CANDIDE

OR

OPTIMISM

Translated from the German of Dr Ralph

Together with the addenda which were found in the Doctor's pocket when he died at Minden in the year of grace 1759*

Chapter 1

How Candide Was Brought Up in a Magnificent Castle, and How He Was Expelled Thence[1]

In a castle of Westphalia, belonging to the Baron of Thunder-ten-Tronckh, lived a youth whom nature had endowed with the most gentle manners. His countenance was a true picture of his soul. He combined a true judgment with simplicity of spirit, which was the reason, I[2] think, he was called Candide. The old servants of the family suspected him to have been the son of the Baron's sister, by a good, honest gentleman of the neighborhood, whom that young lady would never marry because he had been able to prove only seventy-one quarterings, the rest of his genealogical tree having been lost through the injuries of time.[3]

The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle had not only a gate, but also windows.[4] His great hall was even hung with a tapestry. All the dogs of his farm-yards formed a pack of hounds at need; his grooms were his huntsmen; and the curate of the village was his grand almoner. They called him "My Lord," and laughed at all his stories.[5]

The Baron's lady weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, and was therefore a person of great consideration, and she did the honors of the house with a dignity that commanded still greater respect.[6] Her daughter Cunegonde was seventeen years of age, fresh-colored, comely, plump, and desirable. The Baron's son seemed to be in every respect worthy of his father. The Preceptor Pangloss was the oracle of the family, and little Candide heard his lessons with all the good faith of his age and character.

Pangloss was professor of metaphysico-theologico-cosmolo-nigology.[7] He proved admirably that there is no effect without a cause, and that, in this best of all possible worlds, the Baron's castle was the most magnificent of castles, and his lady the best of all possible Baronesses.[8]

"It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than as they are; for all being created for an end, all is necessarily for the best end. Observe, that the nose has been formed to bear spectacles—thus we have spectacles. Legs are visibly designed for stockings—and we have stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles—therefore my lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Pigs were made to be eaten—therefore we eat pork all the year round. Consequently they who assert that all is well have said a foolish thing; they should have said all is for the best."[9]

Candide listened attentively and believed innocently, for he thought Miss Cunegonde extremely beautiful, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded that after the happiness of being born of Baron of Thunder-ten-Tronckh, the second degree of happiness was to be Miss Cunegonde, the third that of seeing her every day, and the fourth that of hearing Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day Cunegonde, while walking near the castle, in a little wood which they called a park, saw between the bushes, Dr. Pangloss giving a lesson in experimental natural philosophy to her mother's chamber-maid, a little brown wench, very pretty and very docile. As Miss Cunegonde had a great disposition for the sciences, she breathlessly observed the repeated experiments of which she was a witness; she clearly perceived the force of the Doctor's reasons, the effects, and the causes; she turned back greatly flurried, quite pensive, and filled with the desire to be learned; dreaming that she might well be a sufficient reason for young Candide, and he for her.

She met Candide on reaching the castle and blushed; Candide blushed also; she wished him good morrow in a faltering tone, and Candide spoke to her without knowing what he said. The next day after dinner, as they went from table, Cunegonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen; Cunegonde let fall her handkerchief, Candide picked it up, she took him innocently by the hand, the youth as innocently kissed the young lady's hand with particular vivacity, sensibility, and grace; their lips met, their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands strayed. Baron Thunder-ten-Tronckh passed near the screen and beholding this cause

and effect chased Candide from the castle with great kicks on the backside; Cunegonde fainted away; she was boxed on the ears by the Baroness, as soon as she came to herself; and all was consternation in this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles.

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[1] The Baron's lands in Westphalia serve as a kind of pre-lapsarian state, a Garden of Eden before the fall of humanity. The rest of the text can be read as Candide's attempt to get back to this garden, and what he does when finds that he cannot stop time or undo what has already been done.

This place, even though it's certainly not very grand, is all Candide knows of the world. It's kept in such an idyllic state because the real world doesn't intrude on it. It's as if it has a wall around it.

[2] The story begins like a fairy tale, "Once upon a time…" But the mood does not last long; it has already soured by the end of the paragraph, with the ironic reference to the snobbishness of the Baron's sister. Nothing is quite what it seems.

But the single oddest word in this opening paragraph is *I.* Who is it who says "I think" (*je crois*, in the French original)? Is it a narrator who is telling the tale? For a moment we seem to be in a conventional fairy tale, where the narrator takes us by the hand and leads us reassuringly through the events. This might work if it continued, but after this the narrator disappears. We are not, after all, to be guided through the story; the narrator has let us down by stealing an old plot from *Tom Jones*; nothing is quite as it seems; and we are on our own, left to make sense of things as best we can.

[3] Quarters of nobility is an expression used in conferring hereditary titles. It refers to the number of generations in which noble status has been held by a family. The usual standard was 16 quarterings, or noble lineage back to one's great-grandparents. 72 quarterings means that someone's great-great-great-grandparents were noble. The difference between 71 and 72 quarterings is so insignificant that only the most obnoxiously class-conscious people would be concerned with it.

Voltaire speaks highly of Candide's mother as being a member of high society and belittles the father. Throughout the book Voltaire expresses sympathetic views toward women and blames men for their inabilities to care for them.

[4] This description of the Baron is a great example of Voltaire's use of paragraph structure to cement irony. His opening sentence, rather than introducing the facts contained within the paragraph, is completely at odds with the facts presented. The Baron is clearly too poor for a proper pack of hounds, too poor to employ huntsmen or even his own chaplain. The evidence undermines the proposition.

[5] After the sudden disappearance of the narrator, here is a second story-teller. The Baron tells stories (*des contes* in the French) to his servants – who laugh because he pays their wages.

[6] This is tied perfectly into the historical evidence of diet and exercise right up until the 20th century. With only the wealthy able to afford meat with regularity, and the food we would consider "healthy" today being very much classified as "peasant food," the rich were the only ones who would be overweight. Being overweight, then, was a sign of one's wealth.

[7] The longest word in the chapter is also the silliest: *metaphysico-theologico-cosmolo-nigology*. The narrator plays with words, like a child learning the language. And this gives us a child-like perspective on events, as we spy on the grown-ups having sex in the park.

[8] Voltaire uses the character of Pangloss to attack German philosopher Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646–1716). Leibniz is now known as the inventor of the calculus, a prolific inventor of automatic calculators, and, in philosophy, the doctrine of optimism, his conclusion that our universe is, in a restricted sense, the best possible one that God could have created. He arrived at this conclusion through the scholastic tradition, where conclusions are produced by applying reason to first principles or prior definitions rather than to empirical evidence. Voltaire attacks both this method of reasoning, where one ignores the evidence one can clearly see, and the world view that is so at odds with the existence of evil in the world. The clarity of this attack on Leibniz's principle of "sufficient reason" – that all things must have a purpose because they exist – in the middle of the enlightenment project centered on the concept of cause=effect perfectly shows Voltaire's contempt.

[9] In the early 18th century, it was common to argue that "the design" of the universe made it clear that there had to be a divine "designer." Voltaire is dissecting this argument from design. Pangloss' "the nose has been formed to bear spectacles" turns logic upside-down, and puts the effect before the cause.

Look at the choice of examples here: spectacles, stockings, stones (for building a castle), and roast pork—it is the portrait of the Baron sitting down to dinner. His mental universe extends no further than his physical domain; both are rather limited. No philosophical example is innocent, and the give-away here is "Pigs were made to be eaten." The pork-eating German baron, wearing his spectacles and stockings and sitting complacently in his castle, doesn't seem to know about Jews or Muslims. Why didn't God design the world for them too? The argument from design is meant to prove the existence of God; here it only proves the existence of German barons.

Chapter 2

What Became of Candide Among the Bulgars[1]

Candide, driven from terrestrial paradise,[2] walked a long while without knowing where, weeping, raising his eyes to heaven, turning them often towards the most magnificent of castles which imprisoned the purest of noble young ladies. He lay down to sleep without supper, in the middle of a field between two furrows. The snow fell in large flakes. Next day Candide, all benumbed, dragged himself towards the neighboring town which was called Waldberghofftrarbk-dikdorff, having no money, dying of hunger and fatigue, he stopped sorrowfully at the door of an inn. Two men dressed in blue observed him.

"Comrade," said one, "here is a well-built young fellow, and of proper height."

They went up to Candide and very civilly invited him to dinner.

"Gentlemen," replied Candide, with a most engaging modesty, "you do me great honor, but I have not the wherewithal to pay my share."

"Oh, sir," said one of the blues to him, "people of your appearance and of your merit never pay anything. Are you not five feet ten inches tall?"

"Yes, sir, that is my height," answered he, making a low bow.

"Come, sir, seat yourself; not only will we pay your reckoning, but we will never suffer such a man as you to want money; men are only born to assist one another."

"You are right," said Candide; "this is what I was always taught by Dr. Pangloss, and I see plainly that all is for the best."

They begged him to accept a few crowns. He took them, and wished to give them his note; they refused; they seated themselves at table.

"Love you not deeply?"

"Oh yes," answered he; "I deeply love Miss Cunegonde."

"No," said one of the gentlemen, "we ask you if you do not deeply love the King of the Bulgars?"

"Not at all," said he; "for I have never seen him."

"What! he is the best of kings, and we must drink to his health."

"Oh! very willingly, gentlemen," and he drank.

"That is enough," they tell him. "Now you are the help, the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgars. Your fortune is made, and your glory is assured."

Instantly they fettered him, and carried him away to the regiment. There he was made to wheel about to the right, and to the left, to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march, and they gave him thirty blows with a cudgel. The next day he did his exercise a little less badly, and he received but twenty blows. The day following they gave him only ten, and he was regarded by his comrades as a prodigy.

Candide, stupefied, could not understand how he was a hero. He resolved one fine day in spring to go for a walk, marching straight before him, believing that it was a privilege of the human as well as of the animal species to make use of their legs as they pleased. He had advanced two leagues when he was overtaken by four others, heroes of six feet, who bound him and carried him to a dungeon. He was asked which he would like the best, to be whipped six-and-thirty times through all the regiment, or to receive at once twelve balls of lead in his brain. He vainly said that human will is free, and that he chose neither the one nor the other. He was forced to make a choice; he determined, in virtue of that gift of God called free will, to run the gauntlet six-and-thirty times. He bore this twice. The regiment was composed of two thousand men; that composed for him four thousand

strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves, from the nape of his neck all the way down to his rump. As they were going to proceed to a third whipping, Candide, able to bear no more, begged as a favor that they would be so good as to shoot him. He obtained this favor; they bandaged his eyes, and bade him kneel down. The King of the Bulgars passed at this moment and ascertained the nature of the crime. As he had great talent, he understood from all that he learnt of Candide that he was a young metaphysician, extremely ignorant of the things of this world, and he accorded him his pardon with a clemency which will bring him praise in all the journals, and throughout all ages.

An able surgeon cured Candide in three weeks by means of emollients taught by Dioscorides.[3] He had already a little skin, and was able to march when the King of the Bulgars gave battle to the King of the Abares.[4]

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[1] Voltaire puns on *Bulgar* and *buggery,* insinuating that these military men were buggerers, or those who had anal sex with other men. In the 18th century, it was one of the most common terms associated with male homosexuality. In any environment in which males live in close quarters for extended periods (prison, boarding schools, the military, etc.), both consensual and nonconsensual homosexual behavior occurs. This pun was too offensive for some early translators, who translate them as "Bulgarian" soldiers. In the king of the Bulgars, Voltaire is alluding to Frederick the Great, and lumping him in here as a buggerer as well. Voltaire spent three years at the court of Frederick, but left after multiple disagreements with him.

[2] Voltaire's reference to terrestrial paradise can be considered a link back to the Garden of Eden. Like Adam and Eve, Candide was enjoying the pleasures of paradise on earth in the castle with Cunegonde, until he overstepped his boundaries and was cast out. He suffers emotional as well as physical pain because of his banishment. Voltaire shows that not following rules or exercising control provides only temporary pleasure and satisfaction, but ultimately comes at a high price.

Hortus Conclusus is a Latin term meaning "enclosed garden." Beginning in Persia and then becoming a part of architecture in Constantinople, North Africa, Rome, and across Europe, these carefully planned, well-hidden retreats were often enclosed by fences, walls or impenetrable hedges protecting the privacy of their (noble) owners from the public or stray animals. These gardens usually had at their center a fountain or well surrounded by trimmed flower beds and borders, displaying highly symbolic flowers like thornless roses, violets, iris, Madonna lilies, and wild strawberries. Their structures attempted to reflect a sense of divine order.

Hortus Conclusus gardens can be found in cloisters and monasteries across the Old World, where they served mainly as private sanctuaries for contemplation, meditation and communication. They offered peace and quiet, nourishing both body and soul, while also protecting one from the unknown world outside.

In late medieval iconographic images, the Virgin Mary was often displayed with Jesus as in infant in a *hortus conclusus*, which could be interpreted as a metaphor for the earthly paradise or the Garden of Eden.

This metaphoric use of the *hortus conclusus* is still with us. Joni Mitchell's popular song "Woodstock" compares the site of the famous 1968 festival to paradise with the line, "and we've got to get ourselves back to the garden." Musicians as disparate as The Byrds, The Ramones, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, Prince, and Lenny Kravitz, have all used the image of the walled or enclosed garden to represent some sort of idyllic state.

Try as we might, though, we will never get back to that state of being. So we've got to find a substitute. This is the *Hortus Mentis*, or the "Garden of the Mind." The world can be collapsing around us, but we can still maintain a calm peacefulness in the *hortus mentis*. Cognitive Behavioral Therapy, a recent trend in psychology, leverages this idea for a full-blown set of treatment protocols.

[3] Pedanius Dioscorides (c. 40 – 90 CE) was a Greek physician, pharmacologist, botanist, and author of *De Materia Medica* (*On Medical Material*), a 5-volume Greek encyclopedia about herbal medicine and related medicinal substances (a *pharmacopeia*), that was widely read for more than 1,500 years. He was employed as a physician in the Roman army.

[4] The Abares are a Scythian tribe meant to stand in for the French, as the Bulgars stand in for the Prussians in this setting of the Seven Years War.

Chapter 3

How Candide Made His Escape from the Bulgars, and What Afterwards Became of Him

There was never anything so gallant, so neat in appearance, so brilliant, and so well disposed as the two armies. Trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon made music such as Hell itself had never heard. The cannons first of all laid flat about six thousand men on each side; the muskets swept away from this best of worlds nine or ten thousand ruffians who infested its surface. The bayonet was also a sufficient reason for the death of several thousands. The whole might amount to thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.[1]

At length, while the two kings were causing *Te Deum*[2] to be sung, each in his own camp, Candide resolved to go and reason elsewhere on effects and causes. He passed over heaps of dead and dying, and first reached a neighboring village; it was in cinders, it was an Abare village which the Bulgars had burnt according to the laws of war. Here, old men covered with wounds, beheld their wives, hugging their children to their bloody breasts, massacred before their faces; there, their daughters, disemboweled and breathing their last after having satisfied the natural wants of Bulgar heroes;[3] while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be dispatched. The earth was strewn with brains, arms, and legs.

Candide fled quickly to another village; it belonged to the Bulgars; and the Abare heroes had treated it in the same way. Candide, walking always over palpitating limbs or across ruins, arrived at last beyond the seat of war, with a few provisions in his knapsack and Miss Cunegonde always in his heart. His provisions failed him when he arrived in Holland; but having heard that everybody was rich in that country, and that they were Christians, he did not doubt that he should meet with the same treatment from them as he had met with in the Baron's castle, before Miss Cunegonde's bright eyes were the cause of his expulsion thence.

He asked alms of several grave-looking people, who all answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade they would confine him to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get a living.

After that he addressed was a man who had been haranguing a large assembly for a whole hour on the subject of charity. But the orator, looking askew, said:

"What are you doing here? Are you for the good cause?"

"There can be no effect without a cause," modestly answered Candide; "the whole is necessarily concatenated and arranged for the best. It was necessary for me to have been banished from the presence of Miss Cunegonde, to have afterwards run the gauntlet, and now it is necessary I should beg my bread until I learn to earn it; all this cannot be otherwise."[4]

"My friend," said the orator to him, "do you believe the Pope to be the Anti-Christ?"

"I have not heard it," answered Candide; "but whether he is or not, I want bread."

"You do not deserve to eat," said the other. "Begone, rogue! Begone, wretch! Do not come near me again."

The orator's wife, putting her head out of the window, and spying a man that doubted whether the Pope was the Anti-Christ, poured over him a full slop pail. Oh, heavens! to what excess does religious zeal carry the ladies.[5]

A man who had never been christened, a good Anabaptist,[6] named Jacques, beheld the cruel and ignominious treatment shown to one of his brethren, an unfeathered biped with a rational soul,[7] he took him home, cleaned him, gave him bread and beer, presented him with two florins, and even wished to teach him the manufacture of Persian rugs, which they make in Holland.[8] Candide, almost prostrating himself before him, cried:

"Master Pangloss has well said that all is for the best in this world, for I am infinitely more touched by your extreme generosity than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the black coat and his lady."

The next day, as he took a walk, he met a beggar all covered with scabs, his eyes diseased, the end of his nose eaten away, his mouth distorted, his teeth black, choking in his throat, tormented with a violent cough, and spitting out a tooth at each effort.[9]

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[1] Historically, humans have always found war to be a fruitful source for stories; at times we even find violence funny. But instead of spending 20 pages describing the bayonet's sufficient reason for death and the "heroic carnage" of it all, Voltaire crams all this violence into a few lines. By condensing this description into one paragraph full of dramatic and ironic understatements, Voltaire's message is not only humorous but a profound condemnation of meaningless violence.

[2] *Te Deum* – A short religious service, held to bless an event or give thanks. Its name comes from the first line of the hymn on which it is based, "*Te deum laudamus*" ("Thee, O God, we praise"), which was composed in the 4th century.

[3] Throughout the book Voltaire presents rape as an integral aspect of warfare. General debate has only quite recently caught up with Voltaire's unblinkered viewpoint.

[4] Voltaire once again attacks the principle of sufficient reason, the idea that there is meaning in the universe and that all things happen for a reason. Most of the sufferers in *Candide* say that the world makes no sense, and is confusing and violent. But the priests, monks, politicians, and philosophers maintain that it all makes perfect sense.

[5] The hypocrisy of the street preacher is obvious: a man preaching charity refuses to give any, and his wife dumps a chamberpot on Candide's head. Candide technically didn't even answer the Preacher's questions about the Anti-Christ, so how can the orator and his wife treat him in such a horrible way? This situation should show Candide that we do not live in the best of all worlds, but he is too naive to change his views from those he received uncritically from Pangloss.

[6] A Protestant religious denomination that rejected central authority, and was persecuted by Protestants and Catholics alike. They believed in a strict separation of Church and State, and demanded social equality for all. Thus they were seen as a threat by every religious and civic institution.

[7] The Greek philosopher Plato, attempting to point out the flaws in the concept of a "definition," used this term to define a human being.

[8] We could consider Jacques to be the only decent character of a novel. He is certainly one of the more humane characters, yet he is also well aware of the many faults of society at the time. He is a realist who offers help to those in need and attempts through his actions to make his world "the best of all possible worlds," instead of philosophizing ways in which it could be better.

[9] Candide doesn't notice that this is Pangloss, and pays no attention to him. When he finds out it is Pangloss he comes rushing to his aid. Candide wants some charity and pity shown towards him when he's looking for food as a stranger, but he is unable to provide it to someone in a similar situation. Instead, he offers the assistance of another.

Chapter 4

How Candide Found His Old Master Pangloss, and What Happened to Them[1]

Candide, more moved with compassion than with horror, gave to this shocking beggar the two florins which he had received from the honest Anabaptist Jacques. The specter looked at him very earnestly, dropped a few tears, and fell upon his neck. Candide recoiled in disgust.

"Alas!" said one wretch to the other, "do you no longer know your dear Pangloss?"

"What do I hear? You, my dear master! You in this terrible plight! What misfortune has happened to you? Why are you no longer in the most magnificent of castles? What has become of Miss Cunegonde, the pearl of girls, and nature's masterpiece?"

"I am so weak that I cannot stand," said Pangloss.

Upon which Candide carried him to the Anabaptist's stable, and gave him a crust of bread. As soon as Pangloss had refreshed himself a little:

"Well," said Candide, "Cunegonde?"

"She is dead," replied the other.

Candide fainted at this word; his friend recalled him to his senses with a little bad vinegar which he found by chance in the stable. Candide reopened his eyes.

"Cunegonde is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where are you? But of what illness did she die? Was it not for grief, upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle?"

"No," said Pangloss, "she was ripped open by the Bulgar soldiers, after having been violated by many; they broke the Baron's head for attempting to defend her; my lady, her mother, was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister; and as for the castle, they have not left one stone upon another, not a barn, nor a sheep, nor a duck, nor a tree; but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done the very same thing to a neighboring barony, which belonged to a Bulgar lord."[2]

At this discourse Candide fainted again; but coming to himself, and having said all that it became him to say, inquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the sufficient reason[3] that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a plight.

"Alas!" said the other, "it was love; love, the comfort of the human species, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings, love, tender love."[4]

"Alas!" said Candide, "I know this love, that sovereign of hearts, that soul of our souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss and twenty kicks on the backside. How could this beautiful cause produce in you an effect so abominable?"[5]

Pangloss made answer in these terms: "Oh, my dear Candide, you remember Paquette, that pretty wench who waited on our noble Baroness; in her arms I tasted the delights of paradise, which produced in me those hell torments with which you see me devoured; she was infected with them, she is perhaps dead of them. This present Paquette received of a learned Grey Friar, who had traced it to its source; he had had it of an old countess, who had received it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marchioness,[6] who took it from a page, who had received it from a Jesuit, who when a novice had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. For my part I shall give it to nobody, I am dying."

"Oh, Pangloss!" cried Candide, "what a strange genealogy! Is not the Devil the original stock of it?"

"Not at all," replied this great man, "it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds; for if Columbus had not in an island of America caught this disease, which contaminates the source of life,

frequently even hinders generation, and which is evidently opposed to the great end of nature, we should have neither chocolate nor cochineal.[7] We are also to observe that upon our continent, this distemper is like religious controversy, confined to a particular spot.[8] The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, the Japanese, know nothing of it; but there is a sufficient reason for believing that they will know it in their turn in a few centuries. In the meantime, it has made marvelous progress among us, especially in those great armies composed of honest well-disciplined hirelings, who decide the destiny of states; for we may safely affirm that when an army of thirty thousand men fights another of an equal number, there are about twenty thousand of them poxed on each side."[9]

"Well, this is wonderful!" said Candide, "but you must get cured."

"Alas! how can I?" said Pangloss, "I have not a farthing, my friend, and all over the globe there is no letting of blood or taking a glister,[10] without paying, or somebody paying for you."

These last words determined Candide; he went and flung himself at the feet of the charitable Anabaptist Jacques, and gave him so touching a picture of the state to which his friend was reduced, that the good man did not scruple to take Dr. Pangloss into his house, and had him cured at his expense. In the cure Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear.[11] He wrote well, and knew arithmetic perfectly. The Anabaptist Jacques made him his bookkeeper. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon about some mercantile affairs, he took the two philosophers with him in his ship. Pangloss explained to him how everything was so constituted that it could not be better. Jacques was not of this opinion.

"It is more likely," said he, "mankind have a little corrupted nature, for they were not born wolves, and they have become wolves; God has given them neither cannon of four-and-twenty pounders, nor bayonets; and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. Into this account I might throw not only bankrupts, but Justice which seizes on the effects of bankrupts to cheat the creditors."[12]

"All this was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "for private misfortunes make the general good, so that the more private misfortunes there are the greater is the general good."[13]

While he reasoned, the sky darkened, the winds blew from the four quarters, and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest within sight of the port of Lisbon.

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[1] This chapter deals largely with the awkward matter of sexually transmitted diseases. Using sophistry and euphemism, Pangloss declines to name explicitly the infection he has contracted. Left untreated, syphilis results in lesions, pustules, blindness, loss of facial flesh, and the other physical horrors Candide observes in the "beggar" before him.

In having Pangloss rationalize syphilis as part of a divine plan, Voltaire accomplishes his most savage attack thus far on Leibniz's worldview. It is to Leibniz that we owe not only the character of Pangloss but also the concept of a "theodicy" – a formal attempt to explain the Supreme Being's seeming indifference to human suffering. Leibniz's particular theodicy is sometimes called the "ontological defense" of God's goodness. Pain and disease are inherent in the Creator's decision to bless us with a physical universe. Our bones, for example, must be light enough to allow movement, but this necessarily makes them vulnerable to breakage.

In other words, when Leibniz insists that ours is "the best of all possible worlds," he would have us emphasize the word "possible." He was not claiming that we live in the best world we can imagine, or the best world we can think of, but rather in the best world that is possible. In his *Monadology*, he sums this up in five statements:

1. God has the idea of infinitely many universes.
2. Only one of these universes can actually exist.
3. God's choices are subject to the principle of sufficient reason; God has reasons to choose one thing or another.
4. God is good.
5. Therefore, the universe that God chose to exist is the best of all possible worlds.

Voltaire and his fellow Enlightenment thinkers saw the flaw in Leibniz's reasoning. If we can envision a superior world that nevertheless operates by natural laws — as we'll see later in Eldorado — we have come close to demonstrating that ours is not the best of all possible worlds.

[2] Pangloss gives gory details regarding the acts of the Bulgar soldiers in a very "matter of fact" tone. His reference to the Abares being capable of the same makes this "an eye for an eye." In his endless optimism, Pangloss treats the

devastation as a typical occurrence in times of war. He experiences violence, destruction, and disease, and is still committed to optimism. Voltaire wants us to see how we can be deluded by insisting on optimism.

[3] "Sufficient reason." Another dig at Leibniz, who insisted on two cardinal laws of thought, "the principle of sufficient reason" and "the identity of indiscernibles."

[4] Pangloss is considering "venereal disease" as something akin to "the disease of Venus," that is, "the disease of love."

[5] "How could this beautiful cause produce … an effect so abominable?" A swipe at Leibniz and perhaps even Aristotle, whose *Physics* famously distinguishes among material, formal, efficient, and final causes.

As a Deist and a Newtonian, Voltaire certainly believed in a universe of cause and effect, with God functioning as kind of divine clockmaker, who created the universe, gave it laws with which to function, wound it up, then walked away. According to a famous anecdote, Voltaire and a companion once climbed a mountain to observe the dawn. Beholding the beautiful sunrise, Voltaire dropped to his knees and declared, "I believe, I believe in you, Powerful God, I believe!" But then, getting to his feet, he added a characteristic coda. "As for Monsieur the Son and Madame His Mother, that is another story."

[6] *Marchioness* - A European title of nobility, ranking in modern times immediately below a duke and above a count, or earl.

[7] *cochineal* - Material for red dye, made of the dried, pulverized bodies of certain insects. It is used to produce scarlet, crimson, orange, and other colors. The dye was introduced into Europe from Mexico, where it had been used long before the coming of the Spaniards.

[8] Voltaire's criticism of the role of religion in imperialism. He is opposed to any religious institution that imposes a set of beliefs on others. Pangloss' series of vectors for contracting his STD features both a Friar and a Jesuit. Columbus himself is a great symbol of European empire-building, and that process relied heavily on religious missionaries.

[9] Just as the previous chapter humorously condemns meaningless warfare, so this paragraph underhandedly mocks the "heroes" of these wars. Though Voltaire calls the soldiers of great armies "honest well-disciplined hirelings" or mercenaries, he then claims that two-thirds of these fighters will have some STD. Pairing this with Pangloss' comical account of the scandalous history of contracting syphilis in the previous paragraph, Voltaire's irony in describing the soldiers' honest discipline becomes evident.

Many historians would agree with Pangloss' narrative. It is generally thought that the bacterium *Treponema pallidum* was present among indigenous New World peoples prior to the arrival of Europeans, and the "Columbian exchange theory," which holds that Christopher Columbus and Marin Alonso Pinza brought it back from the West Indies, has been corroborated by genetic studies. Others., however, cite evidence that the disease has existed in both hemispheres since prehistoric times.

[10] *Letting of blood* - A medical procedure believed to keep the body's four humors in balance. In Voltaire's time, a doctor would open a vein with a lancet or sharpened piece of wood, causing blood to flow out. Or he might place leeches at various points on the body to remove the blood. *Taking a glister* - Receiving an enema, also done for medical reasons.

[11] Although total cures for syphilis were rare before the discovery of antibiotics, patients sometimes enjoyed remissions thanks to mercury taken orally or intravenously. Pangloss was probably subjected to a mercury regimen, though in some cases arsenic was the preferred therapy. The treatment cost him and eye and an ear; so now his outward appearance perfectly represents his state of mind: his vision is inaccurate; he can see only one side of things.

[12] Pangloss' philosophy clashes with Jacques' realistic mentality. "They were not born wolves, and they have become wolves" demonstrates the idea of free will. Jacques expresses that humans are to blame for their own suffering and the corruption of society.

[13] This conversation concerning the predatory impulses of humanity foreshadows a coming scene in which Candide and an Inquisition officer argue over the question of human free will. Pangloss' perverse argument that "the general good" is served by "private misfortunes" anticipates the Utilitarian ethics of Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832) and John Stuart Mill (1806-1873).

Chapter 5

Tempest, Shipwreck, Earthquake, and What Became of Doctor Pangloss, Candide, and Jacques the Anabaptist[1]

Half dead of that inconceivable anguish which the rolling of a ship produces, one-half of the passengers were not even sensible of the danger. The other half shrieked and prayed. The sails were torn, the masts broken, the vessel gaped. Work who would, no one heard, no one commanded. The Anabaptist being upon deck bore a hand; when a brutish sailor struck him roughly and laid him sprawling; but with the violence of the blow he himself tumbled head foremost overboard, and stuck upon a piece of the broken mast. Honest Jacques ran to his assistance, hauled him up, and from the effort he made was precipitated into the sea in sight of the sailor, who left him to perish, without deigning to look at him. Candide drew near and saw his benefactor, who rose above the water one moment and was then swallowed up forever. He was just going to jump after him, but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him that the Bay of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the Anabaptist to be drowned.[2] While he was proving this *a priori*, the ship foundered; all perished except Pangloss, Candide, and that brutal sailor who had drowned the good Anabaptist. The villain swam safely to the shore, while Pangloss and Candide were borne thither upon a plank.

As soon as they recovered themselves a little they walked toward Lisbon. They had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from starving, after they had escaped drowning. Scarcely had they reached the city, lamenting the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble under their feet. The sea swelled and foamed in the harbor, and beat to pieces the vessels riding at anchor. Whirlwinds of fire and ashes covered the streets and public places; houses fell, roofs were flung upon the pavements, and the pavements were scattered. Thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were crushed under the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, said there was booty to be gained here.[3]

"What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss.

"This is the Last Day!"[4] cried Candide.

The sailor ran among the ruins, facing death to find money; finding it, he took it, got drunk, and having slept himself sober, purchased the favors of the first good-natured wench whom he met on the ruins of the destroyed houses, and in the midst of the dying and the dead.[5] Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve.

"My friend," said he, "this is not right. You sin against the universal reason; you choose your time badly."

"S'blood and fury!" answered the other; "I am a sailor and born at Batavia. Four times have I trampled upon the crucifix in four voyages to Japan;[6] a fig[7] for your universal reason."

Some falling stones had wounded Candide. He lay stretched in the street covered with rubbish.

"Alas!" said he to Pangloss, "get me a little wine and oil; I am dying."

"This concussion of the earth is no new thing," answered Pangloss. "The city of Lima, in America, experienced the same convulsions last year; the same cause, the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulfur underground from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing more probable," said Candide; "but for the love of God a little oil and wine."[8]

"How, probable?" replied the philosopher. "I maintain that the point is capable of being demonstrated."

Candide fainted away, and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighboring fountain. The following day they rummaged among the ruins and found provisions, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this they joined with others in relieving those inhabitants who had escaped death. Some, whom they had succored, gave them as good a dinner as they could in such disastrous circumstances; true, the repast was

mournful, and the company moistened their bread with tears; but Pangloss consoled them, assuring them that things could not be otherwise.[9]

"For," said he, "all that is, is for the best. If there is a volcano at Lisbon it cannot be elsewhere. It is impossible that things should be other than they are; for everything is right."

A little man dressed in black, Familiar of the Inquisition, who sat by him, politely took up his word and said: "Apparently, then, sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if all is for the best there has then been neither Fall nor punishment."

"I humbly ask your Excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss, still more politely; "for the Fall and curse of man necessarily entered into the system of the best of worlds."

"Sir," said the Familiar, "you do not then believe in free will?"[10]

"Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss; "free will is consistent with absolute necessity, for it was necessary we should be free; for, in short, the determinate will——"

Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence, when the Familiar beckoned to his footman, who gave him a glass of wine from Porto or Opporto.

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[1] This is the historical event that occasioned Voltaire to write this novella. The Great Lisbon Earthquake occurred at 9:40 am on November 1 (All Saints Day), and lasted about 10 minutes. Geologists today estimate that it approached magnitude 9 on the Richter scale, with an epicenter in the Atlantic Ocean. Fires broke out, and many buildings which survived the quake were destroyed by the fires. Many city residents took to the waterfront to escape the fires, but just as they got there a series of three tsunamis drowned many. Some estimates place the death toll as high as 100,000 people, making it one of the most destructive earthquakes in history. 85% of the buildings in Lisbon were destroyed.

The quake created a tsunami that reached the Outer Islands of North Carolina and Barbados at a height of about 20 feet. The devastation in the southernmost region of continental Portugal was particularly severe—an English travel guide on Portugal from the 1850s indicates that the area hadn't really recovered a century later. It may be the reason the area remained so undeveloped well into the 20th century.

More than any single event, the Great Lisbon Earthquake crystallized the Enlightenment critique of conventional Christian thought. Why would a benevolent Deity permit such a calamity on All Saints Day, when so many people would be attending religious services? Why did God allow the earthquake to destroy a cathedral, a convent, and dozens of basilicas? John Wesley suggested that the quake was punishment for all those corrupt souls who would not follow him.

[2] The drowning of the virtuous Anabaptist underscores one of Voltaire's central themes: we live in a world where there is no such thing as retributive justice. That is, nobody gets what they deserve. Our collective condition is one in which villains may expect to prosper, while good souls like Jacques should anticipate only stones for bread.

And the fact that Jacques is drowned again shows Voltaire's strong opinions against organized religion. Voltaire believed that people should not be forcibly instructed in how to worship God, but rather do goodwill to others [later seen in El Dorado]. He believed that since there were so many religions arguing that the others were not true, that none could possibly be correct. Although he respected the Anabaptists because they sought only converts who made a conscious choice to join them and did not impose their religion on the young and impressionable, Jacques—one of the few characters to treat Candide well—still had to suffer death.

When Doctor Pangloss attempts to prove that "the Bay of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the Anabaptist to be drowned," Voltaire demonstrates how ineffective ordinary metaphysics is when confronted with the problem of evil. In Western philosophy, *a priori* arguments proceed on the basis of things already known or easily assumed, as opposed to *a posteriori* arguments, which are based on observed facts. As Pangloss speaks them, all these philosophical terms become almost meaningless, and offer no real solace for the loss they have just suffered.

But since Jacques has now drowned in the Bay of Lisbon, and that is why it was specifically made, does it now exist without a purpose, seeing as how the purpose it was created for has been fulfilled? Unfortunately, Pangloss does not think that far. His logic isn't really reason, it is more a justification of why he himself doesn't act, and why there are terrible events in the world.

[3] Voltaire's description here is accurate; it's reasonable to suppose he had access to eyewitness accounts. Some scholars suggest that the Lisbon earthquake led to the birth of modern seismology. Not long after the shocks subsided, the Portuguese prime minister ordered a formal inquiry into the event. This initiative resulted in the first objective scientific description of the causes and consequences of an earthquake.

Voltaire's view of the event is distilled in his "Poem on the Disaster at Lisbon"

Cannot then God direct all nature's course?
Can power almighty be without resource?
Humbly the great Creator I entreat,
This gulf with sulfur and with fire replete,
Might on the deserts spend its raging flame,
God my respect, my love weak mortals claim

[4] "The Last Day" - Judgment Day—the *Dies Irae*, the Day of Wrath—when the last trumpet will summon all souls before the throne of God for judgement. The saved will be delivered and the unsaved cast into eternal flames. Candide's outcry foretells of how many instances in which the characters believe they have met their fate. But these disasters, and even death itself, have effects that are lessened as the story progresses. Those who were believed to have been dead are, in fact, alive. The Last Day seems to be successfully dodged by many.

[5] After Pangloss tries to filter the horror of the earthquake through the model of optimism, Voltaire juxtaposes the philosopher's inquiry with a laundry list of the "best" of all possible human characteristics: greed, debauchery, lust, negligence. The critique of philosophical optimism is not subtle, and neither is the gendered portrayal of the sailor and the prostitutes. Men throughout the book seem helpless against their carnal impulses. The women, too, seem helpless—not in that they suffer from the same affliction, but in that they are obliged to satisfy the "needs" of men. There seems a critical interdependence between the aggressive sexuality of the men and the passive, victimized, sexuality of women. There is no model of healthy, consensual sexuality to be found; by the time Candide and Cunegonde are out of peril, she's become too ugly to be considered a viable object of desire. Object-hood, it seems, is the sustained condition of women in this book.

[6] When the sailor claims to have trampled on the crucifix, he is alluding to an actual 17th- and 18th-century practice. The Japanese government's antipathy toward Christianity caused the development of such ritual denials. All European merchants and sailors were required to stomp on the cross, shed every trapping of the Church, and swear that they were not of the Christian faith.

[7] An obscene oath, a contraction of "I don't give a fig;" that is, "I don't care."

[8] A typical move by Voltaire, where characters are working at cross-purposes. Candide is begging for oil and wine—that is, for last rites—while the Pangloss scolds him on his choice of words. Ignoring his pupil's plight, the philosopher insists that his correlation of the Lima quake with the Lisbon quake is not just "probable" but utterly demonstrable, though in fact Pangloss' seismology is pseudo-scientific nonsense.

[9] In this moment of pathos, where the rescue workers are crying into their meals, Voltaire continues to outline the absurdity of Pangloss' philosophy. Instead of lending a hand to the townspeople, he spends his time preaching about how "things could not be otherwise."

[10] Candide and the "Familiar" (the term for a Roman Catholic Church officer charged with arresting suspected heretics) are here debating the second great theodicy developed by Christian thinkers over the years. The "ontological defense" used by Pangloss attempts to account for God's allowance of earthquakes, tornadoes, syphilis, cancer, and other sorts of "natural evils." This "free will defense" seeks to free the divine being of any responsibility for "moral evil": war, rape, torture — the whole spectrum of human cruelty. If God routinely stopped us from eating forbidden fruit—or committing atrocities—our free will would be a fiction. In fact, we would be little more than Heaven's puppets, robots of circumstance, lacking the glorious gift of *liber arbitrium*.

Voltaire and other Enlightenment philosophers were as impatient with the free will defense as with the ontological defense. If *liber arbitrium* is such a valuable commodity, why does Providence distribute it so erratically? A world containing so many blind, lame, sick, hungry, and impoverished people hardly seems the handiwork of a Deity who puts a premium on individual freedom.

Chapter 6

How the Portuguese Made a Beautiful Auto-Da-Fé*, to Prevent Any Further Earthquakes; and How Candide Was Publicly Whipped*[1]

After the earthquake had destroyed three-fourths of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effective to prevent utter ruin than to give the people a beautiful *auto-da-fé*;[2] for it had been decided by the University of Coimbra, that the burning of a few people alive by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible secret to hinder the earth from quaking.

In consequence thereof, they had seized on a Biscayner, convicted of having married his godmother,[3] and on two Portuguese, for rejecting the bacon which larded a chicken they were eating; after dinner, they came and secured Dr. Pangloss and his disciple Candide, the one for speaking his mind, the other for having listened with an air of approbation. They were conducted to separate apartments, extremely cold, as they were never incommoded by the sun. Eight days after they were dressed in *san-benitos*[4] and their heads ornamented with paper mitres. The mitre and *san-benito* belonging to Candide were painted with reversed flames and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Pangloss's devils had claws and tails and the flames were upright. They marched in procession thus habited and heard a very pathetic sermon, followed by fine church music. Candide was whipped in cadence while they were singing; the Biscayner, and the two men who had refused to eat bacon, were burnt;[5] and Pangloss was hanged, though that was not the custom. The same day the earth sustained a most violent concussion.[6]

Candide, terrified, amazed, desperate, all bloody, all palpitating, said to himself: "If this is the best of possible worlds, what then are the others?[7] Well, if I had been only whipped I could put up with it, for I experienced that among the Bulgars; but oh, my dear Pangloss! You, greatest of philosophers, that I should have seen you hanged, without knowing for what! Oh, my dear Anabaptist, you best of men, that you should have been drowned in the very harbor! Oh, Miss Cunegonde, you pearl of girls! That you should have had your belly ripped open!"

Thus he was musing, scarce able to stand, preached at, whipped, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman accosted him saying: "My son, take courage and follow me."

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[1] Candide and Pangloss did not anticipate arousing the suspicions of either the Spanish Inquisition or, as it happens, the Portuguese Inquisition. Also known as the "Holy Office," the Inquisition of the Roman Catholic Church was empowered to root out forces they deemed opposed to the welfare of the faith, burning Jews, heretics, and supposed witches alive when necessary.

While its Spanish and Portuguese editions were extremely brutal and disgusting, the Inquisition *per se* was not in fact "a single, all-powerful, horrific tribunal, whose agents worked everywhere to thwart religious truth, intellectual freedom, and political liberty."

[2] The deliberate misnaming of this event is something we'd expect of Pangloss. The administrators of the Inquisition applied the bland Portuguese phrase *auto-da-fé*, "Act of Faith," to the public burning of heretics.

Again, Voltaire is historically accurate. On June 20, 1756, the city of Lisbon actually staged an *auto-da-fé* in an attempt to thwart any divine plans for additional earthquakes.

During the Black Death pandemic of the 14th century, certain that the scourge was caused by the wrath of God, Christian mobs sought to placate the divine being by persecuting non-Christians. In 1348, 900 Jews were burned alive in Strasbourg, France, in an effort to halt the plague at the city gates.

[3] The Roman Catholic Church regarded godparents as having entered into a spiritual relationship with one another with which the physical relationship of marriage was incompatible. For the same reason it forbade marriage between godparent and godchild.

[4] *san-benito* - a penitential garment that was used especially during the Spanish Inquisition. It was similar to a scapular, worn over the shoulders, with different designs for penitent or impenitent heretics. They were named after Saint Benedict, who introduced them. While the *san-benito* of a Jew or an alleged witch displayed a Saint Andrew's cross front

and back, ordinary heretics wore smocks decorated with devils and Hellfire. The “paper mitres” are copies of bishops’ hats.

[5] “For rejecting the bacon which larded a chicken they were eating.” In other words, the two Portuguese were Jews.

Evidently Candide’s error of listening “with an air of approbation” was sufficiently innocuous that the tribunal decided to award him a penitent’s habit and not kill him, whereas Pangloss, who committed the crime of speaking his mind, is clothed as a full-fledged heretic. But the Holy Office loses track of Candide following his whipping. The officials are too absorbed by the burnings and the hanging to notice his escape.

[6] Even though Pangloss’ view is ridiculous and unsupported, the Inquisition’s viewpoint is that they need to put down any kind of uprising against their beliefs. This adds to the satire and the utter ridiculousness of the whole thing.

[7] “If this is the best of all possible worlds, what then are the others?” Perhaps the most famous line from in the text, a self-evident rejection of optimism.

Chapter 7

How the Old Woman Took Care Of Candide, and How He Found the Object He Loved[1]

Candide did not take courage, but followed the old woman to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of pomatum[2] to anoint his sores, showed him a very neat little bed, with a suit of clothes hanging up, and left him something to eat and drink.[3]

"Eat, drink, sleep," said she, "and may our lady of Atocha, the great St. Anthony of Padua, and the great St. James of Compostella,[4] receive you under their protection. I shall be back tomorrow."[5]

Candide, amazed at all he had suffered and still more with the charity of the old woman, wished to kiss her hand.

"It is not my hand you must kiss," said the old woman; "I shall be back tomorrow. Anoint yourself with the pomatum, eat and sleep."

Candide, notwithstanding so many disasters, ate and slept. The next morning the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment. In like manner she brought him his dinner; and at night she returned with his supper. The day following she went through the very same ceremonies.[6]

"Who are you?" said Candide; "who has inspired you with so much goodness? What return can I make you?"

The good woman made no answer; she returned in the evening, but brought no supper.

"Come with me," she said, "and say nothing."[7]

She took him by the arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country; they arrived at a lonely house, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door, it opened, she led Candide up a private staircase into a small apartment richly furnished. She left him on a brocaded sofa, shut the door and went away. Candide thought himself in a dream; indeed, that he had been dreaming unluckily all his life, and that the present moment was the only agreeable part of it all.

The old woman returned very soon, supporting with difficulty a trembling woman of a majestic figure, brilliant with jewels, and covered with a veil.

"Take off that veil," said the old woman to Candide.

The young man approaches, he raises the veil with a timid hand. Oh! What a moment! What surprise! He believes he beholds Miss Cunegonde? He really sees her! It is herself! His strength fails him; he cannot utter a word, but drops at her feet. Cunegonde falls upon the sofa. The old woman supplies a smelling bottle; they come to themselves and recover their speech. As they began with broken accents, with questions and answers interchangeably interrupted with sighs, with tears, and with cries. The old woman desired they would make less noise and then she left them to themselves.[8]

"What, is it you?" said Candide, "You live? I find you again in Portugal? Then you have not been raped? Then they did not rip open your belly as Doctor Pangloss informed me?"

"Yes, they did," said the beautiful Cunegonde; "but those two accidents are not always mortal."

"But were your father and mother killed?"

"It is but too true," answered Cunegonde, in tears.

"And your brother?"

"My brother also was killed."[9]

"And why are you in Portugal? And how did you know of my being here? And by what strange adventure did you contrive to bring me to this house?"

"I will tell you all that," replied the lady, "but first of all let me know your history, since the innocent kiss you gave me and the kicks which you received."[10]

Candide respectfully obeyed her, and though he was still surprised, though his voice was feeble and trembling, though his back still pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of everything that had befallen him since the moment of their separation. Cunegonde lifted up her eyes to heaven; shed tears upon hearing of the death of the good Anabaptist and of Pangloss; after which she spoke as follows to Candide, who did not lose a word and devoured her with his eyes.[11]

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[1] This chapter links Candide's adventures after leaving Westphalia and Cunegonde's recounting of what happened to her during that same time. It is one of the few "slow build" chapters, in that its direction is not clear until the end of the chapter, when the mysterious old woman unveils Cunegonde. There will be many more instances in the text in which a character reappears (rather than appears suddenly or disappears abruptly). There are stylistic features which give some hint of the surprise recognition. For example, when Candide meets Pangloss in beggar's clothes in chapter 4, Pangloss is a "phantom" (*le fantôme* in the original). The old woman seems similarly unknowable here–she is kind but initially offers no explanation for her actions. Their reappearances require some suspension of disbelief, some smiling at the magical circumstances that have caused them to come back from seeming death.

[2] *pomatum* – an ointment or salve.

[3] Characters such as the old woman, Martin, and Cacambo lead Candide to action. When he commits crimes or gets in trouble these supporting characters urge him to act, leading with their knowledge. The company that Candide holds throughout the novel already has the wisdom that Candide relies on to escape whatever his troubles are. Although Candide is the one with the money and essentially the power in these relationships, he does not have a say in what the course of action will be. Voltaire makes a social comment that, although Candide may have power in one aspect, he does not possess all of it because of his lack of knowledge and, in this case, courage.

[4] St. James the Greater, one of the apostles of Jesus, is the patron saint of pilgrims and of the country of Spain. Legend holds that his remains were carried by boat from Jerusalem to northern Spain, where he was buried in what is now the city of Santiago de Compostela. The Way of Saint James (Spanish: *Camino de Santiago*; Latin: *Peregrinatio Compostellana*, "Pilgrimage of Compostela") is a network of pilgrims' ways or pilgrimages from throughout Europe leading to Compostela. Voltaire mentions James twice; invoking the patron saint of pilgrims is especially appropriate for one who travels as much as Candide does.

[5] Like Jacques the Anabaptist, the old woman is a "Good Samaritan" who rescues Candide from his unfortunate circumstances. Her prior reference to the many saints, in whose care she is leaving Candide, link her to those divine beings who deliver us from the tragedies in this world.

[6] Voltaire juxtaposes very unfortunate events and unusually fortunate events. Candide experiences terrible circumstances like earthquakes and the reader questions how Candide can maintain his view of optimism. However, soon after this Candide is treated extremely well; he is fed three times a day and has his wounds taken care of. Candide doesn't have enough time to question his belief in optimism, for the terrible event is followed so suddenly by a fortunate one.

This series of events show how difficult it is to have one constant outlook on life (optimism, pessimism, etc.). Life is full of twists and turns and cannot be painted with such a broad brush.

[7] The old woman will provide a multiple-chapter explanation in a few chapters' time, so her reticence here is an interesting introduction. Pangloss' optimistic explanations are repetitive to the point of absurdity, and Candide heightens the effect by repeating them. The old woman refuses to explain or answer questions, and so Candide must mimic her, too.

[8] Not only does Voltaire elevate Cunegonde through mystery and majesty, he elevates the position of the old woman. The old woman has control of the reunion of Cunegonde and Candide. She commands Candide to remove the veil of the woman, rather profound for the patriarchal society in which Voltaire lived. Also, Candide and Cunegonde are so immersed in their passions for each other that they faint in a symbol of their immature passions. The old woman, practical and well-versed, quickly supplies smelling salts and even grows tired of the youth of the two lovers. The old woman's actions speak to a lifetime of experience within a short section alluding to the upcoming long story of her life.

[9] The reappearance of Cunegonde is certainly surprising after Pangloss' description of her rape and disembowelment in Chapter 4. Here, Candide voices his (and, likely, the reader's) astonishment as he assumes that Cunegonde's

reappearance must contradict Pangloss' earlier story. Seeing her alive, he concludes that she was neither raped nor brutalized, but, as Cunegonde knows too well, such "accidents are not always mortal."

Together with Pangloss' earlier description of the soldiers' violence, Cunegonde's story stresses the dismal reality for women in "the best of all possible worlds." Even women of the very highest social classes fall victim to brutality; just a few chapters later, the old woman's story will reinforce this sense of vulnerability, and the easy reversals of fortune that even the wealthy and titled can experience.

Additionally, in light of her surprising recovery, Cunegonde's relation that her "brother was also killed" now seems suspicious. The dead don't seem to remain dead for long in *Candide*.

[10] Now that Candide has reunited with Cunegonde after their respective miseries, the Baron's castle appears even more bitter-sweetly prelapsarian, despite its flaws. In the world outside the castle, sexuality becomes perverse, and relatively benign violence becomes grotesque and commonplace: "innocent kisses" translate into rape, and "kicks" into torture and murder.

[11] When you consider how *Candide* concludes, this is an interesting bit of foreshadowing. Candide attends to Cunegonde's story while "devour[ing] her with his eyes." Later, in Chapter 27, he will also prioritize her beauty in inquiring after her circumstances: "Is she still a prodigy of beauty? Does she love me still? How is she?"

What is also striking, here, is the subtle violence behind the metaphor of "devouring" (and the English accords with the French at this moment). The term suggests greediness at best and a brutal animality at worst. Perhaps the point is to distinguish Candide from Cunegonde's Bulgar rapist and other masters. For the "gentle" Candide, this is no doubt a "gentle" kind of devouring, but the proximity of the terms *devour* and *rape* draws him nearer to them, too.

Chapter 8

The History of Cunegonde

"I was in bed and fast asleep when it pleased God to send the Bulgars to our delightful castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh; they slew my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgar, six feet high, perceiving that I had fainted away at this sight, began to rape me; this made me recover; I regained my senses, I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I wanted to tear out the tall Bulgar's eyes—not knowing that what happened at my father's house was the usual practice of war. The brute gave me a cut on my left side with his hanger,[1] and the mark is still upon me."[2]

"Ah! I hope I shall see it," said honest Candide.[3]

"You shall," said Cunegonde, "but let us continue."

"Do so," replied Candide.

Thus she resumed the thread of her story:

"A Bulgar captain came in, saw me all bleeding, and the soldier not in the least disconcerted. The captain flew into a passion at the disrespectful behavior of the brute, and slew him on my body. He ordered my wounds to be dressed, and took me to his quarters as a prisoner of war. I washed the few shirts that he had, I did his cooking; he thought me very pretty—he avowed it; on the other hand, I must own he had a good shape, and a soft and white skin; but he had little or no mind or philosophy, and you might see plainly that he had never been instructed by Doctor Pangloss. In three months' time, having lost all his money, and being grown tired of my company, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded in Holland and Portugal, and had a strong passion for women. This Jew was much attached to my person, but could not triumph over it; I resisted him better than the Bulgar soldier. A modest woman may be raped once, but her virtue is strengthened by it. In order to render me more tractable, he brought me to this country house. Hitherto I had imagined that nothing could equal the beauty of Thunder-ten-Tronckh Castle; but I found I was mistaken.[4]

"The Grand Inquisitor, seeing me one day at Mass, stared long at me, and sent to tell me that he wished to speak on private matters. I was conducted to his palace, where I acquainted him with the history of my family, and he represented to me how much it was beneath my rank to belong to an Israelite. A proposal was then made to Don Issachar that he should resign me to my lord. Don Issachar, being the court banker, and a man of credit, would hear nothing of it. The Inquisitor threatened him with an *auto-da-fé*. At last my Jew, intimidated, concluded a bargain, by which the house and myself should belong to both in common; the Jew should have me for himself Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and the Inquisitor should have the rest of the week. It is now six months since this agreement was made. Quarrels have not been wanting, for they could not decide whether the night from Saturday to Sunday belonged to the old law or to the new. For my part, I have so far held out against both, and I verily believe that this is the reason why I am still beloved.

"At length, to avert the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, my Lord Inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an *auto-da-fé*. He did me the honor to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very good seat, and the ladies were served with refreshments between Mass and the execution. I was in truth seized with horror at the burning of those two Jews, and of the honest Biscayner who had married his godmother; but what was my surprise, my fright, my trouble, when I saw in a *san-benito* and mitre a figure which resembled that of Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I looked at him attentively, I saw him hung; I fainted. Scarcely had I recovered my senses than I saw you stripped, stark naked, and this was the height of my horror, consternation, grief, and despair. I tell you, truthfully, that your skin is yet whiter and of a more perfect color than that of my Bulgar captain. This spectacle redoubled all the feelings which overwhelmed and devoured me. I screamed out, and would have said, 'Stop, barbarians!' but my voice failed me, and my cries would have been useless after you had been severely whipped. 'How is it possible,' said I, 'that the beloved Candide and the wise Pangloss should both

be at Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by the Grand Inquisitor, of whom I am the well-beloved?' Pangloss most cruelly deceived me when he said that everything in the world is for the best.

"Agitated, lost, sometimes beside myself, and sometimes ready to die of weakness, my mind was filled with the massacre of my father, mother, and brother, with the insolence of the ugly Bulgar soldier, with the stab that he gave me, with my servitude under the Bulgar captain, with my hideous Don Issachar, with my abominable Inquisitor, with the execution of Doctor Pangloss, with the grand *Miserere*[5] to which they whipped you, and especially with the kiss I gave you behind the screen the day that I had last seen you.[6] I praised God for bringing you back to me after so many trials, and I charged my old woman to take care of you, and to conduct you hither as soon as possible. She has executed her commission perfectly well; I have tasted the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you again, of hearing you, of speaking with you. But you must be hungry, for myself, I am famished; let us have supper."

They both sat down to table, and, when supper was over, they placed themselves once more on the sofa; where they were when Signor Don Issachar arrived. It was the Jewish Sabbath, and Issachar had come to enjoy his rights, and to explain his tender love.

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[1] *Hanger* – a cutlass.

[2] The matter-of-factness with which Voltaire describes Cunegonde's rape is chilling. Although she doesn't realize it at the time, rape is "the usual practice of war." This is one of the many moments in the text where fiction approaches reality. Although Cunegonde's narrative is rather fantastic, rape itself is only surprising in its banality, especially in the context of warfare. As we will see throughout this text, almost all of the main female characters are subject to sexual violence of some kind.

[3] The horror and terrifying circumstances that Cunegonde was in seem a bit absurd. The inferiority of women to men is visibly evident in the previous lines. She is treated as an object that can be sold and traded. The situation becomes even stranger, and almost comical, when Candide responds to the description of the wound on her thigh, "I hope I shall see it." This line not only adds comic relief, but also represents his primitive stage of his reeducation toward evil and equality.

Candide again displays his ignorance and naiveté. After Cunegonde's tale of the horrors that had taken place once Candide was exiled, Candide chooses a rather frivolous way of responding. Most people would have apologized for what happened, or feel remorse, but it seems as though Candide doesn't grasp the severity of what has happened; it's almost as if he feels that since she is alive, all is well. This response highlights the injustice of the role of women, which we will see at length in the story of the old woman, for men cannot understand the situations a woman will find herself in, especially in times of war.

[4] Her insistence that "A modest woman may be raped once, but her virtue is strengthened by it" flies in the face of literary representations of rape from antiquity through the 18th century. Frequently, the raped woman is an insupportable anomaly, especially when women's sexual value is determined by their virginity or marital chastity.

But Cunegonde insists that her virtue stems from her modesty, a personal rather than physical quality, a distinction that clearly separates the violation of her "self" from the violation of her "body." This fairly unusual move has important consequences: it both allows Cunegonde to relate a story that would otherwise be non-narratable, and also enables her to live her life without the stigma of violation. That Cunegonde is raped and doesn't die undermines familiar narratives in which the modest, raped heroine perishes in order to maintain the fiction of bodily sexual virtue.

[5] *Miserere* - The first word of the Vulgate text of Psalm 50, or the music written for it Two other Psalms (55 and 56) begin with the same word, and all three continue with *mei, Deus* (*Have mercy on me, O God*).

[6] It is almost incredible that a person who has suffered as many indignities and losses as Cunegonde would find something as innocent as a kiss as reason enough to cling to life. Her reunion with Candide is like an opiate, which eases the pain of her dreadful experiences. The mention of something as mundane as hunger exemplifies her continuous physical and spiritual will to endure.

Chapter 9

What Became of Cunegonde, Candide, the Grand Inquisitor, and the Jew[1]

This Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew that had ever been seen in Israel since the Captivity in Babylon.[2]

"What!" said he, "thou bitch of a Galilean, was not the Inquisitor enough for thee? Must this rascal also share with me?"[3]

In saying this he drew a long poniard which he always carried about him; and not imagining that his adversary had any arms, he threw himself upon Candide. But our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword from the old woman along with the suit of clothes. He drew his rapier, despite his gentleness, and laid the Israelite stone dead upon the cushions at Cunegonde's feet.[4]

"Holy Virgin!" cried she, "what will become of us? A man killed in my apartment! If the officers of justice come, we are lost!"

"Had not Pangloss been hanged," said Candide, "he would give us good counsel in this emergency, for he was a profound philosopher. Failing him, let us consult the old woman."[5]

She was very prudent and commenced to give her opinion when suddenly another little door opened. It was an hour after midnight, thus the beginning of Sunday. This day belonged to my lord the Inquisitor. He entered, and saw the whipped Candide, sword in hand, a dead man upon the floor, Cunegonde aghast, and the old woman giving counsel.[6]

At this moment, the following is what passed in the soul of Candide, and how he reasoned:

If this holy man should call in assistance, he will surely have me burnt; and Cunegonde will perhaps be served in the same manner; he was the cause of my being cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and, as I have now begun to kill, I will kill away, for there is no time to hesitate. This reasoning was clear and instantaneous; so that without giving time to the Inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he pierced him through and through, and cast him beside the Jew.[7]

"Yet again!" said Cunegonde, "now there is no mercy for us, we are excommunicated, our last hour has come. How could you do it? You, naturally so gentle, to slay a Jew and a prelate in two minutes!"[8]

"My beautiful young lady," responded Candide, "when one is a lover, jealous and whipped by the Inquisition, one stops at nothing."[9]

The old woman then put in her word, saying:

"There are three Andalusian horses in the stable with bridles and saddles, let the brave Candide get them ready; madame has money, jewels; let us therefore mount quickly on horseback, though I can sit only on one buttock; let us set out for Cadiz, it is the finest weather in the world, and there is great pleasure in travelling in the cool of the night."

Immediately Candide saddled the three horses, and Cunegonde, the old woman, and he travelled thirty miles at a stretch. While they were journeying, the Holy Brotherhood entered the house; my lord the Inquisitor was interred in a handsome church, and Issachar's body was thrown upon a dunghill.[10]

Candide, Cunegonde, and the old woman had now reached the little town of Avacena in the midst of the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and were speaking as follows in a public inn.

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[1] In this chapter the old woman directs Candide and Cunegonde to do what is necessary for them to be saved from the consequences of what Candide has done. She has a wide range of knowledge about the voyage the three of them will have to make, and she directs what will happen. She refers here to her one buttock; we later learn the reason why she only has one in her story. Although the first thing she mentions is the negative aspect of her now-ruined body, the next two things are quite optimistic and happy. The optimism that she has about the weather holds more value and meaning

than she could have about people. Weather is more predictable and less likely to disappoint a person than humans are. Weather is always fair and not calculating, while people are the opposite.

[2] Perhaps the most ironic and satirical aspect of *Candide* is his adherence to some of the cultural conditions of his time we now find so abhorrent. Voltaire does not ridicule the Anti-Semitic or Anti-African views of his period. Specifically in this passage, Issachar is vilified as a Jew and Voltaire even makes reference to the Biblical period of enslavement experienced by the Jews in Babylon. Casting Issachar as "choleric" allows Candide to kill the man in a manner similar to the death of the Inquisitor, but devoid of the humor surrounding Voltaire's presentation of the Catholic Church. Such aridity in prose will also be evident in the Old Woman's descriptions of her rape by the pirates in a future chapter.

Although regarded as a progressive novel, *Candide* also allows the reader to examine how pervasively and strongly certain elements of society were driven into the manifestations of a man's character.

[3] Don Issachar's question here reveals his utter inability to understand Cunegonde's position. Although she is at the mercy of his arrangement with the Grand Inquisitor, he imagines that Cunegonde is with Candide because the Inquisitor "was not . . . enough" for her. Don Issachar's logic extends, implicitly, to her relationship with him, as well: presumably she is with the Inquisitor because Don Issachar is "not enough," either. His interpretation turns Cunegonde into a voracious and demanding lover and allows him to recast himself as the victim of her romantic scheming, thus masking the sordid reality of his arrangement with the Inquisitor.

This question portrays him as insecure, insensitive, and crude. Though religion is mocked often in this text, the Jew is the only religious figure set up as evil, while all others are merely foolish or corrupt. Nigel Aston, in *Christianity and Revolutionary Europe, 1750-1830,* notes that Voltaire's anti-Semitic stance was in keeping with the times where, "Enlightenment thinkers did little to dilute popular resentments [towards Jews], seeing Hebraism as a conservative, marginal, and backward-looking culture which resisted integration."

[4] The sudden introduction of the sword seems surprising. It adds to the fairy-tale-like quality of the scene. The sword appears as if by magic, and also serves to distance Candide somewhat from his actions; he has not been looking for trouble, and so the sword is a minor detail until it becomes necessary.

The juxtaposition of "gentleness" with swift and decisive violence is unsettling. As the narrator relates, "despite his gentleness," Candide "laid the Israelite stone dead." That he happens to fall "upon the cushions at Cunegonde's feet" seems a perverse take on traditional quest narratives, in which the hero must show his devotion by sacrificing many enemies to his mistress. In the real world, however, murder is a serious business; as Cunegonde quickly reminds him, his actions have far-reaching moral ("Holy Virgin!") and legal ("If the officers of justice come . . .") consequences.

[5] Thus far Candide has been unable to produce his own beliefs and still clings to Pangloss' philosophy. Even when he finds himself in a difficult situation he seeks the opinions of others to reach a decision. Candide asking the old woman for advice demonstrates his desperation and further emphasizes his inability to think for himself.

[6] It is surely deliberate that the narrator reminds the reader, on the cusp of Candide's second murder, of the petty arrangement between Don Issachar and the Inquisitor. As Cunegonde relates in chapter 8, "Quarrels have not been wanting, for they could not decide whether the night from Saturday to Sunday belonged to the old law or to the new." That the Inquisitor appears promptly at midnight, during the long-disputed timeframe, to claim his prize, further distances the reader from his impending murder. It is difficult to sympathize with a character so barbarously drawn.

[7] Many critics portray Candide as a blank slate upon whom first Pangloss and then society write. This second slaying is Candide's first unguided and non-reactive decision to injure. Candide will show at least a half-dozen flashes of temper, most frequently when confronted with the pompous nobility of Cunegonde's brother. He will never again be quite "so gentle," and he does not recover his equilibrium until the final chapter.

[8] Candide's deliberations are intriguing here. He begins practically, imagining not only his own welfare, but Cunegonde's as well. Then his reasoning becomes more personal: the Inquisitor had him whipped, and is his rival. The final justification—slipped in among the others without much distinction—is the most startling: "as I have now begun to kill, I will kill away." It is not as if Candide has stolen one diamond and might as well have stolen two, because stealing is stealing. Surely two murders are worse than one, especially when the Inquisitor's death is less pressing: Candide kills him before he can even "recover from his surprise."

[9] That Candide is "naturally so gentle," yet capable of "slay[ing] a Jew and a prelate in two minutes," continues to raise interesting questions about the nature of his actions here.

Candide's response to Cunegonde implicitly suggests that, under other circumstances, he wouldn't be capable of such inexplicable brutality. But he is motivated by external circumstances, both magnanimous (being a lover) and selfish (jealousy), not to mention the persecution of the Inquisition. These circumstances have changed Candide, so that he must "stop at nothing," not even murder. He is adapting to the "best of all possible worlds," and that seems to mean becoming inured to violence.

[10] Candide uses the opportunity of their deaths to cement the unflattering parallels between Don Issachar and the Grand Inquisitor. Though Christian readers might be tempted to side with the Inquisitor, the two men are fundamentally

similar, to the point where they fight over the same woman and meet the same death. Their respective burials–the Inquisitor “interred in a handsome church” and Issachar “thrown upon a dunghill”–measure only the extent of contemporary prejudices. That they receive such different rites is an ironic comment on society, not on the relative goodness of each man.

Chapter 10

In What Distress Candide, Cunegonde, and the Old Woman Arrived at Cadiz; and of Their Embarkation[1]

"Who was it that robbed me of my money and jewels?" said Cunegonde, all bathed in tears. "How shall we live? What shall we do? Where find Inquisitors or Jews who will give me more?"

"Alas!" said the old woman, "I have a shrewd suspicion of a reverend Grey Friar, who stayed last night in the same inn with us at Badajos. God preserve me from judging rashly, but he came into our room twice, and he set out upon his journey long before us."[2]

"Alas!" said Candide, "dear Pangloss has often demonstrated to me that the goods of this world are common to all men, and that each has an equal right to them. But according to these principles the Grey Friar ought to have left us enough to carry us through our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear Cunegonde?"

"Not a farthing," said she.

"What then must we do?" said Candide.

"Sell one of the horses," replied the old woman. "I will ride behind Miss Cunegonde, though I can hold myself only on one buttock, and we shall reach Cadiz."

In the same inn there was a Benedictine prior[3] who bought the horse for a cheap price. Candide, Cunegonde, and the old woman, having passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was there getting ready, and troops assembling to bring to reason the reverend Jesuit Fathers of Paraguay, accused of having made one of the native tribes in the neighborhood of San Sacrament revolt against the Kings of Spain and Portugal.[4] Candide having been in the Bulgar service, performed the military exercise before the general of this little army with so graceful an address, with so intrepid an air, and with such agility and expedition, that he was given the command of a company of foot. Now, he was a captain! He set sail with Miss Cunegonde, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the grand Inquisitor of Portugal.

During their voyage they reasoned a good deal on the philosophy of poor Pangloss.

"We are going into another world," said Candide; "and surely it must be there that all is for the best. For I must confess there is reason to complain a little of what passes in our world in regard to both natural and moral philosophy."[5]

"I love you with all my heart," said Cunegonde; "but my soul is still full of fright at that which I have seen and experienced."

"All will be well," replied Candide; "the sea of this new world is already better than our European sea; it is calmer, the winds more regular. It is certainly the New World which is the best of all possible worlds."

"God grant it," said Cunegonde; "but I have been so horribly unhappy there that my heart is almost closed to hope."[6]

"You complain," said the old woman; "alas! you have not known such misfortunes as mine."

Cunegonde almost broke out laughing, finding the good woman very amusing, for pretending to have been as unfortunate as she.

"Alas!" said Cunegonde, "my good mother, unless you have been raped by two Bulgars, have received two deep wounds in your belly, have had two castles demolished, have had two mothers cut to pieces before your eyes, and two of your lovers whipped at an *auto-da-fé*, I do not conceive how you could be more unfortunate than I. Add that I was born a baroness of seventy-two quarterings—and have been a cook!"[7]

"Miss," replied the old woman, "you do not know my birth; and were I to show you my backside, you would not talk in that manner, but would suspend your judgment."

This speech having raised extreme curiosity in the minds of Cunegonde and Candide, the old woman spoke to them as follows.

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[1] Voltaire satirizes the morals of the clergy in this chapter. Although those in religious orders should remove themselves from the world and seek only divine things, we meet a thieving Franciscan.

[2] Voltaire's choice to include the statements of the old woman about the reverend's character illustrates yet another one of Voltaire's social commentaries on religion. The old woman claims that the Grey Friar stole the money and jewels.

Voltaire's position on religion and opinion on the ranking of religious figures in society are clearly established in the juxtaposition of the street preacher and the Anabaptist in chapter 3. The Anabaptist proves to be much more humane and generous man than the preacher who mistreated Candide over a simple remark. Through both examples, the monk and the preacher are displayed in a similar light. They both symbolize the greed and ignorance of men in society, which is ironic because these religious figures are supposed to be pure.

[3] *prior* – a monastic superior, usually lower in rank than an abbot.

[4] Voltaire's first reference to the Jesuit Reductions. By resisting the work of slavers, and protecting the indigenous tribes in South America from them, the Jesuits were accused of attempting to overthrow the crowned heads of Portugal and Spain, and were disbanded under the threat of death ("The Suppression").

[5] Candide shows a degree of weakness to Cunegonde, but he seems hesitant to do so when he says, "there is reason to complain a little." This contributes to making Candide seem more realistic, which is important because Voltaire wants to emphasize that it is possible for individuals to abandon their excessive optimism in real life. To Voltaire, if real people can remove the blindfold of optimism, then they will be more motivated to respond to social flaws.

[6] While Cunegonde is by no means a philosopher, she is able to realize the difference between good and bad in the world. Trusting an optimist like Candide can be hard when bad experiences come from it. "God grant it," said Cunegonde; "but I have been so horribly unhappy there that my heart is almost closed to hope." Candide's constant optimism is put on trial because it is not based on any substantial reason. The idea that random chance and unforeseen luck will happen at every turn in life is improbable. Had Candide refined his theory of optimism he could found more opportunity to be truly hopeful when a situation arose that had the potential to be optimistic.

This is a rare moment for Candide because he is starting to doubt and question Pangloss' philosophy. At this point in his journey, Candide is thinking that this is not the best of all worlds because of all the troublesome situations that he has experienced thus far. He's experiencing cognitive dissonance, with Pangloss' philosophy on one hand and his own experience on the other. Readers see there is no way to reconcile the two, but Candide isn't there yet.

[7] Of course doubling the suffering is the only way to follow Cunegonde's story. The women of *Candide* will all have stories of violence to tell, but this element of competition changes the way we think about how the women's stories work. Cunegonde's suffering has already been doubled, as she has been shared between two men. When she introduces the possibility of exaggeration, or at the very least some level of narrative un-reality in having two mothers cut to pieces before one's very eyes, she moves from individual to communal suffering. In drawing attention to how no single woman could endure all these hardships, she presents the possibility of speaking for a whole group, in the form of a highly personal story of one's origins. We have gone from a "non-narratable" kind of story about rape to one that can be crafted and retold–and compared.

Chapter 11

History of the Old Woman[1]

"I had not always bleared eyes and red eyelids; neither did my nose always touch my chin; nor was I always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X, and of the Princess of Palestrina.[2] Until the age of fourteen I was brought up in a palace, to which all the castles of your German barons would scarcely have served for stables; and one of my robes was worth more than all the magnificence of Westphalia. As I grew up I improved in beauty, wit, and every graceful accomplishment, in the midst of pleasures, hopes, and respectful homage. Already I inspired love. My throat was formed, and such a throat! white, firm, and shaped like that of the Venus of Medici; and what eyes! what eyelids! what black eyebrows! such flames darted from my dark pupils that they eclipsed the scintillation of the stars—as I was told by the poets in our part of the world. My waiting women, when dressing and undressing me, used to fall into an ecstasy, whether they viewed me before or behind; how glad would the gentlemen have been to perform that office for them!

"I was engaged to the most excellent Prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince! as handsome as myself, sweet-tempered, agreeable, brilliantly witty, and sparkling with love. I loved him as one loves for the first time—with idolatry, with transport. The nuptials were prepared. There was surprising pomp and magnificence; there were fêtes, carousals, continual *opera bouffe*;[3] and all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, though not one of them was passable. I was just on the point of reaching the summit of bliss when an old marchioness, who had been mistress to the Prince, my husband, invited him to drink chocolate with her. He died in less than two hours of most terrible convulsions. But this is only a bagatelle.[4] My mother, in despair, and scarcely less afflicted than myself, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. She had a very fine estate in the neighborhood of Gaeta. We embarked on board a galley of the country which was gilded like the great altar of St. Peter's at Rome. A Sallee corsair[5] swooped down and boarded us. Our men defended themselves like the Pope's soldiers; they flung themselves upon their knees, and threw down their arms, begging of the corsair an absolution in *articulo mortis*.[6]

"Instantly they were stripped as bare as monkeys; my mother, our maids of honor, and myself were all served in the same manner. It is amazing with what expedition those gentry undress people. But what surprised me most was that they thrust their fingers into the part of our bodies which the generality of women suffer no other instrument but—pipes to enter. It appeared to me a very strange kind of ceremony; but thus one judges of things when one has not seen the world. I afterwards learnt that it was to see if we had concealed any diamonds. This is the practice established from time immemorial, among civilized nations that scour the seas. I was informed that the very religious Knights of Malta never fail to make this search when they take any Turkish prisoners of either sex. It is a law of nations from which they never deviate.

"I need not tell you how great a hardship it was for a young princess and her mother to be made slaves and carried to Morocco. You may easily imagine all we had to suffer on board the pirate vessel. My mother was still very handsome; our maids of honor, and even our waiting women, had more charms than are to be found in all Africa. As for myself, I was ravishing, was exquisite, grace itself, and I was a virgin! I did not remain so long; this flower, which had been reserved for the handsome Prince of Massa Carara, was plucked by the corsair captain. He was an abominable negro, and yet believed that he did me a great deal of honor. Certainly the Princess of Palestrina and myself must have been very strong to go through all that we experienced until our arrival at Morocco. But let us pass on; these are such common things as not to be worth mentioning.

"Morocco swam in blood when we arrived. Fifty sons of the Emperor Muley-Ismael[7] had each their adherents; this produced fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, and blacks against tawnies, and tawnies against tawnies, and mulattoes against mulattoes. In short it was a continual carnage throughout the empire.

"No sooner were we landed, than the blacks of a contrary faction to that of my captain attempted to rob him of his booty. Next to jewels and gold we were the most valuable things he had. I was witness to such a battle as

you have never seen in your European climates. The northern nations have not that heat in their blood, nor that raging lust for women, so common in Africa. It seems that you Europeans have only milk in your veins; but it is vitriol, it is fire which runs in those of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas and the neighboring countries. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of the country, to see who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; a Moorish soldier had hold of her by one leg, and one of our corsairs held her by the other. Thus almost all our women were drawn in quarters by four men. My captain concealed me behind him; and with his drawn scimitar cut and slashed everyone that opposed his fury. At length I saw all our Italian women, and my mother herself, torn, mangled, massacred, by the monsters who disputed over them. The slaves, my companions, those who had taken them, soldiers, sailors, blacks, whites, mulattoes, and at last my captain, all were killed, and I remained dying on a heap of dead. Such scenes as this were transacted through an extent of three hundred leagues—and yet they never missed the five prayers a day ordained by Mahomet.[8]

"With difficulty I disengaged myself from such a heap of slaughtered bodies, and crawled to a large orange tree on the bank of a neighboring rivulet, where I fell, oppressed with fright, fatigue, horror, despair, and hunger. Immediately after, my senses, overpowered, gave themselves up to sleep, which was yet more swooning than repose. I was in this state of weakness and insensibility, between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved upon my body. I opened my eyes, and saw a white man, of good countenance, who sighed, and who said between his teeth: '*O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni*!'"[9]

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[1] Judging by what we have seen of Candide's world it is very easy to see where the old woman's narrative derives its hyperbolic descriptions and casual tone from. Like everything else that seems to be happening it is horrifying to the point of absurdity. And although this story currently takes the cake, the old woman is quick to point out that everyone else suffers and believes themselves to be "the unhappiest of mortals". The only silver lining seems to be the fact that they are all in motion. Hope springs from the fact that there are places to be. Although the old woman claims to have lived through many excruciating circumstances, boredom is never a problem. The repercussions of innumerable bad decisions seem to keep everyone in Candide's world occupied as playing either the role of victim or victimizer. The consequences of divorcing oneself from this cycle of activity is an important theme in the book (although it's not brought to light until the last pages of the book).

Voltaire uses the old woman as yet another contradiction of optimism. She goes through all these problems in her life and yet still has not turned completely pessimistic, but instead holds a pragmatic view on life. Through the old woman, a mockery of Pangloss' fake philosophy is shown. He continues to hold his optimistic view even after all the problems he encountered, while instead the old woman realizes what life is about and changes her views.

[2] Voltaire is once again criticizing hypocrisy. The old woman says, "I am the daughter of Pope Urban X," a statement that in itself is extremely ironic. Voltaire is attacking the insincerity of religious leaders who don't practice what they preach. The Pope, a man who pledges to be celibate for life, is in fact father to an illegitimate daughter.

[3] *opera bouffe* – a light comic opera.

[4] *bagatelle* - something of little value or importance; a trifle.

[5] *Sallee corsair* - Barbary pirates, mostly Muslims expelled from Spain, but also European renegades. They operated from the Moroccan port of Salli from the early decades of the 17th century. They harassed Christian trade, and raided the coast of Spain, a particular focus of their hatred, to acquire victims for the slave trade.

[6] *articulo mortis* – at the point of death.

[7] The Sultan of Morocco from 1672–1727, as the second ruler of the Alaouite dynasty. His reign is considered a golden age in the country's history, during which it experienced security, tranquility, and order. However, his reputation in Europe was the opposite of this; he was considered cruel, greedy, merciless, and duplicitous.

[8] Voltaire again attacks the hypocrisy and pretense of religion as these men who commit these vile acts have "never missed the five prayers a day ordained by Mahomet." No matter the amount of bloodshed or traumatic effects these soldiers leave behind, they never fail to pray to their God. This is yet another testimony to Voltaire's belief that religious leaders are unable to practice what they preach.

[9] Voltaire exposes another natural instinct of humans in the old woman's story when, not knowing who she is, the man mutters, "What a tragedy to have no balls [testicles]!" However, when he realizes he used to work in her mother's court he cares for her until she is healthy. But then he quickly sells her to the Dey in Algiers.

Chapter 12

The Adventures of the Old Woman Continued[1]

"Astonished and delighted to hear my native language, and no less surprised at what this man said, I made answer that there were much greater misfortunes than that of which he complained. I told him in a few words of the horrors which I had endured, and fainted a second time. He carried me to a neighboring house, put me to bed, gave me food, waited upon me, consoled me, flattered me; he told me that he had never seen anyone so beautiful as I, and that he never so much regretted the loss of what it was impossible to recover.

"'I was born at Naples,' said he, 'there they geld two or three thousand children every year; some die of the operation, others acquire a voice more beautiful than that of women, and others are raised to offices of state. This operation was performed on me with great success and I was chapel musician to madam, the Princess of Palestrina.'[2]

"'To my mother!' cried I.

"'Your mother!' cried he, weeping. 'What! can you be that young princess whom I brought up until the age of six years, and who promised so early to be as beautiful as you?'

"'It is I, indeed; but my mother lies four hundred yards hence, torn in quarters, under a heap of dead bodies.'

"I told him all my adventures, and he made me acquainted with his; telling me that he had been sent to the Emperor of Morocco by a Christian power, to conclude a treaty with that prince, in consequence of which he was to be furnished with military stores and ships to help to demolish the commerce of other Christian Governments.

"'My mission is done,' said this honest eunuch; 'I go to embark for Ceuta, and will take you to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*'[3]

"I thanked him with tears of commiseration; and instead of taking me to Italy he conducted me to Algiers, where he sold me to the Dey.[4] Scarcely was I sold, than the plague which had made the tour of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out with great malignancy in Algiers. You have seen earthquakes; but pray, miss, have you ever had the plague?"

"Never," answered Cunegonde.

"If you had," said the old woman, "you would acknowledge that it is far more terrible than an earthquake. It is common in Africa, and I caught it. Imagine to yourself the distressed situation of the daughter of a Pope, only fifteen years old, who, in less than three months, had felt the miseries of poverty and slavery, had been raped almost every day, had beheld her mother drawn in quarters, had experienced famine and war, and was dying of the plague in Algiers. I did not die, however, but my eunuch, and the Dey, and almost the whole seraglio[5] of Algiers perished.

"As soon as the first fury of this terrible pestilence was over, a sale was made of the Dey's slaves; I was purchased by a merchant, and carried to Tunis; this man sold me to another merchant, who sold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. At length I became the property of an Aga of the Janissaries,[6] who was soon ordered away to the defense of Azof, then besieged by the Russians.

"The Aga, who was a very gallant man, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort on the Palus Méotides, guarded by two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. The Turks killed prodigious numbers of the Russians, but the latter had their revenge. Azof was destroyed by fire, the inhabitants put to the sword, neither sex nor age was spared; until there remained only our little fort, and the enemy wanted to starve us out. The twenty Janissaries had sworn they would never surrender. The extremities of famine to which they were

reduced, obliged them to eat our two eunuchs, for fear of violating their oath. And at the end of a few days they resolved also to devour the women.[7]

"We had a very pious and humane Iman,[8] who preached an excellent sermon, exhorting them not to kill us all at once.[9]

"'Only cut off a buttock of each of those ladies,' said he, 'and you'll fare extremely well; if you must go to it again, there will be the same entertainment a few days hence; heaven will accept of so charitable an action, and send you relief.'

"He had great eloquence; he persuaded them; we underwent this terrible operation. The Iman applied the same balsam to us, as he does to children after circumcision; and we all nearly died.

"Scarcely had the Janissaries finished the repast with which we had furnished them, than the Russians came in flat-bottomed boats; not a Janissary escaped. The Russians paid no attention to the condition we were in. There are French surgeons in all parts of the world; one of them who was very clever took us under his care—he cured us; and as long as I live I shall remember that as soon as my wounds were healed he made proposals to me. He bid us all be of good cheer, telling us that the like had happened in many sieges, and that it was according to the laws of war.[10]

"As soon as my companions could walk, they were obliged to set out for Moscow. I fell to the share of a Boyard who made me his gardener, and gave me twenty lashes a day. But this nobleman having in two years' time been broke upon the wheel along with thirty more Boyards for some broils at court, I profited by that event; I fled. I traversed all Russia; I was a long time an inn-holder's servant at Riga, the same at Rostock, at Vismar, at Leipzig, at Cassel, at Utrecht, at Leyden, at the Hague, at Rotterdam. I waxed old in misery and disgrace, having only one-half of my posterior, and always remembering I was a Pope's daughter. A hundred times I was upon the point of killing myself; but still I loved life. This ridiculous foible is perhaps one of our most fatal characteristics; for is there anything more absurd than to wish to carry continually a burden which one can always throw down? To detest existence and yet to cling to one's existence? In brief, to caress the serpent which devours us, till he has eaten our very heart?[11]

"In the different countries which it has been my lot to traverse, and the numerous inns where I have been a servant, I have taken notice of a vast number of people who held their own existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew of more than eight who voluntarily put an end to their misery; three negroes, four Englishmen, and a German professor named Robek. I ended by being servant to the Jew, Don Issachar, who placed me near your presence, my fair lady. I am determined to share your fate, and have been much more affected with your misfortunes than with my own. I would never even have spoken to you of my misfortunes, had you not piqued me a little, and if it were not customary to tell stories on board a ship in order to pass away the time. In short, Miss Cunegonde, I have had experience, I know the world; therefore I advise you to divert yourself, and prevail upon each passenger to tell his story; and if there be one of them all, that has not cursed his life many a time, that has not frequently looked upon himself as the unhappiest of mortals, I give you leave to throw me headforemost into the sea."[12]

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[1] Although the old woman has had awful luck in her lifetime, she still holds on to hope for a better day tomorrow. She grew up a princess; she had everything provided for her; she was beautiful, and she was only fourteen. However, all this is taken from her. Would her story have been as effective if she hadn't come from such a position of power? Has this fall from grace and the ensuing climb back affected her views for the world?

[2] The man is a castrato, a type of classical male singing voice equivalent to that of a soprano, mezzo-soprano, or contralto. The voice is produced by castrating the singer before puberty, which prevents a boy's larynx from being transformed by the normal physiological events of puberty. As a result, the vocal range of prepubescence (shared by both sexes) is largely retained, and the voice develops into adulthood in a unique way.

[3] One of the many instances of dishonesty that plague Candide and his group of friends. Here is a man whom the Old Woman refers to as an "honest eunuch," yet he turns around and sells her into a world of slavery.

[4] *Dey* - a local mispronunciation of the common Ottoman honorific title, *bey* (lord). This was the title given to the rulers of the Regency of Algiers (Algeria), Tripoli, and Tunis under the Ottoman Empire.
[5] seraglio - the sequestered living quarters used by wives and concubines in an Ottoman household.
[6] *Janissaries* - elite infantry units that formed the Ottoman Sultan's household troops, bodyguards, and the first modern standing army in Europe.
[7] Through the eunuchs and the old lady, Voltaire introduces extreme adversity into the story. Lust, injustice, and selfishness have caused much despair and hatred in humans throughout the world. The circumstances are so horrible that even death would be welcome, but surprisingly, people prefer life to death. Though many humans hate the lives they live, the old lady says she has only viewed 12 suicides.

Voltaire speaks of two more disasters beyond human control, famine and plague. In this excerpt, it is said that the soldiers turned to cannibalism and ate human flesh. This proves Pangloss' optimistic views once again.
[8] *Iman* - A worship leader of a mosque and Muslim community among Sunni Muslims.
[9] It is ironic that eating a portion of the women is seen as "charitable," when in any other situation any act of cannibalism would be seen as immoral. The act of eating human flesh also stems from free will. The Janissaries had the option to pick their fate by either: surrendering to their opponents, starving to death, or practicing cannibalism. No human would choose such a painful way as starvation to die, and it is because humans possess free will that the Janissaries are able to avoid starvation. This also illustrates the potential each human possesses to perform such horrors not only collectively, but also individually. Humans are in a "state of nature" when their bodies and minds are tested beyond constraints. And, as a result, we rely on our most primitive and barbaric instincts, behaving in a way modern society would see as animalistic. When the situation comes down to a struggle for basic human needs, a more "primitive" state of mind takes over in order to preserve life.
[10] One good person mentioned in the book is the French surgeon that takes care of the old woman and the others. As soon as he treats the women, he is done taking any active part in changing the world around him for the better. He is seen bidding the women good cheer and telling them that what happened to them happens according to laws. He is not seen acknowledging that these laws are unfair, yet his actions tell that he certainly does not agree with them. As one of the positive characters in the book he does not display any willingness to act upon the wrong that he sees and this further contributed to the inaction of characters in this novel.
[11] The Old Woman seems to be another character Voltaire employs to emphasize the belief of optimism, especially when she claims that "A hundred times I was upon the point of killing myself; but still I loved life."

In addition, there is a religious allusion, as the Old Woman speaks of the serpent that devours us, which refers to the Genesis story of the fall of humanity. This correlates again with a belief in determinism: how sin, suffering, and every aspect of our life is left to the hands of fate.
[12] Voltaire uses the old woman to balance the views of Pangloss and bring rational and reasonable ideals to the novel. She is a realist who sees things for what they are, and she tries to show others, like Cunegonde, the same. Here she does not give pity to Cunegonde, but instead asks her to find someone who hasn't had misery, because everyone does. The old woman believes that the past needs to be in the past and that misery should go with it.

Chapter 13

How Candide Was Forced Away from His Fair Cunegonde and the Old Woman[1]

The beautiful Cunegonde, having heard the old woman's history, paid her all the civilities due to a person of her rank and merit. She likewise accepted her proposal, and engaged all the passengers, one after the other, to relate their adventures; and then both she and Candide allowed that the old woman was in the right.

"It is a great pity," said Candide, "that the sage Pangloss was hanged contrary to custom at an *auto-da-fé*; he would tell us most amazing things in regard to the physical and moral evils that overspread earth and sea, and I should be able, with due respect, to make a few objections."[2]

While each passenger was recounting his story, the ship made her way. They landed at Buenos Ayres. Cunegonde, Captain Candide, and the old woman waited on the Governor, Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman had a stateliness becoming a person who bore so many names. He spoke to men with so noble a disdain, carried his nose so loftily, raised his voice so unmercifully, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with such intolerable pride, that those who saluted him were strongly inclined to give him a good drubbing. Cunegonde appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever met. The first thing he did was to ask whether she was not the captain's wife. The manner in which he asked the question alarmed Candide; he dared not say she was his wife, because indeed she was not; neither dared he say she was his sister, because it was not so; and although this obliging lie had been formerly much in favor among the ancients, and although it could be useful to the moderns, his soul was too pure to betray the truth.

"Miss Cunegonde," said he, "is to do me the honor to marry me, and we beseech your Excellency to deign to sanction our marriage."

Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, turning up the points of his moustache, smiled mockingly, and ordered Captain Candide to go and review his company. Candide obeyed, and the Governor remained alone with Miss Cunegonde. He declared his passion, protesting he would marry her the next day in the face of the church, or otherwise, just as should be agreeable to herself. Cunegonde asked a quarter of an hour to consider of it, to consult the old woman, and to take her resolution.

The old woman spoke thus to Cunegonde:

"Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings, and not a farthing; it is now in your power to be wife to the greatest lord in South America, who has very beautiful moustachios. Is it for you to pique yourself upon inviolable fidelity? You have been raped by Bulgars; a Jew and an Inquisitor have enjoyed your favors. Misfortune gives sufficient excuse. I own, that if I were in your place, I should have no scruple in marrying the Governor and in making the fortune of Captain Candide."[3]

While the old woman spoke with all the prudence which age and experience gave, a small ship entered the port on board of which were an Alcalde and his alguazils,[4] and this was what had happened.

As the old woman had shrewdly guessed, it was a Cordelier with a loose sleeve[5] who stole Cunegonde's money and jewels in the town of Badajos, when she and Candide were escaping. The Grey Friar wanted to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweler; the jeweler knew them to be the Grand Inquisitor's. The Friar, before he was hanged, confessed he had stolen them. He described the persons, and the route they had taken. The flight of Cunegonde and Candide was already known. They were traced to Cadiz. A vessel was immediately sent in pursuit of them. The vessel was already in the port of Buenos Ayres. The report spread that the Alcalde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my lord the Grand Inquisitor. The prudent old woman saw at once what was to be done.[6]

"You cannot run away," said she to Cunegonde, "and you have nothing to fear, for it was not you that killed my lord; besides the Governor who loves you will not suffer you to be ill-treated; therefore stay."

She then ran immediately to Candide.

"Fly," said she, "or in an hour you will be burnt."

There was not a moment to lose; but how could he part from Cunegonde, and where could he flee for shelter?

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[1] When Candide hears the story of the old woman's ordeals, he comes to the realization that Pangloss' optimism is indeed insufficient. In a sense, Candide's innocence is stripped away from him when he questions Pangloss' theory. Cunegonde decides to accept the governor's proposal of marriage (as she is advised by the old woman) in order to regain her social status.

[2] The purpose of Candide's journey is to reflect upon the tragic events that happen around the world and change his optimistic belief. However, at this point, Candide's journey is slowly progressing, and he has yet to be introduced to other beliefs to fully alter his perception as of the moment. He does show a glimpse of a change when he refers to Pangloss and his teachings and how he should be able to "make a few objections." This demonstrates the slow character development of Candide.

[3] Pangloss' principle of sufficient reason vs. the old woman's notion of misfortune as the principle of sufficient excuse—this is a contest of philosophies. Both philosophies depend on different forms of narrative to make their cases: Pangloss' recursive stories which generate tautologies and the old woman's piling on of tragic event after tragic event. The *conte philosophique* is, then, a mixed genre through which we can see different modes of storytelling and explanation in philosophical writing. It's not just the ideas themselves, but how they're written out (and re-mixed with elements of other genres such as satire) that give the story its texture.

[4] *Alcalde* – a traditional Spanish or Portuguese municipal magistrate, who had both judicial and administrative functions. Alguazils - officers of the court who served writs and performed certain police duties, but were still of higher rank than the mere *Corchete* or arresting officer.

[5] *Cordelier with a loose sleeve* - Cordeliers are Franciscan friars, called thus because they wore a rope belt. In 1581 the Franciscan order was split by a dispute about the design of its habit, in particular about the nature of the sleeves and the hood. Hence the order was a favorite butt of Voltaire's anticlerical humor. Since the Franciscan order began as a group of mendicant friars who set particular store by poverty, the use of the loose sleeve in a manner akin to the poacher's pocket has particular edge.

[6] Here Candide is like a crime procedural, with the twists and turns of a detective story reduced to a single paragraph. Large sections of the travels have to be condensed to a paragraph, where other stories take up multiple chapters of exacting detail, as in the old woman's story. Voltaire has more targets in mind for the next chapters—-the Jesuits in Paraguay—-and, actually, the pursuit novel plot continues in the next chapters as Candide gets into more trouble befitting a man on the run.

Chapter 14

How Candide and Cacambo Were Received by the Jesuits of Paraguay

Candide had brought such a valet with him from Cadiz as one often meets with on the coasts of Spain and in the American colonies. He was a quarter Spaniard, born of a mongrel in Tucuman; he had been singing-boy, sacristan, sailor, monk, peddler, soldier, and lackey. His name was Cacambo, and he loved his master, because his master was a very good man. He quickly saddled the two Andalusian horses.

"Come, master, let us follow the old woman's advice; let us start, and run without looking behind us."

Candide shed tears.

"Oh! my dear Cunegonde! Must I leave you just at a time when the Governor was going to sanction our nuptials? Cunegonde, brought to such a distance what will become of you?"

"She will do as well as she can," said Cacambo; "women are never at a loss, God provides for them. Let us run."

"Where are you taking me? Where shall we go? What shall we do without Cunegonde?" said Candide.

"By St. James of Compostella," said Cacambo, "you were going to fight against the Jesuits; let us go to fight for them; I know the road well, I'll conduct you to their kingdom, where they will be charmed to have a captain that understands the Bulgar exercise. You'll make a prodigious fortune; if we cannot find our account in one world we shall in another. It is a great pleasure to see and do new things."

"You have before been in Paraguay, then?" said Candide.

"Ay, sure," answered Cacambo, "I was servant in the College of the Assumption, and am acquainted with the government of the good Fathers as well as I am with the streets of Cadiz. It is an admirable government. The kingdom is upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces; there the Fathers possess all, and the people nothing; it is a masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part I see nothing so divine as the Fathers who here make war upon the kings of Spain and Portugal, and in Europe confess those kings; who here kill Spaniards, and in Madrid send them to heaven; this delights me, let us push forward. You are going to be the happiest of mortals. What pleasure will it be to those Fathers to hear that a captain who knows the Bulgar exercise has come to them!"[1]

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo told the advanced guard that a captain wanted to speak with my lord the Commandant. Notice was given to the main guard, and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran and laid himself at the feet of the Commandant, to impart this news to him. Candide and Cacambo were disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses seized. The strangers were introduced between two files of musketeers; the Commandant was at the further end, with the three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and a spontoon[2] in his hand. He beckoned, and straightway the new-comers were encompassed by four-and-twenty soldiers. A sergeant told them they must wait, that the Commandant could not speak to them, and that the reverend Father Provincial does not suffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his presence, or to stay above three hours in the province.

"And where is the reverend Father Provincial?" said Cacambo.

"He is upon the parade just after celebrating mass," answered the sergeant, "and you cannot kiss his spurs till three hours hence."

"However," said Cacambo, "the captain is not a Spaniard, but a German, he is ready to perish with hunger as well as myself; cannot we have something for breakfast, while we wait for his reverence?"

The sergeant went immediately to acquaint the Commandant with what he had heard.

"God be praised!" said the reverend Commandant, "since he is a German, I may speak to him; take him to my arbor."

Candide was at once conducted to a beautiful summer-house, ornamented with a very pretty colonnade of green and gold marble, and with trellises, enclosing parraquets,[3] hummingbirds, fly-birds, guinea-hens, and all other rare birds. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating maize out of wooden dishes, in the open fields and exposed to the heat of the sun, the reverend Father Commandant retired to his arbor.

He was a very handsome young man, with a full face, white skin but high in color; he had an arched eyebrow, a lively eye, red ears, vermilion lips, a bold air, but such a boldness as neither belonged to a Spaniard nor a Jesuit. They returned their arms to Candide and Cacambo, and also the two Andalusian horses; to whom Cacambo gave some oats to eat just by the arbor, having an eye upon them all the while for fear of a surprise.

Candide first kissed the hem of the Commandant's robe, then they sat down to table.

"You are, then, a German?" said the Jesuit to him in that language.

"Yes, reverend Father," answered Candide.

As they pronounced these words they looked at each other with great amazement, and with such an emotion as they could not conceal.

"And from what part of Germany do you come?" said the Jesuit.

"I am from the dirty province of Westphalia," answered Candide; "I was born in the Castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh."

"Oh! Heavens! is it possible?" cried the Commandant.

"What a miracle!" cried Candide.

"Is it really you?" said the Commandant.

"It is not possible!" said Candide.

They drew back; they embraced; they shed rivulets of tears.

"What, is it you, reverend Father? You, the brother of the fair Cunegonde! You, that was slain by the Bulgars! You, the Baron's son! You, a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must confess this is a strange world that we live in. Oh, Pangloss! Pangloss! How glad you would be if you had not been hanged!"[4]

The Commandant sent away the negro slaves and the Paraguayans, who served them with liquors in goblets of rock-crystal. He thanked God and St. Ignatius[5] a thousand times; he clasped Candide in his arms; and their faces were all bathed with tears.[6]

"You will be more surprised, more affected, and transported," said Candide, "when I tell you that Cunegonde, your sister, whom you believe to have been ripped open, is in perfect health."

"Where?"

"In your neighborhood, with the Governor of Buenos Ayres; and I was going to fight against you."

Every word which they uttered in this long conversation but added wonder to wonder. Their souls fluttered on their tongues, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they sat a good while at table, waiting for the reverend Father Provincial, and the Commandant spoke to his dear Candide as follows.[7]

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[1] Cacambo gives a short history of the Jesuits in South America, who established missions, or *reducciones*, during the 17th and 18th centuries in the Guarani region. Through an agreement with the Spanish crown established in 1609, the Jesuits controlled areas of Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay for more than 150 years. When the Spanish ceded part of the land to Portugal through the Treaty of Madrid in 1750, the Guarani Indians revolted and fought both governments to maintain their stake in the land.

The Jesuit missions in South America (especially the reductions in Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil) were unique. Beginning in 1549, the Jesuits came to the region in an attempt to Christianize the indigenous people, spreading settlements across the area. After being expelled from what is now Brazil by groups of slavers who did not want the Jesuits interfering with their very lucrative trade, they came back in 1682 and founded seven eastern reductions. Eventually they established more than thirty of these little cities.

The cities all had the same basic structures, with a central church, a school, a cemetery, areas for crops, and many community houses. In these cities, there were no social classes, no king, no slaves, and no beggars. According to the Jesuits, this was the model of society God wanted humans to follow. Everyone had their place and function. All tools, seed, and animals were owned in common. Everyone would work a certain number of days as a kind of payment to the common good. As a theocracy, there were no real kings or leaders. Everything was decided by the Jesuit priests and the native elders. All the indigenous people were catechized. They were educated in both basic literacy and in the arts, especially music, sculpture, and even ironcraft. There was also training in the care of children, making clothes, medicine, animal husbandry, and, most significantly, civil defense.

The slavers knew that their success rested on their ability to overwhelm the indigenous people—who were previously living a nomadic life in the rain forest—with advanced weaponry. But the Jesuits gathered these scattered tribes together, raised these small cities with them, and taught them to defend themselves. The slavers saw a great dropoff in the success of their enterprise; no longer could four men with muskets capture fifty natives to be sold in Sao Paulo or Buenos Aires, because the natives fought back. Essentially, the Jesuits armed the indigenous people and turned them into an effective fighting force.

Between 1750 and 1770, Spain and Portugal, whose economies both relied on slavery, signed a series of treaties which effectively declared the Reductions illegal. As they had created such a threat to European economic stability, the Jesuits found themselves with many enemies. The royal houses of Europe, and even other religious orders (especially the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and the Augustinians) convinced the Pope to disband the order in 1767. At that time there were a little over 2,000 Jesuits in South America, who had over 700,000 natives in the Reductions.

When the Jesuit order was suppressed, Jesuits were expelled from every European country and colony, and all their assets were confiscated. The Reductions were declared illegal, and the natives ordered to return to their forests. The slavers then came back to the Reductions. The natives fought as well as they could, but in the end their cities were sacked and burned. The few natives who didn't return to the forest were enslaved or murdered. By the time the Order was restored, in 1814, the Reductions were in ruins, the indigenous tribes scattered and diminished.

Voltaire describes a state of poverty and subjugation—but it is noteworthy that he uses the same comparative trope to make his case. In this paragraph Cacambo describes how "the Fathers possess all, and the people nothing" and he uses a similar comparison in a paragraph in this chapter: "An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating maize out of wooden dishes, in the open fields and exposed to the heat of the sun." This is a reflection of the wide gap between those in power and those without, but it's lacking some of the inventiveness or strangeness of other satirical passages in the book. There are plenty of details of the Commandant's excessive wealth that he has extracted from the labor of his subjects, but this attention seems to work at the most obvious level of comparison, without an extra layer of irony.

Although Voltaire may have had little respect for the Jesuits he knew in Europe, his comments on the Reductions reveal a grudging admiration:

The establishment in Paraguay by the Spanish Jesuits appears alone, in some way, the triumph of humanity. It seems to expiate the cruelties of the first conquerors. The Quakers in North America and the Jesuits in South America gave a new spectacle to the world.

[2] *spontoon* - a type of European polearm that came into being alongside the pike. The spontoon was in wide use by the mid-17th century, and it continued to be used until the late 19th century. Unlike the pike, which was an extremely long weapon (typically 14 or 15 feet), the spontoon measured only 6 or 7 feet in overall length. Generally it featured a more elaborate head than the typical pike. The head of a spontoon often had a pair of smaller blades on each side, giving the weapon the look of a military fork, or a trident.

[3] *parraquets* - small slender long-tailed parrots.

[4] The dead do not stay dead for long in Candide. Pangloss and Cunegonde have both reappeared under mysterious circumstances. The Commandant's reappearance is called a miracle, perhaps a funny way to account for his newfound religious order. His appearance gets considerable attention in an earlier paragraph: "a very handsome young man, with a full face, white skin but high in color; he had an arched eyebrow, a lively eye, red ears, vermilion lips, a bold air, but such a boldness as neither belonged to a Spaniard nor a Jesuit." Cacambo has kept his eye on the Commandant's horse "for fear of a surprise" but the surprise turns out to be something much stranger!

[5] *St Ignatius* – Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits).

[6] Compare the Commandant's rich lifestyle in Paraguay to his small castle in Westphalia, where there were mostly pigs, and perhaps there is an underlying irony to this attention to his conspicuous consumption.
[7] The suspension of disbelief takes on heightened language here of wonder added to wonder. The clunky English translation (what is listening in their ears? Their souls? A soul could probably flutter and sparkle, but listening doesn't seem like the right verb.) is in some ways reflective of the weirdness of the scene.

Chapter 15

How Candide Killed the Brother of His Dear Cunegonde

"I shall have ever present to my memory the dreadful day, on which I saw my father and mother killed, and my sister raped. When the Bulgars retired, my dear sister could not be found; but my mother, my father, and myself, with two maid-servants and three little boys, all of whom had been slain, were put in a hearse, to be conveyed for interment to a chapel belonging to the Jesuits, within two leagues of our family seat. A Jesuit sprinkled us with some holy water; it was horribly salty; a few drops of it fell into my eyes; the father perceived that my eyelids stirred a little; he put his hand upon my heart and felt it beat. I received assistance, and at the end of three weeks I recovered.[1] You know, my dear Candide, I was very pretty; but I grew much prettier, and the reverend Father Didrie, Superior of that House, conceived the most tender friendship for me; he gave me the habit of the order, some years after I was sent to Rome. The Father General[2] needed new levies of young German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay admit as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they prefer those of other nations as being more subordinate to their commands. I was judged fit by the reverend Father General to go and work in this vineyard. We set out—a Pole, a Tyrolese, and myself. Upon my arrival I was honored with a sub-deaconship and a lieutenancy. I am today colonel and priest. We shall give a warm reception to the King of Spain's troops; I will answer for it that they shall be excommunicated and well beaten. Providence sends you here to assist us. But is it, indeed, true that my dear sister Cunegonde is in the neighborhood, with the Governor of Buenos Ayres?"

Candide swore to him that nothing was more true, and their tears began afresh.

The Baron could not refrain from embracing Candide; he called him his brother, his savior.

"Ah! perhaps," said he, "we shall together, my dear Candide, enter the town as conquerors, and recover my sister Cunegonde."

"That is all I want," said Candide, "for I intended to marry her, and I still hope to do so."

"You insolent!" replied the Baron, "would you have the impudence to marry my sister who has seventy-two quarterings! I find you have the most consummate effrontery to dare to mention so presumptuous a design!"

Candide, petrified at this speech, made answer:

"Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world signify nothing; I rescued your sister from the arms of a Jew and of an Inquisitor; she has great obligations to me, she wishes to marry me; Master Pangloss always told me that all men are equal, and certainly I will marry her."

"We shall see that, you scoundrel!" said the Jesuit Baron de Thunder-ten-Tronckh, and that instant struck him across the face with the flat of his sword. Candide in an instant drew his rapier, and plunged it up to the hilt in the Jesuit's belly; but in pulling it out reeking hot, he burst into tears.[3]

"Good God!" said he, "I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law! I am the best-natured creature in the world, and yet I have already killed three men, and of these three two were priests."[4]

Cacambo, who stood sentry by the door of the arbor, ran to him.

"We have nothing more for it than to sell our lives as dearly as we can," said his master to him, "without doubt someone will soon enter the arbor, and we must die sword in hand."[5]

Cacambo, who had been in a great many scrapes in his lifetime, did not lose his head; he took the Baron's Jesuit habit, put it on Candide, gave him the square cap, and made him mount on horseback. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye.[6]

"Let us gallop fast, master, everybody will take you for a Jesuit, going to give directions to your men, and we shall have passed the frontiers before they will be able to overtake us."

He flew as he spoke these words, crying out aloud in Spanish: "Make way, make way, for the reverend Father Colonel."

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[1] This is an alternate version of Cunegonde's story from chapters 8 and 9. What was a story about subjugation in Cunegonde's version becomes a story of favors bestowed in her brother's. But the favors turn back on themselves because they are part of a corrupt system.

[2] The governance of the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits) is set upon a military model, with a Father General in ultimate command. The founder of the Jesuits, Ignatius of Loyola, was a military man, and founded the order after being wounded in a battle. Voltaire couples military rank with promotion along clerical lines in his conception of the Jesuits. Hence the young baron is promoted from a sub-deacon (a very minor clerical order) and a lieutenant to the priesthood as a colonel.

[3] The language of this scene corresponds with Candide's previous acts of violence: "In saying this he drew a long poniard which he always carried about him; and not imagining that his adversary had any arms he threw himself upon Candide: but our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword from the old woman along with the suit of clothes. He drew his rapier, despite his gentleness, and laid the Israelite stone dead upon the cushions at Cunegonde's feet." They are quite similar, as Cunegonde's and her brother's stories have intersected at the point of Candide's sword.

[4] It seems that Candide's assessment of his own nature is quite at odds with his actions. Is he the "best-natured creature in the world"? This is the result when you argue from a set of axioms or ideas rather than addressing the evidence in front of you.

[5] We could judge Candide as a human character who seems to get into violent trouble often but still wants to consider himself good-natured, or we could wonder at the repetitions that Voltaire has engineered in that two of the three men murdered were priests and make some hypotheses about why these repetitions happen, and why they always seem to happen so suddenly, with little appearance of agency on Candide's part. Candide doesn't seem to be a real actor in these deeds: the violence is not pre-meditated, nor is it even mentioned until suddenly a weapon appears. Candide is less a character here than a vessel, perhaps.

[6] Here are more disguises, as with Pangloss the beggar, Candide as a Bulgar soldier early on in his blue-coated military costume, Cunegonde's veil, and now this religious costume.

Chapter 16

Adventures of the Two Travellers, with Two Girls, Two Monkeys, and the Savages Called Oreillons[1]

Candide and his valet had got beyond the barrier, before it was known in the camp that the German Jesuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, bacon, fruit, and a few bottles of wine. With their Andalusian horses they penetrated into an unknown country, where they perceived no beaten track. At length they came to a beautiful meadow intersected with purling rills. Here our two adventurers fed their horses. Cacambo proposed to his master to take some food, and he set him an example.

"How can you ask me to eat ham," said Candide, "after killing the Baron's son, and being doomed never more to see the beautiful Cunegonde? What will it avail me to spin out my wretched days and drag them far from her in remorse and despair? And what will the *Journal of Trevoux* say?"[2]

While he was thus lamenting his fate, he went on eating. The sun went down. The two wanderers heard some little cries which seemed to be uttered by women. They did not know whether they were cries of pain or joy; but they started up precipitately with that inquietude and alarm which every little thing inspires in an unknown country. The noise was made by two naked girls, who tripped along the mead, while two monkeys were pursuing them and biting their buttocks. Candide was moved with pity; he had learned to fire a gun in service to the Bulgars, and he was so clever at it, that he could hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf of the tree. He took up his double-barreled Spanish fusil, let it off, and killed the two monkeys.

"God be praised! My dear Cacambo, I have rescued those two poor creatures from a most perilous situation. If I have committed a sin in killing an Inquisitor and a Jesuit, I have made ample amends by saving the lives of these girls. Perhaps they are young ladies of family; and this adventure may procure us great advantages in this country."

He was continuing, but stopped short when he saw the two girls tenderly embracing the monkeys, bathing their bodies in tears, and rending the air with the most dismal lamentations.

"Little did I expect to see such good-nature," said he at length to Cacambo; who made answer:

"Master, you have done a fine thing now; you have slain the sweethearts of those two young ladies."[3]

"The sweethearts! Is it possible? You are jesting, Cacambo, I can never believe it!"[4]

"Dear master," replied Cacambo; "you are surprised at everything. Why should you think it so strange that in some countries there are monkeys which insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies; they are a fourth part human, as I am a fourth part Spaniard."[5]

"Alas!" replied Candide, "I remember to have heard Master Pangloss say, that formerly such accidents used to happen; that these mixtures were productive of Centaurs, Fauns, and Satyrs; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters, but I looked upon the whole as fabulous."

"You ought now to be convinced," said Cacambo, "that it is the truth, and you see what use is made of those creatures, by persons that have not had a proper education; all I fear is that those ladies will play us some ugly trick."

These sound reflections induced Candide to leave the meadow and to plunge into a wood. He supped there with Cacambo; and after cursing the Portuguese inquisitor, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, and the Baron, they fell asleep on moss. On awaking they felt that they could not move; for during the night the Oreillons, who inhabited that country, and to whom the ladies had denounced them, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They were encompassed by fifty naked Oreillons, armed with bows and arrows, with clubs and flint hatchets. Some were making a large cauldron boil, others were preparing spits, and all cried:

"A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged, we shall have excellent cheer, let us eat the Jesuit, let us eat him up!"

"I told you, my dear master," cried Cacambo sadly, "that those two girls would play us some ugly trick."

Candide seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried:

"We are certainly going to be either roasted or boiled. Ah! what would Master Pangloss say, were he to see how pure nature is formed? Everything is right, may be, but I declare it is very hard to have lost Miss Cunegonde and to be put upon a spit by Oreillons."

Cacambo never lost his head.

"Do not despair," said he to the disconsolate Candide, "I understand a little of the jargon of these people, I will speak to them."

"Be sure," said Candide, "to represent to them how frightfully inhuman it is to cook men, and how very un-Christian."

"Gentlemen," said Cacambo, "you reckon you are today going to feast upon a Jesuit. It is all very well, nothing is more unjust than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed, the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbor, and such is the practice all over the world. If we do not accustom ourselves to eating them, it is because we have better fare. But you have not the same resources as we; certainly it is much better to devour your enemies than to resign to the crows and rooks the fruits of your victory. But, gentlemen, surely you would not choose to eat your friends. You believe that you are going to spit a Jesuit, and he is your defender. It is the enemy of your enemies that you are going to roast. As for myself, I was born in your country; this gentleman is my master, and, far from being a Jesuit, he has just killed one, whose spoils he wears; and thence comes your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I say, take his habit and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuit kingdom, and inform yourselves whether my master did not kill a Jesuit officer. It will not take you long, and you can always eat us if you find that I have lied to you. But I have told you the truth. You are too well acquainted with the principles of public law, humanity, and justice not to pardon us."

The Oreillons found this speech very reasonable. They deputed two of their principal people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of the matter; these executed their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good news. The Oreillons untied their prisoners, showed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshment, and conducted them to the confines of their territories, proclaiming with great joy:

"He is no Jesuit! He is no Jesuit!"

Candide could not help being surprised at the cause of his deliverance.

"What people!" said he; "what men! what manners! If I had not been so lucky as to run Miss Cunegonde's brother through the body, I should have been devoured without redemption. But, after all, pure nature is good, since these people, instead of feasting upon my flesh, have shown me a thousand civilities, when then I was not a Jesuit."

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[1] This chapter, which in some ways is about the dangers of mistaken cultural translations, has some fascinating translation issues associated with it. For starters, who or what these the translator calls the "savages"? Voltaire adapted many details in this chapter and the other South American episodes from Garcilaso de la Vega's *Historia General del Perú* (1609). Voltaire's Orellions are "Orejones" in that text; Robert M. Adams, who translated and wrote notes for the Norton Critical Edition of *Candide*, adapts that detail even further in his 1966 translation when he calls them "Biglugs" to account for the original Spanish "big ears."

The French "les Oreillons" is after the Spanish name "Orejones," given to a particular tribe with large, long-lobed ears which had been described in Garcilaso de La Vega's *Histoire des Incas du Pérou* (1704). The auricular deformity may, it has been suggested, have been attributable to the weight of their earrings. In French the name is the more comic for also meaning "mumps." It may be noted that the cannibalism of Voltaire's Oreillons would seem to be no worse––indeed, in

some respects, it is more discriminating––than that of the Turkish aga and his janissaries who survive a siege on lady's buttock.

Voltaire was greatly interested in the *Historia General del Perú* and the *Comentarios reales de las incas*; however, these historical details got remixed and conflated in exotic tales of the eighteenth century. Thus Voltaire was drawing on the popularity of *contes chinois, contes mongols, contes tartars*, and *contes indiens* in the period; Montesquieu's 1721 satire *Lettres Persanes* (Persian Letters) was a model for Voltaire, as were other satirical imaginary voyages which commented on French mores by translating the culture to an outsider's (sometimes bewildered, sometimes arch) perspective. This is translation as satire, so Candide's claim, "I understand a little of the jargon of these people," underscores the irony of his other misunderstandings.

[2] The *Journal de Trévoux* was an influential Jesuit periodical of the time, and noted for its opposition to the *Encyclopédie* published from 1751 onwards by D'Alembert (1717–83) and Diderot (1713–84) with the collaboration of many writers including Voltaire.

[3] Candide has incorrectly read the situation, and has done harm instead of good. Though Candide has good intentions, his ignorance of the land causes him to kill the lovers of the two women. He resembles European missionaries who intended to help indigenous peoples, but ended up doing terrible harm because of their ignorance of local customs.

[4] Voltaire had turned to South America before, in his 1736 play *Alzire, ou Les Americains*. His preface to the play reveals some of the same impulses he would turn into satire twenty years later (from William F. Fleming's translation):

> In every part of my writings I have endeavored to enforce that humanity which ought to be the distinguishing characteristic of a thinking being: the reader will always find in them (if I may venture to say so much of my own works) a desire to promote the happiness of all men, and an abhorrence of injustice and oppression: it is this, and this alone, which hath hitherto saved them from that obscurity to which their many imperfections would otherwise long since have condemned them.

[5] Voltaire is setting up his criticism of one of his rivals, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, an Enlightenment philosopher who believed that people were inherently good but were inevitably corrupted by society and its institutions. In a pure state of nature, Rousseau argued, mankind would be governed only by its goodness. The land of the Oreillons has no recognizable social structure or institutions, and Voltaire describes it as the pure state of nature envisioned by Rousseau. Its people, however, far from being good, practice bestiality and cannibalism.

Chapter 17

The Arrival of Candide and His Valet at El Dorado, and What They Saw There[1]

"You see," said Cacambo to Candide, as soon as they had reached the frontiers of the Oreillons, "that this hemisphere is not better than the others, take my word for it; let us go back to Europe by the shortest way."[2]

"How go back?" said Candide, "And where shall we go? To my own country? The Bulgars and the Abares are slaying all. To Portugal? There I shall be burnt; and if we abide here we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I resolve to quit a part of the world where my dear Cunegonde resides?"

"Let us turn towards Cayenne," said Cacambo, "there we shall find Frenchmen, who wander all over the world; they may assist us; God will perhaps have pity on us."

It was not easy to get to Cayenne; they knew vaguely in which direction to go, but rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, obstructed them all the way. Their horses died of fatigue. Their provisions were consumed; they fed a whole month upon wild fruits, and found themselves at last near a little river bordered with cocoa trees, which sustained their lives and their hopes.[3]

Cacambo, who was as good a counsellor as the old woman, said to Candide:

"We are able to hold out no longer; we have walked enough. I see an empty canoe near the river-side; let us fill it with coconuts, throw ourselves into it, and go with the current; a river always leads to some inhabited spot. If we do not find pleasant things we shall at least find new things."

"With all my heart," said Candide, "let us recommend ourselves to Providence."

They rowed a few leagues, between banks, in some places flowery, in others barren; in some parts smooth, in others rugged. The stream ever widened, and at length lost itself under an arch of frightful rocks which reached to the sky. The two travelers had the courage to commit themselves to the current. The river, suddenly contracting at this place, whirled them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours they saw daylight again, but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. For a league they had to creep from rock to rock, until at length they discovered an extensive plain, bounded by inaccessible mountains.[4] The country was cultivated as much for pleasure as for necessity. On all sides the useful was also the beautiful. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages of a glittering form and substance, in which were men and women of surprising beauty, drawn by large red sheep which surpassed in fleetness the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, and Mequinez.[5]

"Here, however, is a country," said Candide, "which is better than Westphalia."

He stepped out with Cacambo towards the first village which he saw. Some children dressed in tattered brocades played at ring toss on the outskirts. Our travelers from the other world amused themselves by looking on. The rings were large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a surprising luster! The travelers picked a few of them off the ground; this was of gold, that of emeralds, the other of rubies—the least of them would have been the greatest ornament on the Mogul's throne.

"Without doubt," said Cacambo, "these children must be the king's sons that are playing at quoits!"

The village schoolmaster appeared at this moment and called them to school.

"There," said Candide, "is the preceptor of the royal family."

The little truants immediately quitted their game, leaving the quoits on the ground with all their other playthings. Candide gathered them up, ran to the master, and presented them to him in a most humble manner, giving him to understand by signs that their royal highnesses had forgotten their gold and jewels. The

schoolmaster, smiling, flung them upon the ground; then, looking at Candide with a good deal of surprise, went about his business.

The travelers, however, took care to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds.

"Where are we?" cried Candide. "The king's children in this country must be well brought up, since they are taught to despise gold and precious stones."

Cacambo was as much surprised as Candide. At length they drew near the first house in the village. It was built like an European palace. A crowd of people pressed about the door, and there were still more in the house. They heard most agreeable music, and were aware of a delicious odor of cooking. Cacambo went up to the door and heard they were talking Peruvian; it was his mother tongue, for it is well known that Cacambo was born in Tucuman, in a village where no other language was spoken.

"I will be your interpreter here," said he to Candide; "let us go in, it is a public-house."

Immediately two waiters and two girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair tied up with ribbons, invited them to sit down to table with the landlord. They served four dishes of soup, each garnished with two young parrots; a boiled condor which weighed two hundred pounds; two roasted monkeys, of excellent flavor; three hundred humming-birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; exquisite ragouts; delicious pastries; the whole served up in dishes of a kind of rock-crystal. The waiters and girls poured out several liqueurs drawn from the sugar-cane.[6]

Most of the company were peddlers and wagon drivers, all extremely polite; they asked Cacambo a few questions with the greatest circumspection, and answered his in the most obliging manner.

As soon as dinner was over, Cacambo believed as well as Candide that they might well pay their reckoning by laying down two of those large gold pieces which they had picked up. The landlord and landlady shouted with laughter and held their sides. When the fit was over:

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, "it is plain you are strangers, and and we are not accustomed to seeing such guests; pardon us therefore for laughing when you offered us the pebbles from our highroads to pay your bill. You obviously don't have our money, but it's not necessary to have any money at all to dine in this house. All hostelries established for the convenience of commerce are paid by the government. You have been treated poorly because this is a poor village; but everywhere else, you will be received as you deserve."[7]

Cacambo explained this whole discourse with great astonishment to Candide, who was as greatly astonished to hear it.

"What sort of a country then is this," said they to one another; "a country unknown to all the rest of the world, and where nature of everything is so different from ours? It is probably the country where all is well; for there absolutely must be one such place. And, whatever Master Pangloss might have said, I often found that things went very ill in Westphalia."

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[1] In the two El Dorado chapters, Voltaire gives us a kind of utopian sketch. Candide and Cacambo reach the fabled city of gold quite by chance, and find that the coveted metal lacks any value at all there. For Voltaire, they both have and have not reached El Dorado. "The Spaniards have had a confused notion of this country, and have called it El Dorado," says a wise old citizen. In many respects, as we shall see, this is the most telling line of Voltaire's portrait of the place. The term, which may be translated as "The Golden" or "The Golden One", was firmly inscribed in the European cultural vocabulary by Voltaire's era, having emerged out of 16th-century adventurism in the Americas. Its ancestry is quite specific, though it joined a little group of terms that many people use interchangeably– terms like Eden, Paradise, Shangri-La, and of course Utopia– to denote "the perfect place." It is intriguing that Voltaire, who is at great pains in Candide to deny the possibility of perfection in human life, nonetheless reserves a portion of South America for his own utopia.

Voltaire's El Dorado pulls together a number of threads. It is indeed the *hortus conclusis*, or walled garden, and its inhabitants also possess the *hortus mentis*, the garden of the mind. The destruction of the Jesuit Reductions and the suppression of the Jesuit Order, were ordered by the crowned heads of Europe because what the Jesuits were doing in South America threatened the thriving slave trade, on which many European economies depended. Voltaire may have

found it awkward to see himself siding with the Order he reviled from his schooldays, but he was certainly correct in his praise for this endeavor.

[2] Candide and Cacambo are the antithesis of the rapacious gold-hunters who dreamed of El Dorado– Candide is thinking of Cunegonde, and Cacambo is eager to quit South America. Ironically, only they are permitted to gaze upon it.

[3] Voltaire parodies the sort of travelogue that continued to be plentiful in the wake of Columbus' encounter with the Americas, and all that followed. These travel books ranged from serious, even scientific, accounts of exploration to the wildest sorts of fantasy and all things in between. Some of the most striking examples came from sailors who ventured into uncharted areas in hopes of finding the actual Garden of Eden. Descriptions of new and unfamiliar creatures jostled with stories of mermaid seductions, dragons and sea monsters of all kinds.

[4] Their arrival at El Dorado carries a heavy symbolic load. They have given themselves over to Providence, and to the river, and go underground for a day and a night, only to rise again in El Dorado. This is an example of kenosis, a term in Christian theology for Christ's self-emptying. The great hymn of Philippians makes this clear. Only through giving away their control do Candide and Cacambo arrive in this walled garden.

[5] *And then there were those who wrote of El Dorado…* here, Candide and Cacambo stumble across the wildly rumored and at one time desperately sought city where the streets were paved with gold. New arrival to South America envisioned such a city with intense excitement, and set off in search of it. Many if not most were simply greedy, but it is worth remembering all that gold represented to them, and still does to us in several respects– the pinnacle of value both literally and metaphorically, as well as intrinsic beauty and excellence. It is "the king of metals", just as the lion is "the king of animals." So it is fair to say that some of these roving Europeans "saw" in El Dorado the promise of an ideal city, not just a rich one. Gold has long been used to represent spiritual perfection.

[6] The fabled material wealth of El Dorado begins to unfold before Candide's and Cacambo's eyes. The Spanish claimed that this legend originated with the native peoples. Reportedly, many of them spoke of a glittering entity further West– "El Dorado", as the Spanish translated the term, was always "over there, over there." Several likely explanations exist for this, a couple of which would have been sure to appeal to Voltaire's sharp sense of humor. One is simply that the native peoples filled the invaders' heads with dreams of a golden city elsewhere in order to get rid of them. It did not escape their notice, of course, that the white men were obsessed with the gold so plentiful among the Aztecs and other tribes.

In one exceedingly gruesome incident, an Aztec leader is said to have poured molten ore down the throat of a gold-thirsty Spanish captive. Gold and silver, as well as precious stones, were primary animating forces among the unwelcome arrivals, and to hold out the promise of such riches was to hold some power over them.

For his part, Candide is naturally impressed by El Dorado and does begin to collect the "yellow clay" and rocks that the locals shrug off as worthless. To his credit, however, he seems as impressed by this attitude as he is by the abundance of wealth. It is as if Voltaire rewards him with a visit to El Dorado precisely because he does not long for it as the feverish explorers do.

[7] Another possibility regarding the origin of the legend of El Dorado is that it sprang from a simple, and rather ridiculous, misunderstanding. As noted, "El Dorado" can translate as "The Golden One"– or even "The Golden Man." As early as 1638, the Spanish observer Juan Rodriguez Troxell wrote a detailed account to the governor of what is now Bogota, Colombia, describing a mystical rite among the Muisca tribe, one used to anoint a new ruler. For some days prior to the ceremony, the ruler designate would fast alone in a cave. When he emerged, he would be bathed and then covered in gold dust before being launched onto a sacred lake in a boat full of gold and emeralds. He was the Golden Man– El Dorado.

Chapter 18

What They Saw in the Country of El Dorado[1]

Cacambo expressed his curiosity to the landlord, who answered: "I don't know much, but that's alright. However, we have an old man in the village who used to be at Court, and is the most learned and communicative person in the kingdom."

At once he took Cacambo to see the old man. Candide was reduced to a secondary character now, and accompanied his valet. They entered a very modest house, for its door was only of silver, and the ceilings were only of gold, but the workmanship was done so tastefully and elegantly that it vied with the richest of houses. The entryway, indeed, was encrusted with only rubies and emeralds, but the pattern in which they were laid out made up for their simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with hummingbird feathers, and ordered his servants to present them with liqueurs in diamond goblets; after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms:

"I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old, and I learned from my late father, the King's Master of Horse, the amazing revolutions he saw in Peru. The kingdom we live in now is the ancient country of the Incas, who foolishly left it to conquer another part of the world but ended up being destroyed by the Spaniards.

"Those princes of their race who remained in their native country we far wiser. They decreed, with the consent of the whole nation, that no inhabitant should ever be permitted to leave this little kingdom. This has preserved our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had confused ideas about this country, and called it El Dorado; and an Englishman, whose name was Sir Walter Raleigh, came close to it about a hundred years ago. But we're surrounded by unclimbable mountains and impassable rocks, so we have been sheltered from the greed of European nations, with their crazy passion for the pebbles and dirt of our land, who would slaughter every man, woman, and child here to get some of it."[2]

The conversation was long; it touched on their form of government, their manners, their women, their public entertainments, and the arts. Finally Candide, who always had a taste for metaphysics, made Cacambo ask whether there was any religion in this country.

The old man reddened.

"How can you doubt that?" said he, "Do you think we're ungrateful wretches?"

Cacambo humbly asked, "What, then, is the religion in El Dorado?"

The old man reddened again.

"Can there be more than one religion?" said he. "We have, as far as I know, the religion of everyone else in the world. We worship God all day and all night."

"Do you worship only one God?" said Cacambo, who was still interpreting for Candide and his doubts.[3]

"Of course!" said the old man, "There aren't two, or three, or four. I must confess, people from your part of the world ask very strange questions."

Candide persisted in interrogating the good old man; he wanted to know how they prayed to God in El Dorado.

"We do not pray to Him," said the worthy sage; "we have nothing to ask of Him; He has given us all we need, and we thank Him for it without ceasing."

Candide, now curious to see their priests, 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 sing songs of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians."

"What! You don't have any religious orders who teach, fight, rule, conspire, and burn those who don't agree with them?"

"We'd be crazy, indeed, if that were true," said the old man; "Here we're all of the same mind, and we don't understand what you mean by 'religious orders.'"

Teach response left Candide in raptures, and he said to himself:

"This is so different from Westphalia and the Baron's castle! Had our friend Pangloss seen El Dorado, he would no longer have said that the castle of Thunder-ten-Tronckh was the finest upon earth. This proves that point: travel broadens the mind."[4]

After this long conversation the old man ordered a coach and six sheep to be got ready, and twelve of his domestics to conduct the travelers to Court.

"Excuse me," said he, "if my age deprives me of the honor of accompanying you. The King will receive you in a way that cannot displease you; and no doubt you will make an allowance for the customs of the country, if some things should not be to your liking."

Candide and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace, situated at one end of the capital. The entranceway was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred feet wide; but words can't describe what it was made of, but it's obvious that those materials must be prodigiously superior to those pebbles and sand that we call "gold" and "precious stones."

Twenty beautiful women of the King's guard welcomed Candide and Cacambo as they stepped down from the coach, took them to the baths, and dressed them in robes of hummingbird down, after which the great crown officers, of both sexes, led them to the King's apartment, between two lines of musicians, a thousand on each side. As they drew near to the throne room, Cacambo asked one of the great officers how he should pay his respects to his Majesty. Should they fall on their knees, or prostrate themselves; should they put their hands on their heads or behind their backs; should they lick the dust off the floor? What was the protocol?

"The custom here," said the great officer, "is to embrace the King, and to kiss him on each cheek."

Candide and Cacambo threw themselves around his Majesty's neck. He received them with all the goodness imaginable, and politely invited them to supper.[5]

While waiting they were shown the city, and saw the public edifices raised as high as the clouds, the market places ornamented with a thousand columns, the fountains of spring water, those of rose water, those of liqueurs drawn from sugar-cane, incessantly flowing into the great squares, which were paved with a kind of precious stone, which gave off a delicious fragrancy like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candide asked to see the court of justice, the parliament. They told him they had none, and that they were strangers to lawsuits. He asked if they had any prisons, and they answered no. But what surprised him most and gave him the greatest pleasure was the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, and filled with instruments employed in mathematics and physics.

After rambling about the city the whole afternoon, and seeing but a thousandth part of it, they were reconducted to the royal palace, where Candide sat down to table with his Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies. Never was there a better entertainment, and never was more wit shown at a table than that which fell from his Majesty. Cacambo explained the King's bon-mots to Candide, and notwithstanding they were translated they still appeared to be bon-mots. Of all the things that surprised Candide this was not the least.

They spent a month in this hospitable place. Candide frequently said to Cacambo:

"I own, my friend, once more that the castle where I was born is nothing in comparison with this; but, after all, Miss Cunegonde is not here, and you have, without doubt, some mistress in Europe. If we abide here we shall only be upon a footing with the rest, whereas, if we return to our old world, only with twelve sheep laden

with the pebbles of El Dorado, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe. We shall have no more Inquisitors to fear, and we may easily recover Miss Cunegonde."

This speech was agreeable to Cacambo; mankind are so fond of roving, of making a figure in their own country, and of boasting of what they have seen in their travels, that the two happy ones resolved to be no longer so, but to ask his Majesty's leave to quit the country.

"You are foolish," said the King. "I am sensible that my kingdom is but a small place, but when a person is comfortably settled in any part he should abide there. I have not the right to detain strangers. It is a tyranny which neither our manners nor our laws permit. All men are free. Go when you wish, but the going will be very difficult. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river on which you came as by a miracle, and which runs under vaulted rocks. The mountains which surround my kingdom are ten thousand feet high, and as steep as walls; they are each over ten leagues in breadth, and there is no other way to descend them than by precipices. However, since you absolutely wish to depart, I shall give orders to my engineers to construct a machine that will convey you very safely. When we have conducted you over the mountains no one can accompany you further, for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too wise to break it. Ask me besides anything that you please."

"We desire nothing of your Majesty," says Candide, "but a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the earth of this country."

The King laughed.

"I cannot conceive," said he, "what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay, but take as much as you like, and great good may it do you."

At once he gave directions that his engineers should construct a machine to hoist up these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mathematicians went to work; it was ready in fifteen days, and did not cost more than twenty million sterling in the specie of that country. They placed Candide and Cacambo on the machine. There were two great red sheep saddled and bridled to ride upon as soon as they were beyond the mountains, twenty pack-sheep laden with provisions, thirty with presents of the curiosities of the country, and fifty with gold, diamonds, and precious stones. The King embraced the two wanderers very tenderly.

Their departure, with the ingenious manner in which they and their sheep were hoisted over the mountains, was a splendid spectacle. The mathematicians took their leave after conveying them to a place of safety, and Candide had no other desire, no other aim, than to present his sheep to Miss Cunegonde.[6]

"Now," said he, "we are able to pay the Governor of Buenos Ayres if Miss Cunegonde can be ransomed. Let us journey towards Cayenne. Let us embark, and we will afterwards see what kingdom we shall be able to purchase."

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[1] Perhaps to establish that he was not himself a dreamer, Voltaire locates his utopia in a place widely known by that time to be imaginary. He writes in a tradition that begins with Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (1517), and includes Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). All three authors present mock travelogues, books which describe wanderings into the great beyond, but announce their status as fiction at every turn.

Contrary to popular belief, More's *Utopia* is a playful book– in more than one sense. We have only to analyze More's coinage, "utopia", to see this. The term plays upon two Greek words: *eutopos*, meaning "a good place", and *outopos*, meaning "no place" or "nowhere." More would have expected his audience to pick up on this jest, this oscillation, immediately, for the community of scholars in Europe used Latin among themselves (Utopia was originally published in Latin) and studied Greek as a matter of course.

All through the book, Greek-derived place-names and other words enhance the joke: the good place is no place at all. The degree to which More intended his text to be read as a series of serious proposals is the subject of much debate. Voltaire's case is much clearer. We have every reason to think that he approved of the conditions in his "El Dorado"– as outsiders insist on calling it.

[2] By Voltaire's time it had become a popular activity to describe the contours of one's own "ideal commonwealth," and this is precisely what Voltaire was doing when he delineated the contours of El Dorado. All of its attributes point to this (with the possible exception of the large red sheep).

Above all, Voltaire's utopia is a place where gold has no value. In this section, he reminds the reader of some of the destruction that has been wrought by gold fever. The inhabitants of El Dorado see nothing special in it. They are extraordinarily wealthy in other respects, but they do not cling to their wealth, and are happy to share it with the newcomers. Candide and Cacambo enjoy what seems to them a banquet fit for a king, but learn that their hosts consider it very ordinary. Trying to pay for their meal, they are told it is free. We can safely assume that this applies to many if not most of life's essentials in El Dorado.

[3] Candide goes to El Dorado and he realizes that this place has no religion and is disorganized. None of the people attempts to force beliefs on others, no one is imprisoned and the king of El Dorado treats is visitors in the same way as the others.

Candide obtains in El Dorado more problems than advantages. He realizes that money does not bring happiness, however he acquires wealth but at the same time he suffers and lose confidence on himself.

[4] The old man considers Candide's questions to be strange because the truth, once revealed, is single and self-evident. The religion of El Dorado reflects Voltaire's ideals. There is no religious hierarchy; all are priests and spend their devotions in wonderfully musical thanksgiving. Since God has given them everything they could possibly desire, there is no need for affective prayer. In fact, such prayer would be considered churlish in the face of such divine generosity. Religious conflict is unknown. In Voltaire's eyes, this religion is a marvel of rationality.

[5] Everyone is on friendly terms with the monarch: kissing the king on both cheeks is to bridge the gap between social classes, and would of course have been unthinkable in Voltaire's time.

"Possibly there is a part of the world where everything is right," says Candide as he and his companion reach El Dorado, "for there must be some such place." Voltaire conjures up such a (no-) place, affording a glimpse of the perfect society as he understood it. For Voltaire, the ideal human community was one in which there was total agreement about life's fundamentals. Rank and riches are as dust, while art and science stand supreme. People want for nothing. Religious life is invariably simple, universal, and beautiful. The King of "El Dorado", as the Spaniards insist on calling it, counsels the two against leaving, and almost as soon as they do they lose the gold they had accrued as the red sheep falter and fail. But it is not wealth that has burst the utopian bubble for Candide; rather, it is human love. The loyal Candide still yearns to be reunited with Cunegonde, his heart's desire, and it is rather difficult—for us, at least– to reproach him for that.

[6] Candide has his own reasons for journeying through South America. However, as regards the historical explorers, it is important for us to keep in mind the heady effect that all this uncharted land in the Americas had on Europeans; indeed, parts of the Northwest Pacific remained unmapped until the late 19th Century. What a spur this was for speculation, both literal and figurative! For Spanish, English, French and Portuguese explorers and settlers, the idea that the perfect place might lie just over the horizon was irresistible, and it powered the drive West in South, Central, and North America. Some of the most intriguing artefacts from this period are what one might call speculative maps: when cartographers lacked information, they often simply guessed instead of designating the area in question terra incognita. For example, one Spanish map situates a kind of Silverado in what is now known as Oregon and Washington State. (Argentina is of course named for silver as well.) Another posited a massive inland sea covering the West.

Chapter 19

What Happened to Them in Surinam, and How Candide Came to Know Martin

Our travelers spent the first day very agreeably. They were delighted with possessing more treasure than all Asia, Europe, and Africa could scrape together. Candide, in his raptures, cut Cunegonde's name on the trees. The second day two of their sheep plunged into a morass, where they and their burdens were lost; two more died of fatigue a few days after; seven or eight perished with hunger in a desert; and others subsequently fell down precipices. At length, after travelling a hundred days, only two sheep remained. Said Candide to Cacambo:

"My friend, you see how perishable are the riches of this world; there is nothing solid but virtue, and the happiness of seeing Cunegonde once more."

"I grant all you say," said Cacambo, "but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than the King of Spain will ever have; and I see a town which I take to be Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of all our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness."[1]

As they drew near the town, they saw a negro stretched upon the ground, with only one moiety of his clothes, that is, of his blue linen drawers; the poor man had lost his left leg and his right hand.

"Good God!" said Candide in Dutch, "what are you doing there, friend, in that shocking condition?"

"I am waiting for my master, Mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous merchant," answered the negro.

"Was it Mynheer Vanderdendur," said Candide, "that treated you this way?"

"Yes, sir," said the negro, "it is the custom. They give us a pair of linen drawers for our whole garment twice a year. When we work at the sugar-canes, and the mill snatches hold of a finger, they cut off the hand; and when we attempt to run away, they cut off the leg; both cases have happened to me. This is the price at which you eat sugar in Europe. Yet when my mother sold me for ten patagons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me: 'My dear child, honor our fetiches,[2] adore them forever; they will make you live happily; you have the honor of being the slave of our lords, the whites, which is making the fortune of your father and mother.' Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortunes; this I know, that they have not made mine. Dogs, monkeys, and parrots are a thousand times less wretched than I. The Dutch fetiches, who have converted me, declare every Sunday that we are all of us children of Adam—blacks as well as whites. I am not a genealogist, but if these preachers tell truth, we are all second cousins. Now, you must agree, that it is impossible to treat one's relations in a more barbarous manner."[3]

"Oh, Pangloss!" cried Candide, "you did not know of this abomination; it is the end. I must at last renounce your optimism."[4]

"What is this optimism?" said Cacambo.

"Alas!" said Candide, "it is the madness of maintaining that everything is right when it is wrong."

Looking at the negro, he shed tears, and weeping, he entered Surinam.

The first thing they inquired after was whether there was a vessel in the harbor which could be sent to Buenos Ayres. The person to whom they applied was a Spanish sea-captain, who offered to agree with them upon reasonable terms. He appointed to meet them at a public-house, whither Candide and the faithful Cacambo went with their two sheep, and awaited his coming.

Candide, who had his heart upon his lips, told the Spaniard all his adventures, and avowed that he intended to elope with Miss Cunegonde.

"Then I will take good care not to carry you to Buenos Ayres," said the seaman. "I should be hanged, and so would you. The fair Cunegonde is my lord's favorite mistress."[5]

This was a thunderclap for Candide: he wept for a long while. At last he drew Cacambo aside.

"Here, my dear friend," said he to him, "this you must do. We have, each of us in his pocket, five or six millions in diamonds; you are more clever than I; you must go and bring Miss Cunegonde from Buenos Ayres. If the Governor makes any difficulty, give him a million; if he will not relinquish her, give him two; as you have not killed an Inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you; I'll get another ship, and go and wait for you at Venice; that's a free country, where there is no danger either from Bulgars, Abares, Jews, or Inquisitors."

Cacambo applauded this wise resolution. He despaired at parting from so good a master, who had become his intimate friend; but the pleasure of serving him prevailed over the pain of leaving him. They embraced with tears; Candide charged him not to forget the good old woman. Cacambo set out that very same day. This Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candide stayed some time longer in Surinam, waiting for another captain to carry him and the two remaining sheep to Italy. After he had hired domestics, and purchased everything necessary for a long voyage, Mynheer Vanderdendur, captain of a large vessel, came and offered his services.

"How much will you charge," said he to this man, "to carry me straight to Venice—me, my servants, my baggage, and these two sheep?"

The skipper asked ten thousand piastres. Candide did not hesitate.

"Oh! oh!" said the prudent Vanderdendur to himself, "this stranger gives ten thousand piastres unhesitatingly! He must be very rich."

Returning a little while after, he let him know that upon second consideration, he could not undertake the voyage for less than twenty thousand piastres.

"Well, you shall have them," said Candide.

"Ay!" said the skipper to himself, "this man agrees to pay twenty thousand piastres with as much ease as ten."

He went back to him again, and declared that he could not carry him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres.

"Then you shall have thirty thousand," replied Candide.

"Oh! oh!" said the Dutch skipper once more to himself, "thirty thousand piastres are a trifle to this man; surely these sheep must be laden with an immense treasure; let us say no more about it. First of all, let him pay down the thirty thousand piastres; then we shall see."

Candide sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than what the skipper asked for his freight. He paid him in advance. The two sheep were put on board. Candide followed in a little boat to join the vessel in the roads. The skipper seized his opportunity, set sail, and put out to sea, the wind favoring him. Candide, dismayed and stupefied, soon lost sight of the vessel.

"Alas!" said he, "this is a trick worthy of the old world!"

He put back, overwhelmed with sorrow, for indeed he had lost sufficient to make the fortune of twenty monarchs. He waited upon the Dutch magistrate, and in his distress he knocked over loudly at the door. He entered and told his adventure, raising his voice with unnecessary vehemence. The magistrate began by fining him ten thousand piastres for making a noise; then he listened patiently, promised to examine into his affair at the skipper's return, and ordered him to pay ten thousand piastres for the expense of the hearing.

This drove Candide to despair; he had, indeed, endured misfortunes a thousand times worse; the coolness of the magistrate and of the skipper who had robbed him, roused his choler and flung him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself before his imagination in all its deformity, and his mind was filled with gloomy ideas. At length hearing that a French vessel was ready to set sail for Bordeaux, as he had no sheep laden with diamonds to take along with him he hired a cabin at the usual price. He made it known 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, upon condition that this man was the most dissatisfied with his state, and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Such a crowd of candidates presented themselves that a fleet of ships could hardly have held them. Candide being desirous of selecting from among the best, marked out about one-twentieth of them who seemed to be sociable men, and who all pretended to merit his preference. He assembled them at his inn, and gave them a supper on condition that each took an oath to relate his history faithfully, promising to choose him who appeared to be most justly discontented with his state, and to bestow some presents upon the rest.

They sat until four o'clock in the morning. Candide, in listening to all their adventures, was reminded of what the old woman had said to him in their voyage to Buenos Ayres, and of her wager that there was not a person on board the ship but had met with very great misfortunes. He dreamed of Pangloss at every adventure told to him.

"This Pangloss," said he, "would be puzzled to demonstrate his system. I wish that he were here. Certainly, if all things are good, it is in El Dorado and not in the rest of the world."

At length he made choice of a poor man of letters, who had worked ten years for the booksellers of Amsterdam. He judged that there was not in the whole world a trade which could disgust one more.[6]

This philosopher was an honest man; but he had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and abandoned by his daughter who got a Portuguese to run away with her. He had just been deprived of a small employment, on which he subsisted; and he was persecuted by the preachers of Surinam, who took him for a Socinian.[7] We must allow that the others were at least as wretched as he; but Candide hoped that the philosopher would entertain him during the voyage. All the other candidates complained that Candide had done them great injustice; but he appeased them by giving one hundred piastres to each.

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[1] Voltaire was not the first to set a work of literature in Surinam, the slave-holding Dutch colony on the northeast coast of South America. Best remembered today is Aphra Behn's novella of 1688, *Oroonoko; or, the Royal Slave*. Better known in Voltaire's era was Thomas Southerne's tragedy based on Behn's story, also titled *Oroonoko*, first staged in London in 1695 and performed more than 300 times in London between 1700 and 1800). In both, the subject of African slavery is central. As late as the 1790s Surinam still figured prominently in literature about the New World. See, for example, John Gabriel Stedman's *Narrative of a Five Years Expedition Against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam* (London, 1796) which, remarkably, contained engravings by William Blake.

[2] *Fetiche* – originally referred to a sacred object which primitive populations worshipped. It then came to refer to the Dutch missionaries.

[3] In this episode Voltaire displays strong anti-slavery sympathies. He had earlier treated the subject of slavery in his short story "The Travels of Scarmentado" (1756), in which an African corsair captain explains why he has taken Scarmentado and other whites captive: "You have a long nose and we have a short one; your hair is straight and ours is curled; your skin is ash-colored and ours is of the color of ebon; and therefore we ought, by the sacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coast of Guinea like beasts of burden, to make us labor in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mines for a kind of yellow earth, which in itself is good for nothing, and is not so valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner wherever we meet you, and are superior to you in strength, we make you slaves, and oblige you to cultivate our fields, or in case of refusal we cut off your nose and ears." Through the irony, one can hear Voltaire's indictment of racism and justification for violent retribution. In the story, Scarmentado is held as a slave for one year.

Here Voltaire scarcely exaggerates the violence. Runaway and resistant slaves were routinely maimed, tortured, and even killed, both as punishment and as a deterrent to others. In connecting the miseries of this slave with the ubiquitous luxury of sugar on European tables and in European mouths, Voltaire anticipates by more than thirty years the sugar boycotts of the 1790s by which anti-slavery protestors (led by women) sought to bring economic pressure to bear on the whole slave-based system. The poor slave's recollection of what his mother told him in Africa foreshadows a similar passage in William Blake's poem of 1789, "The Little Black Boy." Voltaire's ironic attack on the hypocrisy of Christians who "declare every Sunday that we are all of us children of Adam" is of a piece with his repeated attacks on organized religion everywhere in his works. But it is also part of a long tradition of anti-slavery writers who savaged nominal Christians for practicing slavery and enjoying the fruits of slave labor. From Defoe's condemnation of traders

who “barter baubles for the souls of men (“Reformation of Manners,” 1702), to Phillis Wheatley’s rebuke “Remember, Christians, Negroes black as Cain, / May be refin’d and join the angelic train” (“On Being Brought from Africa to America,” 1773), to Harriet Beecher Stowe’s lament that black slaves have “for centuries . . . lain bound and bleeding at the foot of civilized and Christianized humanity, imploring compassion in vain” (Preface to Uncle Tom’s Cabin, 1852), a growing tide of writers including Voltaire focused on Christian hypocrisy as the darkest aspect of an already immoral practice.

[4] It is remarkable that the horrors of slavery, in the form of one man’s maimed and beaten body, are what move Candide to “at last renounce [Pangloss’] optimism. Also, this is the only point in the novel when Candide is moved to tears by the suffering of another person.

[5] It does not occur to Candide, laden with riches at this point in his journey, to offer aid to the very miserable fellow he has just passed on the road. Furnished “with more treasure than the king of Spain will ever be possessed of” by Candide’s own estimation, he does not consider the possibility of offering aid to the man, or waiting for the master in order to buy the man’s freedom; instead, he goes right on to conduct routine business with a sea captain who goes by the same name as the slave-master (Vanderdedur). Candide will reduce suffering by dispensing a little of his great wealth in Chapter 26, giving charity to the deposed King Theodore of Corsica (who was actually a German adventurer who created that throne through commercial sponsorship, then managed to hang onto it for eight months). Perhaps tragedy is too deep: Candide instead engages in farce.

Or maybe Voltaire is commenting quietly upon his own failing here, as well as that of his society. His bleak picture of the slave’s plight indicates his understanding of the sugar plantations. Yet one of the richest men in Europe would not curb his habit, and so would knowingly contribute to slavery and the suffering of others for the sake of luxury.

[6] Because of French censorship, Dutch freedom of the press, and the lack of international copyright laws, many French books were published piratically in Holland. Voltaire, among others, had suffered much from this pirating.

[7] Historically, the Socinians tried to create a more rational version of Christianity, one that did not rely on mysteries such as the doctrine of the trinity. In Voltaire’s day, “Socinian” was a general term of disregard for people who were not heretics but were unconventional in their theology.

Chapter 20

What Happened at Sea to Candide and Martin

The old philosopher, whose name was Martin, embarked then with Candide for Bordeaux. They had both seen and suffered a great deal; and if the vessel had sailed from Surinam to Japan, by the Cape of Good Hope, the subject of moral and natural evil would have enabled them to entertain one another during the whole voyage.

Candide, however, had one great advantage over Martin, in that he always hoped to see Miss Cunegonde; whereas Martin had nothing at all to hope. Besides, Candide was possessed of money and jewels, and though he had lost one hundred large red sheep, laden with the greatest treasure upon earth; though the knavery of the Dutch skipper still sat heavy upon his mind; yet when he reflected upon what he had still left, and when he mentioned the name of Cunegonde, especially towards the latter end of a repast, he inclined to Pangloss's doctrine.[1]

"But you, Mr. Martin," said he to the philosopher, "what do you think of all this? what are your ideas on moral and natural evil?"

"Sir," answered Martin, "our priests accused me of being a Socinian, but the real fact is I am a Manichean."[2]

"You jest," said Candide; "there are no longer Manicheans in the world."

"I am one," said Martin. "I cannot help it; I know not how to think otherwise."

"Surely you must be possessed by the devil," said Candide.

"He is so deeply concerned in the affairs of this world," answered Martin, "that he may very well be in me, as well as in everybody else; but I own to you that when I cast an eye on this globe, or rather on this little ball, I cannot help thinking that God has abandoned it to some malignant being. I except, always, El Dorado. I scarcely ever knew a city that did not desire the destruction of a neighboring city, nor a family that did not wish to exterminate some other family. Everywhere the weak execrate the powerful, before whom they cringe; and the powerful beat them like sheep whose wool and flesh they sell. A million regimented assassins, from one extremity of Europe to the other, get their bread by disciplined depredation and murder, for want of more honest employment. Even in those cities which seem to enjoy peace, and where the arts flourish, the inhabitants are devoured by more envy, care, and uneasiness than are experienced by a besieged town. Secret griefs are more cruel than public calamities. In a word I have seen so much, and experienced so much that I am a Manichean."

"There are, however, some things good," said Candide.

"That may be," said Martin; "but I know them not."[3]

In the middle of this dispute they heard the report of cannon; it redoubled every instant. Each took out his glass. They saw two ships in close fight about three miles off. The wind brought both so near to the French vessel that our travelers had the pleasure of seeing the fight at their ease. At length one let off a broadside, so low and so truly aimed, that the other sank to the bottom. Candide and Martin could plainly perceive a hundred men on the deck of the sinking vessel; they raised their hands to heaven and uttered terrible outcries, and the next moment were swallowed up by the sea.

"Well," said Martin, "this is how men treat one another."

"It is true," said Candide; "there is something diabolical in this affair."

While speaking, he saw he knew not what, of a shining red, swimming close to the vessel. They put out the long-boat to see what it could be: it was one of his sheep! Candide was more rejoiced at the recovery of this one sheep than he had been grieved at the loss of the hundred laden with the large diamonds of El Dorado.

The French captain soon saw that the captain of the victorious vessel was a Spaniard, and that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very same one who had robbed Candide. The immense plunder which this villain had amassed, was buried with him in the sea, and out of the whole only one sheep was saved.

"You see," said Candide to Martin, "that crime is sometimes punished. This rogue of a Dutch skipper has met with the fate he deserved."

"Yes," said Martin; "but why should the passengers be doomed also to destruction? God has punished the knave, and the devil has drowned the rest."

The French and Spanish ships continued their course, and Candide continued his conversation with Martin. They disputed fifteen successive days, and on the last of those fifteen days, they were as far advanced as on the first. But, however, they chatted, they communicated ideas, they consoled each other. Candide caressed his sheep.

"Since I have found you again," said he, "I may likewise chance to find my Cunegonde."[4]

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[1] Hope is not the same thing as optimism, and it is ultimately hope that distinguishes Candide.

[2] Manicheans believed that the earth was a battleground between the forces of light and the forces of darkness, each with an independent existence. They solved the problem of evil by believing in two equally powerful forces in conflict. Evil exists because God simply does not have the power to eliminate it.

There's great comic tension between the philosophy of Pangloss, where evil is by definition good, and Martin's dualistic point of view where evil is, for lack of a better term, evil. Ironically, Martin's belief in a dead religion comes directly from observed experience, whereas Candide's belief in optimism comes from books and Pangloss.

[3] Candide offers a hilariously feeble defense in support of the best of all possible worlds here, and this exchange is almost like the punchline to the monologue that precedes it. It also serves as a microcosm of the kinds of interactions that Candide has with a variety of sufferers throughout the book.

[4] Coincidence (and luck) is part and parcel of *Candide*. As always, Voltaire exaggerates; he piles coincidence and lucky chance onto one another with dizzying, impossible quickness. These moments function as pure comic effect, as plot device, and as a way of satirizing literary forms, among other things. Yet they also reinforce the idea that we are somehow connected, and the hope that we can actually find each other (and a better life) as we blunder around in this chaotic world. Voltaire himself must have thought hope was important (even if it is so consistently dashed in *Candide*). He ended his poem about the Lisbon Earthquake by writing that hope was man's sole happiness on Earth:

> "A caliph once when his last hour drew nigh,
> Prayed in such terms as these to the most high:
> 'Being supreme, whose greatness knows no bound,
> I bring thee all that can't in Thee be found;
> Defects and sorrows, ignorance and woe.'
> Hope he omitted, man's sole bliss below.
> (from the Theo Cuffe translation)

Of course, Voltaire was coy about whether hope meant the hope of heaven, or the hope of making the world a better place.

Chapter 21

Candide and Martin, Reasoning, Draw Near the Coast of France

At length they spied the coast of France.

"Were you ever in France, Mr. Martin?" said Candide.

"Yes," said Martin, "I have been in several provinces. In some half of the people are fools, in others they are too cunning; in some they are weak and simple, in others they affect to be witty; in all, their principal occupation is love, the next is slander, and the third is talking nonsense."

"But, Mr. Martin, have you seen Paris?"

"Yes, I have. All these kinds are found there. It is a chaos—a confused multitude, where everybody seeks pleasure and scarcely any one finds it, at least as it appeared to me. I made a short stay there. On my arrival I was robbed of all I had by pickpockets at the fair of St. Germain. I myself was taken for a robber and was imprisoned for eight days, after which I served as corrector of the press to gain the money necessary for my return to Holland on foot. I knew the whole scribbling rabble, the party rabble, the fanatic rabble. It is said that there are very polite people in that city, and I wish to believe it."

"For my part, I have no curiosity to see France," said Candide. "You may easily imagine that after spending a month at El Dorado I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Miss Cunegonde. I go to await her at Venice. We shall pass through France on our way to Italy. Will you bear me company?"

"With all my heart," said Martin. "It is said that Venice is fit only for its own nobility, but that strangers meet with a very good reception if they have a good deal of money. I have none of it; you have, therefore I will follow you all over the world."

"But do you believe," said Candide, "that the earth was originally a sea, as we find it asserted in that large book belonging to the captain?"

"I do not believe a word of it," said Martin, "any more than I do of the many ravings which have been published lately."

"But for what end, then, has this world been formed?" said Candide.

"To plague us to death," answered Martin.

"Are you not greatly surprised," continued Candide, "at the love which these two girls of the Oreillons had for those monkeys, of which I have already told you?"

"Not at all," said Martin. "I do not see that that passion was strange. I have seen so many extraordinary things that I have ceased to be surprised."

"Do you believe," said Candide, "that men have always massacred each other as they do to-day, that they have always been liars, cheats, traitors, ingrates, brigands, idiots, thieves, scoundrels, gluttons, drunkards, misers, envious, ambitious, bloody-minded, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?"

"Do you believe," said Martin, "that hawks have always eaten pigeons when they have found them?"

"Yes, without doubt," said Candide.

"Well, then," said Martin, "if hawks have always had the same character why should you imagine that men may have changed theirs?"

"Oh!" said Candide, "there is a vast deal of difference, for free will——"

And reasoning thus they arrived at Bordeaux.

Chapter 22

What Happened to Candide and Martin in France

Candide stayed in Bordeaux no longer than was necessary for the selling of a few of the pebbles from El Dorado, and for hiring a good chaise to hold two passengers; for he could not travel without his Philosopher Martin. He was only vexed at parting with his sheep, which he left to the Bordeaux Academy of Sciences, who set as a subject for that year's prize, "to find why this sheep's wool was red;" and the prize was awarded to a learned man of the North, who demonstrated by A plus B minus C divided by Z, that the sheep must be red, and die of the rot.

Meanwhile, all the travelers whom Candide met in the inns along his route, said to him, "We go to Paris." This general eagerness at length gave him, too, a desire to see this capital; and it was not so very great a detour from the road to Venice.

He entered Paris by the suburb of St. Marceau,[1] and fancied that he was in the dirtiest village of Westphalia.

Scarcely was Candide arrived at his inn, than he found himself attacked by a slight illness, caused by fatigue. As he had a very large diamond on his finger, and the people of the inn had taken notice of a prodigiously heavy box among his baggage, there were two physicians to attend him, though he had never sent for them, and two devotees who warmed his broths.

"I remember," Martin said, "also to have been sick at Paris in my first voyage; I was very poor, thus I had neither friends, devotees, nor doctors, and I recovered."

However, what with physic and bleeding, Candide's illness became serious. A priest without a parish came with great meekness to ask for a bill for the other world payable to the bearer.[2] Candide would do nothing for him; but the devotees assured him it was the new fashion. He answered that he was not a man of fashion. Martin wished to throw the priest out of the window. The priest swore that they would not bury Candide. Martin swore that he would bury the priest if he continued to be troublesome. The quarrel grew heated. Martin took him by the shoulders and roughly turned him out of doors; which caused a great scandal and a law-suit.

Candide got well again, and during his convalescence he had very good company to sup with him. They played high-stakes card games. Candide wondered why it was that the aces never came to him, but Martin was not at all astonished.

Among those who did him the honors of the town was a little Abbé of Perigord, one of those busybodies who are ever alert, officious, forward, fawning, and complaisant; who watch for strangers in their passage through the capital, tell them the scandalous history of the town, and offer them pleasure at all prices. He first took Candide and Martin to the theater, where they played a new tragedy. Candide happened to be seated near some of the fashionable wits. This did not prevent his shedding tears at the well-acted scenes. One of these critics at his side said to him between the acts:

"Your tears are misplaced; that is a shocking actress; the actor who plays with her is yet worse; and the play is still worse than the actors. The author does not know a word of Arabic, yet the scene is in Arabia; moreover he is a man that does not believe in innate ideas; and I will bring you, to-morrow, twenty pamphlets written against him."

"How many dramas have you in France, sir?" said Candide to the Abbé.

"Five or six thousand."

"That's a lot!" said Candide. "How many of them are good?"

"Fifteen or sixteen," replied the other.

"That's a lot!" said Martin.

Candide was very taken with the actress who played Queen Elizabeth in a somewhat insipid tragedy that is rarely performed.

"That actress," said he to Martin, "pleases me much; she has a likeness to Miss Cunegonde; I should very much like to introduce myself to her."

The Perigordian Abbé offered to introduce him. Candide, brought up in Germany, asked what was the etiquette, and how they treated queens of England in France.

"It is necessary to make distinctions," said the Abbé. "In the provinces one takes them to the inn; in Paris, one respects them when they are beautiful, and throws them to the roadside when they are dead."

"Queens on the roadside!" said Candide.

"Yes, truly," said Martin, "the Abbé is right. I was in Paris when Miss Monime passed, as the saying is, from this life to the other. She was refused what people here call an honorable burial[3]—that is to say, of rotting with all the beggars of the neighborhood in an ugly cemetery; she was interred all alone by her company at the corner of the Rue de Bourgogne, which ought to trouble her much, for she had a noble mind."

"That was very uncivil," said Candide.

"What would you expect?" said Martin; "this is the way these people are. Imagine any contradiction, any possible inconsistency—you will find it in the government, in the law-courts, in the churches, in the public shows of this droll nation."

"Is it true that they always laugh in Paris?" said Candide.

"Yes," said the Abbé, "but it means nothing, for they complain of everything with great fits of laughter; they even do the most detestable things while laughing."

"Who," said Candide, "is that great pig who spoke so ill of the play at which I wept, and of the actors who gave me so much pleasure?"

"He is a horrible person," answered the Abbé, "who makes his living by criticizing every play and every book. He hates whatever succeeds, as the eunuchs hate those who enjoy sex; he is one of the serpents of literature who nourish themselves on dirt and spite; he is a folliculaire."[4]

"What is a folliculaire?" said Candide.

"It is," said the Abbé, "a pamphleteer—a Fréron."

Thus Candide, Martin, and the Perigordian conversed on the staircase, while watching every one go out after the performance.

"Although I am eager to see Cunegonde again," said Candide, "I should like to sup with Miss Clairon, for she appears to me admirable."

The Abbé was not the man to approach Miss Clairon, who saw only good company.

"She is engaged for this evening," he said, "but I shall have the honor to take you to the house of a lady of quality, and there you will know Paris as if you had lived in it for years."

Candide, who was naturally curious, let himself be taken to this lady's house, at the end of the Faubourg St. Honoré. The company was occupied in playing faro;[5] a dozen sad punters each held a small hand of cards, the record of all their misfortunes. A deep silence reigned; pallor was on the faces of the punters, anxiety on that of the banker, and the hostess, sitting near the unpitying banker, noticed with lynx-eyes all the doubled and other increased stakes, as each player dog-eared his cards; she made them turn down the edges again with severe but polite attention; she showed no vexation for fear of losing her customers. The lady insisted upon being called the Marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, aged fifteen, was among the punters, and tipped her off with a wink to the cheating of the poor people who tried to repair the cruelties of fate. The Perigordian Abbé, Candide

and Martin entered; no one rose, no one saluted them, no one looked at them; all were profoundly occupied with their cards.

"The Baroness of Thunder-ten-Tronckh was more polite," said Candide.

However, the Abbé whispered to the Marchioness, who half rose, honored Candide with a gracious smile, and Martin with a condescending nod; she gave a seat and a pack of cards to Candide, who lost fifty thousand francs in two deals, after which they supped very gaily, and everyone was astonished that Candide was not moved by his loss; the servants said among themselves, in the language of servants:—

"Some English lord is here this evening."

The supper passed at first like most Parisian suppers, in silence, followed by a noise of words which could not be distinguished, then with pleasantries of which most were insipid, with false news, with bad reasoning, a little politics, and much evil speaking; they also discussed new books.

"Have you seen," said the Perigordian Abbé, "the romance of Sieur Gauchat, doctor of divinity?"

"Yes," answered one of the guests, "but I have not been able to finish it. We have a crowd of silly writings, but all together do not approach the impertinence of 'Gauchat, Doctor of Divinity.' I am so satiated with the great number of detestable books with which we are inundated that I am reduced to punting at faro."

"And the Mélanges of Archdeacon Trublet, what do you say of that?" said the Abbé.

"Ah!" said the Marchioness of Parolignac, "the wearisome mortal! How curiously he repeats to you all that the world knows! How heavily he discusses that which is not worth the trouble of lightly remarking upon! How, without wit, he appropriates the wit of others! How he spoils what he steals! How he disgusts me! But he will disgust me no longer—it is enough to have read a few of the Archdeacon's pages."

There was at table a wise man of taste, who supported the Marchioness. They spoke afterwards of tragedies; the lady asked why there were tragedies which were sometimes played and which could not be read. The man of taste explained very well how a piece could have some interest, and have almost no merit; he proved in few words that it was not enough to introduce one or two of those situations which one finds in all romances, and which always seduce the spectator, but that it was necessary to be new without being odd, often sublime and always natural, to know the human heart and to make it speak; to be a great poet without allowing any person in the piece to appear to be a poet; to know language perfectly—to speak it with purity, with continuous harmony and without rhythm ever taking anything from sense.

"Whoever," added he, "does not observe all these rules can produce one or two tragedies, applauded at a theatre, but he will never be counted in the ranks of good writers. There are very few good tragedies; some are idylls in dialogue, well written and well rhymed, others political reasonings which lull to sleep, or amplifications which repel; others demoniac dreams in barbarous style, interrupted in sequence, with long apostrophes to the gods, because they do not know how to speak to men, with false maxims, with bombastic commonplaces!"

Candide listened with attention to this discourse, and conceived a great idea of the speaker, and as the Marchioness had taken care to place him beside her, he leaned towards her and took the liberty of asking who was the man who had spoken so well.

"He is a scholar," said the lady, "who does not play, whom the Abbé sometimes brings to supper; he is perfectly at home among tragedies and books, and he has written a tragedy which was hissed, and a book of which nothing has ever been seen outside his bookseller's shop excepting the copy which he dedicated to me."

"The great man!" said Candide. "He is another Pangloss!"

Then, turning towards him, he said:

"Sir, you think doubtless that all is for the best in the moral and physical world, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is?"

"I, sir!" answered the scholar, "I know nothing of all that; I find that all goes awry with me; that no one knows either what is his rank, nor what is his condition, what he does nor what he ought to do; and that except supper, which is always gay, and where there appears to be enough concord, all the rest of the time is passed in impertinent quarrels; Jansenist against Molinist, Parliament against the Church, men of letters against men of letters, courtesans against courtesans, financiers against the people, wives against husbands, relatives against relatives—it is eternal war."

"I have seen the worst," Candide replied. "But a wise man, who since has had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that all is marvelously well; these are but the shadows on a beautiful picture."

"Your hanged man mocked the world," said Martin. "The shadows are horrible blots."

"They are men who make the blots," said Candide, "and they cannot be dispensed with."

"It is not their fault then," said Martin.

Most of the punters, who understood nothing of this language, drank, and Martin reasoned with the scholar, and Candide related some of his adventures to his hostess.

After supper the Marchioness took Candide into her boudoir, and made him sit upon a sofa.

"Ah, well!" said she to him, "you love desperately Miss Cunegonde of Thunder-ten-Tronckh?"

"Yes, madame," answered Candide.

The Marchioness replied to him with a tender smile:

"You answer me like a young man from Westphalia. A Frenchman would have said, 'It is true that I have loved Miss Cunegonde, but seeing you, madame, I think I no longer love her.'"

"Alas! madame," said Candide, "I will answer you as you wish."

"Your passion for her," said the Marchioness, "commenced by picking up her handkerchief. I wish that you would pick up my garter."

"With all my heart," said Candide. And he picked it up.

"But I wish that you would put it on," said the lady.

And Candide put it on.

"You see," said she, "you are a foreigner. I sometimes make my Parisian lovers languish for fifteen days, but I give myself to you the first night because one must do the honors of one's country to a young man from Westphalia."

The lady having perceived two enormous diamonds upon the hands of the young foreigner praised them with such good faith that from Candide's fingers they passed to her own.

Candide, returning with the Perigordian Abbé, felt some remorse in having been unfaithful to Miss Cunegonde. The Abbé sympathized with his trouble; he had had but a light part of the fifty thousand francs lost at play and of the value of the two brilliants, half given, half extorted. His design was to profit as much as he could by the advantages which the acquaintance of Candide could procure for him. He spoke much of Cunegonde, and Candide told him that he should ask forgiveness of that beautiful one for his infidelity when he should see her in Venice.

The Abbé redoubled his politeness and attentions, and took a tender interest in all that Candide said, in all that he did, in all that he wished to do.

"And so, sir, you have a rendezvous at Venice?"

"Yes, monsieur Abbé," answered Candide. "It is absolutely necessary that I go to meet Miss Cunegonde."

And then the pleasure of talking of that which he loved induced him to relate, according to his custom, part of his adventures with the fair Westphalian.

"I believe," said the Abbé, "that Miss Cunegonde has a great deal of wit, and that she writes charming letters?"

"I have never received any from her," said Candide, "for being expelled from the castle on her account I had not an opportunity for writing to her. Soon after that I heard she was dead; then I found her alive; then I lost her again; and last of all, I sent an express to her two thousand five hundred leagues from here, and I wait for an answer."

The Abbé listened attentively, and seemed to be in a brown study. He soon took his leave of the two foreigners after a most tender embrace. The following day Candide received, on awaking, a letter couched in these terms:

> "My very dear love, for eight days I have been ill in this town. I learn that you are here. I would fly to your arms if I could but move. I was informed of your passage at Bordeaux, where I left faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are to follow me very soon. The Governor of Buenos Ayres has taken all, but there remains to me your heart. Come! your presence will either give me life or kill me with pleasure."

This charming, this unhoped-for letter transported Candide with an inexpressible joy, and the illness of his dear Cunegonde overwhelmed him with grief. Divided between those two passions, he took his gold and his diamonds and hurried away, with Martin, to the hotel where Miss Cunegonde was lodged. He entered her room trembling, his heart palpitating, his voice sobbing; he wished to open the curtains of the bed, and asked for a light.

"Take care what you do," said the servant-maid; "the light hurts her," and immediately she drew the curtain again.

"My dear Cunegonde," 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 put a plump hand out from the bed, and Candide bathed it with his tears and afterwards filled it with diamonds, leaving a bag of gold upon the easy chair.

In the midst of these transports in came an officer, followed by the Abbé and a file of soldiers.

"There," said he, "are the two suspected foreigners," and at the same time he ordered them to be seized and carried to prison.

"Travelers are not treated thus in El Dorado," said Candide.

"I am more a Manichean now than ever," said Martin.

"But pray, sir, where are you going to carry us?" said Candide.

"To a dungeon," answered the officer.

Martin, having recovered himself a little, judged that the lady who acted the part of Cunegonde was a cheat, that the Perigordian Abbé was a knave who had imposed upon the honest simplicity of Candide, and that the officer was another knave whom they might easily silence.

Candide, advised by Martin and impatient to see the real Cunegonde, rather than expose himself before a court of justice, proposed to the officer to give him three small diamonds, each worth about three thousand pistoles.

"Ah, sir," said the man with the ivory baton, "had you committed all the imaginable crimes you would be to me the most honest man in the world. Three diamonds! Each worth three thousand pistoles! Sir, instead of carrying you to jail I would lose my life to serve you. There are orders for arresting all foreigners, but leave it to me. I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy! I'll conduct you thither, and if you have a diamond to give him he'll take as much care of you as I would."

"And why," said Candide, "should all foreigners be arrested?"

"It is," the Perigordian Abbé then made answer, "because a poor beggar of the country of Atrébatie heard some foolish things said. This induced him to commit a parricide, not such as that of 1610 in the month of May, but such as that of 1594 in the month of December, and such as others which have been committed in other years and other months by other poor devils who had heard nonsense spoken."

The officer then explained what the Abbé meant.

"Ah, the monsters!" cried Candide. "What horrors among a people who dance and sing! Is there no way of getting quickly out of this country where monkeys provoke tigers? I have seen no bears in my country, but men I have beheld nowhere except in El Dorado. In the name of God, sir, conduct me to Venice, where I am to await Miss Cunegonde."

"I can conduct you no further than lower Normandy," said the officer.

Immediately he ordered his irons to be struck off, acknowledged himself mistaken, sent away his men, set out with Candide and Martin for Dieppe, and left them in the care of his brother.

There was then a small Dutch ship in the harbor. The Norman, who by the virtue of three more diamonds had become the most subservient of men, put Candide and his attendants on board a vessel that was just ready to set sail for Portsmouth in England.

This was not the way to Venice, but Candide thought he had made his way out of hell, and reckoned that he would soon have an opportunity for resuming his journey.

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[1] In Voltaire's day, one of the worst slums on the outskirts of Paris

[2] A reference to *billets de confession*, without which one could not be given last rites.

[3] This denial means that she could not be buried in consecrated ground. This was actually a common occurrence upon the death of an actor.

[4] Voltaire invented the term *folliculaire*, which is still in use, to describe any bad journalist or publicist.

[5] *Faro* – a gambling card game popular in Europe and the US in the 18th and 19th centuries. Its popularity waned as the popularity of poker rose in the early 20th century.

Chapter 23

Candide and Martin Touched Upon the Coast of England, and What They Saw There

"Ah, Pangloss! Pangloss! Ah, Martin! Martin! Ah, my dear Cunegonde, what sort of a world is this?" said Candide on board the Dutch ship.

"Something very foolish and abominable," said Martin.

"You know England? Are they as foolish there as in France?"

"It is another kind of folly," said Martin. "You know that these two nations are at war for a few acres of snow in Canada, and that they spend over this beautiful war much more than Canada is worth. To tell you exactly, whether there are more people fit to send to a madhouse in one country than the other, is what my imperfect intelligence will not permit. I only know in general that the people we are going to see are very atrabilious."[1]

Talking thus they arrived at Portsmouth. The coast was lined with crowds of people, whose eyes were fixed on a fine man kneeling, with his eyes bandaged, on board one of the men of war in the harbor. Four soldiers stood opposite to this man; each of them fired three balls at his head, with all the calmness in the world; and the whole assembly went away very well satisfied.

"What is all this?" said Candide; "and what demon is it that exercises his empire in this country?"

He then asked who was that fine man who had been killed with so much ceremony. They answered, he was an Admiral.

"And why kill this Admiral?"

"It is because he did not kill a sufficient number of men himself. He gave battle to a French Admiral; and it has been proved that he was not near enough to him."

"But," replied Candide, "the French Admiral was as far from the English Admiral."

"There is no doubt of it; but in this country it is found good, from time to time, to kill one Admiral to encourage the others."[2]

Candide was so shocked and bewildered by what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, and he made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (were he even to rob him like the Surinam captain) to conduct him without delay to Venice.

The skipper was ready in two days. They coasted France; they passed in sight of Lisbon, and Candide trembled. They passed through the Straits, and entered the Mediterranean. At last they landed at Venice.

"God be praised!" said Candide, embracing Martin. "It is here that I shall see again my beautiful Cunegonde. I trust Cacambo as myself. All is well, all will be well, all goes as well as possible."

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[1] *Atrabilious* - To be affected with black bile. It's a direct translation from the French, but more contemporary translators pick "gloomy" and "melancholy." Martin has a large, esoteric vocabulary.

[2] *Pour encourager les autres* – The irony stings in this passage, as Voltaire is referring to the real-life court-martial and execution of Admiral John Byng, who could not hold the island of Minorca for the British in a 1756 battle during the Seven Years War. Byng found his ships overmatched by French, and had retreated to secure more might, but he was relieved of his duty before such plans could be put into effect.

Chapter 24

Of Paquette and Friar Giroflée

Upon their arrival at Venice, Candide went to search for Cacambo at every inn and coffee-house, and among all the ladies of pleasure, but to no purpose. He sent every day to inquire on all the ships that came in. But there was no news of Cacambo.

"What!" said he to Martin, "I have had time to voyage from Surinam to Bordeaux, to go from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth, to coast along Portugal and Spain, to cross the whole Mediterranean, to spend some months, and yet the beautiful Cunegonde has not arrived! Instead of her I have only met a Parisian wench and a Perigordian Abbé. Cunegonde is dead without doubt, and there is nothing for me but to die. Alas! how much better it would have been for me to have remained in the paradise of El Dorado than to come back to this cursed Europe! You are in the right, my dear Martin: all is misery and illusion."

He fell into a deep melancholy, and neither went to see the opera, nor any of the other diversions of the Carnival; nay, he was proof against the temptations of all the ladies.

"You are in truth very simple," said Martin to him, "if you imagine that a mongrel valet, who has five or six millions in his pocket, will go to the other end of the world to seek your mistress and bring her to you to Venice. If he finds her, he will keep her to himself; if he does not find her he will get another. I advise you to forget your valet Cacambo and your mistress Cunegonde."

Martin was not consoling. Candide's melancholy increased; and Martin continued to prove to him that there was very little virtue or happiness upon earth, except perhaps in El Dorado, where nobody could gain admittance.

While they were disputing on this important subject and waiting for Cunegonde, Candide saw a young Theatin friar in St. Mark's Piazza, holding a girl on his arm. The Theatin looked fresh colored, plump, and vigorous; his eyes were sparkling, his air assured, his look lofty, and his step bold. The girl was very pretty, and sang; she looked amorously at her Theatin, and from time to time pinched his fat cheeks.

"At least you will allow me," said Candide to Martin, "that these two are happy. Hitherto I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in El Dorado; but as to this pair, I would venture to lay a wager that they are very happy."

"I lay you they are not," said Martin.

"We need only ask them to dine with us," said Candide, "and you will see whether I am mistaken."

Immediately he accosted them, presented his compliments, and invited them to his inn to eat some macaroni, with Lombard partridges, and caviar, and to drink some Montepulciano, Lachrymæ Christi, Cyprus and Samos wine. The girl blushed, the Theatin accepted the invitation and she followed him, casting her eyes on Candide with confusion and surprise, and dropping a few tears. No sooner had she set foot in Candide's apartment than she cried out:

"Ah! Mr. Candide does not know Paquette again."

Candide had not viewed her as yet with attention, his thoughts being entirely taken up with Cunegonde; but he remembered her as she spoke.

"Alas!" said he, "my poor child, it is you who reduced Doctor Pangloss to the beautiful condition in which I saw him?"

"Alas! it was I, sir, indeed," answered Paquette. "I see that you have heard all. I have been informed of the frightful disasters that befell the family of my lady Baroness, and the fair Cunegonde. I swear to you that my fate has been scarcely less sad. I was very innocent when you knew me. A Grey Friar, who was my confessor, easily

seduced me. The consequences were terrible. I was obliged to quit the castle some time after the Baron had sent you away with kicks on the backside. If a famous surgeon had not taken compassion on me, I should have died. For some time I was this surgeon's mistress, merely out of gratitude. His wife, who was mad with jealousy, beat me every day unmercifully; she was a fury. The surgeon was one of the ugliest of men, and I the most wretched of women, to be continually beaten for a man I did not love. You know, sir, what a dangerous thing it is for an ill-natured woman to be married to a doctor. Incensed at the behavior of his wife, he one day gave her so effectual a remedy to cure her of a slight cold, that she died two hours after, in most horrid convulsions. The wife's relations prosecuted the husband; he took flight, and I was thrown into jail. My innocence would not have saved me if I had not been good-looking. The judge set me free, on condition that he succeeded the surgeon. I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned out of doors quite destitute, and obliged to continue this abominable trade, which appears so pleasant to you men, while to us women it is the utmost abyss of misery. I have come to exercise the profession at Venice. Ah! sir, if you could only imagine what it is to be obliged to caress indifferently an old merchant, a lawyer, a monk, a gondolier, an abbé, to be exposed to abuse and insults; to be often reduced to borrowing a petticoat, only to go and have it raised by a disagreeable man; to be robbed by one of what one has earned from another; to be subject to the extortions of the officers of justice; and to have in prospect only a frightful old age, a hospital, and a dung-hill; you would conclude that I am one of the most unhappy creatures in the world."

Paquette thus opened her heart to honest Candide, in the presence of Martin, who said to his friend:

"You see that already I have won half the wager."

Friar Giroflée stayed in the dining-room, and drank a glass or two of wine while he was waiting for dinner.

"But," said Candide to Paquette, "you looked so gay and content when I met you; you sang and you behaved so lovingly to the Theatin, that you seemed to me as happy as you pretend to be now the reverse."

"Ah! sir," answered Paquette, "this is one of the miseries of the trade.[1] Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer; yet today I must put on good humor to please a friar."

Candide wanted no more convincing; he owned that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Paquette and the Theatin; the repast was entertaining; and towards the end they conversed with all confidence.

"Father," said Candide to the Friar, "you appear to me to enjoy a state that all the world might envy; the flower of health shines in your face, your expression makes plain your happiness; you have a very pretty girl for your recreation, and you seem well satisfied with your state as a Theatin."

"My faith, sir," said Friar Giroflée, "I wish that all the Theatins were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a hundred times to set fire to the convent, and go and become a Turk. My parents forced me at the age of fifteen to put on this detestable habit,[2] to increase the fortune of a cursed elder brother, whom God confound. Jealousy, discord, and fury, dwell in the convent. It is true I have preached a few bad sermons that have brought me in a little money, of which the prior stole half, while the rest serves to maintain my girls; but when I return at night to the monastery, I am ready to dash my head against the walls of the dormitory; and all my fellows are in the same case."

Martin turned towards Candide with his usual coolness.

"Well," said he, "have I not won the whole wager?"

Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquette, and one thousand to Friar Giroflée.

"I'll answer for it," said he, "that with this they will be happy."

"I do not believe it at all," said Martin; "you will, perhaps, with these piastres only render them the more unhappy."[3]

"Let that be as it may," said Candide, "but one thing consoles me. I see that we often meet with those whom we expected never to see more; so that, perhaps, as I have found my red sheep and Paquette, it may well be that I shall also find Cunegonde."

"I wish," said Martin, "she may one day make you very happy; but I doubt it very much."

"You are very hard of belief," said Candide.

"I have lived," said Martin.

"You see those gondoliers," said Candide, "are they not perpetually singing?"

"You do not see them," said Martin, "at home with their wives and brats. The Doge has his troubles, the gondoliers have theirs. It is true that, all things considered, the life of a gondolier is preferable to that of a Doge; but I believe the difference to be so trifling that it is not worth the trouble of examining."

"People talk," said Candide, "of the Senator Pococurante,[4] who lives in that fine palace on the Brenta, where he entertains foreigners in the politest manner. They pretend that this man has never felt any uneasiness."

"I should be glad to see such a rarity," said Martin.

Candide immediately sent to ask the Lord Pococurante permission to wait upon him the next day.

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[1] *The trade* – Paquette is working in the sex trade; she is a prostitute.

[2] In Voltaire's time, eldest sons inherited the family name, position, estate, and wealth. So second sons, since they would not inherit anything, were often forced into either the clergy or the military.

[3] Voltaire is setting up a situation that alludes to the biblical story of Job, where Yahweh affords Satan the power to take all that Job has. In an ironic inversion — with great Manichean overtones — Candide, while attempting to increase the happiness of this couple, will instead produce the opposite of his desired result.

[4] In Italian, this name means "one who cares little."

Chapter 25

The Visit to Lord Pococurante, a Noble Venetian

Candide and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Signor Pococurante. The gardens, laid out with taste, were adorned with fine marble statues. The palace was beautifully built. The master of the house was a man of sixty, and very rich. He received the two travelers with polite indifference, which put Candide a little out of countenance, but was not at all disagreeable to Martin.

First, two pretty girls, very neatly dressed, served them with chocolate, which was frothed exceedingly well. Candide could not refrain from commending their beauty, grace, and address.

"They are good enough creatures," said the Senator. "I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am very tired of the ladies of the town, of their coquetries, of their jealousies, of their quarrels, of their humors, of their pettinesses, of their prides, of their follies, and of the sonnets which one must make, or have made, for them. But after all, these two girls begin to weary me."

After breakfast, Candide walking into a long gallery was surprised by the beautiful pictures. He asked, by what master were the two first.

"They are by Raphael," said the Senator. "I bought them at a great price, out of vanity, some years ago. They are said to be the finest things in Italy, but they do not please me at all. The colors are too dark, the figures are not sufficiently rounded, nor in good relief; the draperies in no way resemble stuffs. In a word, whatever may be said, I do not find there a true imitation of nature. I only care for a picture when I think I see nature itself; and there are none of this sort. I have a great many pictures, but I prize them very little."

While they were waiting for dinner Pococurante ordered a concert. Candide found the music delicious.

"This noise," said the Senator, "may amuse one for half an hour; but if it were to last longer it would grow tiresome to everybody, though they durst not own it. Music, to-day, is only the art of executing difficult things, and that which is only difficult cannot please long. Perhaps I should be fonder of the opera if they had not found the secret of making of it a monster which shocks me. Let who will go to see bad tragedies set to music, where the scenes are contrived for no other end than to introduce two or three songs ridiculously out of place, to show off an actress's voice. Let who will, or who can, die away with pleasure at the sight of a eunuch quavering the role of Cæsar, or of Cato, and strutting awkwardly upon the stage. For my part I have long since renounced those paltry entertainments which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are purchased so dearly by sovereigns."

Candide disputed the point a little, but with discretion. Martin was entirely of the Senator's opinion.

They sat down to table, and after an excellent dinner they went into the library. Candide, seeing a Homer magnificently bound, commended the virtuoso on his good taste.

"There," said he, "is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany."

"It is not mine," answered Pococurante coolly. "They used at one time to make me believe that I took a pleasure in reading him. But that continual repetition of battles, so extremely like one another; those gods that are always active without doing anything decisive; that Helen who is the cause of the war, and who yet scarcely appears in the piece; that Troy, so long besieged without being taken; all these together caused me great weariness. I have sometimes asked learned men whether they were not as weary as I of that work. Those who were sincere have owned to me that the poem made them fall asleep; yet it was necessary to have it in their library as a monument of antiquity, or like those rusty medals which are no longer of use in commerce."

"But your Excellency does not think thus of Virgil?" said Candide.

"I grant," said the Senator, "that the second, fourth, and sixth books of his *Æneid* are excellent, but as for his pious Æneas, his strong Cloanthus, his friend Achates, his little Ascanius, his silly King Latinus, his bourgeois

Amata, his insipid Lavinia, I think there can be nothing more flat and disagreeable. I prefer Tasso a good deal, or even the soporific tales of Ariosto."

"May I presume to ask you, sir," said Candide, "whether you do not receive a great deal of pleasure from reading Horace?"

"There are maxims in this writer," answered Pococurante, "from which a man of the world may reap great benefit, and being written in energetic verse they are more easily impressed upon the memory. But I care little for his journey to Brundusium, and his account of a bad dinner, or of his low quarrel between one Rupilius whose words he says were full of poisonous filth, and another whose language was imbued with vinegar. I have read with much distaste his indelicate verses against old women and witches; nor do I see any merit in telling his friend Mæcenas that if he will but rank him in the choir of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Fools admire everything in an author of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself. I like only that which serves my purpose."

Candide, having been educated never to judge for himself, was much surprised at what he heard. Martin found there was a good deal of reason in Pococurante's remarks.

"Oh! here is Cicero," said Candide. "Here is the great man whom I fancy you are never tired of reading."

"I never read him," replied the Venetian. "What is it to me whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself; his philosophical works seem to me better, but when I found that he doubted of everything, I concluded that I knew as much as he, and that I had no need of a guide to learn ignorance."

"Ha! here are four-score volumes of the Academy of Sciences," cried Martin. "Perhaps there is something valuable in this collection."

"There might be," said Pococurante, "if only one of those rakers of rubbish had shown how to make pins; but in all these volumes there is nothing but chimerical systems, and not a single useful thing."

"And what dramatic works I see here," said Candide, "in Italian, Spanish, and French."

"Yes," replied the Senator, "there are three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for anything. As to those collections of sermons, which altogether are not worth a single page of Seneca, and those huge volumes of theology, you may well imagine that neither I nor anyone else ever opens them."

Martin saw some shelves filled with English books.

"I have a notion," said he, "that a Republican must be greatly pleased with most of these books, which are written with a spirit of freedom."

"Yes," answered Pococurante, "it is noble to write as one thinks; this is the privilege of humanity. In all our Italy we write only what we do not think; those who inhabit the country of the Cæsars and the Antoninuses dare not acquire a single idea without the permission of a Dominican friar.[1] I should be pleased with the liberty which inspires the English genius if passion and party spirit did not corrupt all that is estimable in this precious liberty."

Candide, observing a Milton, asked whether he did not look upon this author as a great man.

"Who?" said Pococurante, "that barbarian, who writes a long commentary in ten books of harsh verse on the first chapter of Genesis; that coarse imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the Creation, and who, while Moses represents the Eternal producing the world by a word, makes the Messiah take a great pair of compasses from the armory of heaven to circumscribe His work? How can I have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil, who transforms Lucifer sometimes into a toad and other times into a pigmy, who makes him repeat the same things a hundred times, who makes him dispute on theology, who, by a serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of firearms, represents the devils cannonading in heaven? Neither I nor any man in Italy could take pleasure in those melancholy extravagances; and the marriage of Sin and Death, and the snakes brought forth by Sin, are enough to turn the stomach of any one with the least taste, and his long description of a hospital is fit only for a grave-digger. This obscure, whimsical, and disagreeable poem was despised upon its

first publication, and I only treat it now as it was treated in its own country by contemporaries. For the matter of that I say what I think, and I care very little whether others think as I do."

Candide was grieved at this speech, for he had a respect for Homer and was fond of Milton.

"Alas!" said he softly to Martin, "I am afraid that this man holds our German poets in very great contempt."

"There would not be much harm in that," said Martin.

"Oh! what a superior man," said Candide below his breath. "What a great genius is this Pococurante! Nothing can please him."

After their survey of the library they went down into the garden, where Candide praised its several beauties.

"I know of nothing in so bad a taste," said the master. "All you see here is merely trifling. After tomorrow I will have it planted with a nobler design."

"Well," said Candide to Martin when they had taken their leave, "you will agree that this is the happiest of mortals, for he is above everything he possesses."

"But do you not see," answered Martin, "that he is disgusted with all he possesses? Plato observed a long while ago that those stomachs are not the best that reject all sorts of food."

"But is there not a pleasure," said Candide, "in criticizing everything, in pointing out faults where others see nothing but beauties?"

"That is to say," replied Martin, "that there is some pleasure in having no pleasure."

"Well, well," said Candide, "I find that I shall be the only happy man when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegonde."

"It is always well to hope," said Martin.

However, the days and the weeks passed. Cacambo did not come, and Candide was so overwhelmed with grief that he did not even reflect that Paquette and Friar Giroflée did not return to thank him.

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[1] The Dominicans were the driving force behind the Inquisition.

Chapter 26

Of a Supper Which Candide and Martin Took with Six Strangers, and Who They Were

One evening that Candide and Martin were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners who lodged in the same inn, a man whose complexion was as black as soot, came behind Candide, and taking him by the arm, said:

"Get yourself ready to go along with us; do not fail."

Upon this he turned round and saw—Cacambo! Nothing but the sight of Cunegonde could have astonished and delighted him more. He was on the point of going mad with joy. He embraced his dear friend.

"Cunegonde is here, without doubt; where is she? Take me to her that I may die of joy in her company."

"Cunegonde is not here," said Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople."

"Oh, heavens! at Constantinople! But were she in China I would fly thither; let us be off."

"We shall set out after supper," replied Cacambo. "I can tell you nothing more; I am a slave, my master awaits me, I must serve him at table; speak not a word, eat, and then get ready."

Candide, distracted between joy and grief, delighted at seeing his faithful agent again, astonished at finding him a slave, filled with the fresh hope of recovering his mistress, his heart palpitating, his understanding confused, sat down to table with Martin, who saw all these scenes quite unconcerned, and with six strangers who had come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of the strangers; towards the end of the entertainment he drew near his master, and whispered in his ear:

"Sire, your Majesty may start when you please, the vessel is ready."

On saying these words he went out. The company in great surprise looked at one another without speaking a word, when another domestic approached his master and said to him:

"Sire, your Majesty's chaise is at Padua, and the boat is ready."

The master gave a nod and the servant went away. The company all stared at one another again, and their surprise redoubled. A third valet came up to a third stranger, saying:

"Sire, believe me, your Majesty ought not to stay here any longer. I am going to get everything ready."

And immediately he disappeared. Candide and Martin did not doubt that this was a masquerade of the Carnival. Then a fourth domestic said to a fourth master:

"Your Majesty may depart when you please."

Saying this he went away like the rest. The fifth valet said the same thing to the fifth master. But the sixth valet spoke differently to the sixth stranger, who sat near Candide. He said to him:

"Faith, Sire, they will no longer give credit to your Majesty nor to me, and we may perhaps both of us be put in jail this very night. Therefore I will take care of myself. Adieu."

The servants being all gone, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candide broke it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is a very good joke indeed, but why should you all be kings?[1] For me I own that neither Martin nor I is a king."

Cacambo's master then gravely answered in Italian:

"I am not at all joking. My name is Achmet III. I was Grand Sultan many years. I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me, my viziers were beheaded, and I am condemned to end my days in the old Seraglio. My nephew, the great Sultan Mahmoud, permits me to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat next to Achmet, spoke then as follows:

"My name is Ivan. I was once Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined in prison and I was educated there; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel in company with persons who act as guards; and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The third said:

"I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has resigned all his legal rights to me. I have fought in defense of them; and above eight hundred of my adherents have been hanged, drawn, and quartered. I have been confined in prison; I am going to Rome, to pay a visit to the King, my father, who was dethroned as well as myself and my grandfather, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fourth spoke thus in his turn:

"I am the King of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions; my father underwent the same vicissitudes; I resign myself to Providence in the same manner as Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to the Carnival at Venice."

The fifth said:

"I am King of Poland also; I have been twice dethroned; but Providence has given me another country, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings were ever capable of doing on the banks of the Vistula; I resign myself likewise to Providence, and am come to pass the Carnival at Venice."

It was now the sixth monarch's turn to speak:

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as any of you; however, I am a king. I am Theodore, elected King of Corsica; I had the title of Majesty, and now I am scarcely treated as a gentleman. I have coined money, and now am not worth a farthing; I have had two secretaries of state, and now I have scarce a valet; I have seen myself on a throne, and I have seen myself upon straw in a common jail in London. I am afraid that I shall meet with the same treatment here though, like your majesties, I am come to see the Carnival at Venice."

The other five kings listened to this speech with generous compassion. Each of them gave twenty sequins to King Theodore to buy him clothes and linen; and Candide made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand sequins.

"Who can this private person be," said the five kings to one another, "who is able to give, and really has given, a hundred times as much as any of us?"

Just as they rose from table, in came four Serene Highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the Carnival at Venice. But Candide paid no regard to these newcomers, his thoughts were entirely employed on his voyage to Constantinople, in search of his beloved Cunegonde.

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[1] Voltaire has taken some liberties with the timing by having all these kings in one inn on the same evening, because they were not exactly contemporaries. However, his readers would recognize who they were and would acknowledge their histories.

Chapter 27

Candide's Voyage to Constantinople

The faithful Cacambo had already prevailed upon the Turkish skipper, who was to conduct the Sultan Achmet to Constantinople, to receive Candide and Martin on his ship. They both embarked after having made their obeisance to his miserable Highness.

"You see," said Candide to Martin on the way, "we supped with six dethroned kings, and of those six there was one to whom I gave charity. Perhaps there are many other princes yet more unfortunate. For my part, I have only lost a hundred sheep; and now I am flying into Cunegonde's arms. My dear Martin, yet once more Pangloss was right: all is for the best."

"I wish it," answered Martin.

"But," said Candide, "it was a very strange adventure we met with at Venice. It has never before been seen or heard that six dethroned kings have supped together at a public inn."

"It is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of the things that have happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for the honor we have had of supping in their company, it is a trifle not worth our attention."

No sooner had Candide got on board the vessel than he flew to his old valet and friend Cacambo, and tenderly embraced him.

"Well," said he, "what news of Cunegonde? Is she still a prodigy of beauty? Does she love me still? How is she? You have doubtless bought her a palace at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," answered Cacambo, "Cunegonde washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the service of a prince, who has very few dishes to wash; she is a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign named Ragotsky, to whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day in his exile. But what is worse still is, that she has lost her beauty and has become horribly ugly."

"Well, handsome or ugly," replied Candide, "I am a man of honor, and it is my duty to love her still. But how came she to be reduced to so abject a state with the five or six millions that you took to her?"

"Ah!" said Cacambo, "was I not to give two millions to Senor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, Governor of Buenos Ayres, for permitting Miss Cunegonde to come away? And did not a corsair bravely rob us of all the rest? Did not this corsair carry us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegonde and the old woman serve the prince I now mentioned to you, and I am slave to the dethroned Sultan."

"What a series of shocking calamities!" cried Candide. "But after all, I have some diamonds left; and I may easily pay Cunegonde's ransom. Yet it is a pity that she is grown so ugly."

Then, turning towards Martin: "Who do you think," said he, "is most to be pitied—the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or I?"

"How should I know!" answered Martin. "I must see into your hearts to be able to tell."

"Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he could tell."

"I know not," said Martin, "in what sort of scales your Pangloss would weigh the misfortunes of mankind and set a just estimate on their sorrows. All that I can presume to say is, that there are millions of people upon earth who have a hundred times more to complain of than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or the Sultan Achmet."

"That may well be," said Candide.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and Candide began by paying a very high ransom for Cacambo. Then without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search on the banks of the Propontis for his Cunegonde, however ugly she might have become.

Among the crew there were two slaves who rowed very badly, and to whose bare shoulders the Levantine captain would now and then apply blows from a bull's pizzle. Candide, from a natural impulse, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at the other oarsmen, and approached them with pity. Their features though greatly disfigured, had a slight resemblance to those of Pangloss and the unhappy Jesuit and Westphalian Baron, brother to Miss Cunegonde. This moved and saddened him. He looked at them still more attentively.

"Indeed," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Master Pangloss hanged, and if I had not had the misfortune to kill the Baron, I should think it was they that were rowing."

At the names of the Baron and of Pangloss, the two galley-slaves uttered a loud cry, held fast by the seat, and let drop their oars. The captain ran up to them and redoubled his blows with the bull's pizzle.

"Stop! stop! sir," cried Candide. "I will give you what money you please."

"What! it is Candide!" said one of the slaves.

"What! it is Candide!" said the other.

"Do I dream?" cried Candide; "am I awake? or am I on board a galley? Is this the Baron whom I killed? Is this Master Pangloss whom I saw hanged?"

"It is we! it is we!" answered they.

"Well! is this the great philosopher?" said Martin.

"Ah! captain," said Candide, "what ransom will you take for Monsieur de Thunder-ten-Tronckh, one of the first barons of the empire, and for Monsieur Pangloss, the profoundest metaphysician in Germany?"

"Dog of a Christian," answered the Levantine captain, "since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, which I doubt not are high dignities in their country, you shall give me fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir. Carry me back at once to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money directly. But no; carry me first to Miss Cunegonde."

Upon the first proposal made by Candide, however, the Levantine captain had already tacked about, and made the crew ply their oars quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times.

"And how happened it, my dear Baron, that I did not kill you? And, my dear Pangloss, how came you to life again after being hanged? And why are you both in a Turkish galley?"

"And it is true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron.

"Yes," answered Cacambo.

"Then I behold, once more, my dear Candide," cried Pangloss.

Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all spoke at once. The galley flew; they were already in the port. Instantly Candide sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond worth a hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him by Abraham that he could give him no more. He immediately paid the ransom for the Baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed them with his tears; the former thanked him with a nod, and promised to return him the money on the first opportunity.

"But is it indeed possible that my sister can be in Turkey?" said he.

"Nothing is more possible," said Cacambo, "since she scours the dishes in the service of a Transylvanian prince."

Candide sent directly for two Jews and sold them some more diamonds, and then they all set out together in another galley to deliver Cunegonde from slavery.

Chapter 28

What Happened to Candide, Cunegonde, Pangloss, Martin, etc.

"I ask your pardon once more," said Candide to the Baron, "your pardon, reverend father, for having run you through the body."

"Say no more about it," answered the Baron. "I was a little too hasty, I own, but since you wish to know by what fatality I came to be a galley-slave I will inform you. After I had been cured by the surgeon of the college of the wound you gave me, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who confined me in prison at Buenos Ayres at the very time my sister was setting out thence. I asked leave to return to Rome to the General of my Order. I was appointed chaplain to the French Ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been eight days in this employment when one evening I met with a young Ichoglan,[1] who was a very handsome fellow. The weather was warm. The young man wanted to bathe, and I took this opportunity of bathing also. I did not know that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found naked with a young Mussulman. A cadi[2] ordered me a hundred blows on the soles of the feet, and condemned me to the galleys. I do not think there ever was a greater act of injustice. But I should be glad to know how my sister came to be scullion to a Transylvanian prince who has taken shelter among the Turks."

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

"It is true," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged. I should have been burnt, but you may remember it rained exceedingly hard when they were going to roast me; the storm was so violent that they despaired of lighting the fire, so I was hanged because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried me home, and dissected me. He began with making a crucial incision on me from the navel to the clavicula. One could not have been worse hanged than I was. The executioner of the Holy Inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people marvelously well, but he was not accustomed to hanging. The cord was wet and did not slip properly, and besides it was badly tied; in short, I still drew my breath, when the crucial incision made me give such a frightful scream that my surgeon fell flat upon his back, and imagining that he had been dissecting the devil he ran away, dying with fear, and fell down the staircase in his flight. His wife, hearing the noise, flew from the next room. She saw me stretched out upon the table with my crucial incision. She was seized with yet greater fear than her husband, fled, and tumbled over him. When they came to themselves a little, I heard the wife say to her husband: 'My dear, how could you take it into your head to dissect a heretic? Do you not know that these people always have the devil in their bodies? I will go and fetch a priest this minute to exorcise him.' At this proposal I shuddered, and mustering up what little courage I had still remaining I cried out aloud, 'Have mercy on me!' At length the Portuguese barber plucked up his spirits. He sewed up my wounds; his wife even nursed me. I was upon my legs at the end of fifteen days. The barber found me a place as lackey to a knight of Malta who was going to Venice, but finding that my master had no money to pay me my wages I entered the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople. One day I took it into my head to step into a mosque, where I saw an old Iman and a very pretty young devotee who was saying her paternosters.[3] Her bosom was uncovered, and between her breasts she had a beautiful bouquet of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculus, hyacinths, and auriculas. She dropped her bouquet; I picked it up, and presented it to her with a profound reverence. I was so long in delivering it that the Iman began to get angry, and seeing that I was a Christian he called out for help. They carried me before the cadi, who ordered me a hundred lashes on the soles of the feet and sent me to the galleys. I was chained to the very same galley and the same bench as the young Baron. On board this galley there were four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks from Corfu, who told us similar adventures happened daily. The Baron maintained that he had suffered greater injustice than I, and I insisted that it was far more innocent to take up a bouquet and place it again on a woman's bosom than to be found stark naked with an Ichoglan. We were continually disputing, and received

twenty lashes with a bull's pizzle when the concatenation of universal events brought you to our galley, and you were good enough to ransom us."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide to him, "when you had been hanged, dissected, whipped, and were tugging at the oar, did you always think that everything happens for the best?"

"I am still of my first opinion," answered Pangloss, "for I am a philosopher and I cannot retract, especially as Leibnitz could never be wrong; and besides, the pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, and so is his *plenum* and *materia subtilis*."[4]

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[1] *Ichoglan* - A young man brought up in the Sultan's seraglio and educated for high office.

[2] *Cadi* – judge.

[3] *Paternosters* – literally, "Our Fathers." Pangloss cannot conceive that a young Muslim girl would pray in a different form than a Christian.

[4] This may be the crux of Pangloss' adherence to optimism. He admits that, as a philosopher, he cannot retract his previous statements, no matter how much his experiences have disproved those statements. Yes, a pre-established harmony may be a good thing, but he attaches to it some obscure philosophical ideas from Rene Descartes. *Plenum* is the concept of space being entirely filled with matter; *materia subtilis* is the ethereal fluid that supported celestial bodies within the *plenum*.

Chapter 29

How Candide Found Cunegonde and the Old Woman Again

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, were reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of the universe, disputing on effects and causes, on moral and physical evil, on liberty and necessity, and on the consolations a slave may feel even on a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the banks of the Propontis. The first objects which met their sight were Cunegonde and the old woman hanging towels out to dry.

The Baron paled at this sight. The tender, loving Candide, seeing his beautiful Cunegonde embrowned, with blood-shot eyes, withered neck, wrinkled cheeks, and rough, red arms, recoiled three paces, seized with horror, and then advanced out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company could be provided for in a better manner. Cunegonde did not know she had grown ugly, for nobody had told her of it; and she reminded Candide of his promise in so positive a tone that the good man durst not refuse her. He therefore intimated to the Baron that he intended marrying his sister.

"I will not suffer," said the Baron, "such meanness on her part, and such insolence on yours; I will never be reproached with this scandalous thing; my sister's children would never be able to enter the church in Germany. No; my sister shall only marry a baron of the empire."

Cunegonde flung herself at his feet, and bathed them with her tears; still he was inflexible.

"Thou foolish fellow," said Candide; "I have delivered you out of the galleys, I have paid your ransom, and your sister's also; she was a scullion, and is very ugly, yet I am so condescending as to marry her; and do you pretend to oppose the match? I should kill you again, were I only to consult my anger."

"You may kill me again," said the Baron, "but you shall not marry my sister, at least whilst I am living."

Chapter 30
The Conclusion

At the bottom of his heart Candide had no wish to marry Cunegonde. But the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match, and Cunegonde pressed him so strongly that he could not go from his word. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss drew up a fine dissertation, wherein he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister, and that according to all the laws of the empire, she might marry Candide with her left hand. Martin was for throwing the Baron into the sea; Cacambo decided that it would be better to deliver him up again to the captain of the galley, after which they thought to send him back to the General Father of the Order at Rome by the first ship. This advice was well received, the old woman approved it; they said not a word to his sister; the thing was executed for a little money, and they had the double pleasure of besting a Jesuit and punishing the arrogance of a German baron.

It is natural to imagine that after so many disasters, Candide, now married, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, must have led a very happy life. But he was swindled so many times by the Jews that in the end he had nothing left except his small farm. His wife, who grew uglier every day, became shrewish and impossible to live with; the old woman was infirm and even more ill-tempered than Cunegonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and took vegetables for sale to Constantinople, was exhausted by this hard work, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in the depths of despair because he was not shining in some German university. As for Martin, he was firmly convinced that he would be just as bad off anywhere else, so he bore things patiently. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss sometimes argued about morals and metaphysics. They often saw passing under the windows of their farm boats full of Effendis, Pashas, and Cadis, who were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene, or Erzeroum. And they saw other Cadis, Pashas, and Effendis coming to supply the place of the exiles, all to be afterwards exiled in their turn. They saw heads decently impaled for presentation to the Sublime Porte.[1] Such spectacles as these increased the number of their disputations, and when they did not dispute time hung so heavily upon their hands, that one day the old woman ventured to say to them:

"I want to know which is worse, to be raped a hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgars, to be whipped and hanged at an *auto-da-fé,* to be dissected, to row in the galleys—in short, to go through all the miseries we have undergone, or to stay here and have nothing to do?"

"That is a great question," said Candide.

This discourse gave rise to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to spend his life alternating between the throes of anxiety and the lethargy of boredom.. Candide did not quite agree to that, but he affirmed nothing. Pangloss admitted that he had always suffered horribly, but as he had once asserted that everything was going wonderfully well, he still maintained it, even though he no longer believed it.

What helped to confirm Martin in his detestable principles, to stagger Candide more than ever, and to embarrass Pangloss, was that one day they saw Paquette and Friar Giroflée land at the farm in extreme misery. They had soon squandered their three thousand piastres, parted from each other, were reconciled, quarreled again, were imprisoned, escaped, and finally Friar Giroflée turned Turk.[2] Paquette continued her trade wherever she went, but never made any money from it.

"I foresaw," said Martin to Candide, "that your presents would soon be dissipated, and only make them the more miserable. You had more money than you knew what to do with, you and Cacambo; and yet you are not any happier than Friar Giroflée and Paquette."

"Ha!" said Pangloss to Paquette, "Providence has then brought you among us again, my poor child! Do you know that you cost me the tip of my nose, an eye, and an ear? And just look at yourself! What a world this is!"

And now this new adventure set them philosophizing more than ever.

In the neighborhood there lived a very famous Dervish[3] who was esteemed the best philosopher in all Turkey, and they went to consult him. Pangloss was the speaker.

"Master," said he, "we come to beg you to tell why so strange an animal as man was made."

"What's that to you?" said the Dervish; "Is it any of your business?"

"But, reverend father," said Candide, "there is horrible evil in this world."

"What does it matter," said the Dervish, "if there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he worry whether the mice on board are comfortable or not?"

"What, then, must we do?" said Pangloss.

"Shut up," answered the Dervish.

"I was hoping," said Pangloss, "that I could reason with you a little about causes and effects, about the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and the pre-established harmony."

At these words, the Dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, the news was spread that two Viziers[4] and the Mufti[5] had been strangled at Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe made a great commotion for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, returning to the little farm, saw a good old man taking the fresh air at his door under several orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was argumentative, asked the old man the name of the strangled Mufti.

"I do not know," answered the worthy man, "and I have not known the name of any Mufti, nor of any Vizier. I am entirely ignorant of the event you mention; I have no doubt that those who meddle in politics or public affairs sometimes die miserably, and that they deserve it; but I never trouble my head about what is going on in Constantinople; I am content to send there for sale the fruits of the garden which I cultivate."

Having said these words, he invited the strangers into his house; his two sons and two daughters presented them with several sorts of sherbet, which they made themselves, with Kaimak[6] enriched with the candied-peel of citrons, with oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachios, and Mocha coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After all this the two daughters of the honest Muslim perfumed the strangers' beards.[7]

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate," said Candide to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres," replied the old man; "I and my children cultivate them; our labor keeps us from three great evils—boredom, vice, and poverty."

Candide, on his way home, thought deeply about the old man's words.

"This honest Turk," said he to Pangloss and Martin, "seems to be in a situation far preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor of dining."

"Grandeur," said Pangloss, "is extremely dangerous according to the testimony of philosophers. For, in short, Eglon, King of Moab, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hung by his hair, and pierced with three darts; King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasa; King Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the Kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity. You know how perished Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, the Emperor Henry IV.! You know——"

"I know also," said Candide, "that we must tend our garden."[8]

"You are right," said Pangloss, "for when man was first placed in the Garden of Eden, he was put there *ut operaretur eum*,[9] that he might cultivate it; which shows that man was not born to be idle."

"Let us work," said Martin, "without arguing; it is the only way to make life bearable."

Their whole little society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities. Their little plot of land produced plentiful crops. Cunegonde was, indeed, very ugly, but she became an excellent pastry chef; Paquette worked at embroidery; the old woman looked after the linen. They were all, even Friar Giroflée, of some service or other; for he made a good carpenter, and became a very honest man.

Pangloss sometimes said to Candide:

"All events are intertwined in this best of all possible worlds: for if you had not been kicked out of a magnificent castle for love of Miss Cunegonde: if you had not been put into the Inquisition: if you had not walked over America: if you had not stabbed the Baron: if you had not lost all your sheep from the fine country of El Dorado: you would not be here eating preserved citrons and pistachio-nuts."

"All that is very well," answered Candide, "but let us tend our garden."

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[1] *Sublime Porte* - the Ottoman or Turkish court.

[2] *turned Turk* – converted to Islam.

[3] *Dervish* - in Islam this term can refer broadly to members of a Sufi fraternity, or more narrowly to a religious mendicant, who chose or accepted material poverty. The latter usage is found particularly in Persian and Turkish, corresponding to the Arabic term *faqir*. Their focus is on the universal values of love and service, deserting the illusions of ego to reach God.

[4] *Vizier* - A councilor of state; a high executive officer in Turkey.

[5] *Mufti* – An Islamic jurist who is qualified to issue a nonbinding opinion (*fatwa*) on a point of Islamic law (*sharia*).

[6] *Kaimak* - a creamy dairy product similar to clotted cream, made from the milk of water buffalos, cows, sheep, or goats. It is traditionally eaten with baklava and other Turkish desserts, fruit preserve and honey or as a filling in pancakes.

[7] The perfume would be carried in olive oil. To oil/perfume the head/beard of a guest has been regarded as an act of hospitality and courtesy in the Middle East for almost 4,000 years.

[8] Here is the *hortus mentis*, the garden of the mind. Candide has grown in wisdom, and is certainly no longer the naïve bastard he was 29 chapters ago. Now, as the walled garden has been destroyed, he urges his companions to tend to their own inner gardens.

[9] *ut operaretur eum* – literally "to serve him [God]," by tending the garden.