I did not expect such goodness of heart," he said at last to Cacambo, who replied: "That's a fine piece of work you've done, master; you've killed these young ladies' two lovers." "Their lovers! Can it be possible? You are making fun of me, Cacambo; how can I believe you?"[17] "My dear master," Cacambo retorted, "you are always astonished at everything. Why do you find it so strange that in some countries there are monkeys who win the favors of ladies? They are quarter-men, just as I am a quarter Spanish." "Alas!" Candide went on, "I remember hearing Master Pangloss say that such accidents had happened in the past, and that these mixtures had produced aegipans, fauns and satyrs; that several great figures of antiquity had seen them; but I took all that for fables." "You must be convinced now," said Cacambo, "that it is the truth, and you see how people behave who have not received a certain kind of education. All I fear is that these ladies may get us into some nasty trouble."

16.4 These solid reflections persuaded Candide to leave the meadow and plunge into a wood. There he supped with Cacambo; and both of them, after cursing the Inquisitor of Portugal, the governor of Buenos Aires and the baron, fell asleep on some moss. When they woke, they found they could not move. The reason was that during the night the Oreillons, the inhabitants of the country, to whom the two ladies had denounced them, had tied them up with ropes of tree bark. They were surrounded by some fifty naked Oreillons, armed with arrows, clubs and stone axes: some were boiling a great cauldron, others

17 The episode plays on European travelers' tales of apes taking women as mates and of cannibal peoples in the New World.

were preparing spits, and all were shouting: "He's a Jesuit, he's a Jesuit![18] We shall be avenged, and we shall eat well; let's eat Jesuit, let's eat Jesuit!"

16.5 "I told you so, my dear master," Cacambo cried sadly, "those two girls would play us a nasty trick." Candide, seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out: "We are certainly going to be roasted or boiled. Ah! what would Master Pangloss say if he saw what pure nature is really like? All is well; so be it, but I confess it is very cruel to have lost Mademoiselle Cunégonde and to be put on the spit by Oreillons." Cacambo never lost his head. "Don't despair of anything," he said to the desolate Candide. "I understand a little of these people's jargon; I am going to talk to them." "Be sure," said Candide, "to point out to them the frightful inhumanity of cooking men, and how very un-Christian it is."

16.6 "Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "so you are planning to eat a Jesuit today? Very well done; nothing is more just than to treat one's enemies so. Indeed, natural law teaches us to kill our neighbor, and that is how people behave the whole world over. If we do not exercise the right to eat him, it is because we have other means of eating well; but you do not have the same resources as we do. It is certainly better to eat one's enemies than to leave the fruits of one's victory to the crows and the rooks. But, gentlemen, you would not want to eat your friends. You think you are about to put a Jesuit on the spit, and it is your defender, the enemy of your enemies, that you are going to roast. As for me, I was born in your country. The gentleman you see here is my master, and far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed a Jesuit, and he is wearing his spoils; that is the cause of your mistake. To check what I tell you, take his robe, carry it to the first barrier of the kingdom of los padres, and ask whether my master has not killed a Jesuit officer. It will not take you long; you can always eat us if you find I have lied to you. But if I

18 Oreillons: from the Spanish orejones, "big ears," a name given to Indigenous peoples of South America who stretched their earlobes.

have told you the truth, you know the principles of public law, customs and laws too well not to spare us."

16.7 The Oreillons found this speech very reasonable. They deputed two notables to go with all speed and find out the truth; the two deputies carried out their mission like intelligent men and soon came back with good news. The Oreillons untied their two prisoners, showed them every kind of civility, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and escorted them to the borders of their realm, shouting joyfully: "He's not a Jesuit, he's not a Jesuit!"

16.8 Candide never tired of marveling at the cause of his deliverance. "What a people!" he said. "What men! What customs! If I had not had the good fortune to run Mademoiselle Cunégonde's brother right through the body with my sword, I would have been eaten without mercy. But, after all, pure nature is good, since these people, instead of eating me, showed me a thousand courtesies as soon as they learned I was not a Jesuit."

Chapters XVII–XXIII: Eldorado, Surinam, France and England

The perfect country of Eldorado; the enslaved man at Surinam; Martin the pessimist; the swindles of Paris; an admiral shot in England.

CHAPITRE XVII. ARRIVÉE DE CANDIDE ET DE SON VALET AU PAYS D'ELDORADO, ET CE QU'ILS Y VIRENT.

17.1 When they reached the borders of the Oreillons' land, Cacambo said to Candide: "You see that this hemisphere is no better than the other; believe me, let's go back to Europe by the shortest way." "How can we go back," said Candide, "and where can we go? If I go to my own country, the Bulgars and the Abars are slaughtering everyone there; if I go back to Portugal, I'll be burned; if we stay in this country, we risk being put on the spit at any moment. But how can I bring myself to leave the part of the world where Mademoiselle Cunégonde lives?" "Let's head for Cayenne," said Cacambo. "We'll find Frenchmen there, who go all over the world; they may be able to help us. Perhaps God will take pity on us."

17.2 It was not easy to get to Cayenne. They knew roughly which way to go; but mountains, rivers, precipices, bandits and Indigenous peoples were terrible obstacles everywhere. Their horses died of exhaustion; their provisions ran out; they lived for a whole month on wild fruit, and at last found themselves beside a little river lined with coconut palms, which kept up their lives and their hopes.

17.3 Cacambo, whose advice was always as good as the old woman's, said to Candide: "We are worn out; we have walked enough. I see an empty canoe on the bank; let's fill it with coconuts, throw ourselves into that little boat and let the current carry us. A river always leads to some inhabited place. If we don't find pleasant things, at least we'll find new things." "Come on," said Candide, "let us commend ourselves to Providence."

17.4 They drifted a few leagues between banks that were now flowery, now barren, now level, now steep. The river kept growing wider; at last it vanished under a vault of fearsome rocks that rose to the sky. The two travelers had the boldness to abandon themselves to the current under this vault. The river, narrowing at this point, swept them along with horrible speed and noise. After twenty-four hours they saw daylight again; but their canoe was smashed against the reefs, and they had to drag themselves from rock to rock for a whole league. At last they discovered an immense horizon ringed with inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated for pleasure as well as for need; everywhere the useful was also agreeable. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages of shining shape and material, carrying men and women of singular beauty and drawn swiftly by big red sheep that outran the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetouan and Meknes.

17.5 "Well, here at least," said Candide, "is a country that is better than Westphalia." He dismounted with Cacambo near the first village he came to. Some village children, dressed in tattered gold brocade, were playing quoits at the entrance to the town; our two men from the other world amused themselves watching them. Their quoits were fairly large round pieces, yellow, red and green, which gave off a singular gleam. The travelers took a fancy to pick some up; they were gold, they were emeralds and rubies, the least of which would have been the greatest ornament of the Mogul's throne. "No doubt," said Cacambo, "these children are the sons of the king of this country, playing at quoits."[1] The village schoolmaster appeared at

1 The Great Mogul, emperor of India, whose throne was famed for its jewels.

that moment to call them back into school. “There,” said Candide, “is the tutor of the royal family.”

17.6 The little ragamuffins at once left their game, leaving their quoits on the ground along with everything else they had been playing with. Candide picks them up, runs to the tutor and humbly presents them to him, making him understand by signs that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and precious stones. The village schoolmaster, smiling, threw them on the ground, looked at Candide’s face for a moment in great surprise, and went on his way.

17.7 The travelers did not fail to pick up the gold, the rubies and the emeralds. “Where are we?” cried Candide. “The children of the kings of this country must be very well brought up, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones.” Cacambo was as surprised as Candide. At last they approached the first house in the village; it was built like a European palace. A crowd was bustling at the door, and still more inside; very pleasant music could be heard, and a delicious smell of cooking drifted out. Cacambo went up to the door and heard that they were speaking Peruvian. It was his mother tongue, for everyone knows that Cacambo was born in Tucumán, in a village where no other language was known. “I’ll be your interpreter,” he said to Candide. “Let’s go in; this is an inn.”

17.8 At once two waiters and two waitresses of the inn, dressed in cloth of gold, their hair tied up with ribbons, invite them to sit at the host’s table. They were served four soups, each garnished with two parrots, a boiled condor weighing two hundred pounds, two roast monkeys of excellent flavor, three hundred colibris on one dish and six hundred hummingbirds on another; exquisite stews, delicious pastries; all on dishes of a kind of rock crystal. The waiters and waitresses poured several liqueurs made from sugar cane.

17.9 The guests were mostly merchants and carters, all extremely polite, who asked Cacambo a few questions with the most circumspect discretion and answered his in a way that satisfied him.

17.10 When the meal was over, Cacambo, like Candide, thought he was paying his share handsomely by throwing two of those large pieces of gold he had picked up onto the host's table. The host and hostess burst out laughing and held their sides for a long time. At last they recovered. "Gentlemen," said the host, "we can see that you are foreigners; we are not used to seeing any. Forgive us for laughing when you offered us the pebbles from our highways in payment. No doubt you have none of the money of this country, but you don't need any to dine here. All the inns set up for the convenience of trade are paid for by the government. You have eaten poorly here, because this is a poor village, but everywhere else you will be received as you deserve." Cacambo explained all the host's words to Candide, and Candide listened to them with the same wonder and the same bewilderment with which his friend Cacambo rendered them. "What is this country, then," they said to each other, "unknown to all the rest of the earth, where all nature is of a kind so different from ours? It is probably the country where all goes well; for there absolutely must be one of that kind. And whatever Master Pangloss said, I often noticed that everything went rather badly in Westphalia."

CHAPTER XVIII: WHAT THEY SAW IN THE LAND OF ELDORADO

An old sage and the king show Candide a wise, rich country with no priests, courts or prisons.

18.1 Cacambo told the host how curious he was; the host said: "I am very ignorant, and I am the better for it; but we have an old man here, retired from the court, who is the most learned man in the kingdom, and the most communicative." He at once takes Cacambo to the old man's house. Candide was now playing only the supporting part, and went along with his valet. They entered a very simple house, for the door was only of silver, and the paneling of the rooms only of gold, but worked with such taste that the richest paneling would not have outshone it. The anteroom, it is true, was inlaid only with rubies and emeralds; but the

order in which everything was arranged made up well for this extreme simplicity.

18.2 The old man received the two strangers on a sofa stuffed with hummingbird feathers and had liqueurs served to them in vessels of diamond; after which he satisfied their curiosity in these terms:

18.3 "I am a hundred and seventy-two years old, and I learned from my late father, equerry to the king, about the astonishing upheavals in Peru that he had witnessed. The kingdom we are in is the ancient homeland of the Incas, who most imprudently left it to go and subjugate part of the world, and who were finally destroyed by the Spaniards. The princes of their family who remained in their native land were wiser; with the consent of the nation, they ordered that no inhabitant should ever leave our little kingdom; and that is what has preserved our innocence and our happiness. The Spaniards have had a confused knowledge of this country, and called it *Eldorado*; and an Englishman called Sir Walter Raleigh even came near it about a hundred years ago. But as we are surrounded by unapproachable rocks and precipices, we have always been sheltered until now from the rapacity of the nations of Europe, who have an inconceivable passion for the pebbles and the mud of our land, and who, to get them, would kill every last one of us."[2]

18.4 The conversation was long; it turned on the form of government, on customs, on women, on public entertainments, on the arts. At last Candide, who always had a taste for metaphysics, had Cacambo ask whether there was a religion in the country.

18.5 The old man blushed a little. "What!" he said. "Can you doubt it? Do you take us for ingrates?" Cacambo humbly asked what the religion of Eldorado was. The old man blushed again. "Can there be two religions?" he said. "We have, I believe, the religion of everyone: we worship God from evening till morning." "Do you worship only one God?" said Cacambo, who still

2 Sir Walter Raleigh (c. 1552–1618) led expeditions up the Orinoco in search of the fabled golden land of El Dorado in 1595 and 1617.

acted as interpreter for Candide's doubts. "Evidently," said the old man, "there are not two, or three, or four. I must say, the people of your world ask very peculiar questions." Candide never tired of having this good old man questioned; he wanted to know how people prayed to God in Eldorado. "We do not pray to him at all," said the good and venerable sage. "We have nothing to ask of him; he has given us everything we need; we thank him unceasingly." Candide was curious to see some priests; he had the old man asked where they were. The good old man smiled. "My friends," he said, "we are all priests. The king and all the heads of families solemnly sing hymns of thanksgiving every morning, and five or six thousand musicians accompany them." "What! You have no monks who teach, who dispute, who govern, who intrigue, and who have people burned who do not share their opinion?" "We would have to be mad," said the old man. "Here we are all of the same opinion, and we do not understand what you mean with your monks." Candide was in ecstasy at all this, and said to himself: "This is very different from Westphalia and the baron's castle. If our friend Pangloss had seen Eldorado, he would no longer have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the best thing on earth; one certainly must travel."

18.6 After this long conversation, the good old man had a carriage harnessed to six sheep and gave the two travelers twelve of his servants to take them to court. "Forgive me," he said to them, "if my age deprives me of the honor of accompanying you. The king will receive you in a way you will not be displeased with, and you will no doubt forgive the customs of the country if there are any you do not like."

18.7 Candide and Cacambo get into the carriage; the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they reached the king's palace, which stood at one end of the capital. The gateway was two hundred and twenty feet high and a hundred wide; it is impossible to express what it was made of. One can easily see what prodigious superiority it must have had over those pebbles and that sand we call gold and precious stones.

18.8 Twenty beautiful girls of the guard received Candide and Cacambo as they stepped down from the carriage, took them to the baths and dressed them in robes woven of hummingbird down; after which the great officers and great officeresses of the crown led them to His Majesty's apartment between two lines of a thousand musicians each, as was the usual custom. As they approached the throne room, Cacambo asked a great officer how one was to go about greeting His Majesty: whether one threw oneself on one's knees or flat on one's belly; whether one put one's hands on one's head or on one's backside; whether one licked the dust off the floor; in a word, what the ceremony was. "The custom," said the great officer, "is to embrace the king and kiss him on both cheeks." Candide and Cacambo flung their arms around His Majesty's neck; he received them with all imaginable grace and politely invited them to supper.

18.9 Meanwhile they were shown the city: the public buildings rising to the clouds, the markets adorned with a thousand columns, the fountains of pure water, the fountains of rose water, and those of sugar-cane liqueurs that flowed continually in great squares paved with a kind of precious stone that gave off a scent like cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the court of justice, the parlement; he was told there were none, and that no one ever went to law. He asked whether there were prisons, and was told there were not.[3] What surprised him most, and gave him the most pleasure, was the palace of sciences, in which he saw a gallery two thousand paces long, filled with mathematical and physical instruments.

18.10 After touring, all afternoon, about a thousandth part of the city, they were brought back to the king. Candide sat down to table between His Majesty, his valet Cacambo and several ladies. Never was there better fare, and never did anyone show more wit at supper than His Majesty. Cacambo explained the king's witticisms to Candide, and even in translation they still came across as witticisms. Of all the things that astonished Candide, this was not the one that astonished him least.

3 Parlement: in France, a sovereign court of law, not a legislature.

18.11 They spent a month in this hospitable place. Candide kept saying to Cacambo: "It is true, my friend, I say it once again, that the castle where I was born is no match for the country we are in; but after all, Mademoiselle Cunégonde is not here, and no doubt you have some mistress in Europe. If we stay here, we shall only be like everyone else; whereas if we go back to our world with just twelve sheep loaded with Eldorado pebbles, we shall be richer than all the kings put together, we shall have no more inquisitors to fear, and we shall easily be able to take back Mademoiselle Cunégonde."

18.12 This speech pleased Cacambo. People so love to roam, to show off to their own folk, to parade what they have seen on their travels, that the two happy men resolved to be happy no longer, and to ask His Majesty's leave to depart.

18.13 "You are doing a foolish thing," the king said to them. "I know very well that my country is not much; but when one is reasonably well off somewhere, one ought to stay there. I certainly have no right to keep foreigners here; that is a tyranny found neither in our customs nor in our laws. All men are free; leave whenever you like, but getting out is very difficult. It is impossible to go back up the rapid river by which you arrived by a miracle, and which runs under vaults of rock. The mountains that surround my whole kingdom are ten thousand feet high and as sheer as walls; each of them is more than ten leagues wide; the only way down is over precipices. However, since you are absolutely set on leaving, I shall order the superintendents of machines to make one that can carry you comfortably. Once you have been taken to the far side of the mountains, no one will be able to go with you: for my subjects have vowed never to leave their enclosure, and they are too wise to break their vow. Otherwise, ask me for anything you like." "We ask Your Majesty," said Cacambo, "for nothing but a few sheep loaded with provisions, pebbles and the mud of the country." The king laughed. "I cannot conceive," he said, "what taste you people of Europe have for our yellow mud; but take as much as you like, and much good may it do you."

18.14 He at once ordered his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good physicists worked on it; it was ready in a fortnight and cost no more than twenty million pounds sterling in the country's money. Candide and Cacambo were placed on the machine; there were two large red sheep, saddled and bridled, to serve as their mounts once they had crossed the mountains, twenty pack sheep loaded with provisions, thirty carrying presents of the most curious things the country has to offer, and fifty loaded with gold, precious stones and diamonds. The king tenderly embraced the two vagabonds.

18.15 Their departure was a fine sight, and so was the ingenious way in which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The physicists took leave of them after setting them down safely, and Candide had no other desire and no other aim than to go and present his sheep to Mademoiselle Cunégonde. "We have enough," he said, "to pay the governor of Buenos Aires, if a price can be put on Mademoiselle Cunégonde. Let's make for Cayenne and take ship, and then we shall see what kingdom we can buy."

CHAPTER XIX: WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM IN SURINAM, AND HOW CANDIDE GOT TO KNOW MARTIN

Candide loses his sheep, meets an enslaved man, sends Cacambo for Cunégonde and is robbed by a Dutch skipper.

19.1 Our two travelers' first day was pleasant enough. They were encouraged by the idea of possessing more treasure than Asia, Europe and Africa could gather together. Candide, carried away, wrote Cunégonde's name on the trees. On the second day, two of their sheep sank into marshes and were swallowed up with their loads; two other sheep died of exhaustion a few days later; seven or eight then perished of hunger in a desert; after a few more days others fell over precipices. At last, after a hundred days' march, they had only two sheep left. Candide said to Cacambo: "My friend, you see how perishable the riches of this world are; there is nothing solid but virtue and the happiness of seeing

Mademoiselle Cunégonde again." "I grant you that," said Cacambo, "but we still have two sheep with more treasure than the King of Spain will ever have; and I can see in the distance a town that I suspect is Surinam, which belongs to the Dutch. We are at the end of our troubles and at the beginning of our happiness."

THE MAN AT SURINAM

Outside Surinam Candide meets a maimed enslaved man and declares that he must renounce optimism.

19.2 As they approached the town, they came upon a Black man lying on the ground, with only half of his clothing left, that is, of a pair of blue linen drawers; the poor man was missing his left leg and his right hand. "Good God!" Candide said to him in Dutch. "What are you doing there, my friend, in the horrible state I see you in?" "I am waiting for my master, Mr. Vanderdendur, the famous merchant," the man replied. "Was it Mr. Vanderdendur," said Candide, "who treated you like this?" "Yes, sir," said the man, "it is the custom. They give us a pair of linen drawers twice a year as our only clothing.[4] When we work in the sugar mills and the millstone catches a finger, they cut off our hand; when we try to run away, they cut off our leg: both things have happened to me. This is the price at which you eat sugar in Europe. And yet, when my mother sold me for ten patacoons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, bless our fetishes, worship them always, they will make you live happily; you have the honor of being a slave to our lords the white men, and in this way you are making the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I don't know whether I made their fortune, but they did not make mine.[5] Dogs, monkeys and parrots are a thousand times less wretched than we are. The Dutch fetishes who converted me tell me every Sunday that we are all children of

4 The name may glance at the Dutch publisher Jan van Duren, with whom Voltaire had quarreled.

5 Patacoon: a Spanish silver coin.

Adam, whites and Blacks alike. I am no genealogist; but if these preachers are telling the truth, we are all second cousins. Now you will admit that no one could treat his relatives more horribly."

19.3 "O Pangloss!" cried Candide. "You had not guessed this abomination. That settles it: in the end I shall have to renounce your optimism." "What is optimism?" said Cacambo. "Alas!" said Candide, "it is the mania for insisting that all is well when things are going badly"; and he shed tears as he looked at the unfortunate man; and weeping, he entered Surinam.

19.4 The first thing they ask is whether there is any ship in the harbor that could be sent to Buenos Aires. The man they approached happened to be a Spanish skipper, who offered to strike an honest bargain with them. He arranged to meet them at a tavern. Candide and the faithful Cacambo went to wait for him there with their two sheep.

19.5 Candide, who wore his heart on his sleeve, told the Spaniard all his adventures and confessed that he wanted to carry off Mademoiselle Cunégonde. "I'll take good care not to take you to Buenos Aires," said the skipper. "I'd be hanged, and so would you; the lovely Cunégonde is his lordship's favorite mistress." It was a thunderbolt for Candide; he wept for a long time. At last he drew Cacambo aside. "Here, my dear friend," he said, "is what you must do. We each have five or six million's worth of diamonds in our pockets; you are cleverer than I am; go and fetch Mademoiselle Cunégonde from Buenos Aires. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million; if he won't give in, give him two. You haven't killed an inquisitor; no one will suspect you. I'll fit out another ship and go and wait for you in Venice: it is a free country, where there is nothing to fear from Bulgars, or Abars, or Jews, or inquisitors." Cacambo applauded this wise resolution. He was in despair at parting from a good master who had become his close friend; but the pleasure of being useful to him outweighed the pain of leaving him. They embraced, shedding tears; Candide urged him not to forget the

good old woman. Cacambo left that very day: he was a very good man, that Cacambo.

19.6 Candide stayed on in Surinam for some time, waiting for another skipper willing to take him to Italy, him and the two sheep he had left. He hired servants and bought everything he needed for a long voyage. At last Mr. Vanderdendur, master of a large ship, came and introduced himself. "How much do you want," Candide asked this man, "to take me straight to Venice—me, my people, my baggage and these two sheep here?" The skipper settled on ten thousand piastres; Candide did not hesitate.

19.7 "Oh ho!" said the prudent Vanderdendur to himself. "This foreigner hands over ten thousand piastres just like that! He must be very rich." Then, coming back a moment later, he announced that he could not sail for less than twenty thousand. "Very well, you shall have them," said Candide. "Well, well," the merchant muttered to himself, "this man gives twenty thousand piastres as easily as ten thousand."

19.8 He came back yet again and said he could not take him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres. "Then you shall have thirty thousand," replied Candide. "Oh ho!" the Dutch merchant said to himself again. "Thirty thousand piastres cost this man nothing. Those two sheep must surely be carrying immense treasures. Let's not push any further. First let's get the thirty thousand piastres paid, and then we shall see."

19.9 Candide sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than all the money the skipper was asking. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were taken on board. Candide followed in a small boat to join the ship at anchor in the roads; the skipper seizes his moment, hoists sail, casts off; the wind is in his favor. Candide, distraught and dumbfounded, soon loses sight of him. "Alas!" he cried. "That is a trick worthy of the Old World." He goes back to the shore, sunk in grief: for after all he had lost enough to make the fortune of twenty monarchs.

19.10 He goes straight to the Dutch judge; and, as he was somewhat agitated, he knocks roughly on the door; he goes in, sets

out his story, and shouts a little louder than was proper. The judge began by making him pay ten thousand piastres for the noise he had made; then he listened to him patiently, promised to look into his case as soon as the merchant returned, and had himself paid another ten thousand piastres for the costs of the hearing.

19.11 This conduct drove Candide to utter despair. He had, it is true, endured misfortunes a thousand times more painful; but the coolness of the judge, and that of the skipper who had robbed him, stirred up his bile and plunged him into a black melancholy. The wickedness of men appeared to his mind in all its ugliness; he fed on nothing but gloomy thoughts. At last, as a French ship was about to leave for Bordeaux, and since he no longer had any sheep laden with diamonds to put aboard, he hired a cabin at a fair price and had it announced in the town that he would pay the passage and board, and give two thousand piastres, to any honest man who would make the voyage with him, on condition that this man was the most disgusted with his lot and the most unhappy in the province.

19.12 A crowd of applicants turned up that a whole fleet could not have held. Candide, wishing to choose among the most likely, singled out some twenty people who seemed sociable to him, and who all claimed to deserve the preference. He gathered them at his inn and gave them supper, on condition that each would swear to tell his story faithfully; he promised to choose the one who seemed to him most to be pitied and most justly dissatisfied with his lot, and to give the others some gratuities.

19.13 The session lasted until four in the morning. Candide, listening to all their adventures, remembered what the old woman had told him on the way to Buenos Aires, and the wager she had made that there was no one on the ship to whom very great misfortunes had not happened. He thought of Pangloss at every adventure he was told. “That Pangloss,” he said, “would be hard put to demonstrate his system. I wish he were here. Certainly, if all goes well, it is in Eldorado, and not in the rest of the world.” At last he decided in favor of a poor scholar who had

worked ten years for the publishers in Amsterdam. He judged that there was no trade in the world one ought to be more disgusted with.

19.14 This scholar, who was a good man besides, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son and abandoned by his daughter, who had let herself be carried off by a Portuguese man. He had just lost a small post on which he lived; and the preachers of Surinam were persecuting him because they took him for a Socinian. It must be admitted that the others were at least as unhappy as he was; but Candide hoped the scholar would keep him from being bored on the voyage. All his other rivals felt that Candide was doing them a great injustice; but he appeased them by giving each of them a hundred piastres.[6]

CHAPTER XX: WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE AND MARTIN AT SEA

Candide and the pessimist Martin debate evil at sea and see the thieving skipper's ship sunk.

20.1 So the old scholar, whose name was Martin, sailed for Bordeaux with Candide. Both had seen much and suffered much; and even if the ship had been bound from Surinam to Japan by way of the Cape of Good Hope, they would have had enough to say about moral evil and physical evil to last the whole voyage.

20.2 Candide, however, had one great advantage over Martin: he still hoped to see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again, and Martin had nothing to hope for. Besides, he had gold and diamonds; and although he had lost a hundred big red sheep laden with the greatest treasures on earth, although the Dutch skipper's knavery still rankled in his heart, nevertheless, when he thought of what he still had in his pockets, and when he talked of Cunégonde, especially toward the end of a meal, he then leaned toward Pangloss's system.

20.3 "But you, Monsieur Martin," he said to the scholar, "what do you think of all this? What is your idea of moral evil and

physical evil?" "Sir," replied Martin, "my priests accused me of being a Socinian; but the truth of the matter is that I am a Manichaean." "You are making fun of me," said Candide. "There are no Manichaeans left in the world." "There is me," said Martin. "I don't know what to do about it, but I cannot think otherwise." "You must have the devil in you," said Candide.[7] "He meddles so much in the affairs of this world," said Martin, "that he may well be in me, as he is everywhere else. But I confess that when I cast my eye over this globe, or rather this globule, I think God has abandoned it to some malevolent being—always excepting Eldorado. I have scarcely seen a town that did not desire the ruin of the neighboring town, nor a family that did not want to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak loathe the powerful before whom they grovel, and the powerful treat them like flocks whose wool and flesh are for sale. A million regimented murderers, running from one end of Europe to the other, practice murder and brigandage with discipline to earn their bread, because they have no more honest trade; and in the towns that seem to enjoy peace, and where the arts flourish, men are consumed by more envy, cares and anxieties than a besieged town suffers scourges. Secret sorrows are even crueler than public miseries. In a word, I have seen so much and experienced so much that I am a Manichaean." "There is some good, though," Candide replied. "That may be," said Martin, "but I have never met it."

20.4 In the midst of this debate, they heard the sound of cannon. The noise grows louder from moment to moment. Everyone takes up his spyglass. They make out two ships fighting at a distance of about three miles; the wind brought both of them so close to the French ship that they had the pleasure of watching the fight at their ease. At last one of the two ships fired a broadside into the other so low and so accurately that it sent her to the

6 Socinians followed the Italian reformer Fausto Sozzini (1539–1604), who denied the Trinity; Calvinists and Catholics alike condemned them as heretics.

7 Manichaeans followed the Persian prophet Mani (3rd century AD), who taught that the world is the battleground of two opposed powers, good and evil.

bottom. Candide and Martin clearly saw a hundred or so men on the deck of the sinking ship; they were all raising their hands to heaven and uttering dreadful cries: in a moment everything was swallowed up.

20.5 "Well," said Martin, "that is how men treat one another." "It is true," said Candide, "that there is something devilish in this business." As he spoke, he noticed something or other of a brilliant red swimming near his ship. They lowered the longboat to see what it might be: it was one of his sheep. Candide felt more joy at finding this sheep again than he had felt grief at losing a hundred, all laden with big diamonds from Eldorado.

20.6 The French captain soon made out that the captain of the ship that had done the sinking was Spanish, and that the captain of the sunken ship was a Dutch pirate; it was the very one who had robbed Candide. The immense riches this scoundrel had seized were buried with him in the sea, and only one sheep was saved. "You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is sometimes punished. That rogue of a Dutch skipper has met the fate he deserved." "Yes," said Martin, "but did the passengers on his ship have to perish too? God punished that crook; the devil drowned the others."

20.7 Meanwhile the French ship and the Spanish one continued on their way, and Candide continued his conversations with Martin. They argued for fifteen days on end, and at the end of fifteen days they had got exactly as far as on the first. But at least they were talking, they were exchanging ideas, they were consoling each other. Candide stroked his sheep. "Since I have found you again," he said, "I may well find Cunégonde again."

CHAPTER XXI: CANDIDE AND MARTIN APPROACH THE COAST OF FRANCE, AND REASON TOGETHER

Nearing France, Martin describes Paris and argues that men have always been as wicked as they are now.

21.1 At last they sighted the coast of France. "Have you ever been to France, Monsieur Martin?" said Candide. "Yes," said Martin, "I have traveled through several provinces. There are some where

half the inhabitants are mad, a few where people are too cunning, others where they are generally rather gentle and rather stupid, others where they play the wit; and in all of them the chief occupation is love; the second, slander; and the third, talking nonsense." "But, Monsieur Martin, have you seen Paris?" "Yes, I have seen Paris. It has something of all these kinds; it is a chaos, a crush in which everyone looks for pleasure and hardly anyone finds it, at least so it seemed to me. I stayed there only a short time. As soon as I arrived I was robbed of everything I had by pickpockets at the Saint-Germain fair; I was myself taken for a thief and spent a week in prison; after which I became a proofreader at a printing house to earn enough to walk back to Holland. I came to know the scribbling rabble, the scheming rabble and the convulsionary rabble. They say there are very polite people in that city: I am willing to believe it."[8]

21.2 "For my part, I have no curiosity at all to see France," said Candide. "You can easily guess that when one has spent a month in Eldorado, one no longer cares to see anything on earth but Mademoiselle Cunégonde. I am going to wait for her in Venice; we shall cross France to get to Italy. Won't you come with me?" "Most willingly," said Martin. "They say Venice is good only for Venetian nobles, but that foreigners are nonetheless very well received there when they have plenty of money. I have none; you have some; I will follow you anywhere." "By the way," said Candide, "do you think the earth was originally a sea, as that big book belonging to the ship's captain asserts?" "I don't believe a word of it," said Martin, "any more than all the fancies they have been peddling to us for some time now." "But to what end, then, was this world formed?" said Candide. "To drive us mad," answered Martin. "Aren't you quite astonished," Candide went on, "at the love those two girls in the land of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys—the adventure I told you about?"[9] "Not

8 The convulsionaries were Jansenist enthusiasts who, from 1731, fell into fits at the tomb of the deacon François de Pâris in the Saint-Médard cemetery in Paris.
9 The book is probably Buffon's *Natural History* (1749) or Benoît de Maillet's *Telliamed* (1748), both of which argued that the land had once lain under the sea.

at all," said Martin. "I don't see what is strange about that passion: I have seen so many extraordinary things that nothing is extraordinary to me anymore." "Do you believe," said Candide, "that men have always slaughtered one another as they do today? That they have always been liars, cheats, traitors, ingrates, robbers, weak, fickle, cowardly, envious, gluttonous, drunken, miserly, ambitious, bloodthirsty, slanderous, debauched, fanatical, hypocritical and stupid?" "Do you believe," said Martin, "that hawks have always eaten pigeons when they found them?" "Yes, no doubt," said Candide. "Well then," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same character, why would you expect men to have changed theirs?" "Oh!" said Candide, "there is a great difference, for free will..." Reasoning thus, they arrived at Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXII: WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE AND MARTIN IN FRANCE

In Paris Candide falls ill, is besieged by doctors and priests, and goes to the theater with an abbé.

22.1 Candide stayed in Bordeaux only as long as it took to sell a few Eldorado pebbles and to fit himself out with a good two-seater carriage: for he could no longer do without his philosopher Martin. He was only very sorry to part with his sheep, which he left to the Academy of Sciences of Bordeaux; the Academy set as its prize subject that year the question of why this sheep's wool was red; and the prize was awarded to a scholar from the North, who proved by A, plus B, minus C, divided by Z, that the sheep had to be red and to die of sheep pox.[10]

22.2 Meanwhile, all the travelers Candide met at the inns along the way told him: "We are going to Paris." This general eagerness at last gave him the urge to see that capital; it was not much of a detour on the road to Venice. He came in through the faubourg

10 The "scholar from the North" glances at Maupertuis, president of the Berlin Academy, who had tried to prove the existence of God by algebra.

Saint-Marceau and thought he was in the ugliest village in Westphalia.

22.3 Hardly was Candide in his inn when he was struck by a slight illness brought on by his exertions. As he had an enormous diamond on his finger, and a prodigiously heavy strongbox had been noticed among his luggage, he at once had at his side two doctors he had not sent for, a few intimate friends who never left him, and two pious ladies who warmed his broths. Martin said: "I remember being ill in Paris too, on my first visit. I was very poor; so I had no friends, no pious ladies, no doctors, and I got better."

22.4 However, what with medicines and bleedings, Candide's illness became serious. A priest of the parish came and gently asked him for a note payable to bearer in the next world. Candide would have none of it; the pious ladies assured him it was a new fashion; Candide replied that he was not a man of fashion. Martin wanted to throw the priest out of the window. The cleric swore that Candide would not be buried. Martin swore he would bury the cleric if he went on pestering them. The quarrel grew heated: Martin took him by the shoulders and threw him out roughly; this caused a great scandal, and an official report was drawn up.[11]

22.5 Candide recovered; and during his convalescence he had very good company to supper at his lodgings. They played for high stakes. Candide was quite astonished that the aces never came his way; and Martin was not astonished at all.

22.6 Among those who did him the honors of the city was a little abbé from Périgord, one of those eager people, always alert, always obliging, brazen, fawning, accommodating, who lie in wait for foreigners as they pass through, tell them the scandalous gossip of the town and offer them pleasures at any price. This one first took Candide and Martin to the theater. A new tragedy was being performed. Candide found himself

11 In the 1750s Paris clergy demanded "confession certificates" from the dying, proving they had confessed to a priest who accepted the anti-Jansenist bull *Unigenitus*; without one, the sacraments and burial could be refused.

seated next to a few wits. That did not prevent him from weeping at scenes that were perfectly acted. One of the critics sitting beside him said to him during an interval: "You are quite wrong to weep. That actress is very bad; the actor playing opposite her is even worse; the play is even worse than the actors; the author doesn't know a word of Arabic, and yet the scene is set in Arabia; and what is more, he is a man who does not believe in innate ideas. Tomorrow I will bring you twenty pamphlets against him." "Sir, how many plays do you have in France?" said Candide to the abbé, who replied: "Five or six thousand." "That is a lot," said Candide. "How many of them are good?" "Fifteen or sixteen," replied the other. "That is a lot," said Martin.

22.7 Candide was much pleased with an actress who played Queen Elizabeth in a rather dull tragedy that is sometimes performed. "That actress," he said to Martin, "pleases me very much; she looks a little like Mademoiselle Cunégonde. I should be glad to pay her my respects." The abbé from Périgord offered to introduce him at her house. Candide, brought up in Germany, asked what the etiquette was, and how queens of England were treated in France. "One must make distinctions," said the abbé. "In the provinces, you take them to an inn; in Paris, you respect them when they are beautiful, and you throw them on the refuse heap when they are dead." "Queens on the refuse heap!" said Candide.[12] "Yes indeed," said Martin. "The abbé is right. I was in Paris when Mademoiselle Monime passed, as they say, from this life to the next. She was refused what these people call *the honors of burial*—that is, rotting with all the beggars of the parish in a filthy cemetery. She was buried all by herself, apart from her whole company, at the corner of the rue de Bourgogne; which must have grieved her extremely, for she had very noble sentiments." "That is very rude," said Candide. "What do you expect?" said Martin. "These people are made that way.[13] Ima-

12 The play is probably Thomas Corneille's *The Earl of Essex* (1678). In France actors were excommunicated and could be refused Christian burial.

13 "Mademoiselle Monime" is the actress Adrienne Lecouvreur (1692–1730), famous in the role of Monime in Racine's *Mithridate*; refused Christian burial, she was buried at night on waste ground.

gine every contradiction, every possible incompatibility: you will see them in the government, in the courts, in the churches, in the entertainments of this odd nation." "Is it true that people are always laughing in Paris?" said Candide. "Yes," said the abbé, "but in a rage; for they complain about everything with great bursts of laughter; they even laugh as they commit the most detestable acts."

22.8 "Who is that fat pig," said Candide, "who spoke so ill of the play I wept at so much, and of the actors who gave me so much pleasure?" "He is a lowlife," answered the abbé, "who earns his living by running down every play and every book. He hates anyone who succeeds, as eunuchs hate those who get their pleasure; he is one of those serpents of literature who feed on mud and venom; he is a pamphleteer." "What do you mean by a pamphleteer?" said Candide. "A man who turns out sheets," said the abbé, "a Fréron."[14]

22.9 Thus Candide, Martin and the Périgordian talked on the staircase, watching the crowd file out after the play. "Although I am very eager to see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again," said Candide, "I should nevertheless like to have supper with Mademoiselle Clairon, for she seemed admirable to me."[15]

22.10 The abbé was not the man to get anywhere near Mademoiselle Clairon, who saw only good society. "She is engaged this evening," he said, "but I shall have the honor of taking you to a lady of quality, and there you will get to know Paris as if you had lived here four years."

THE MARQUISE'S SUPPER

At a card party Candide loses heavily, hears literary talk at supper, and is seduced and robbed.

22.11 Candide, who was curious by nature, let himself be taken to the lady's house, at the far end of the faubourg Saint-Honoré.

14 Élie Fréron (1718–1776), editor of the review *L'Année littéraire*, was Voltaire's bitterest critic and enemy.

There everyone was busy with a game of faro; twelve gloomy punters each held a little book of cards, the dog-eared register of their misfortunes. A deep silence reigned; pallor was on the brows of the punters, anxiety on that of the banker; and the lady of the house, seated beside this pitiless banker, noted with a lynx's eyes every paroli, every seven-and-the-go, for which each player turned down the corners of his cards; she had them unfolded with a severe but polite attention, and never grew angry, for fear of losing her customers. The lady called herself the Marquise de Parolignac.[16] Her daughter, aged fifteen, was among the punters, and with a wink gave warning of the cheating of these poor people, who were trying to make up for the cruelties of fate. The abbé from Périgord, Candide and Martin came in; no one stood up, or greeted them, or looked at them; all were deeply absorbed in their cards. "The Baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh was more civil," said Candide.

22.12 Meanwhile the abbé went up and whispered in the ear of the marquise, who half rose, honored Candide with a gracious smile and Martin with a most noble nod of the head; she had a chair and a pack of cards brought for Candide, who lost fifty thousand francs in two deals; after which they had a very merry supper; and everyone was astonished that Candide was not upset by his loss. The footmen said among themselves, in their footmen's language: "He must be some English milord."

22.13 The supper was like most suppers in Paris: first silence, then a din of words no one can make out, then jokes, most of them insipid, false news, bad reasoning, a little politics and a great deal of slander; they even talked about new books. "Have you seen," said the abbé from Périgord, "the novel by one Gauchat, doctor of theology?" "Yes," replied one of the guests, "but I could not finish it. We have a host of impertinent writings, but all of them together come nowhere near the impertinence of

15 Claire Clairon (1723–1803), the leading tragic actress of the Comédie-Française and a star of Voltaire's own plays.

16 In faro, a player bent the corner of a card (a *paroli*, a *sept-et-le-va*) to double or multiply his stake; the marquise's name comes from *paroli*.

Gauchat, doctor of theology. I am so sated with this immensity of detestable books that flood us that I have taken to punting at faro."[17] "And the *Miscellanies* of Archdeacon Trublet, what do you say to them?" said the abbé. "Ah!" said Madame de Parolignac. "What a tedious mortal! How elaborately he tells you what everyone knows! How ponderously he discusses what is not worth a passing remark! How witlessly he appropriates other people's wit! How he spoils what he pillages! How he disgusts me! But he will disgust me no longer; it is enough to have read a few pages of the archdeacon."[18]

22.14 There was at table a learned man of taste who supported what the marquise said. Then they talked of tragedies; the lady asked why there were tragedies that were sometimes performed but could not be read. The man of taste explained very well how a play could hold some interest and have almost no merit. He proved in a few words that it was not enough to bring in one or two of those situations that are found in every novel and that always captivate an audience; but that one must be new without being bizarre, often sublime and always natural; know the human heart and make it speak; be a great poet without any character in the play ever seeming to be a poet; know one's language perfectly, and speak it with purity, with a continuous harmony, without the rhyme ever costing the sense anything. "Anyone," he added, "who does not observe all these rules may produce one or two tragedies that are applauded in the theater, but he will never be counted among good writers. There are very few good tragedies: some are idylls in well-written, well-rhymed dialogue; others, political arguments that put you to sleep, or amplifications that repel you; others, the dreams of a man possessed, in a barbarous style, broken-off speeches, long apostrophes to the gods because the author does not know how to speak to men, false maxims, bombastic commonplaces."

17 Gabriel Gauchat (1709–1779), a priest, wrote a many-volume series of *Critical Letters* attacking the philosophes; it was not a novel.

18 Nicolas Trublet (1697–1770), archdeacon of Saint-Malo, published *Essays* on literature and morals and was a persistent critic of Voltaire.

22.15 Candide listened to this speech attentively and formed a high opinion of the speaker; and since the marquise had taken care to seat him beside her, he leaned toward her ear and took the liberty of asking her who this man was who spoke so well. "He is a scholar," said the lady, "who does not play, and whom the abbé sometimes brings me for supper. He is a perfect judge of tragedies and books, and he has written a tragedy that was hissed, and a book of which no copy has ever been seen outside his bookseller's shop except the one he dedicated to me." "The great man!" said Candide. "He is another Pangloss."

22.16 Then, turning to him, he said: "Sir, you think, no doubt, that all is for the best in the physical world and in the moral, and that nothing could have been otherwise?" "I, sir?" the scholar replied. "I think nothing of the kind. I find that everything goes awry among us; that no one knows his rank, or his office, or what he is doing, or what he ought to do; and that, except for supper, which is rather merry and where there seems to be a fair amount of harmony, all the rest of the time is spent in impertinent quarrels: Jansenists against Molinists, men of the parlement against men of the Church, men of letters against men of letters, courtiers against courtiers, financiers against the people, wives against husbands, relatives against relatives; it is an everlasting war."[19]

22.17 Candide replied: "I have seen worse. But a wise man, who has since had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that all this is marvelous: these are the shadows in a beautiful picture." "Your hanged man was making fools of people," said Martin. "Your shadows are horrible stains." "It is men who make the stains," said Candide, "and they cannot help it." "Then it is not their fault," said Martin. Most of the punters, who understood nothing of this language, were drinking; and Martin reasoned with the scholar, and Candide told part of his adventures to the lady of the house.

19 Jansenists and Molinists (followers of the Jesuit Luis de Molina) were rival Catholic parties in the long French dispute over grace; the parlement of Paris, the high court, was in open conflict with the clergy.

22.18 After supper the marquise took Candide into her private room and had him sit on a sofa. “Well,” she said to him, “so you are still madly in love with Mademoiselle Cunégonde of Thunder-ten-tronckh?” “Yes, madame,” replied Candide. The marquise answered with a tender smile: “You answer me like a young man from Westphalia. A Frenchman would have said to me: ‘It is true that I loved Mademoiselle Cunégonde; but, seeing you, madame, I fear I no longer love her.’” “Alas, madame,” said Candide, “I will answer however you like.” “Your passion for her,” said the marquise, “began when you picked up her handkerchief; I want you to pick up my garter.” “With all my heart,” said Candide; and he picked it up. “But I want you to put it back on me,” said the lady; and Candide put it back on her. “You see,” said the lady, “you are a foreigner. I sometimes make my Paris lovers languish for a fortnight, but I surrender to you the very first night, because one must do the honors of one’s country for a young man from Westphalia.” The fair lady, having noticed two enormous diamonds on her young foreigner’s two hands, praised them so sincerely that from Candide’s fingers they passed to the marquise’s.

22.19 Candide, on his way home with his abbé from Périgord, felt some remorse at having been unfaithful to Mademoiselle Cunégonde. The abbé sympathized with his distress; he had had only a small share in the fifty thousand livres Candide lost at cards, and in the value of the two diamonds, half given, half extorted. His plan was to profit, as much as he could, from the advantages that knowing Candide might bring him. He talked a great deal about Cunégonde; and Candide told him that he would certainly ask that lovely lady’s forgiveness for his infidelity when he saw her in Venice.

22.20 The Périgordian redoubled his courtesies and attentions, and took a tender interest in everything Candide said, everything he did, everything he wanted to do.

22.21 “So, sir,” he said to him, “you have a rendezvous in Venice?” “Yes, Monsieur l’Abbé,” said Candide. “I absolutely must go and find Mademoiselle Cunégonde.” Then, drawn on by

the pleasure of talking about the one he loved, he told, as was his habit, part of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian.

22.22 "I believe," said the abbé, "that Mademoiselle Cunégonde is very witty, and that she writes charming letters." "I have never received any," said Candide. "For, just imagine: having been driven out of the castle for love of her, I could not write to her; soon afterward I learned that she was dead; then I found her again, and lost her; and I have sent a messenger to her, two thousand five hundred leagues from here, and I am waiting for the reply."

THE FALSE CUNÉGONDE

A forged letter leads Candide to an impostor; he is arrested and buys his way out to Dieppe.

22.23 The abbé listened attentively and seemed a little lost in thought. He soon took leave of the two foreigners, after embracing them tenderly. The next day, on waking, Candide received a letter worded as follows:

22.24 "Sir, my dearest love, I have been ill in this city for a week; I learn that you are here. I would fly into your arms if I could move. I heard you had passed through Bordeaux; I left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman there, and they are to follow me soon. The governor of Buenos Aires took everything, but I still have your heart. Come; your presence will bring me back to life or make me die of pleasure."

22.25 This charming letter, this unhoped-for letter, filled Candide with inexpressible joy; and the illness of his dear Cunégonde overwhelmed him with grief. Torn between these two feelings, he takes his gold and his diamonds and has himself driven with Martin to the hotel where Mademoiselle Cunégonde was staying. He goes in trembling with emotion; his heart pounds, his voice sobs; he wants to open the bed curtains; he wants to have a light brought. "Whatever you do, don't," said the maid. "Light is killing her"; and at once she closes the curtain

again. “My dear Cunégonde,” said Candide, weeping, “how are you? If you cannot see me, at least speak to me.” “She cannot speak,” said the maid. The lady then draws a plump hand out of the bed, which Candide bathes in his tears for a long time and then fills with diamonds, leaving a bag full of gold on the armchair.

22.26 In the midst of his raptures, in comes a police officer, followed by the abbé from Périgord and a squad of men. “So these are the two suspicious foreigners?” he said. He has them seized at once and orders his stalwarts to drag them off to prison. “This is not how travelers are treated in Eldorado,” said Candide. “I am more of a Manichaean than ever,” said Martin. “But, sir, where are you taking us?” said Candide. “To the bottom of a dungeon,” said the officer.

22.27 Martin, having recovered his composure, judged that the lady who claimed to be Cunégonde was a swindler, the abbé from Périgord a swindler who had lost no time in abusing Candide’s innocence, and the officer another swindler who could easily be got rid of.

22.28 Rather than expose himself to the proceedings of the law, Candide, enlightened by his adviser and in any case still impatient to see the real Cunégonde again, offers the officer three small diamonds worth about three thousand pistoles each. “Ah, sir!” said the man with the ivory baton. “Even if you had committed every crime imaginable, you are the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds! Each worth three thousand pistoles! Sir! I would let myself be killed for you, rather than take you to a cell. All foreigners are being arrested, but leave it to me. I have a brother in Dieppe, in Normandy; I will take you there; and if you have some diamond to give him, he will take care of you just as I would myself.” “And why are all foreigners being arrested?” said Candide.

22.29 The abbé from Périgord then spoke up and said: “It is because a wretch from the land of the Atrebates heard some foolish talk; that alone made him commit a parricide—not like the one of May 1610, but like the one of December 1594, and like

several others committed in other years and other months by other wretches who had heard foolish talk."[20]

22.30 The officer then explained what it was all about. "Ah, the monsters!" cried Candide. "What! Such horrors among a people who dance and sing! Can I not get out as fast as possible from this country where monkeys provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my own country; men I have seen only in Eldorado. In God's name, officer, take me to Venice, where I am to wait for Mademoiselle Cunégonde." "I can take you only to Lower Normandy," said the constable. At once he has the irons taken off, says he has made a mistake, sends his men away, takes Candide and Martin off to Dieppe and leaves them in his brother's hands. There was a small Dutch ship in the roads. The Norman, made the most obliging of men with the help of three more diamonds, puts Candide and his servants aboard the ship, which was about to sail for Portsmouth in England. It was not the way to Venice; but Candide thought he had been delivered from hell, and he fully intended to take the road to Venice again at the first opportunity.

CHAPTER XXIII: CANDIDE AND MARTIN REACH THE COAST OF ENGLAND; WHAT THEY SEE THERE

At Portsmouth they watch an admiral shot for not getting close enough to the enemy.

23.1 "Ah, Pangloss! Pangloss! Ah, Martin! Martin! Ah, my dear Cunégonde! What is this world?" said Candide on the Dutch ship. "Something very mad and very abominable," answered Martin. "You know England; are they as mad there as in France?" "It is another kind of madness," said Martin. "You know that these two nations are at war over a few acres of snow somewhere near Canada, and that they are spending on this fine war

20 In January 1757 Robert Damiens, from Artois (the ancient land of the Atrebates), stabbed Louis XV without killing him; Ravaillac murdered Henri IV in May 1610, while Jean Châtel's attempt on the same king in December 1594 failed.

far more than all of Canada is worth.[21] As to telling you precisely whether there are more people who ought to be tied up in one country than in another, that is more than my feeble lights allow me; I know only that, in general, the people we are going to see are extremely splenetic."

23.2 Chatting in this way, they put in at Portsmouth. A multitude of people covered the shore, gazing intently at a rather stout man who was kneeling, blindfolded, on the deck of one of the ships of the fleet; four soldiers posted opposite this man each fired three bullets into his skull, as calmly as you please; and the whole assembly went home extremely satisfied. "What is all this, then?" said Candide. "And what demon holds sway everywhere?" He asked who the stout man was whom they had just killed with such ceremony. "He is an admiral," they answered. "And why kill this admiral?" "Because," they told him, "he did not get enough people killed. He gave battle to a French admiral, and it was judged that he was not close enough to him." "But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far from the English admiral as the English admiral was from him!" "That is indisputable," came the reply, "but in this country it is good to kill an admiral from time to time to encourage the others."[22]

23.3 Candide was so stunned and so shocked by what he saw and heard that he would not even set foot on shore. He struck a bargain with the Dutch skipper (even if the man should rob him as the one from Surinam had) to take him to Venice without delay.

23.4 The skipper was ready at the end of two days. They sailed along the coast of France; they passed within sight of Lisbon, and Candide shuddered. They entered the strait and the Mediterranean; at last they landed at Venice. "God be praised!" said Candide, embracing Martin. "It is here that I shall see the lovely

21 The Seven Years' War (1756–1763), at the end of which France ceded Canada to Britain.

22 Admiral John Byng was shot on his own ship at Portsmouth on 14 March 1757 for failing to relieve Minorca from the French in 1756; Voltaire had pleaded for his life.

Cunégonde again. I count on Cacambo as I would on myself. All is well, all goes well, all goes as well as it possibly can."

Chapters XXIV–XXX: Venice, Constantinople, and the Garden

Paquette and Friar Giroflée, the bored senator Pococurante, six dethroned kings at supper, reunion on the Propontis, and the garden to be cultivated.

CHAPITRE XXIV. DE PAQUETTE, ET DE FRÈRE GIROFLÉE.

24.1 As soon as he was in Venice, he had Cacambo searched for in every tavern, in every coffeehouse, among all the women of pleasure, and did not find him. Every day he sent someone to meet every ship and every boat: no news of Cacambo. "What!" he said to Martin. "I have had time to sail from Surinam to Bordeaux, to go from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to sail along the coasts of Portugal and Spain, to cross the whole Mediterranean, to spend a few months in Venice; and the lovely Cunégonde has not come! Instead of her I have met nothing but a hussy and an abbé from Périgord! Cunégonde is dead, no doubt; nothing is left for me but to die. Ah! it would have been better to stay in the paradise of Eldorado than to come back to this accursed Europe. How right you are, my dear Martin! All is nothing but illusion and calamity."

24.2 He fell into a black melancholy, and took no part in the opera *alla moda,* or in the other entertainments of the carnival; not one lady tempted him in the least. Martin said to him, "You really are very naive to imagine that a mixed-race valet with five or six millions in his pockets will go looking for your beloved at the ends of the earth and bring her to you in Venice. He will take her for himself, if he finds her; if he doesn't find her, he will take

another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo and your beloved Cunégonde." Martin was not much comfort. Candide's melancholy grew, and Martin never stopped proving to him that there was little virtue and little happiness on earth—except perhaps in Eldorado, where no one could go.

24.3 While they were arguing this important question, and waiting for Cunégonde, Candide noticed in St. Mark's Square a young Theatine with a girl on his arm. The Theatine looked fresh, plump, vigorous; his eyes were bright, his manner self-assured, his bearing lofty, his step proud. The girl was very pretty, and was singing; she gazed lovingly at her Theatine, and now and then pinched his fat cheeks. "You will at least admit," said Candide to Martin, "that these people are happy. So far, in the whole habitable earth, except in Eldorado, I have found nothing but unfortunates; but as for this girl and this Theatine, I bet they are very happy creatures." "I bet they are not," said Martin.[1] "We have only to invite them to dinner," said Candide, "and you will see whether I am wrong."

24.4 At once he goes up to them, pays them his compliments and invites them to his inn to eat macaroni, Lombardy partridges and sturgeon's eggs, and to drink Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus and Samos wine. The young lady blushed; the Theatine accepted the invitation, and the girl followed him, looking at Candide with eyes full of surprise and confusion, which were clouded by a few tears. Hardly had she entered Candide's room when she said to him, "What! Monsieur Candide no longer recognizes Paquette!"

24.5 At these words Candide, who had not looked at her closely until then because he was thinking only of Cunégonde, said to her, "Alas! my poor child, so it was you who put Doctor Pangloss in the fine state I saw him in?"

24.6 "Alas, sir, it was I myself," said Paquette. "I see you know all about it. I heard of the frightful misfortunes that befell the whole household of my lady the baroness, and the lovely Cunégonde. I swear to you that my fate has been hardly less sad. I

1 The Theatines are a Catholic order of clergy founded in Italy in 1524.

was very innocent when you knew me. A Franciscan friar, who was my confessor, easily seduced me. The consequences were dreadful; I was forced to leave the castle some time after my lord the baron sent you away with great kicks in the backside. If a famous doctor had not taken pity on me, I would have died. Out of gratitude I was for some time this doctor's mistress. His wife, who was madly jealous, beat me every day without mercy; she was a fury. This doctor was the ugliest of men, and I the unhappiest of creatures, to be constantly beaten on account of a man I did not love. You know, sir, how dangerous it is for a shrewish woman to be married to a doctor. This one, outraged by his wife's behavior, one day gave her, to cure a slight cold, a medicine so effective that she died of it within two hours in horrible convulsions. Madame's relatives brought a criminal suit against Monsieur; he fled, and I was put in prison. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been rather pretty. The judge set me free on condition that he should succeed the doctor. I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned out without a penny, and forced to carry on this abominable trade which seems so amusing to you men, and which for us is nothing but an abyss of misery. I went to practice the profession in Venice. Ah! sir, if you could only imagine what it is like to be obliged to caress, without distinction, an old merchant, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, an abbé; to be exposed to every insult, every humiliation; to be often reduced to borrowing a skirt only to have it lifted by some disgusting man; to be robbed by one man of what one has earned with another; to be squeezed for money by officers of the law, and to have nothing ahead but a hideous old age, a poorhouse and a dunghill—you would conclude that I am one of the unhappiest creatures in the world."

24.7 Thus Paquette opened her heart to the good Candide, in a small private room, in the presence of Martin, who said to Candide, "You see I have already won half the bet."

24.8 Brother Giroflée had stayed in the dining room, and was having a drink while waiting for dinner. "But," said Candide to Paquette, "you looked so cheerful, so contented, when I met

you; you were singing, you were caressing the Theatine with such natural fondness; you seemed to me as happy as you claim to be unfortunate." "Ah, sir," replied Paquette, "that is yet another of the miseries of the trade. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and today I have to seem in good spirits to please a monk."

24.9 Candide wanted to hear no more; he admitted that Martin was right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatine; the meal was fairly entertaining, and toward the end they talked with some frankness. "Father," said Candide to the monk, "you seem to me to enjoy a lot that everyone must envy; the bloom of health glows on your face, your countenance proclaims happiness; you have a very pretty girl for your recreation, and you seem very pleased with your condition as a Theatine."

24.10 "Upon my word, sir," said Brother Giroflée, "I wish all Theatines were at the bottom of the sea. A hundred times I have been tempted to set fire to the monastery and go and turn Turk. When I was fifteen my parents forced me to put on this detestable habit, so as to leave more fortune to a cursed elder brother, God confound him! Jealousy, discord and rage dwell in the monastery. It is true that I have preached a few bad sermons that have earned me a little money, half of which the prior steals from me; the rest I spend on keeping girls; but when I go back to the monastery in the evening, I am ready to dash my head against the dormitory walls; and all my brethren are in the same state."

24.11 Martin turned to Candide with his usual composure. "Well!" he said to him. "Haven't I won the whole bet?" Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquette and a thousand piastres to Brother Giroflée. "I assure you," he said, "that with this they will be happy." "I don't believe it at all," said Martin. "With these piastres you may make them far unhappier still." "Be that as it may," said Candide, "but one thing consoles me: I see that we often find people again whom we never thought we would find again. It may well be that, having met my red sheep and

Paquette, I shall meet Cunégonde too." "I hope," said Martin, "that she will make you happy one day; but I very much doubt it." "You are very hard," said Candide. "That's because I have lived," said Martin. "But look at these gondoliers," said Candide. "Don't they sing all the time?" "You don't see them at home, with their wives and their brats of children," said Martin. "The doge has his troubles, the gondoliers have theirs. It is true that, all things considered, a gondolier's lot is preferable to a doge's; but I think the difference so slight that it is not worth examining."

24.12 "People talk," said Candide, "of Senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine palace on the Brenta and is rather welcoming to strangers. They say he is a man who has never known sorrow." "I should like to see so rare a species," said Martin. At once Candide sent to ask Signor Pococurante's permission to call on him the next day.[2]

CHAPTER XXV: A VISIT TO SIGNOR POCOCURANTE, A VENETIAN NOBLEMAN

The rich senator Pococurante finds no pleasure in his paintings, music, books or garden.

25.1 Candide and Martin went by gondola along the Brenta and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante. The gardens were well laid out and adorned with fine marble statues; the palace was handsomely built. The master of the house, a very rich man of sixty, received the two curious visitors very politely, but with very little warmth, which disconcerted Candide and did not displease Martin.

25.2 First, two pretty, neatly dressed girls served chocolate, which they frothed very well. Candide could not help praising their beauty, their graciousness and their skill. "They are good enough creatures," said Senator Pococurante. "I sometimes have them sleep in my bed, for I am very tired of the ladies of the town, of their flirtations, their jealousies, their quarrels, their

2 Pococurante is Italian for "caring little." Venetian nobles kept country villas along the Brenta, a river running into the lagoon.

moods, their pettiness, their pride, their follies, and the sonnets one has to write or commission for them; but, after all, these two girls are beginning to bore me thoroughly."

25.3 After breakfast Candide, strolling through a long gallery, was struck by the beauty of the paintings. He asked which master had painted the first two. "They are by Raphael," said the senator. "I bought them very dear, out of vanity, some years ago; they say they are the finest things in Italy, but I don't like them at all: the color is very dark, the figures are not rounded enough and do not stand out enough; the draperies look nothing like cloth: in a word, whatever people may say, I do not find in them a true imitation of nature. I shall only love a painting when I think I am seeing nature itself: there are none of that kind. I have a great many paintings, but I no longer look at them."

25.4 While waiting for dinner, Pococurante had a concerto played. Candide found the music delightful. "This noise," said Pococurante, "may amuse for half an hour; but if it goes on any longer, it wearies everyone, though no one dares admit it. Music today is nothing but the art of performing difficult things, and what is merely difficult does not please for long.

25.5 "I might like opera better if they had not discovered the secret of making it into a monstrosity that revolts me. Let anyone who wishes go and see bad tragedies set to music, where the scenes exist only to bring in, most inappropriately, two or three ridiculous songs that show off an actress's throat; let anyone who wishes, or who can, swoon with pleasure at the sight of a castrato warbling the part of Caesar or of Cato and strutting awkwardly about the boards. As for me, I long ago gave up these trifles, which today are the glory of Italy and for which sovereigns pay so dearly." Candide argued a little, but tactfully. Martin entirely agreed with the senator.

POCOCURANTE'S LIBRARY

Pococurante dismisses Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero and Milton, and Candide concludes that nothing can please him.

25.6 They sat down to table, and after an excellent dinner they went into the library. Candide, seeing a magnificently bound Homer, praised the illustrissimo on his good taste. "Here," he said, "is a book that was the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany." "It is not mine," said Pococurante coldly. "Once they made me believe that I enjoyed reading it; but that endless repetition of battles that are all alike, those gods who are always busy yet never do anything decisive, that Helen who is the cause of the war and hardly has a part in the play, that Troy which is besieged and never taken—all that bored me to death. I have sometimes asked scholars whether they were as bored as I was reading it: all the honest ones admitted to me that the book fell from their hands, but that one must always have it in one's library, as a monument of antiquity, like those rusty ancient coins that can no longer be passed as money."

25.7 "Your Excellency does not think the same of Virgil?" said Candide. "I grant," said Pococurante, "that the second, fourth and sixth books of his *Aeneid* are excellent; but as for his pious Aeneas, and the strong Cloanthus, and his friend Achates, and little Ascanius, and the feeble King Latinus, and the bourgeois Amata, and the insipid Lavinia, I don't believe there is anything so cold and more unpleasant. I prefer Tasso, and Ariosto's tall tales."[3]

25.8 "Might I ask you, sir," said Candide, "whether you don't take great pleasure in reading Horace?" "There are maxims in him," said Pococurante, "from which a man of the world can profit, and which, being compressed into vigorous verse, are more easily engraved in the memory; but I care very little for his journey to Brundisium, or his description of a bad dinner, or

3 Torquato Tasso (*Jerusalem Delivered*, 1581) and Ludovico Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, 1516) were the great Italian Renaissance epic poets.

the porters' squabble between some Pupilus or other, whose words, he says, *were full of pus,* and another whose words *were vinegar*.[4] I have read only with extreme disgust his coarse verses against old women and witches; and I don't see what merit there can be in telling his friend Maecenas that if Maecenas ranks him among the lyric poets, he will strike the stars with his lofty brow. Fools admire everything in an esteemed author. I read only for myself: I like only what is of use to me." Candide, who had been brought up never to judge anything for himself, was greatly astonished at what he heard; and Martin found Pococurante's way of thinking fairly reasonable.[5]

25.9 "Oh! here is a Cicero," said Candide. "As for that great man, I imagine you never tire of reading him." "I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What do I care whether he pleaded for Rabirius or for Cluentius? I have quite enough with the cases I judge myself. I would have got on better with his philosophical works; but when I saw that he doubted everything, I concluded that I knew as much as he did, and that I needed no one's help to be ignorant."[6]

25.10 "Ah! here are eighty volumes of the proceedings of an academy of sciences," cried Martin. "There may be something good in them." "There would be," said Pococurante, "if a single one of the authors of all that rubbish had so much as invented the art of making pins; but in all these books there is nothing but vain systems, and not a single useful thing."

25.11 "What a lot of plays I see here," said Candide, "in Italian, in Spanish, in French!" "Yes," said the senator, "there are three thousand of them, and not three dozen good ones. As for these collections of sermons, which all together are not worth one page of Seneca, and all these fat volumes of theology, you can well imagine that I never open them—neither I nor anyone else."

4 All from Horace's *Satires*: the journey to Brundisium (I.5), the dinner (II.8) and the quarrel between Rupilius and Persius (I.7).

5 The attacks are in Horace's *Epodes*; the boast about striking the stars ends the first poem of his *Odes*, addressed to his patron Maecenas.

6 Cicero defended both men in court, in speeches of 63 and 66 BC; his philosophical dialogues lean toward the skepticism of the Academy.

25.12 Martin noticed shelves laden with English books. "I believe," he said, "that a republican must enjoy most of these works, written so freely." "Yes," replied Pococurante, "it is a fine thing to write what one thinks: it is man's privilege. In all our Italy, people write only what they do not think; those who live in the homeland of the Caesars and the Antonines dare not have an idea without a Dominican's permission. I would be content with the liberty that inspires English geniuses if passion and party spirit did not corrupt everything that is estimable in that precious liberty."[7]

25.13 Candide, noticing a Milton, asked him whether he did not regard that author as a great man. "Who?" said Pococurante. "That boor, who writes a long commentary on the first chapter of *Genesis* in ten books of harsh verse? That coarse imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and who, while Moses shows the Eternal Being producing the world by his word, has the Messiah take a great pair of compasses from a cupboard in heaven to mark out his work?[8] Am I to admire the man who spoiled Tasso's hell and devil; who disguises Lucifer now as a toad, now as a pygmy; who makes him repeat the same speeches a hundred times; who has him argue theology; who, seriously imitating Ariosto's comic invention of firearms, has the devils fire cannon in heaven? Neither I nor anyone in Italy has been able to take pleasure in all these dismal extravagances. The *marriage of Sin and Death,* and the snakes that Sin gives birth to, make any man of even slightly delicate taste vomit; and his long description of a hospital is fit only for a gravedigger. This obscure, bizarre and disgusting poem was scorned at its birth; I treat it today as it was treated in its own country by its contemporaries. For the rest, I say what I think, and I care very little whether others think as I do." Candide was distressed by these remarks; he respected Homer, he was rather fond of Milton.

7 Voltaire writes *jacobin*, the old French name for a Dominican friar; the Dominicans staffed the Inquisition and its censorship.

8 John Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667) first appeared in ten books; the Messiah's golden compasses are in Book VII.

"Alas!" he said under his breath to Martin, "I am very much afraid this man has a sovereign contempt for our German poets." "There would be no great harm in that," said Martin. "Oh, what a superior man!" Candide went on muttering. "What a great genius this Pococurante is! Nothing can please him."

25.14 Having thus reviewed all the books, they went down into the garden. Candide praised all its beauties. "I know of nothing in such bad taste," said the master. "We have nothing here but frippery; but tomorrow I am going to have another one planted to a nobler design."

25.15 When the two curious visitors had taken leave of His Excellency, "Well now," said Candide to Martin, "you will agree that this is the happiest of all men, for he is above everything he possesses." "Don't you see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything he possesses? Plato said long ago that the best stomachs are not those that reject all food." "But," said Candide, "isn't there pleasure in criticizing everything, in perceiving flaws where other men think they see beauties?" "That is to say," replied Martin, "that there is pleasure in having no pleasure?" "Oh, well," said Candide, "then no one is happy but me, when I see Mademoiselle Cunégonde again." "It is always right to hope," said Martin.

25.16 Meanwhile the days, the weeks went by; Cacambo did not come back, and Candide was so sunk in grief that he did not even notice that Paquette and Brother Giroflée had not so much as come to thank him.

CHAPTER XXVI: OF A SUPPER CANDIDE AND MARTIN HAD WITH SIX STRANGERS, AND WHO THEY WERE

Cacambo reappears as a slave, and Candide dines at an inn with six dethroned kings.

26.1 One evening when Candide, followed by Martin, was about to sit down to supper with the strangers staying at the same inn, a man with a face the color of soot came up behind him and, taking him by the arm, said, "Be ready to leave with us; don't fail." He turns round and sees Cacambo. Only the sight of Cunégonde

could have astonished and delighted him more. He nearly went mad with joy. He embraces his dear friend. "Cunégonde is here, no doubt? Where is she? Take me to her, so that I may die of joy with her." "Cunégonde is not here," said Cacambo. "She is in Constantinople." "Ah, heavens! In Constantinople! But were she in China, I would fly there. Let us go." "We shall leave after supper," replied Cacambo. "I cannot tell you any more; I am a slave, my master is waiting for me; I must go and wait on him at table. Say nothing; have your supper, and be ready."

26.2 Candide, torn between joy and grief, delighted to have seen his faithful agent again, astonished to see him a slave, full of the thought of finding his beloved again, his heart in turmoil, his mind in confusion, sat down to table with Martin, who watched all these adventures with composure, and with six strangers who had come to spend the carnival in Venice.

26.3 Toward the end of the meal Cacambo, who was pouring wine for one of these six strangers, leaned close to his master's ear and said to him, "Sire, Your Majesty may leave whenever it pleases Your Majesty; the ship is ready." Having said these words, he went out. The astonished guests were looking at one another without uttering a single word, when another servant came up to his master and said to him, "Sire, Your Majesty's carriage is at Padua, and the boat is ready." The master made a sign, and the servant left. All the guests looked at one another again, and the general surprise redoubled. A third valet, likewise coming up to a third stranger, said to him, "Sire, believe me, Your Majesty must not stay here any longer: I shall go and get everything ready"; and at once he vanished.

26.4 Candide and Martin then had no doubt that this was a carnival masquerade. A fourth servant said to the fourth master, "Your Majesty may leave whenever it pleases Your Majesty," and went out like the others. The fifth valet said the same to the fifth master. But the sixth valet spoke differently to the sixth stranger, who was sitting next to Candide. He said to him, "Upon my word, Sire, nobody will give Your Majesty credit any more, nor

me either, and we could very well be locked up tonight, you and I. I am going to look after my own affairs: goodbye."

26.5 All the servants having disappeared, the six strangers, Candide and Martin remained in deep silence. At last Candide broke it. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a strange joke. Why are you all kings? For my part, I confess that neither Martin nor I is one."

26.6 Cacambo's master then spoke up gravely and said in Italian, "I am not joking. My name is Achmet III. I was grand sultan for several years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; they cut off my viziers' heads; I am ending my life in the old seraglio; my nephew the grand sultan Mahmoud allows me to travel now and then for my health; and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."[9]

26.7 A young man sitting next to Achmet spoke after him, and said, "My name is Ivan; I was emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned in my cradle; my father and mother were locked up; I was brought up in prison; I am sometimes allowed to travel, accompanied by those who guard me; and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."[10]

26.8 The third said, "I am Charles Edward, king of England; my father ceded his rights to the kingdom to me; I fought to uphold them; they tore out the hearts of eight hundred of my supporters and slapped their cheeks with them; I was put in prison; I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, dethroned like me and my grandfather; and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."[11]

26.9 The fourth then spoke up and said, "I am king of the Poles; the fortunes of war have deprived me of my hereditary lands; my father suffered the same reverses; I resign myself to Provid-

9 Ahmed III, Ottoman sultan from 1703, was deposed in 1730 in favor of his nephew Mahmud I and died in 1736.

10 Ivan VI was proclaimed tsar as a baby in 1740, deposed by Elizabeth in 1741, and kept a prisoner until he was killed in 1764.

11 Charles Edward Stuart, the Jacobite pretender, led the failed rising of 1745–46; his supporters were executed by hanging, drawing and quartering, and he was briefly arrested in Paris in 1748.

ence, like Sultan Achmet, Emperor Ivan and King Charles Edward, to whom God grant long life; and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."[12]

26.10 The fifth said, "I too am king of the Poles; I have lost my kingdom twice; but Providence has given me another state, in which I have done more good than all the kings of the Sarmatians together have ever been able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I too resign myself to Providence; and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."[13]

26.11 It remained for the sixth monarch to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not so great a lord as you; but after all, I have been a king just like anyone else. I am Theodore; I was elected king in Corsica; I was called *Your Majesty,* and now I am hardly even called *Sir;* I had money coined, and I don't own a penny; I had two secretaries of state, and I scarcely have a valet; I have seen myself on a throne, and for a long time I was in prison in London, on straw; I am very much afraid of being treated the same way here, although I have come, like Your Majesties, to spend the carnival in Venice."[14]

26.12 The other five kings listened to this speech with noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy clothes and shirts; Candide made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand sequins. "Who, then, is this man," said the five kings, "who is able to give a hundred times as much as each of us, and who gives it? Are you a king too, sir?" "No, gentlemen, and I have no wish to be."

26.13 Just as they were leaving the table, four Serene Highnesses arrived at the same inn; they too had lost their states through the fortunes of war, and had come to spend the rest of the carnival in Venice; but Candide did not even notice these

12 Augustus III, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, was driven out of Saxony by Prussia in 1756; his father Augustus II had lost the Polish throne for a time.

13 Stanislas Leszczyński lost the Polish throne in 1709 and again in 1736, and became a well-regarded Duke of Lorraine; "Sarmatians" is an old literary name for the Poles.

14 Theodore von Neuhoff, a German adventurer, was crowned King of Corsica in 1736 and later imprisoned for debt in London.

newcomers. His only thought was to go and find his dear Cunégonde in Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXVII: CANDIDE'S VOYAGE TO CONSTANTINOPLE

Cacambo reports that Cunégonde has grown ugly; Candide finds Pangloss and the baron rowing in a galley.

27.1 The faithful Cacambo had already persuaded the Turkish skipper who was taking Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople to take Candide and Martin on board. They both went aboard after prostrating themselves before His wretched Highness. On the way, Candide said to Martin, "So there were six dethroned kings we had supper with! And what is more, among those six kings there is one to whom I gave alms. Perhaps there are many other princes still more unfortunate. As for me, I have lost only a hundred sheep, and I am flying into Cunégonde's arms. My dear Martin, once again, Pangloss was right: all is well." "I hope so," said Martin. "But," said Candide, "that was a most improbable adventure we had in Venice. No one has ever seen or heard tell of six dethroned kings having supper together at an inn." "That is no more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things that have happened to us. It is very common for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honor we had of having supper with them, that is a trifle that does not deserve our attention. What does it matter whom one has supper with, as long as one eats well?"

27.2 Hardly was Candide on the ship when he threw his arms around the neck of his former valet, his friend Cacambo. "Well!" he said to him. "What is Cunégonde doing? Is she still a prodigy of beauty? Does she still love me? How is her health? No doubt you have bought her a palace in Constantinople?"

27.3 "My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunégonde is washing dishes on the shore of the Propontis, for a prince who has very few dishes; she is a slave in the household of a former sovereign named Ragotski, to whom the Grand Turk gives three crowns a day in his place of refuge; but what is much sadder is

that she has lost her beauty and has become horribly ugly." "Ah! beautiful or ugly," said Candide, "I am a man of honor, and my duty is to love her always. But how can she be reduced to so abject a state with the five or six millions you took with you?"[15] "Well," said Cacambo, "didn't I have to give two of them to Señor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, governor of Buenos Aires, for permission to take back Mademoiselle Cunégonde? And didn't a pirate gallantly strip us of all the rest? Didn't this pirate take us to Cape Matapan, to Milos, to Ikaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmara, to Scutari? Cunégonde and the old woman are servants in the household of that prince I told you about, and I am the slave of the dethroned sultan." "What a chain of dreadful calamities, one after another!" said Candide. "But after all, I still have a few diamonds; I shall easily free Cunégonde. It is a great pity she has become so ugly."

27.4 Then, turning to Martin, he said, "Who do you think is most to be pitied: Emperor Achmet, Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or I?" "I have no idea," said Martin. "I would have to be inside your hearts to know." "Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he would know, and he would tell us." "I don't know," said Martin, "with what scales your Pangloss could have weighed men's misfortunes and assessed their sufferings. All I presume is that there are millions of people on earth a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, Emperor Ivan and Sultan Achmet." "That may well be," said Candide.

27.5 In a few days they reached the channel of the Black Sea. Candide began by buying back Cacambo at a very high price; and, without wasting any time, he threw himself into a galley with his companions to go to the shore of the Propontis in search of Cunégonde, however ugly she might be.

27.6 Among the galley's rowers were two convicts who rowed very badly, and on whose bare shoulders the Levantine captain

15 The Propontis is the Sea of Marmara. "Ragotski" is Francis II Rákóczi, Prince of Transylvania, who led a revolt against the Habsburgs and died in exile in Turkey in 1735.

now and then laid a few strokes of a bullwhip. Candide, by a natural impulse, looked at them more closely than at the other galley slaves, and went up to them with pity. Some features of their disfigured faces seemed to him to bear a slight resemblance to Pangloss and to that unfortunate Jesuit, that baron, that brother of Mademoiselle Cunégonde. The thought moved and saddened him. He studied them more closely still. "Truly," he said to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Master Pangloss hanged, and if I had not had the misfortune of killing the baron, I would believe it was they who are rowing in this galley."

27.7 At the names of the baron and Pangloss, the two convicts let out a great cry, stopped still on their bench and dropped their oars. The Levantine captain came running at them, and the lashes of the bullwhip redoubled. "Stop! Stop, sir!" cried Candide. "I will give you as much money as you like." "What! It's Candide!" said one of the convicts. "What! It's Candide!" said the other. "Is this a dream?" said Candide. "Am I awake? Am I in this galley? Is that the baron, whom I killed? Is that Master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged?" "It is we, it is we," they answered. "What! Is that the great philosopher?" said Martin. "Ah, Levantine captain, sir," said Candide, "how much money do you want as ransom for Monsieur de Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the foremost barons of the Empire, and for Monsieur Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?" "Christian dog," replied the Levantine captain, "since these two dogs of Christian convicts are barons and metaphysicians, which is no doubt a great dignity in their country, you will give me fifty thousand sequins for them." "You shall have them, sir. Take me back to Constantinople like lightning, and you will be paid on the spot. But no—take me to Mademoiselle Cunégonde." At Candide's first offer the Levantine captain had already turned the prow toward the city, and he was making them row faster than a bird cleaves the air.

27.8 Candide embraced the baron and Pangloss a hundred times. "And how is it I did not kill you, my dear baron? And my dear Pangloss, how are you alive after being hanged? And why

are you both in the galleys in Turkey?" "Is it really true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the baron. "Yes," answered Cacambo. "So I see my dear Candide again!" cried Pangloss. Candide introduced Martin and Cacambo to them. They all embraced; they all talked at once. The galley flew; they were already in the harbor. They sent for a Jew, to whom Candide sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond worth a hundred thousand, and who swore to him by Abraham that he could not give any more for it. Candide at once paid the ransom of the baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at his liberator's feet and bathed them with tears; the other thanked him with a nod and promised to repay the money at the first opportunity. "But is it really possible that my sister is in Turkey?" he said. "Nothing is so possible," replied Cacambo, "since she scours the dishes for a prince of Transylvania." They promptly sent for two Jews; Candide sold more diamonds; and they all set off again in another galley to go and free Cunégonde.

CHAPTER XXVIII: WHAT HAPPENED TO CANDIDE, CUNÉGONDE, PANGLOSS, MARTIN, ETC.

The baron and Pangloss explain how they survived and ended up as galley slaves.

28.1 "Forgive me, once again," Candide said to the baron. "Forgive me, reverend father, for running you right through the body with my sword."

28.2 "Let's say no more about it," said the baron. "I was a little too hasty, I admit. But since you want to know by what chance you saw me in the galleys, I will tell you. After my wound was healed by the brother apothecary of the college, I was attacked and carried off by a Spanish raiding party. They put me in prison in Buenos Aires just after my sister had left. I asked to return to Rome, to the Father General. I was appointed to go to Constantinople as chaplain to the French ambassador. I had not been in office a week when, one evening, I came across a very

handsome young icoglan.[16] It was very hot. The young man wanted to bathe, and I took the opportunity to bathe too. I did not know that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found stark naked with a young Muslim. A cadi had me given a hundred blows with a stick on the soles of my feet and sentenced me to the galleys. I do not believe a more horrible injustice has ever been done. But I would very much like to know why my sister is in the kitchen of a Transylvanian sovereign who has taken refuge among the Turks."[17]

28.3 "But you, my dear Pangloss," said Candide, "how can it be that I see you again?"

28.4 "It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged. By rights I should have been burned, but you remember that it poured with rain just as they were about to cook me. The storm was so violent that they gave up hope of lighting the fire, so I was hanged, because they could do no better. A surgeon bought my body, took me home and dissected me. First he made a cross-shaped incision from my navel to my collarbone. No one could have been more badly hanged than I had been. The executioner of the Holy Inquisition, who was a subdeacon, burned people marvelously well, it is true, but he was not used to hanging. The rope was wet and slid badly, and it was badly knotted. In short, I was still breathing. The cross-shaped incision made me let out such a scream that my surgeon fell over backward. Thinking he was dissecting the devil, he ran off, scared to death, and fell again on the stairs as he fled. His wife came running from a neighboring room at the noise. She saw me stretched out on the table with my cross-shaped incision. She was even more frightened than her husband, ran off, and fell on top of him. When they had come to their senses a little, I heard the surgeon's wife say to the surgeon, 'My dear, whatever possessed you to dissect a heretic? Don't you know the devil is always in the bodies of those people? I'll go at once and fetch a priest to exorcise him.' I shuddered at these words and gathered

16 An icoglan was a page in the Ottoman sultan's palace.
17 A cadi is a judge who applies Islamic law.

what little strength I had left to cry out, 'Have pity on me!' At last the Portuguese barber plucked up his courage. He sewed my skin back up, and his wife even nursed me. I was on my feet in two weeks. The barber found me a position and made me footman to a Knight of Malta who was going to Venice. But since my master had nothing to pay me with, I entered the service of a Venetian merchant and followed him to Constantinople.

28.5 "One day I took it into my head to go into a mosque. There was no one there but an old imam and a very pretty young devotee saying her prayers. Her bosom was completely bare. Between her two breasts she had a lovely bouquet of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculus, hyacinths and auriculas. She dropped her bouquet. I picked it up and put it back for her with the most respectful eagerness. I took so long putting it back that the imam grew angry and, seeing that I was a Christian, called for help. They took me to the cadi, who had me given a hundred blows with a lath on the soles of my feet and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in precisely the same galley and on the same bench as the baron. In this galley there were four young men from Marseille, five Neapolitan priests and two monks from Corfu, who told us that such adventures happened every day. The baron claimed that he had suffered a greater injustice than I had. I, for my part, claimed that it was far more permissible to put a bouquet back on a woman's bosom than to be stark naked with an icoglan. We argued constantly, and we were getting twenty strokes of the bullwhip a day, when the chain of events in this universe brought you to our galley and you ransomed us."

28.6 "Well, my dear Pangloss," Candide said to him, "when you were hanged, dissected, beaten black and blue, and rowing in the galleys, did you still think that all was for the best in the world?"

28.7 "I still hold my original opinion," replied Pangloss, "for after all I am a philosopher. It would not become me to go back on my word, since Leibniz cannot be wrong, and pre-estab-

lished harmony is, besides, the finest thing in the world, as are the plenum and subtle matter."[18]

CHAPTER XXIX: HOW CANDIDE FOUND CUNÉGONDE AND THE OLD WOMAN AGAIN

Candide ransoms the ugly Cunégonde and the old woman, but the baron forbids the marriage.

29.1 While Candide, the baron, Pangloss, Martin and Cacambo were telling their adventures, reasoning about the contingent or non-contingent events of this universe, and arguing about effects and causes, moral evil and physical evil, freedom and necessity, and the consolations one may feel in the galleys in Turkey, they landed on the shore of the Propontis, at the house of the prince of Transylvania. The first sight to greet them was Cunégonde and the old woman, hanging towels on strings to dry.

29.2 The baron turned pale at the sight. The tender lover Candide, seeing his fair Cunégonde weather-beaten, her eyes bloodshot, her bosom withered, her cheeks wrinkled, her arms red and scaly, recoiled three paces, seized with horror, and then stepped forward out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother. They embraced the old woman. Candide ransomed them both.

29.3 There was a little farm nearby. The old woman suggested that Candide make do with it until the whole company should meet a better fate. Cunégonde did not know that she had grown ugly; no one had told her. She reminded Candide of his promises in so peremptory a tone that good Candide did not dare refuse her. So he informed the baron that he was going to marry his sister. "I will never tolerate," said the baron, "such baseness on her part and such insolence on yours. No one shall ever reproach me with this disgrace. My sister's children could not be admit-

18 Pre-established harmony is Leibniz's doctrine that God synchronized mind and body from the start. The plenum (space entirely filled with matter) and "subtle matter" belong to Descartes's physics.

ted to the chapters of Germany. No, my sister shall never marry anyone but a baron of the Empire."[19] Cunégonde threw herself at his feet and bathed them in tears. He was inflexible. "You utter fool," Candide said to him, "I rescued you from the galleys, I paid your ransom, I paid your sister's. She was washing dishes here, she is ugly, I am kind enough to make her my wife, and you still presume to oppose it! I would kill you all over again if I listened to my anger." "You can kill me again," said the baron, "but you shall not marry my sister while I am alive."

CHAPTER XXX: CONCLUSION

The friends settle on a farm, grow bored and quarrelsome, and at last take up useful work.

30.1 In the depths of his heart, Candide had no wish at all to marry Cunégonde. But the baron's extreme impertinence made him determined to go through with the marriage, and Cunégonde pressed him so hard that he could not back out. He consulted Pangloss, Martin and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up a fine memorandum proving that the baron had no rights over his sister, and that under all the laws of the Empire she could marry Candide with the left hand. Martin's verdict was to throw the baron into the sea. Cacambo decided that he should be handed back to the Levantine captain and put back in the galleys, after which he would be sent to the Father General in Rome by the first ship.[20] This advice was thought very good. The old woman approved it. Nothing was said to his sister. The thing was done for a little money, and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German baron.

30.2 It was only natural to imagine that after so many disasters, Candide, married to his beloved and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo and the

19 German cathedral chapters admitted only candidates who could prove several generations of noble ancestry on both sides.

20 A "left-handed" or morganatic marriage joined partners of unequal rank without giving the lower-ranking spouse or the children the higher title or inheritance.

old woman, and having besides brought back so many diamonds from the homeland of the ancient Incas, would lead the most pleasant life in the world. But he was so swindled by the Jews that he had nothing left but his little farm. His wife, growing uglier every day, became shrewish and unbearable. The old woman was infirm and even more bad-tempered than Cunégonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and went to sell vegetables in Constantinople, was worn out with work and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair at not shining in some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly convinced that one is equally badly off everywhere; he took things patiently. Candide, Martin and Pangloss sometimes argued about metaphysics and morals.

30.3 They often saw boats passing under the windows of the farm, laden with effendis, pashas and cadis being sent into exile on Lemnos, to Mytilene, to Erzurum. They saw other cadis, other pashas, other effendis coming to take the places of those expelled, and being expelled in their turn. They saw heads, neatly stuffed with straw, on their way to be presented to the Sublime Porte.[21] These sights made the dissertations twice as frequent. And when they were not arguing, the boredom was so excessive that one day the old woman ventured to say to them, "I would like to know which is worse: to be raped a hundred times by Black pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgars, to be flogged and hanged in an auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to row in the galleys—in short, to suffer all the miseries we have all been through—or else to stay here doing nothing?" "That is a great question," said Candide.

30.4 This speech gave rise to new reflections, and Martin in particular concluded that man was born to live either in the convulsions of anxiety or in the lethargy of boredom. Candide did not agree, but he asserted nothing. Pangloss admitted that he had always suffered horribly. But having once maintained that

21 The Sublime Porte was the name for the Ottoman government in Constantinople.

everything was going marvelously, he went on maintaining it, and did not believe a word of it.

30.5 One thing finally confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate more than ever, and embarrassed Pangloss. One day they saw Paquette and Brother Giroflée arrive at their farm in the most extreme poverty. They had quickly run through their three thousand piastres, had parted, made up, fallen out, been put in prison, run away, and in the end Brother Giroflée had turned Turk. Paquette carried on her trade everywhere and no longer earned anything by it. "I foresaw it," Martin said to Candide, "that your gifts would soon be squandered and would only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have been glutted with millions of piastres, and you are no happier than Brother Giroflée and Paquette." "Aha!" Pangloss said to Paquette. "So Heaven brings you back here among us! My poor child! Do you realize you cost me the tip of my nose, an eye and an ear? Look at the state of you! Oh, what a world this is!" This new adventure led them to philosophize more than ever.

THE DERVISH AND THE OLD TURK

A dervish shuts the door on Pangloss; an old Turk says work keeps away boredom, vice and need.

30.6 In the neighborhood lived a very famous dervish who was reputed to be the best philosopher in Turkey. They went to consult him. Pangloss acted as spokesman and said to him, "Master, we have come to ask you to tell us why so strange an animal as man was ever created." "What are you meddling in?" said the dervish. "Is that any business of yours?" "But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is a horrible amount of evil on earth." "What does it matter," said the dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When His Highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble himself over whether the mice on board are comfortable or not?" "Then what should we do?" said Pangloss. "Hold your tongue," said the dervish. "I had flattered myself," said Pangloss, "that I might reason with you a little about effects and causes,

the best of all possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul and pre-established harmony." At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

30.7 During this conversation, the news had spread that two viziers of the bench and the mufti had just been strangled in Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe caused a great stir everywhere for a few hours. On their way back to the little farm, Pangloss, Candide and Martin came upon a kindly old man taking the air at his door under an arbor of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked him the name of the mufti who had just been strangled. "I have no idea," the good man replied, "and I have never known the name of any mufti or any vizier.[22] I know absolutely nothing about the incident you mention. I presume that, in general, those who meddle in public affairs sometimes perish miserably, and that they deserve it. But I never inquire about what goes on in Constantinople. I am content to send the fruit of the garden I cultivate there to be sold." Having said this, he invited the strangers into his house. His two daughters and two sons offered them several kinds of sherbet they made themselves, kaymak studded with candied citron peel, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, dates, pistachios, and Mocha coffee that was not mixed with the bad coffee of Batavia and the islands.[23] After which the two daughters of this good Muslim perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss and Martin.

30.8 "You must have," Candide said to the Turk, "a vast and magnificent estate?" "I have only twenty acres," replied the Turk. "I cultivate them with my children. Work keeps away three great evils: boredom, vice and need."

30.9 On his way back to his farm, Candide reflected deeply on what the Turk had said. He said to Pangloss and Martin, "That good old man seems to me to have made himself a far better lot

22 The viziers of the bench sat on the sultan's council, the divan. The mufti was the empire's chief religious authority.

23 Kaymak is a thick clotted cream. Batavia (now Jakarta) and the Caribbean islands produced coffee thought inferior to that shipped from Mocha in Yemen.

than the six kings with whom we had the honor of having supper." "Greatness," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, according to all the philosophers. For after all, Eglon, king of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hanged by his hair and pierced with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King Elah by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah and Zedekiah were made slaves.[24] You know how Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henrys of France and the Emperor Henry IV perished? You know..." "I also know," said Candide, "that we must cultivate our garden." "You are right," said Pangloss, "for when man was put in the Garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum*, so that he would work, which proves that man was not born for rest." "Let us work without reasoning," said Martin. "It is the only way to make life bearable."[25]

30.10 The whole little company entered into this laudable plan, and each of them set about exercising their talents. The little plot of land yielded a great deal. Cunégonde was, to tell the truth, very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry cook. Paquette embroidered. The old woman took care of the linen. Even Brother Giroflée made himself useful. He was a very good carpenter, and even became an honest man. And Pangloss sometimes said to Candide, "All events are linked together in the best of all possible worlds. For after all, if you had not been driven out of a beautiful castle with hard kicks in the backside for love of Mademoiselle Cunégonde, if you had not been put into the Inquisition, if you had not roamed America on foot, if you had not given the baron a good thrust of your sword, if you had not lost all your sheep from the good land of Eldorado, you would not be here eating candied citrons and pistachios." "That

24 All these fates come from the Old Testament books of Judges, Samuel and Kings.
25 The Latin comes from the Vulgate, Genesis 2:15: the Lord put man in the garden "to work it."

is well said," replied Candide, "but we must cultivate our garden."