

grade. My father, after the birth of my only brother, left for Constantinople, where he had been called to become watchmaker to the Sultan's Seraglio.<sup>2</sup> While he was away my mother's beauty, wit, and talents brought her admirers, one of the most pressing of whom was M. de la Clozure, the French Resident in the city. His feelings must have been very strong, for thirty years later I have seen him moved when merely speaking to me about her. But my mother had more than her virtue with which to defend herself; she deeply loved my father, and urged him to come back. He threw up everything to do so, and I was the unhappy fruit of his return. For ten months later I was born, a poor and sickly child, and cost my mother her life. So my birth was the first of my misfortunes.

I never knew how my father stood up to his loss, but I know that he never got over it. He seemed to see her again in me, but could never forget that I had robbed him of her; he never kissed me that I did not know by his sighs and his convulsive embrace that there was a bitter grief mingled with his affection, a grief which nevertheless intensified his feeling for me. When he said to me, 'Jean-Jacques, let us talk of your mother,' I would reply: 'Very well, father, but we are sure to cry.' 'Ah,' he would say with a groan; 'Give her back to me, console me for her, fill the void she has left in my heart! Should I love you so if you were not more to me than a son?' Forty years after he lost her he died in the arms of a second wife, but with his first wife's name on his lips, and her picture imprinted upon his heart.

Such were my parents. And of all the gifts with which Heaven endowed them, they left me but one, a sensitive heart. It had been the making of their happiness, but for me it has been the cause of all the misfortunes in my life.

I was almost born dead, and they had little hope of saving me. I brought with me the seed of a disorder which

has grown stronger with the years, and now gives me only occasional intervals of relief in which to suffer more painfully in some other way. But one of my father's sisters, a nice sensible woman, bestowed such care on me that I survived; and now, as I write this, she is still alive at the age of eighty, nursing a husband rather younger than herself but ruined by drink. My dear aunt, I pardon you for causing me to live, and I deeply regret that I cannot repay you in the evening of your days all the care and affection you lavished on me at the dawn of mine. My nurse Jacqueline is still alive too, and healthy and strong. Indeed the fingers that opened my eyes at birth may well close them at my death.

I felt before I thought: which is the common lot of man, though more pronounced in my case than in another's. I know nothing of myself till I was five or six. I do not know how I learnt to read. I only remember my first books and their effect upon me; it is from my earliest reading that I date the unbroken consciousness of my own existence. My mother had possessed some novels, and my father and I began to read them after our supper. At first it was only to give me some practice in reading. But soon my interest in this entertaining literature became so strong that we read by turns continuously, and spent whole nights so engaged. For we could never leave off till the end of the book. Sometimes my father would say with shame as we heard the morning larks: 'Come, let us go to bed. I am more a child than you are.'

In a short time I acquired by this dangerous method, not only an extreme facility in reading and expressing myself, but a singular insight for my age into the passions. I had no idea of the facts, but I was already familiar with every feeling. I had grasped nothing; I had sensed everything. These confused emotions which I experienced one after another, did not warp my reasoning powers in any way, for as yet I had none. But they shaped them after a special pattern, giving me the strangest and most romantic notions about human life, which neither experience nor reflection has ever succeeded in curing me of.

<sup>2</sup> Seraglio A harem or the sultan's palace.

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## VOLTAIRE

### Selections from *Candide*

Voltaire's *Candide* was the most popular novel of the Age of Reason. It is a delightful, sometimes bawdy tale that satirizes the follies of the Western world of the time. Presumably because of fear that the sharp satire might give offense in certain quarters, Voltaire is nowhere identified as the book's author. Instead, its title page says simply, "Translated from the German by Dr. Ralph"—a disguise that fooled no one, as readers recognized Voltaire's biting wit and deft touch. After two hundred years, *Candide* survives as one of the best-loved fictional works in the world.

That Voltaire's novel survives is surprising, since it is a satire on topical events, and such satires are thought to grow stale as quickly as today's newspaper. What saves it from the dustbin of history is its glowing style—lighthearted, worldly, and sly—and the fact that most

modern Westerners see the world much as Voltaire did. Who today does not share Voltaire's hatred of slavery, war, snobbery, religious persecution, and crooked clergy, or his skepticism about divine kings and utopian societies? Of course, not all of the satire works today, as in the anti-Semitic jokes and the portrayal of women as fickle. Still, the novel charms most readers as it pays homage to humanity's unsinkable spirit.

*Candide* (1759) is the story of the education of its naive hero, Candide, as he moves from Westphalia, a province in Prussia, across much of the Western world, including South America. What drives Candide's odyssey is the hope of marrying the lovely Cunegonde, a Westphalian baroness who keeps slipping from his grasp. Despite Candide's love for Cunegonde, the novel is not a love story, since their troubles are treated as comedy. Instead, it is a novel of ideas whose characters, except for Candide, show little or no growth and simply express Voltaire's point of view.

The novel is subtitled *Optimism*, and it was facile optimism that aroused Voltaire's anger. Facile optimism, derived from the German thinker Leibniz, denies that evil exists and insists that the world is basically good. In the novel, Leibniz is represented by Pangloss (from Greek, "all tongue"), who, faced with constant trials, offers this advice: "This is the best of all possible worlds." Pangloss's opposite is Martin, a facile pessimist who thinks all happens for the worst. In the end, Candide rejects both rival philosophies, opting instead for pragmatism: "We must cultivate our gardens."

Voltaire (1694–1778) (born François Marie Arouet) dominated his age unlike any writer before or since. A universal genius, he wrote tragedies, poems, essays, novels, histories, dictionaries, letters, memoirs, philosophical treatises, and a work popularizing science. Very little of this vast work is widely read today, except for *Candide*. Voltaire's spirit survives in the term *Voltarean*, meaning a skeptic yet one who tolerates all religious points of view.

### Reading the Selections

Included here are Chapters I through VI and Chapter XXX, the conclusion to the novel. The opening chapters cover Candide's travel from Westphalia, his homeland, to Lisbon, Portugal, where he barely survives an *auto-da-fé*—an "act of faith" in which heretics are persecuted. As calamities rain down on Candide, faithful Pangloss offers his optimistic bromides. Pangloss's litany quickly becomes absurd, though not to Candide.

After Chapter VI, Candide and Pangloss are rescued and join Candide's long-lost love, Cunegonde, and others in a series of adventures that takes them from Portugal to South America and back to Europe. In the last chapter, Voltaire reunites the main characters on Candide's farm in Turkey, where they continue to debate the meaning of life. A Turkish neighbor, satisfied with his simple farm life, advises them to work to eliminate the evils of boredom, vice, and poverty. Taking the Turkish farmer's advice to heart, Candide concludes that one must "work in the garden"—that is, tend to what has to be done in order to survive and make sense of the human comedy.



## Chapter I

How Candide was brought up in a beautiful castle, and how he was driven from it.

In the castle of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh in Westphalia,<sup>1</sup> there once lived a youth endowed by nature with gentlest of characters. His soul was revealed in his face. He combined rather sound judgment with great simplicity of

<sup>1</sup> Westphalia Westphalia, a small Prussian state, was considered very unattractive and provincial by the educated classes. Hence, Voltaire makes the point that the reader is being introduced to some rather simple-minded people who are isolated and unsophisticated.

mind; it was for this reason, I believe, that he was given the name of Candide. The old servants of the household suspected that he was the son of the baron's sister by a good and honorable gentleman of the vicinity, whom this lady would never marry because he could prove only seventy-one generations of nobility, the rest of his family tree having been lost, owing to the ravages of time.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia, for his castle had a door and windows. Its hall

was even adorned with a tapestry. The dogs in his stable yards formed a hunting pack when necessary, his grooms were his huntsmen, and the village curate was his chaplain. They all called him "My Lord" and laughed when he told stories.

The baroness, who weighed about three hundred fifty pounds, thereby winning great esteem, did the honors of the house with a dignity that made her still more respectable. Her daughter Cunegonde, aged seventeen, was rosy-cheeked, fresh, plump and alluring. The baron's son appeared to be worthy of his father in every way. The tutor Pangloss was the oracle of the household, and young Candide listened to his teachings with all the good faith of his age and character.

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmonigology. He proved admirably that in this best of all possible worlds, His Lordship's castle was the most beautiful of castles, and Her Ladyship the best of all possible baronesses.

"It is demonstrated," he said, "that things cannot be otherwise: for, since everything was made for a purpose, everything is necessarily for the best purpose. Note that noses were made to wear spectacles; we therefore have spectacles. Legs were clearly devised to wear breeches, and we have breeches. Stones were created to be hewn and made into castles; His Lordship therefore has a very beautiful castle: the greatest baron in the province must have the finest residence. And since pigs were made to be eaten, we eat pork all year round. Therefore, those who have maintained that all is well have been talking nonsense: they should have maintained that all is for the best."

Candide listened attentively and believed innocently, for he found Lady Cunegonde extremely beautiful,

although he was never bold enough to tell her so. He concluded that, after the good fortune of having been born Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second greatest good fortune was to be Lady Cunegonde; the third, to see her every day; and the fourth, to listen to Dr. Pangloss, the greatest philosopher in the province, and therefore in the whole world.

One day as Cunegonde was walking near the castle in the little wood known as "the park," she saw Dr. Pangloss in the bushes, giving a lesson in experimental physics to her mother's chambermaid, a very pretty and docile little brunette. Since Lady Cunegonde was deeply interested in the sciences, she breathlessly observed the repeated experiments that were performed before her eyes. She clearly saw the doctor's sufficient reason, and the operation of cause and effect. She then returned home, agitated and thoughtful, reflecting that she might be young Candide's sufficient reason, and he hers.

On her way back to the castle she met Candide. She blushed, and so did he. She greeted him in a faltering voice, and he spoke to her without knowing what he was saying. The next day, as they were leaving the table after dinner, Cunegonde and Candide found themselves behind a screen. She dropped her handkerchief, he picked it up; she innocently took his hand, and he innocently kissed hers with extraordinary animation, ardor and grace; their lips met, their eyes flashed, their knees trembled, their hands wandered. Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh happened to pass by the screen; seeing this cause and effect, he drove Candide from the castle with vigorous kicks in the backside. Cunegonde fainted. The baroness slapped her as soon as she revived, and consternation reigned in the most beautiful and agreeable of all possible castles.



## Chapter II

### What happened to Candide among the Bulgars.

After being driven from his earthly paradise, Candide walked for a long time without knowing where he was going, weeping, raising his eyes to heaven, looking back often toward the most beautiful of castles, which contained the most beautiful of young baronesses. He lay down without eating supper, between two furrows in an open field; it was snowing in large flakes. The next day, chilled to the bone, he dragged himself to the nearest town, whose name was Waldberghofftrarbkdikdorff. Peniless, dying of hunger and fatigue, he stopped sadly in front of an inn. Two men dressed in blue noticed him.

"Comrade," said one of them, "there's a well-built young man who's just the right height."

They went up to Candide and politely asked him to dine with them.

"Gentlemen," said Candide with charming modesty, "I'm deeply honored, but I have no money to pay my share."

"Ah, sir," said one of the men in blue, "people of your appearance and merit never pay anything: aren't you five feet five?"

"Yes, gentlemen, that's my height," he said, bowing.

"Come, sir, sit down. We'll not only pay for your dinner, but we'll never let a man like you be short of money. Men were made only to help each other."

"You're right," said Candide, "that's what Dr. Pangloss always told me, and I see that all is for the best."

They begged him to accept a little money; he took it and offered to sign a note for it, but they would not let him. They all sat down to table.

"Don't you dearly love—"

"Oh, yes!" answered Candide. "I dearly love Lady Cunegonde."

"No," said one of the men, "we want to know if you dearly love the King of the Bulgars."

"Not at all," said Candide, "because I've never seen him."

"What! He's the most charming of kings, and we must drink to his health."

"Oh, I'll be glad to, gentlemen!"

And he drank.

"That's enough," he was told, "you're now the support, the upholder, the defender and the hero of the Bulgars: your fortune is made and your glory is assured."

They immediately put irons on his legs and took him to a regiment. He was taught to make right and left turns, raise and lower the ramrod, take aim, fire, and march double time, and he was beaten thirty times with a stick. The next day he performed his drills a little less badly and was given only twenty strokes; the following day he was given only ten, and his fellow soldiers regarded him as a prodigy.

Candide, utterly bewildered, still could not make out very clearly how he was a hero. One fine spring day he decided to take a stroll; he walked straight ahead, believing that the free use of the legs was a privilege of both mankind and the animals. He had not gone five miles when four other heroes, all six feet tall, overtook him, bound him, brought him back and put him in a dungeon. With proper legal procedure, he was asked which he would prefer, to be beaten thirty-six times by the whole regiment, or to receive twelve bullets in his brain. It did him no good to maintain

that man's will is free and that he wanted neither: he had to make a choice. Using the gift of God known as freedom, he decided to run the gauntlet thirty-six times, and did so twice. The regiment was composed of two thousand men, so his punishment was so far composed of four thousand strokes, which had laid bare every muscle and nerve from his neck to his backside. As they were preparing for a third run, Candide, unable to go on, begged them to blow his brains out instead. The favor was granted; he was blindfolded and made to kneel. Just then the King of the Bulgars came by and inquired about the condemned man's crime. Being a highly intelligent king, he realized from what he was told that Candide was a young metaphysician, utterly ignorant of worldly matters, and pardoned him with a clemency that will be praised in all newspapers and all ages. A worthy surgeon healed Candide in three weeks with the emollients prescribed by Dioscorides. He already had a little skin, and was able to walk, when the King of the Bulgars joined battle with the King of the Avars.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Bulgars, Avars The Bulgars was another name for Bulgarians who lived in the Balkans and were known for their bloodthirsty raids and wars. The Avars overran much of Russia and Eastern Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries. Charlemagne, King of the Franks (768-815), subdued them, and they disappeared from history. Like the Bulgars, they were considered to be fierce and cruel.



### Chapter III

#### How Candide escaped from the Bulgars, and what happened to him.

Nothing could have been more splendid, brilliant, smart or orderly than the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, oboes, drums and cannons produced a harmony whose equal was never heard in hell. First the cannons laid low about six thousand men on each side, then rifle fire removed from the best of worlds about nine or ten thousand scoundrels who had been infesting its surface. The bayonet was also the sufficient reason for the death of several thousand men. The total may well have risen to thirty thousand souls. Candide, trembling like a philosopher, hid himself as best he could during this heroic carnage.

Finally, while the two kings were having *Te Deums* sung, each in his own camp, Candide decided to go elsewhere to reason about cause and effect. He made his way over heaps of dead and dying men until he came to a nearby village. It was in ashes, for it was an Avar village which the Bulgars had burned in accordance with international law. Old men with wounds all over their bodies were watching the death throes of butchered women who clutched their children to their bloody breasts; girls who had been disemboweled after satisfying the natural needs of several heroes were breathing their last sighs; others, mortally burned, were shrieking for someone to hasten their death. The ground was strewn with brains and severed arms and legs.

Candide fled to another village as fast as he could: it belonged to the Bulgars, and the Avar heroes had treated it in the same manner. Still walking over quivering limbs, or through ruins, he finally emerged from the theater of war, carrying a little food in his sack and never forgetting Lady Cunegonde. His food ran out when he reached Holland, but since he had heard that everyone was rich in that country, and that the people were Christians, he did not doubt that he would be treated as well there as he had been in the baron's castle before he had been driven away from it because of Lady Cunegonde's lovely eyes.

He asked alms of several solemn individuals who all replied that if he continued to ply that trade he would be shut up in a house of correction to teach him better manners.

Next he approached a man who had just spoken about charity for a whole hour in front of a large assembly. This orator scowled at him and said, "What are you doing here? Are you for the good cause?"

"There is no effect without a cause," replied Candide modestly. "All things are necessarily connected and arranged for the best. I had to be driven away from Lady Cunegonde, I had to run the gauntlet, and I have to beg my bread until I can earn it; all that could not have been otherwise."

"My friend," said the orator, "do you believe that the Pope is the Antichrist?"

"I've never heard anyone say so," answered Candide, "but whether he is or not, I still have nothing to eat."

"You don't deserve to eat," said the orator. "Go, you scoundrel, you wretch, and never come near me again!"

The orator's wife, having looked out the window and seen a man who doubted that the Pope was the Antichrist, poured on his head the contents of a full . . . O heaven! To what excesses are ladies driven by religious zeal!

A man who had not been baptized, a good Anabaptist<sup>3</sup> by the name of James, witnessed this cruel and igno-

minious treatment of one of his fellow men, a featherless biped who had a soul; he took him to his home, washed him, served him bread and beer, made him a gift of two florins and even offered to teach him to work for him in the manufacture of those Persian fabrics that are produced in Holland. Candide almost threw himself at his feet. "Dr. Pangloss was right when he told me that all is for the best in this world," he said, "because your extreme generosity has moved me much more deeply than the harshness of that gentleman in the black cloak and his wife."

The next day, as he was taking a walk he met a beggar covered with sores; his eyes were lifeless, the tip of his nose had been eaten away, his mouth was twisted, his teeth were black, his voice was hoarse, he was racked by a violent cough, and he spat out a tooth with every spasm.

<sup>3</sup> Anabaptist The Anabaptists, founded in the early sixteenth century during the first phase of the Protestant Reformation, were a small Christian sect that had been subject to persecutions and had found refuge in Holland by the time of the eighteenth century.



## Chapter IV

How Candide met his former philosophy teacher, Dr. Pangloss, and what ensued.

Candide, moved even more by compassion than by horror, gave this appalling beggar the two florins he had received from James, the worthy Anabaptist. The apparition stared at him, shed tears and threw his arms around his neck. Candide drew back in terror.

"Alas," said one pauper to the other, "don't you recognize your dear Pangloss?"

"What are you saying! You, my dear master! You, in this horrible condition! What misfortune has befallen you? Why are you no longer in the most beautiful of castles? What has become of Lady Cunegonde, the pearl of young ladies, the masterpiece of nature?"

"I'm at the end of my strength," said Pangloss.

Candide immediately took him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a little bread to eat, and when he had revived he said to him, "Well, what about Cunegonde?"

"She's dead," replied Pangloss.

Candide fainted at this word; his friend brought him back to consciousness with some bad vinegar that happened to be in the stable. Candide opened his eyes and said, "Cunegonde is dead! Oh, best of all possible worlds, where are you? But what did she die of? Was it from seeing me kicked out of the beautiful castle by her father?"

"No," said Pangloss, "she was disemboweled by Bulgarian soldiers after having been raped as much as a woman can be. They smashed the baron's head when he tried to defend her, the baroness was hacked to pieces, and my poor pupil was treated exactly the same as his sister. As for the castle, not one stone was left standing on another; there's not one barn left, not one sheep, not one duck, not one tree. But we were well avenged, because the Avars did the same thing to a nearby estate that belonged to a Bulgarian lord."

At this account, Candide fainted again; but, when he had regained his senses and said everything required by the situation, he inquired into cause and effect, and the sufficient reason that had reduced Pangloss to such a pitiful state.

"Alas," said Pangloss, "it was love: love, the consoler of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensitive beings, tender love."

"Alas," said Candide, "I too have known love, that ruler of hearts, that soul of our soul: it's never brought me anything except one kiss and twenty kicks in the rump. How could such a beautiful cause produce such an abominable effect on you?"

Pangloss answered in these terms: "My dear Candide, you knew Paquette, our noble baroness's pretty maid; in her arms I tasted the delights of paradise, and they produced these torments of hell with which you see me devoured: she was infected with them, and by now she may have died of them. It was a present given to her by a learned Franciscan friar who had derived it from the point of origin, for it was given to him by an old countess, who received it from a cavalry captain, who owed it to a marquis, who got it from a page, who was given it by a Jesuit who, while still a novice, had received it in a direct line from a shipmate of Christopher Columbus. As for me, I won't give it to anyone, because I'm dying."

"Oh, Pangloss!" cried Candide. "What a strange genealogy! Didn't it begin with the devil?"

"Not at all," replied the great man. "It was an indispensable element in the best of worlds, a necessary ingredient, because if Columbus, on an American island, hadn't caught that disease which poisons the source of generation, which often even prevents generation, and which is

obviously opposed to the great goal of nature, we would now have neither chocolate nor cochineal.<sup>4</sup> It must also be noted that so far, on our continent, this disease is peculiar to us, like religious controversy. The Turks, Indians, Persians, Chinese, Siamese and Japanese are still unacquainted with it; but there's a sufficient reason for their also coming to know it within a few centuries. Meanwhile, it's made amazing progress among us, especially in those great armies, composed of honest and well-bred mercenaries, which decide the fate of nations: it can safely be said that whenever thirty thousand men fight a pitched battle against an equal number of enemy troops, there are about twenty thousand syphilitics on each side."

"That's admirable," said Candide, "but you must be cured."

"How can I be?" said Pangloss. "I'm penniless, my friend, and nowhere on the face of the globe can you get a blood letting or an enema without paying, or having someone pay for you."

This statement decided Candide: he went back to James, the charitable Anabaptist, threw himself at his feet

<sup>4</sup> cochineal A red dyestuff made from the dried bodies of the female cochineal insect, used today as a biological stain. Voltaire may be satirizing it when comparing it to chocolate, which was a very popular drink in his day.

and painted such a heart-rending picture of the state to which his friend had been reduced that the good man did not hesitate to take Dr. Pangloss into his house and have him cured at his expense. When his treatment was over, Pangloss had lost only an eye and an ear. He could write well and knew arithmetic perfectly. The Anabaptist made him his bookkeeper. Two months later he was obliged to go to Lisbon on business; he took the two philosophers with him on his ship. Pangloss explained to him how all was for the very best. James did not share this opinion.

"Men," he said, "must have corrupted nature a little, because they weren't born wolves, yet they've become wolves: God didn't give them twenty-four-pounders or bayonets, but they've made themselves bayonets and cannons with which to destroy each other. I might also mention bankruptcies, and the law which takes over a bankrupt's property to defraud his creditors of it."

"All that was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and individual misfortunes create general welfare, so that the more individual misfortunes there are, the more all is well."

While he was reasoning thus, the air grew dark, the winds blew from the four corners of the earth, and the ship was assailed by a terrible storm in sight of the port of Lisbon.



## Chapter V

Storm, shipwreck and earthquake, and what happened to Dr. Pangloss, Candide and James the Anabaptist.

Half the passengers, expiring from the indescribable agony which the rolling of a ship inflicts on the nerves and humors of the body, shaken in different directions, were so weakened that they lacked even the strength to become alarmed at their danger. The other half were shrieking and praying. The sails were torn, the masts were broken, the hull was cracked open. Those who could work were doing so, but they were all at cross-purposes because no one was in command. The Anabaptist was topside, helping a little to handle the ship. A frenzied sailor struck him violently and laid him out flat on the deck, but his own blow threw him off balance and he fell overboard, head first. He was caught on part of a broken mast and remained hanging there. The good James rushed to his assistance and helped him climb back on board, but, in the course of his efforts, he was thrown into the sea in full view of the sailor, who let him perish without deigning even to look at him. Candide came over and saw his benefactor reappear on the surface for a moment before sinking forever. He tried to leap into the sea after him; Pangloss the philosopher stopped him by proving to him that the Lisbon harbor was formed expressly for the Anabaptist to drown in. As he was proving this *a priori*, the ship split open and everyone perished except Pangloss, Candide and the brutal sailor who had drowned the virtu-

ous Anabaptist; the scoundrel easily swam to land, and Pangloss and Candide were carried ashore on a plank.

When they had recovered a little, they walked toward Lisbon. They still had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from starvation, after having escaped from the storm.

They had scarcely set foot in the city, mourning the death of their benefactor, when they felt the earth tremble beneath them. The sea boiled up in the harbor and smashed the vessels lying at anchor. Whirlwinds of flame and ashes covered the streets and squares, houses collapsed, roofs were thrown onto foundations and the foundations crumbled; thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and both sexes were crushed beneath the ruins.

The sailor whistled, swore and said, "I'll get something out of this."

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

"This is the end of the world!" cried Candide.

The sailor immediately rushed into the midst of the wreckage, braved death to find money, found some, took it with him, got drunk and, after sobering up a little, bought the favors of the first willing girl he met in the ruins of the destroyed houses, amid the dead and dying.

But Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve and said to him, "You're behaving badly, my friend: you're not respecting universal reason, you've chosen a bad time for this."

"By the blood of Christ! I'm a sailor and I was born in Batavia: I've walked on the crucifix four times during four stays in Japan<sup>5</sup>—you've come to the right man with your universal reason!"

Candide had been wounded by several splinters of stone. He was lying in the street, covered with rubble. He said to Pangloss, "Alas! Get me some wine and oil: I'm dying."

"This earthquake is nothing new," replied Pangloss. "The town of Lima in America felt the same shocks last year. Same causes, same effects; there is surely a vein of sulphur running underground from Lima to Lisbon."

"Nothing is more likely," said Candide, "but, in the name of God, bring me some oil and wine!"

"What do you mean, likely?" retorted the philosopher. "I maintain that the fact is demonstrated."

Candide lost consciousness, and Pangloss brought him a little water from a nearby fountain.

The next day, having found a little food as they slipped through the ruins, they recovered some of their

<sup>5</sup> I've walked on the crucifix four times during four stays in Japan. The sailor is referring to actions denouncing his Christian faith in order to survive and live in a non-Christian society.

strength. Then they worked like the others to help those inhabitants who had escaped death. Some of the citizens they assisted gave them as good a dinner as was possible in such a disaster. The meal was sad, it is true. The hosts wet their bread with their tears, but Pangloss comforted them by assuring them that things could not have been otherwise: "For," he said, "all is for the best. For if there's a volcano at Lisbon, it couldn't be anywhere else. For it's impossible for things not to be where they are. For all is well."

A little man in black, an officer of the Inquisition, who was sitting beside him, spoke up politely and said, "Apparently you don't believe in original sin, sir; for if all is for the best, there can be no fall or punishment."

"I humbly beg Your Excellency's pardon," replied Pangloss still more politely, "for the fall of man, and his curse, were necessary components of the best of all possible worlds."

"Then you don't believe in free will, sir?" said the officer.

"Excuse me, Your Excellency," said Pangloss, "but freedom can subsist with absolute necessity, for it was necessary that we be free; for, after all, a determined will—"

Pangloss was in the middle of his sentence when the officer nodded to his armed attendant, who was pouring him out a glass of port, or Oporto wine.

## Chapter VI

How a fine auto-da-fé was performed to prevent earthquakes, and how Candide was flogged.

After the earthquake had destroyed three-quarters of Lisbon, the wise men of the country could think of no more effective way of avoiding total ruin than giving the populace a fine auto-da-fé. It was decided by the University of Coimbra that the sight of several people being slowly burned with great ceremony was an infallible means of preventing the earth from quaking.

They had therefore arrested a Biscayan convicted of marrying the godmother of his godchild, and two Portuguese who had taken the pork from the outside of their chicken before eating it; and, after dinner, Dr. Pangloss and his disciple Candide were bound and taken away, one for having spoken, the other for having listened with an air of approval. They were separated and each was placed in an extremely cool room where no one was ever bothered by the sun. A week later they were both dressed in sanbenitos and paper miters.<sup>6</sup> Candide's miter and sanbenito bore painted flames, pointed downward, and dev-

ils without tails or claws; but Pangloss's devils had claws and tails, and his flames were upright. Thus attired, they walked in a procession and heard a deeply moving sermon, followed by beautiful polyphonic music. Candide was flogged in time with the singing, the Biscayan and the two men who had refused to eat pork were burned, and Pangloss was hanged, although this was not customary. That same day the earth shook again, with a terrible uproar.

Terrified, bewildered, frantic, covered with blood, quivering all over, Candide said to himself, "If this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others like? I wouldn't complain if it were just that I'd been flogged: the Bulgars flogged me too. But my dear Pangloss, the greatest of philosophers—did I have to see you hanged, without knowing why? And my dear Anabaptist, the kindest of men—did you have to be drowned in the harbor? And Lady Cunegonde, the pearl of young ladies—did your belly have to be slit open?"

He was just beginning to walk away, having been preached at, flogged, absolved and blessed, when an old woman accosted him and said, "Cheer up, my son. Follow me."

<sup>6</sup> sanbenitos and paper miters. Sanbenitos were decorated sackcloth garments worn by those who were condemned to die in a Spanish auto-da-fé or public burning. Miters are liturgical headdresses worn by church officials. Here the victims wear paper miters.



## Chapter XXX

### Conclusion

At the bottom of his heart, Candide had no desire to marry Cunegonde. But the baron's extreme arrogance determined him to go through with the marriage, and Cunegonde was pressing him so strongly that he could not have taken back his word. He consulted Pangloss, Martin and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine dissertation in which he proved that the baron had no rights over his sister, and that, in accordance with all the laws of the Empire, she and Candide could be joined in a left-handed marriage.<sup>7</sup> Martin advised throwing the baron into the sea. Cacambo decided that he should be returned to the Levantine captain and made a galley slave again, then sent back to the Father General in Rome on the first ship. This was judged to be an excellent idea; the old woman approved of it, and nothing was said to the baron's sister. The plan was carried out with the aid of a little money, and they had the pleasure of triumphing over a Jesuit and punishing the haughtiness of a German baron.

It would be natural to assume that Candide, now married to his mistress after so many disasters, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo and the old woman, and having brought back so many diamonds from the land of the ancient Incas, would lead the most pleasant life in the world. But he had been so cheated by the Jews that he had nothing left but his little farm. His wife, growing uglier every day, became shrewish and unbearable. The old woman was infirm, and even more irascible than Cunegonde. Cacambo, who worked in the garden and went into Constantinople to sell vegetables, was worn out by his work, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was in despair at not being able to shine in some German university. As for Martin, he was finally convinced that people are equally wretched everywhere, so he bore everything with patience. Candide, Martin and Pangloss sometimes discussed metaphysics and morals. From the windows of the house they often saw boats laden with effendis, pashas and cadis<sup>8</sup> who were being exiled to Lemnos, Mytilene or Erzurum.<sup>9</sup> They also saw other cadis, pashas and effendis coming to take the places of the exiles, and then being exiled in their turn. They saw skillfully stuffed heads being taken to the Sublime Porte. These sights stimulated their discussions. But when they were not arguing, their boredom became so oppressive that one day the old

woman was driven to say, "I'd like to know which is worse: to be raped a hundred times by Negro pirates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet in the Bulgarian army, to be whipped and hanged in an auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to be a galley slave—in short, to suffer all the miseries we've all gone through—or to stay here doing nothing."

"That's a hard question," said Candide.

These remarks gave rise to new reflections. Martin concluded that man was born to live in either the convulsions of distress or the lethargy of boredom. Candide did not agree, but he affirmed nothing. Pangloss admitted that he had always suffered horribly, but, having once maintained that all was for the best, he still maintained it, without believing it.

One day something happened which confirmed Martin in his detestable views, made Candide waver more than ever, and disconcerted Pangloss: Paquette and Brother Giroflée arrived at the farm in abject misery. They had quickly squandered their three thousand piasters, parted company with each other, become reconciled, and quarreled again; they had been put in prison, but they had managed to escape, and Brother Giroflée had finally turned Turk. Paquette had continued to ply her trade everywhere, but she no longer earned anything.

"I told you so," said Martin to Candide. "I knew they'd soon spend the money you gave them, and that it would only make them worse off than before. You and Cacambo were once rolling in millions of piasters, and now you're no happier than Brother Giroflée and Paquette."

"Ah, my poor child!" said Pangloss to Paquette. "So heaven has brought you back to us at last! Do you realize that you cost me an eye, an ear and the tip of my nose? Just look at me now! What a world we live in!"

This new turn of events prompted them to philosophize more than ever. There lived in the vicinity a famous dervish who was known as the best philosopher in Turkey; they went to consult him. Acting as their spokesman, Pangloss said to the dervish, "Sir, we've come to ask you why such a strange animal as man was ever created."

"Why are you concerned about that?" said the dervish. "Is it any of your business?"

"But, Reverend Father," said Candide, "there's a terrible amount of evil in the world."

"What does it matter whether there's evil or good?" said the dervish. "When His Highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he worry about whether the mice in it are comfortable?"

"Then what ought we to do?" asked Pangloss.

"Keep quiet," said the dervish.

"I'd been looking forward with pleasure," said Pangloss, "to having a little discussion with you about cause and effect, the best of all possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and pre-established harmony."

<sup>7</sup> left-handed marriage A left-handed or *morganatic* marriage is when the party of the lower or inferior rank remains in his or her rank and the children of the marriage do not inherit any titles or property. Obviously Candide, in this arrangement, would be second to Cunegonde and gain nothing, since she was of noble birth.

<sup>8</sup> effendis, pasha and cadis Effendis are men of authority or education in an eastern Mediterranean society; pashas are men of high rank or office; cadis are minor Muslim judges.

<sup>9</sup> Lemnos, Mytilene or Erzurum Lemnos and Mytilene are islands in the Aegean Sea. Erzurum is a province in western Turkey.



At these words the dervish slammed the door in their faces. 15

While this conversation was taking place, the news had spread that two viziers and the mufti<sup>10</sup> had been strangled in Constantinople, and that several of their friends had been impaled. This catastrophe caused great commotion for several hours. On their way back to the little farm, Pangloss, Candide and Martin saw a kingly looking old man sitting in front of his door beneath an arbor of orange trees, enjoying the fresh air. Pangloss, who was as curious as he was argumentative, asked him the name of the mufti who had just been strangled.

"I don't know," replied the old man. "I've never known the name of any mufti or any vizier. I know absolutely nothing about the incident you're referring to. I assume that, in general, those who take part in public affairs sometimes perish miserably, and that they deserve it; but I never pay any attention to what goes on in Constantinople. I content myself with sending the fruits of my garden there to be sold."

Having said these words, he invited the strangers into his house. His two daughters and two sons offered them several kinds of fruit-flavored drinks they had made themselves, as well as boiled cream with pieces of candied citron in it, oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, pistachio nuts, and mocha coffee unmixed with any of the bad coffee that comes from Batavia and the West Indies. Then the good Mussulman's daughters perfumed his three visitors' beards.

"You must have a vast and magnificent estate," Candide said to the Turk.

"I have only twenty acres of land," replied the Turk, 20  
"which my children and I cultivate. Our work keeps us free of three great evils: boredom, vice and poverty."

As they were walking back to the farm, Candide deeply pondered the Turk's remarks. He said to Pangloss and Martin, "That good old man seems to have made him-

self a much better life than the six kings we had the honor of eating supper with."

"High position is a very dangerous thing," said Pangloss, "as philosophers have always pointed out. For Eglon, King of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud, and Absalom was hung by his hair and stabbed with three spears. King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha, King Elah by Zimri, Joram by Jehu, Athaliah by Jehoiada; and King Jehoiakim, King Jehoiachin and King Zedekiah were all made slaves. You know the fate of Croesus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Caesar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II of England, Edward II, Henry VI, Richard III, Mary Stuart, Charles I, the three Henrys of France and Emperor Henry IV. You know—"

"I also know," said Candide, "that we must cultivate our garden."

"You're right," said Pangloss, "because when man was put in the Garden of Eden, he was put there 'to dress it and to keep it,' that is, to work; which proves that man was not born to be idle."

"Let's work without theorizing," said Martin; "it's 25  
the only way to make life bearable."

The whole group entered into this commendable plan, and each began to exercise his own talents. The little farm yielded abundant crops. Cunegonde was very ugly, it is true, but she soon became an excellent pastry cook. Paquette embroidered, and the old woman took care of the linen. Everyone made himself useful, even Brother Giroflée: he was a good carpenter, and he even became an honest man.

Pangloss sometimes said to Candide, "All events are interconnected in this best of all possible worlds, for if you hadn't been driven from a beautiful castle with hard kicks in the behind because of your love for Lady Cunegonde, if you hadn't been seized by the Inquisition, if you hadn't wandered over America on foot, if you hadn't thrust your sword through the baron, and if you hadn't lost all your sheep from the land of Eldorado, you wouldn't be here eating candied citrons and pistachio nuts."

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

<sup>10</sup> two viziers and the mufti Viziers were high executive officers, especially in Turkey; a mufti is a professional jurist who interprets Muslim law.

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## ALEXANDER POPE

### Selections from *An Essay on Man*

The poet and essayist Alexander Pope (1688–1744) lived during one of the great eras in English letters, the Augustan Age (ca. 1660–1760). This period's authors drew inspiration from the first Augustan Age—that is, the reign of Emperor Augustus (27 B.C.–A.D. 14)—when many fine writers flourished, notably Vergil, Horace, and Ovid. Imitating the style of the Roman heritage, Pope and the rest of these latter-day Augustans transformed their period into a time of harmony, decorum