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THE VISIONS OF QUEVEDO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

BY WM. ELLIOT, ESQ.

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PREFACE.

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THE Translator of the Visions of Quevedo, can truly say, that the pleasure he himself derived from their perusal in the original, alone gave him the idea of translating them into English. It is believed by the writer of this article, that the present is the only English translation of the Visions of Quevedo, although they have been translated into many other languages, and into French no fewer than five several times by as many different authors: the last of which, that has fallen under his notice, was published at Paris in 1812, the plan of which has been followed in the present version. The advertisement to that edition, contains the following just remarks—"The *Visions*, are regarded as the most piquant production, that ever came from the fruitful and ingenious pen of Quevedo, one of the best Spanish writers. In general, the criticisms they present, although mixed with some tedious detail, have much point, and do not fail in their application at the present day." It is hoped the reader will condescend to excuse any inaccuracies that have escaped the translator's attention, and realize from the perusal entertainment sufficient to recompense him for his time.

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NOTICE OF THE LIFE OF QUEVEDO.

FRACOIS DE QUEVEDO DE VILLEGAS, a Spanish gentleman, and knight of the order of Saint James, was born in 1570, at Villa Nueva de l'Infantado; and not at Madrid, as has been asserted by Moreri, and repeated after him in the *Historical Dictionary* of Lyons. He was lord of Juan Abbate, in the province of La Mancha, an estate of which he bore the title. After having visited Italy, France, and all Spain, and rendered the most signal services to the Spanish ministry, he took up his residence at Madrid.

During his stay at court, he devoted himself to study and composition: being considered the most polished writer of his time, and one who united in himself the greatest versatility of talent. The taste of Quevedo naturally inclined him to fictitious composition. Endowed with keen perceptions, a vivid imagination, and rapidity of invention, he is not indebted to the drudgery of research, and other men's thoughts for his immortal productions: depending solely upon his own resources, he was emphatically an original writer.

The author of the *Spanish Library*, expresses himself of Quevedo, in the following terms: "He knew how to reconcile the gravest studies with pleasantries and wit. His style is embellished with the ornaments of an adroitly managed application: he has so much finesse, such an immense fund of invention, of ideas as novel as ingenious—so much soft and delicate irony: he understands so well, whether in verse or prose, how to sketch with facility a pleasant or ridiculous subject, that among gay writers there is not one comparable to him. Nervous and sublime in heroic poetry, graceful in lyric verse, full of wit and gaiety in his sportive works, his genius illuminates the weakest subjects."

His poetical effusions have been very much sought after. Nicholas Antonio, an excellent critic, says, also, that in the higher walks of poetry, he has force and sublimity. His luxuriant imagination carried him alternately to both sacred and profane verse. He wrote divers religious treatises, and many essays extremely amusing, besides translations in verse and prose. He published, among other works, the *Spanish Panassus*, and the novel known by the name of the *Sharper*.

His works have been published in four volumes folio, and in eleven volumes octavo. They comprise, under the title of *Dreams* or *Visions*, divers works of his, published at different times, in various places, and with different titles.

Quevedo, in his old age, was very infirm; and, at an advanced period of his life, was imprisoned by order of Count d'Olivarez, for a libel upon his administration, in which situation he remained till the death of the minister. He died at Villa Nueva de l'Infantado, the place of his birth, on the eighth day of September, 1645.

FIRST NIGHT.

THE DEMON.

THE prayers of the church being considered as the most efficacious remedies that can be employed against the possession of the devil, a malady almost invincible, some wealthy inhabitants of the country had brought into this city of Seville, one of their relations, who was thus afflicted, to confide his cure to a religious of renowned sanctity; or, in other words, for the purpose of having him exorcised. On the day assigned for this operation, the possessed was carried to the church of the Cordeliers, which very soon overflowed with spectators. The gates having been shut before my arrival, I engaged a religious of my acquaintance to admit me. He introduced me by the gate of the monastery; but I had no sooner entered the church, than I had

reason to repent my curiosity: I was hustled by the crowd, and overcome with the heat. There my regards were attracted by an unhappy wretch, of an ill figure, with wild eyes and dishevelled garments, his hands bound behind his back, and uttering from time to time the most frightful yells. There was much impatience testified to behold this holy priest, of whom I have spoken, whose name was *Juan de Cardanas*, father of Barnadino de Cardanas, Capuchin, and Bishop of Paragua, in America. After the performance of mass, he found himself so much indisposed, that they were obliged to postpone the exorcism till another day. I was not sorry; for, not partaking in the credulity of the people, who often impute epileptical complaints to the operation of demons, I had for a long time been desirous of personally verifying those things they relate concerning the possessions of the devil. I lost no time in visiting the relations of this unhappy person, whom I shrewdly suspected had recourse to this adroit method to rid themselves of the inconvenience of certain peccadilloes he had been engaged in. I inspired them with sufficient confidence to obtain permission to visit their lodgings the following night, with a view of making such an examination as I should judge proper. I preferred this time to any other, that I might the better conceal the defeat of my enterprize if it should not succeed.

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The night being come, I was introduced into the chamber of the possessed whom they had placed upon a bed in such a manner that he could not rise. The presence of his friends prevented me from the proposition of certain questions I had meditated. The following will serve as a sample:

Is it possible to find out the philosopher's stone?

Can the quadrature of the circle be discovered?

Is there an universal panacea for every disease?

Is there among herbs, any simples which can inspire love in women, or protect from blows and wounds?

I had put in writing some other objects of my curiosity; but as it was not a convenient time to propound them, I began to feel the pulse of the possessed. It was frequent and elevated: from time to time his eyes were troubled; and he had convulsive movements, from which he suffered very much.

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After having examined his body, I examined his mind, speaking to him in Greek, Hebrew, Turkish, Indian, and even in the Mexican tongue. He answered me always very appropriately in Spanish, which convinced me that he was in truth possessed with a devil; for although he spake not all languages, he nevertheless understood them, which could not naturally happen without study or travel. His relations assured me he had done neither the one nor the other.

I demanded of the demon, what name he had in hell?

He answered, "that he had no other appellation than that of the employment which he exercised in the world: that he had been for a long time in the service of an *alguazil*, in whom he inspired all the chicanery and wickedness with which he plagued poor people."

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Let us remark here, that the word *alguazil* is borrowed from the Moresco tongue, and signifies in Spanish, a constable, a cryer, a clerk, or other subaltern of justice.

"Why," said I to the demon, "are you entered into the body of this man?"

"Because he was himself an *alguazil*, and a person of a licentious life. After having been banished from his paternal home, finding himself necessitous, he associated with *alguazils* to extort money, under pretence of executing the decrees of justice, and in the arrest of bodies, which he often abandoned for small sums. It was in the execution of this business, that he stole a silver cup from the house of a country curate, and subtracted a purse of one hundred ducats from the pocket of a man, who, for the stuff, was delivered from the hands of justice."

I asked him if there were many of these people in hell?

"Very many," answered he: "the constables have neither honour nor conscience; they drive their trade whether they know any thing of the matter or not: in that particular they resemble the poets. You shall scarcely find in hell, a single poet, who will not tell you that he was sent there on account of the versified lies he told in praise of some beauty. The poetic spirit hath its origin in the disposition of the heart, to receive tender impressions: it is the lover of heroism and romance; and to sustain this character, must necessarily make use of much artifice. The old poets serve as secretaries to young lovers; the young ones are ambitious of blazing as the heroes of their own compositions. There are so many poets in hell, that it can hardly fail of aggrandizing their quarter. I wish to speak in such a manner, that you may comprehend the nature of their occupations and torments there; but of which you cannot have an adequate idea, unless I shall here adduce some examples:—"

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"When these authors enter the subterranean abodes, they look around for a Charon, a dog Cerberus, a Rhadamanthus, a Pluto, and all the infernal divinities of fable. In place of that, the demons make them realize, that this is a place much more horrible than that: but this is not their severest punishment; they are forced to hear the compositions of other poets, who are their superiors in talent; then they are tormented by jealousy; they hate the *epigrams* of Martial, the *stanzas* of Catullus, the *odes* of Horace, the *beauties* of Virgil, the *satires* of Juvenal, the *comedies* of Terence, and the *tragedies* of Seneca. It is thus also the historians suffer, when they listen to the histories of Herodotus, of Titus, Livy, of Sallust, and of Cæsar.

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“What a punishment for these rhymsters, when they recollect their own works! You cannot imagine the pain they experience, in finding a felicitous rhyme, a happy epithet, a just pause, or an harmonious cadence: they are more tormented by an *a* or an *e*, than Tantalus is by thirst, or the Italians are with their jealousy, when they have Frenchmen at their houses. And the comic poets, how are they punished, for having filched away the reputation of so many princesses and queens of Castile, of Leon, of Arragon, and other places! This is as fertile a field for them, as all the wars of the Moors of Granada; but for these larcenies, they suffer sharper agonies as Christians, than will ever be inflicted upon the barbarians and Mohammedans, for all their battles and burnings, or upon the alguazils, even for their violences and exactions.

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“Behold, in review of the subject,” said the demon, who spake by the mouth of the possessed, “there is a much nearer resemblance between poets and alguazils, than one would, at a first glance, imagine.”

“A fine comparison,” said I, “for such a false spirit as you!”

“How!” answered he, “are not poets and alguazils both thieves? and if you would but confess it, you well know, that in making these remarks of poets, I speak to a poet, whom I wish to undeceive. Do you not recollect the old Spanish proverb, *He who never composed two verses, had no wit; and he who produced four, was a fool?*”

“I confess,” said I, “that to be a poet, one must have an original turn of imagination; and the same qualification is necessary to a painter: one would find it very difficult to assume, without merit, the rank of Apelles and Michael Angelo: but as they cannot justly call these celebrated artists so generally admired, fools, so neither do I believe they can accuse of folly the great poets of Spain, of Italy, of France, of Turkey, of Persia, and of China: for in all these places they have made verses.”

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“Yes,” said he, “and in all these places there are fools, alguazils, painters, astrologers, jealous or complaisant husbands, mountebanks, perfumers, plagiaries, triflers, and slaves of business or pleasure. All these, under pretext of pleasure or justice, steal, without compunction, the wealth of others.”

“Oh!” said I to him, “I now recognize in you a true demon; you delight to lie, and in crying out that all who serve the public rob them, you enhance their reputation. But tell me what robbery a magistrate commits, when he obeys, and wishes to compel others to obey, the laws of his prince? when, in fine, he distributes to every one justice? Without justice, which punishes and avenges, no one could enjoy security in his own house. A whole city might be given up to pillage, and become more horrible than the hell you inhabit; a state of things which must excite a very just indignation among reasonable people; that is, among those who understand the principles of order, equity, and natural right. And what a picture would every family offer! Children opposing themselves to their fathers, and servants against their masters; brothers would make laws for brothers, and mothers have no authority over their daughters!”

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“Behold,” said the demon, “a superb description of the disorder which would happen, if the gentlemen of justice did not make it their duty to become the first robbers!”

“Do you call the pecuniary penalties they impose, robbery?” replied I. “They are wisely established as a check upon avarice and usury, which are the ruin of families. The fines they impose are regarded sometimes as extortions; but they are not so; for if the community provided not for the necessities of all, do you believe that individuals would furnish of themselves, what is necessary for the republic? do you believe they would contribute without a demand? There is not among the officers of government, so much cupidity and bad faith, as you charge them with. But answer me: without their assistance, their care, their vigilance, would there be any security to emperors, kings, popes, and bishops in their beds, or repose in their dignities?”

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“I have not,” said the demon, “so bad a tongue as you believe. I know, truly, all the affairs of the world, and the state of every condition in republics. In accusing the most of mankind, I do them no injustice: and those evils which you say would happen, without the assistance of those who are appointed to execute the laws, happen in spite of their wisdom. The worst of it is, they are brought about by those very persons who are expected to prevent it, and who are paid for that object. Whence has it arisen that so many emperors have been killed, so many kings dethroned, so many popes declared anti-popes, so many bishops dismissed, so many magistrates suppressed, so many families ruined, so many cities pillaged, so many provinces reduced to famine? It is by the ministers of justice, by the overseers of administrations, that all these things are done, either directly or indirectly: directly, with a view to profit by the disorder; or indirectly, from a culpable inertness. How do so many officers of the long robe contrive to live? They lengthen out their robes with the pieces they snatch from the officers of the short robes. A man who goes to law, may be compared to him who orders a coat: he will have a good coat, but yet not receive all the stuff he delivered to his tailor. He will take enough for two pair of sleeves, and two fore parts; he will take twice as many buttons, twice as much silk, binding, and lining, as is necessary for one garment; and you shall have but one, when you ought to have two out of the cloth you purchased. A Spanish grandee, wishing to have a coat in the French style, purchased as much cloth as the tailor demanded of him, whom he also left at liberty to take as much lining, assorted to the colour of the cloth. After they had taken his measure, he caused them to call the tailor, and told him that he desired the lining of one coat to be red, and that of the other yellow.

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“‘How, my lord,’ said the tailor, ‘do you wish me to make two coats, when you have given me stuff

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but for one?’

“‘Yes; I do expect it,’ said the grandee; ‘and if you do not make them both sufficiently large, I will put you in a safe place.’

“The tailor, who feared the prison, made two garments as long and large as they ought to be, without purchasing another shred of cloth. When he brought them home, the lord caused all the stuff to be measured by an engineer, in his service; he found that it yet wanted half a quarter of an ell, besides the little pieces he was forced to cut out for the angles. This was not all; the Spanish grandee, whose name I can tell you, which was *Don Pedro de Saccaso*, wished that the master tailor should pay him for two garments, which he cabbaged out of stuff he had delivered him the preceding spring; and as the tailor cried out at this injustice, the grandee refused to pay him for the fashion, lining, and trimming of gold of these two last. Thus you will comprehend,” observed the demon, “in what particular the people charged with the administration of justice resemble tailors, and in what manner they are unjust, even in rendering justice. In their suits they generally make certain pieces of meadow or vineyard the object of contention; and if the parties complain of want of money to pay their fees, they take from them that which they demand at their tribunal.”

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“So,” said I to the demon, “there is no justice upon earth!”

“No, no, there is none,” added he; “and it is not to-day, that for the first time the complaint has been uttered. The fable says, that Astrea being come with truth among men, was obliged to return to heaven, because no person would receive her. Truth met with the same fate, after having wandered through the world, sometimes among the Egyptians, sometimes among the Greeks, sometimes among the Romans, and sometimes even among the Chinese; she was constrained, at length, to retire to the house of a poor mute, who yet, by false and equivocal signs, gave her to understand that he wished to get rid of her company. She then returned to the place from whence she came. Justice perceiving they would not tolerate her in courts, among the abodes of princes, in palaces, or great cities, fled into the villages, where, however, she did not tarry a long-time; for the stewards of the lords, that is, those ignorant stewards who seek but to amass money with which to pay their charges, gave her chase, and forced her to regain her own country. The beauty of Astrea, or Justice, resembles that of the stars—shining, noble, and worthy of admiration; but this is only when beheld at a distance; for were you to approach too near to a star, although it appears to you so diminutive, it would consume you in an instant. Justice is fair, but she is proud, austere, rigid, inexorable, and no respecter of persons: she wishes to be sought and beloved, but she loves not one friend more than another; and like love, she travels a little in the rear. Is it possible to find any thing more exact, more faithful, more laborious, more submissive, more complaisant, than a violent love? It fails not in the minutest particular; it knows no concealment; nothing appears difficult to it; it is always ready to obey, accounting no toil disagreeable; in the desire, to please, it finds every thing just as it wishes. Justice does the same in another sense, for she meets with exactness in the slightest circumstance: she is faithful in the least things; she is laborious, and fears no pain; she is submissive to the laws which she imposes; she is complaisant for herself, and even sometimes appears unjust, so impartial and rigorous is she.”

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“I suppose then,” said I, “there are many judges in hell, if what you say is correct, which seems to me very probable.”

“Yes,” replied the demon, “they are there in great numbers, and we have put them in the same place with thieves and robbers. One circumstance that will surprise you, is, that their multitude is as considerable as that of the amorous; although they have among the former, only the men who were judges: and among the latter, men and women who have loved once at least in their lives.”

“You wish to give me to understand,” said I to him, “that there are many lovers in hell; but can that be? If men were damned for this passion, no person should be exempt from your infernal jurisdiction. But this passion hath one great advantage; it is conformable to the charity that men owe to one another, and is always accompanied with repentance, and certain remorse of conscience, when it departs from those who have been possessed. One sees young girls even, who repent of their faults. How many religions houses are founded by penitence! how many old coquettes give themselves up to devotion! how many men follow their example, after love has fled with beauty, constitution, and wealth!”

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“But,” said the demon, “how many men and women, young and old, die in their amours, and count you for nothing the despair, the chagrin, the secret pains under which so many lovers have succumbed? Know you not that some temperaments are so affected by this passion, that they quit it but with life? If I should relate to you the histories of both sexes perverted by the perusal of gallant adventures, and having no other desire in their souls but to experience the like; if I should cause you to see the occupations of these people in hell, you would pity some, while you could not help laughing at the folly of others. You would see young men burning at the feet of their mistresses; and old ones, who, to please theirs, are continually shaving themselves, or plucking out their beard, and who put on bland perukes, to give themselves a youthful appearance; young girls, who imagine themselves to be Cleopatras, Artemisias, and Clelias; old coquettes, who paint themselves continually before their glass, who torment their locks, tightening the forehead-cloth to efface the wrinkles, and adjusting to the mouth artificial teeth of ivory or wax: but all their cases are lost, since there is nothing substantial in the other world. You would be astonished, if I were to point out to you all the girls who have taken certain means

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to hide the effects of their love sports. It would of necessity be seen, how many surgeons and physicians follow in their train; and if any one should inquire why these people are in hell, who have rendered such universal service, I answer, because they ought not to afford assistance to every one. Can they, for instance," added he, "conscientiously administer those remedies to cause hemorrhages, which end in abortion?"

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And as I was about to observe, that the physicians could not be cognizant of a malady which they would not discover—

"I understand you," interrupted the demon: "be sure they know well enough, without that; at any rate, it is their duty to know, or to suspect."

"But," said I to him, "is there not another secret you have omitted, of similar effect to the assistance of the physicians?"

"Yes," he answered: "there are the poisoners, sorcerers, and adroit women, who teach these mysteries; and there are some in hell who yet continue this infamous practice."

"You would have it understood," said I, "that you are a good devil; a devil of honour and conscience: you would make a good preacher; the flock would doubtless edify by your sermons."

"Be persuaded," said he, "that if I preach not agreeable things, I announce wholesome truths: believe also, that I have many preachers dependent upon me. 'Who are they?' you inquire. They are those who preach for their own glory, to establish a reputation, to acquire celebrity, to gain benefices, and levy contributions upon poor devotees. They commit wickedness in doing good to others; in teaching and edifying them. If we lose the hearers through the instrumentality of their discourses, we gain the pastors, which is more honourable to us. Finally, I declare to you, that it is by the order of God, that I speak to you before all these persons: I warn you, in particular, that you are lost, unless you abandon all the projects of ambition you have formed, and unless you renounce poetry, which is at the same time so agreeable and fatal."

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"Draw near," said he, to an old man, a relation of the possessed: "restore the three farms you illegally detain. You, young man, imitate Hercules no more with your strength and intrigue; Hercules is dead; you may find men who will kill you.—You old judge of the village, you have a very delicate and perilous charge: you were the valet of the lord of the domain; you have preserved in your new station, the spirit of servitude, which is not sympathetic with justice. The petition of your ancient master, you stupid wretch. The three peasants who have bound and strangled the helpless patient upon his bed, are those who enjoy the benefit. It is now six years since the farm-house of their master was consumed with fire: they ought to be punished for these crimes.—As to those young ladies, they would do well not to admit, for the future, the two strangers, whom they entertain every evening in their chambers, and whom they introduce by the garden. Profit, all of you, by what you have now heard: I shall speak to you no more, for tomorrow the priest comes to exorcise me, and I shall depart from the body of this subject, it being the will of God that I should go forth, to attest his power and the glory of his name."

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The demon having finished this discourse, took pleasure in tormenting the possessed, and making him utter moving cries. I feared the neighbourhood would be alarmed, and that some one would recognize me in a place where I could not be with honour. In returning to my house, I reflected upon the wisdom of God, who draweth good from evil, and causeth demons to speak as angels of light. The prophet hath also remarked, that divine Providence disposeth things in such a manner, that the hands of our enemies can conduce to our welfare. This is the first possessed I ever saw in the course of my life, and the first time I ever conversed with a demon. God grant that I may never behold another, neither in this world, nor in the world to come!

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SECOND NIGHT

DEATH AND HER PALACE.

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THERE are those who affirm that none but the wicked are subjected to unpleasant thoughts. I have been acquainted with many persons, but I could never find one who was not ready to confess, there were moments of sadness that invaded the soul, the cause of which they could not explain. These spring, sometimes from a vicious temperament: the humours mixing themselves with the blood, carry to the brain those spirits that trace upon the imagination frightful and whimsical figures, from whence come those disagreeable dreams and visions that surprise us in the night. Dreams proceed often from heaven, often from the devil, and frequently from natural causes; thus we have thoughts of death, after conversation on the subject, or having read a book that treated of it. To speak plainly, it seems that Providence sends us such dreams, for the purpose of forcing our attention to the consideration of those subjects we are generally reluctant to reflect upon. Such is, without doubt, the origin of this I have had concerning death.

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I read one night before retiring, the verse of Lucretius, one of the most learned men, and best poets of antiquity. I found an eminently beautiful passage, where he says, that all nature, with one consent, elevating her voice, speaks thus to mankind:—"Why, O mortals, do you groan for such a length of time, and why are you so sharply afflicted? Why do you submit to the slavery of flying from death, and the fear thereof? Why do you continually reflect upon the pleasures of

youth? The enjoyments of this season have passed with the days you regret, as grain escapes from a sack, from whence it finds an issue. You are fatigued with the world; why do you not quit it, as one who returns satisfied from a feast, where the viands were exquisite, and the pleasure of the highest flavour? You are convicted of a strange folly: it is in your power to enjoy tranquillity; why not, then, seize upon possession? Why fear death, that will render you invulnerable?"

Such are the sentiments of the poet, and they appear like those of a saint; but this is nature, or rather, natural reason, teaching us that death is not so frightful as we are apt to imagine; and I am not therefore surprised, that heathen philosophers have exhibited so constant an example of exalted morality.

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Likewise I remember what Job has said upon the brevity of human life, and the swift arrival of death. "The life of man," says this illustrious patriarch, "is of short duration: it is a flower, that before it is scarcely blown, is despoiled of its leaves: it is a shadow, which flies with the rapidity of the wind, without remaining stationary a single moment;" and yet, in spite of its brevity, life is subject to so much calamity, that it is doubtful whether it should not rather be called misery, than life.

Indulging in these grave meditations, I threw myself upon my bed, and slept. My spirit was free from external impressions. I thought there came into the places where my fancy had transported me, a great multitude of physicians, mounted upon mules, the housings of which, were clothes of the dead. In the suit of these physicians, who had an air of sourness and chagrin, followed a crowd of apothecaries, surgeons, and young barbers, who carried the drugs or instruments pertaining to their professions. When the physicians had descended from their mules, they began to dance a ballet, to the sound of the mortars and sieves the apothecaries and their adjuncts played upon. This ballet was interspersed with songs, in which the physicians took the upper part; the words of one of them were as follows:—

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"Catholicum, rhubarbarae, opiata, theriaca,
Opoponach, O opium, O laudanum anodinum,
Polychrestum diureticum, senne anisatum."

Two young physicians performed the air in these words:—

"Recipe, recipe, recipe, recipe senne,
Dragmas duas, dragmas duas, dragmas duas,
Semi-dragmum rhei electac,
Scrupulum unum polychresti,
Infundantur, percolentur, hauriantur,
Horâ sextâ matutinâ,
Recipe, recipe, recipe, etc."

Two surgeons answered to that, *seca; ure;* that is to say, *cut, burn;* and directly both joined in chorus—these repeating *recipe*, the others *ure*, and the last dancing.

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This troop having sat, there entered another composed of newsmongers, and people who followed them to learn what was transacted abroad in England, France, Holland, Italy, and other places. After these entered solicitors, stewards of noble estates, soldiers, priests, and other persons whom I did not know. This cavalcade was terminated by a woman of monstrous stature, meagre, pale, and having a very extraordinary equipage. Her head dress consisted of crowns, tiaras, electoral bonnets, mitres, red and black hats, hats of straw, turbans, and bonnets of wool and silk: upon one side of the head, she had her hair curled and powdered; upon the other, shaven after the fashion of monks. Her robe was tissue of thread, wool, and silk, ornamented with trimmings of gold and silver, chaplets, precious stones, and pearls: she had upon her feet and legs, shoes of iron, wood, and leather: she bore upon a sceptre, a shepherd's crook, a scythe, and a great club: she had one eye open, and the other shut; and carried, pendant from her neck, a sand box, with crosses of the order of Saint James, of the Holy Ghost, and the medals of other military orders: her gait was alternately slow, then quick and precipitate. She approached my bed, and said, "Arise, Chevalier, follow me!"

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"But, before I follow thee," replied I, "inform me who you are."

"I am *Death*," answered she; "follow me!"

"Is it your pleasure, then, that I should die?"

"No, no! follow me, and leave behind thy garment; for a person is not to be clothed when he follows *Death*. I will show you my empire, and my subjects. I am the queen of queens, the empress of sovereigns, the sovereign of the human race; and the powers of earth are but my inspectors."

"How!" exclaimed I, "dare you to say the king of Spain is your inspector? he who possesses so many territories in the world?"

"Follow, follow," said *Death*; "I will show you."

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Immediately all those who were there, went out in the same order they had entered: *Death* following the rear of the procession, and I following *Death*.

We traversed vast plains and deserts, which resembled cemeteries, or fields of battle, covered

with dead. Directly I perceived, at a distance, an immense castle, built in the antique style; and when I had drawn near, I observed that the materials were nothing but bones cemented with blood and apothecaries' drugs. The three porters in the court were very pleasant to the sight. The first resembled a harlequin assuming divers attitudes, and having upon his habits the figures of kingdoms and provinces of the earth; in such a fashion, indeed, that I seemed to look upon a geographical map: his name was the *World*. The second, who called himself the *Flesh*, was naked, like those figures of Priapus one sees upon medals. The third was armed, *cap a pie*, in gold and silver, like a curassier. They told me those three guards were the enemies of the world, and the porters of Death. The pavement of the court was of human skulls, as well as that of the chambers: these skulls were arranged in such a manner, that they resembled a chess board; some being white, and others, having the hair upon them, appeared black. In the middle of this court was a fountain of tears: the figures about the basin, represented Uneasiness, Envy, Jealousy, Despair, Knavery, Sickness, Medicine, War, Revenge, and Love. The tapestries of the chambers were all upon particular subjects. One might see in one piece, people contracting marriage; in another, lawyers pleading a case; in this, merchants preparing for bankruptcy; in that, *honest* thieves upon the grand tour, stripping the peasantry. The others represented an ecclesiastic, who, dying in his bed, has, in his last moments, the satisfaction of seeing his house pillaged; a courier riding from Madrid to Rome, to solicit a benefice; a tiler falling from the roof of a house; a drunken sailor precipitating himself from his vessel into the sea; a house burning with such rapidity, that its master is consumed in the flames; in fine, one might there perceive every species of human death.

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But none of these impressed me with so much horror, as the paintings in fresco under the grand portico. There were here servants who strangled their master to obtain his money; children who assassinated their father, to come more speedily into possession of his property; subjects who kill their king, after having pronounced his condemnation; a woman who poisons her husband; and a mistress who does the same to her lover, to revenge his infidelity.

In the middle of this gallery, was a colossal figure, representing Ingratitude, and elevated upon a pedestal; the relief of which presented on the one side Cruelty, on the second Infidelity, on the third Interest, on the fourth Ambition. The base was ornamented with sculptural emblems of sporting cupids, satyrs, lions, and cats.

After having traversed the whole extent of this apartment, Death entered into a grand and magnificent hall; the sable hangings of which were sown with white drops, like the ornaments commonly seen on monuments in burying places. In this hall stood a throne composed of dead men's bones, and which appeared like ivory: four leg bones formed the supporters; two arms, with their hands, the arms of the seat; a spinal bone, with those of the thighs, composed the back part; the two pommels above were two skulls, and the seat was of other bones. It was ascended by four steps, the first of which was called *infancy*, the second *youth*, the third *manhood*, and the fourth *old age*. Death being seated, the whole medical corps ranged themselves on either side, the others being seated at their feet.

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Death spake for some time upon the limits of life, and of the grandeur of her empire: she finished her discourse by observing that there was but one way of coming into existence, but many ways of quitting it. She then gave a general order for the dead to appear, and all at once I saw them fall from the wainscot, and come from the walls and pavement. "Speak," said the queen, "each in turn."

The first who commenced, said, "I am Romulus, first king of Rome; my ministers not being able to tolerate my government, wished to change it; they caused me to be assassinated, and a report spread, that I had, in their presence, been translated to heaven."

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"I am," said another, "Cæsar, first emperor of the Romans: the senate caused me to perish by the hand of my adopted son."

A third, "I am the emperor Claudius, poisoned by my wife."

A fourth, "I am Alexander the great; I died in the very bosom of a debauch."

A fifth, "I am Codrus, king of the Athenians; I died for my country."

"And I," exclaimed a sixth, "am *Charles the fifth*, whose bones my son exhumed, and burnt."

In like manner appeared many of the illustrious dead, now confounded with all kinds of people. When they had spoken, they formed a great circle, in the midst of which I perceived a large bottle, from whence issued a voice, that said, "I am that famous necromancer, the great magician of Europe. I caused myself to be cut in pieces by one of my servants, and shut up in this vessel, expecting my members would re-unite, and my body be renewed in its pristine youth; I know not whether the secret was false, or if he neglected to follow strictly my orders; but after boiling a long time, I formed only a gross, misshapen, and lifeless mass."

p. 44

"You then were of opinion," said death, "that the soul was but a subtle fire; a flame that could animate your body, and repair itself!"

"Yes," answered the necromancer.

"Close the vessel again," said Death.

When all the by-standers had been heard, they were required to put their names upon a great

book; and while they were writing, I saw the bottle move towards me. The necromancer within immediately commenced a conversation with me; inquiring, "who reigns in Spain? Does Venice yet exist? What is the news in France? Are the Calvinists constantly triumphant?"

I answered him, "Philip IV. reigns in Spain; Venice is still beautiful, rich, and powerful: the Calvinists and their king are always invincible."

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He then besought me to break the bottle. As I hesitated, not being without certain qualms of fear, it swelled, and burst of itself. I then saw what it had contained expand into a human form, and rising up, resumed the discourse in this manner:—

"As it is impossible for me to return again into the world, place us henceforth among the dead magicians."

In the place of the bottle, there appeared an old man with a great head and a long beard: he was of a grave mein, and held a globe in his hand.

"I am," said he, "Nostradamus, that great French astrologer, who predicted, during my life, every thing that has since happened."

"How," said I, "are you he that composed those famous centuries, which, after death, were found in your tomb? Resolve me, I pray you, one of your prophecies now in my mind:—

"The sign of Aries shall the world command;
Taurus shall rule the waves and solid land;
Mother and sire the virgin shall deceive,
The mother's breasts the tender twins shall leave."

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"That," said the astrologer, "is as clear as the light of day; and signifies, that married men shall frequently resemble rams: the love of woman, represented by the bull, shall mingle itself with affairs of every kind; the daughter divert herself spite of the advice of her father, and the sons laugh at maternal expostulation."

"And this, what is its signification?" demanded I:—

"Mothers soon shall children bear,
Who to name no sire shall dare;
None of all the babes they bear,
E'er shall lack a father's care."

"That is equally easy of explanation. I wish to convey the idea, that many children shall call those fathers, who are not so; and shall have fathers whom they will never discover."

He would have departed, after explaining these two prophecies; but I stopped him, entreating him only to tell me the meaning of this last:—

"Before another year is born,
Many a goose quill shall be worn;
Many a quill the ether bear,
Many a man shall dance in air;
Men shall sorely rue the attack,
Of grey goose quill and Doctor Quack;
Merchants be in bankrupt plight,
Nobles turn to blackguards quite;
Province, city, town, and village,
Soon shall soldiers sack and pillage;
Lads and lasses soon shall try,
What darkness hides from every eye;
No more shall widows' weeds endure;
The cloister virgins shall immure."

p. 47

"That signifies," said Nostradamus, who was in haste to depart, "that one half of the world shall pillage the other; the people of justice shall rob by their pen; false witnesses will support themselves by hanging upon their skirts; the physicians will kill with physic, and be well paid for it; the merchants thrive by bankruptcy; nobles shall be ruined by their stewards; the soldiers will lay all under contribution; children shall rob one another; widows contract new nuptials, and to enjoy the portions of their daughters, make nuns of them. Let go!"—and he hastily left me.

p. 48

I then perceived before me a good old man, of a very sad aspect, who demanded if I was dead?

"No," answered I; "living, and at your service."

"Good!" said he; "I expect a favour of you. You must know, I am called *They*. I also bear the appellation of *Somebody*, of *Another*, of a *certain Personage*, of *Author*, and of *I know who*. While I lived in the world, I was accused of having said and done every thing which could not be traced: if a false report was circulated, it was *they* who had broached it: if any one was found assassinated in the high way, it was *they* who had killed him: if there was a man with a bad face, this was *somebody*: if it was imprudent to name a person in an affair, they called him a *certain person*: if a writer advanced bold things, this was an *author*, who had spoken on the first impression: and, finally, when the author was entirely concealed, it was *I know who*, that had said

or acted thus and so. All this time I neither said nor did any thing; I appeared no where; I knew not what passed, and kept house both day and night; the chagrin of seeing myself in so bad repute, fairly put an end to my existence. I demand, therefore, of you, to vindicate me to your friends, and those persons over whom you have any influence, that they may not in future charge me with any thing; for, since I am dead, I can of course have nothing more to do with the world."

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I promised the old gentleman I would remember what he desired, and he retired contented. At this moment a young woman coming up to me, fell upon my neck, exclaiming,

"My dear Æneas, have you at length arrived! I have for a long time wished to see you. Virgil hath spoken very illy of you: he has published a history of our loves, which we knew nothing of: I have sought you among all the dead, without being able to find you; but I know, from your air, that you are Æneas; for, as you have been the greatest and most illustrious of heroes, so here you surpass all the dead in demeanour and beauty."

As the surprise I felt at this unmerited compliment prevented answer, she continued to speak, and embraced me so vehemently, that I was compelled to cry out.

p. 50

"Peace, there!" commanded the officer of the chamber, who was called *Silence*.

I still continued to bawl out; and said to Madame Dido, "O Queen of Carthage! will you not be undeceived? I am Don Francisco de Quevedo de Villegas, Chevalier of the order of Saint James!"

"Behold!" replied the queen, "behold this drunkard, who, being a Trojan, would fain pass himself off for a Spaniard! Go, pious Æneas; Virgil hath done thee no great wrong in describing thee as thou art. Where is thy Palladium? thy nurse? thy son Ascanias? where are thy companions? why are you here without attendants?"

"Be not disquieted," said I: "address yourself to Charon; he would know you as well as Æneas, who abandoned you in Africa; that was a meet punishment for your prudery: but you have not yet been able to forget a man, who surrendered his native city to the Greeks, and fled from his ruined country. You are a victim of love!"

p. 51

"And you," said she, retiring, "are very credulous!"

The officer again commanded silence, and before I had time to add any thing more, I saw approaching a dead person of great size, with horns upon his head, and who ran towards me as though he was going to strike with them. I stretched out my arms to defend myself, and perceiving near me a large fork, that supported the tapestry, I took it in my hand, and firmly awaited his onset.

"Do you recognize," said he, "Don Diego Moreno, whom you have called in your poems Signor Cornuto?"

"Yes," replied I; "and to convince you, that I neither fear you, living nor dead, take in advance a blow with this fork;" and at that endeavoured to run him through, but his bones were too hard. Moreno then gave me a blow with his head, and casting himself upon me, threw me down: I stuck to his sides, inserting my fingers into the openings beneath the sternum, and as he arose, came up with him. This noise causing considerable confusion in the assembly, I saw coming upon me, a great number of the dead, armed in the same manner with Moreno; and as they pressed upon one another, each anxious to pass his neighbour, their bones made a very curious clicking. In the mean time, others marshalled themselves in front, to protect me from their assault.

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During these transactions, Death sat upon her throne in silence, attentive only to the inscription of her subjects names; and as the secretaries happened to finish at a moment when there was a slight cessation in our tumult, the officer cried—

"Peace—listen!"

I seized this occasion to demand justice of the queen.

"I supplicate your sovereign majesty," said I, "to do me justice on Diego Moreno, who has insulted me in this palace; striking me with his horns, knocking me down, and exciting against me the whole host of cuckolds."

"What defence do you make to this accusation, Moreno?" asked the queen.

"Mighty and wan princess," replied he, "behold the man who caused me to pass in the world as a Vulcan, or a faun: I have always lived pleasantly with my wife, never objecting to the French method, of receiving at her house priests, soldiers, lawyers, politicians, merchants, and strangers of every country. As the house had a great deal of good company, where nothing was wanting, although my wife was no expense to me, I found it very convenient; and because I profited by the follies of others, because I made that a part of my revenue, because I took advantage of my wife's friends, to amass an estate for my children, the chevalier Quevedo derided me, rendering me ridiculous by his poems, and representing me as the prince of accommodating husbands; he called me a ram, and made me one of the signs of the zodiac: not content with that, he even comes hither, and strikes me with a fork. I demand that he should be retained here, and that he be put in a situation during his slumbers, that will effectually prevent his waking."

p. 53

"Which of the two began the affray?" said Death.

p. 54

"It was I," answered Moreno.

"We ordain then, that the name and memory of Moreno shall never be forgotten in Spain; that his grave shall be opened, and his compatriots, if any yet exist, shall make a pilgrimage, to render homage to his ashes."

After that, they called over the names of the dead; and as they were called, they answered *adsum*, "I am here." Hearing my own name pronounced, which was also that of my uncle and god-father, I answered, as the others, *adsum*; at which mistake Moreno taking advantage to laugh at me, I hit him a heavy blow with my fist upon his head; but I hurt myself more than him, for I almost broke my fingers. Moreno cast himself upon me; I stood firm, and thus we were again engaged in a new combat. They endeavoured to separate us, but I had entangled my hands in such a manner, in the bones of his arms, that I could not withdraw them; and as they pulled me on one side, and him on the other, it gave me such exquisite pain, that I awoke, happy and thankful to find myself in my bed. I reviewed in my mind all I had seen and heard, and which is here reported.

p. 55

This vision made such a forcible impression upon my imagination, that I yet seem to behold the palace of death, the audience of the dead, and Moreno pouncing upon me: finally, I made many reflections upon what I had seen. It is but too true, that all mankind must die; that we are surrounded with constant peril; that there is but one thing that can insure a tranquil death, and that is, a blameless life. But to live well, one must often think of death. I believe the dream I have just rehearsed, was inspired by heaven; for otherwise I should hardly have thought upon my latter end, not even when my life was peculiarly exposed amidst wars and battle. At present, I reflect without ceasing; I have totally abandoned trifling and poetry, which are synonymous; and, thanks to God, have more satisfaction in reading books of devotion, than romances and histories.

THIRD NIGHT. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

p. 56

I have read in Homer, that dreams come from Jupiter; and that this cannot be doubted, especially when they regard things of importance. I verily believe those of kings and princes proceed from on high: but I will substitute the true God in place of Jupiter, who is but a fabulous divinity. The vision I had last year, could not have been derived from any other than a heavenly source. Behold the events that passed: I was reading the book of the blessed Hypolitus, which treats of the end of the world, and of the coming of God, to judge the quick and the dead, the just and the unjust. I fell asleep over this book, sitting in a large easy chair. All at once, I thought I saw a noble young man, of extraordinary beauty, flying through the air, having at his mouth a trumpet, that sounded far and wide. When he had made five or six great circuits, I perceived soldiers starting from their graves, full of courageous animation, thinking they heard the signal of battle. Upon the other hand, the misers started up, in terror, lest thieves had come to rob. The courtiers imagined that they enjoyed the agitations of the ring, or of a carousal. No one had the least idea that it announced the last judgment. I was strongly tempted to laugh at seeing the maimed, the one-eyed, the blind, seeking the one their arms or legs, and the other their eyes. I was equally amused, to perceive the clerks unwilling to resume their heads, the slanderers their tongues, and the old women their throats.

p. 57

After all these had come forth, and arrived in an immense and smooth valley, very proper for so grand a spectacle, I saw appear people of every art and trade; likewise the men of letters, among whose ranks there appeared a very considerable embarrassment. Each community placed itself separately; each religion had also its sectaries apart: such as Christians, Jews, Mahometans, Pagans, Heretics, and Schismatics. All the people being classed and placed, a judge presented himself, accompanied by twelve counsellors, who seated themselves near his throne; beneath them were the prophets, in the capacity of advocates. Immediately a loud flourish of trumpets was heard, as if an army of cavalry approached, and legions of shining angels appeared, who poised themselves with their wings, above those men to whom they had been guardians. That done, the archangel Michael, came and placed himself at the foot of the throne, upon which the judge was seated, having in his hand a naked sword, and beneath his feet a prostrate devil, as he is represented in churches, and called the auditors each by his name.

p. 58

Adam answered first; he was accused by his demon, with having eaten an apple, contrary to the commands of his God; with having neglected the gifts he had received at his creation; with having cast the blame upon his wife; with having had a bad son, and of other faults which I do not distinctly remember. But I very well recollect, that these reproaches produced such confusion in him, that he could answer nothing: his good angel answered for him; he confessed the matters of which his party was accused; he set forth the excess and duration of his penitence; the agonies he had suffered from the decree that involved his posterity, the goods which God had seen born of his sin; in fine, he pleaded with such ability, that his client was acquitted.

p. 59

When they called Judas, Herod, and Pilate, their crimes were so glaring, that they could neither defend themselves, nor would any angel speak in their favour; and they were accordingly condemned. After them, were examined the most noted heretics, and neither could they obtain pardon.

Presently there appeared a number of pagan philosophers, among whom, I distinguished the

seven sages of Greece, with Plato, Zeno, Socrates, Aristotle, and others: there were also Mercury, Trismegistus, an Egyptian, Sanconianthon, a Phenician, and Confucius, a Chinese. The majority of these avowed, that they had adored no other than the true God. The judge demanded, if they had given him all the glory, and rendered to him all the honour that was his due. They answered nothing, and were not exculpated.

p. 60

The corps of artists next presented themselves: some of them were justified, but by far the greatest part were condemned for larcenies, frauds, surprises, and infidelities.

The men of letters then had their turn: many of them were charged with having taught and written contrary to their real opinions. The poets made every one laugh, on asserting, that when they spoke of Jupiter, of gods and goddesses, they meant the true God, saints, and saintesses: that they had never seriously deified the king of Candia, nor the first king of Egypt, nor the queens of Cyprus and Sicily; that if these people had become idolaters, they ought to take the blame upon themselves. Virgil in particular, was examined very minutely upon that passage of his poems, where he invokes the Sicilian muses: he pretended to have spoken of the birth of the Messiah; but he was answered that he must then have been in the soul of the Son of Pollio. Orpheus was accused by the ladies of Thrace, because he had taught men a love that did not concern them.

p. 61

The clerks, lawyers, and constables, applied to Saint *Ives de Chartres*, to plead their cause; but he refused, saying, he had never been a robber, but had always pursued the cause of truth and justice, and that they had not acted in that manner. The devils also accusing them of having often been corrupted by presents, and the solicitations of women; few among them escaped.

After these, the physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, were brought forward: they justified themselves by the authority of Hippocrates, Galen, and Paracelsus; but those whom they summoned, mocked at them, and their allegations. "And who are they," demanded those eminent physicians, "who have cited us, and presume to shelter themselves behind our example?" The unhappy accused then sought the assistance of their two saints, *Come* and *Damiens*; but they refused to defend homicides, and judgment of condemnation was accordingly pronounced.

As it is out of my power to follow all the judgments in their order, I shall report only those that appeared most worthy of note. A fencing master, being unwilling to approach the bar, an angel extended his arm to seize him; but the master, throwing himself into an attitude, made a fanciful push towards the angel, telling him at the same time, that from such a thrust with the small sword, he would have received a mortal wound; that all those who had taken lessons of him, never failed to kill their man, and that he himself had always been victorious, till he met with his physician. At last, constrained by force, he was brought forward and convicted of all the homicides committed by his scholars, who, confident in their skill, had often sought quarrels, for the purpose of putting their theory in practice. For these offences it was decreed that he should go into hell in a perpendicular line. "Zounds," said the master, "I will go as I may, but not in a perpendicular line; I am not a mathematician." "How," said the angel, "do you wish to go?" "In making leaps backward before the mouth of hell." "Not quite so much subtlety," said the devil; "I will make you obedient;" and he carried him into the abyss, that was at the extremity of the valley.

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This man gave place to a great astrologer, whom his angel endeavoured to bring before the tribunal: he was loaded with almanacs, globes, spheres, astrolabes, compasses, quadrants, rules, and papers, filled with astronomical calculations. "You are mistaken," said he to the angel; "the last judgment has not yet arrived, because the constellation of Saturn, and that of fear, have not yet finished their courses; it ought not to arrive in less than twenty-four thousand years; for God hath not created the universe and the celestial globes, not to permit them to finish their journeys; and there is yet no appearance of an union of the sun and stars, to set fire to the world, as must necessarily happen at the last day. I appeal, then, in advance, against all other judgments." "March," said the devil, "or I shall carry you." "Carry me," said the astronomer, "into the kingdom of the moon; I will reward you well; I am curious to see those beautiful countries, we discover with our telescopes; the countries of Galileo, of Copernicus, of Tycho Brahe, and other celebrated astronomers, who are gone to dwell in the moon, and who have bestowed their names upon those regions they inhabit." The discourse of this fool, did not prevent an accusation before the judge, of irreligion, superstition, and other vices which he could not dispute.

p. 64

I then saw an operator, who, imagining himself to be in a proper place for vending his drugs, praised the properties of his orrietan, and the virtues of his counter-poisons. When he came before his judges, he was desirous of trying some experiments, and demanded if he should use realgal, arsenic, or the blood of toads and spiders. The devil, who stood at his side, asked him if he had any fire ointment. "How," said he, "are you in want?" "It is yourself that will soon need it," answered the devil; "because you have cheated so many people with your lies and knaveries." He was confounded at this discourse, and was led away to hell.

When they were close by, he said to the devil, "I perceive the jest; you keep here the feast of Peter; I am not so much alarmed as you think: let us go, let us go," said he, entering into hell, "let us go and see Don Peter."

p. 65

There then came a troop of tailors, the chief one of whom diverted me much: he had a pair of scissors in his hand, and a long slip of parchment, with which he took measure for garments. Perceiving me, he stepped up and proposed to make me a coat in the French fashion: I assured him that I had no need of such a garment; but he ran round me, insisting upon taking my

measure. I observed that it was then no time to transact such business; that he was before his judge, and had better invoke his guardian angel: but the angel advised him to plead his own cause, as he could not conscientiously defend a case so obvious. "Signor," answered the tailor, "I engage to give you a suit every year, gratis; for it is doubtless for lack of tailors, that you angels go always naked." "Without dispute;" replied the angel, "for there is not a single tailor in heaven." "Very well," resumed the tailor; "I go then in person, to defend myself and brethren. We have never stolen more stuff than we could put into our eyes; we threw the useless pieces into the street; we have always measured the trimmings of gold and silver, after finishing the suit, and took no more than was absolutely necessary. As to the rest, our trade is one inculcating mercy; to clothe the naked, and furnish a defence from the cold; meritoriously following the gospel precept: thus have we acted, besides suffering patiently the prejudice the embroiderers have done us in making the habits of the church. I demand that Saint Martin, archbishop of Tours, who gave the moiety of his mantle to a poor beggar, should be heard in our behalf." "Saint Martin," said one of the angels, "hath never been the protector of tailors; and so far would he be from defending you, that he would condemn you." "Ah! well," said the tailor, "oblige us by being yourself our interlocutor." "I consent," replied he, "and will quickly expose the tricks of your trade: the tailors have in their shops a private drawer, which they call *the eye*; and it is there they deposit what they steal. The under part of their table and its immediate neighbourhood, they call the *street*; and here they cast the superfluous stuffs: so when this master cheat asserted, he had never stolen more than might have been contained in his eye, or that he threw into the street the waste pieces of cloth, or stuff, it was equivalent to saying, that he had never taken more than might be put into his drawer, or beneath his table. As to the trimmings of gold and silver, it is true, they are measured upon the garment, but then it is found after the chain of binding is cut, that it stretches very easily. When he said that his trade was merciful and charitable, he spoke the truth, if these are the attributes of thieves: but I demand, if, without pillaging cloth, they could ornament chambers with rich tapestry, build fine houses, give portions to their daughters, bear the extravagancies of their children, give sumptuous entertainments, and enjoy all the luxuries of life?" "No, no," simultaneously exclaimed the whole assembly. The corps of tailors was accordingly condemned, and they were precipitated into the abyss. p. 66

When all the judgments had been pronounced, the judge, his counsellors, the angels, and the elect, launched forth into the air, and ascended to heaven, amid an harmonious concert of trumpets, and other instruments. Those who remained in the valley, and had not been sent to hell, were in despair, because they were not able to follow the array of the blessed. When the celestial throng had wholly disappeared, a most horrid tumult ensued: the planets fell from their orbits, the mountains came together with dreadful washings, the earth gaped, and all who remained fell into the abyss, uttering such piercing shrieks that I was seized with terror. I awoke, and felt the most lively pleasure to find myself out of danger. I reflected afterwards upon the multitude of the guilty, and the small number adjudged innocent. Oh, how necessary it is, that all the living should experience a similar vision, that they might be witnesses of the disorder, of the despair, and torments of the damned. It would suffice also to exemplify the piteous confusion, which can neither be expressed nor comprehended, that will not fail to happen at the last day. I am not now surprised that the Israelites, at the foot of Mount Sinai, could not endure the noise of the thunder that resounded from its summit. p. 67

FOURTH NIGHT.

 p. 70

THE COUNTRY AND THE PALACE OF LOVE.

ON the fourth day of January, I had passed the evening in the company of some beautiful and amiable young ladies. Contrary to my usual custom of retiring at an early hour, I sat up late, amusing myself and trifling with these ladies, which brought to my imagination, during sleep, the most delightful images. I fancied I heard a voice, which recited these verses, borrowed by Virgil from Theocritus:

"What phrensy, shepherd has thy soul possess'd?
Thy vineyard lies half prun'd, and half undress'd,
Quench, Corydon, thy long unanswered fire;
Mind what the common wants of life require.
On willow twigs employ thy weaving care;
And find an easier love, though not so fair."

I am ignorant by what paths I was conducted, but I suddenly found myself in a most delightful country, such as the poets are wont to describe the isle of Cyprus and the gardens of Love; it was bordered by two little rivers, one of which was sweet, and the other bitter water. These waters, conducted by a subterranean canal, united in a great basin of white marble, placed in the middle of a garden. After I had promenaded a little, to admire the beauty of the trees, and respire the perfume of the flowers, I entered into a long and magnificent walk, planted with citrons and oranges: upon each side were arbours, adorned interiorly with paintings and sculpture, and surrounded without by jessamines, laurels, honeysuckles, and other shrubs. At the extremity of this walk, there appeared, in perspective, a large and superb edifice, which was called the *Palace* p. 71

of Love. The porticoes were of the Doric order: upon the pedestals, the bases, the columns, the cornices, the friezes, the architraves, and the chapters, were, in half relief, little cupids, who disported themselves in all sorts of gambols. There was written upon the gate in letters of gold upon a black ground, this inscription:—

‘Behold the palace of the happy,
The abode of lovers.’

The custody of the gate was committed to a woman of a nymph like appearance: her name was Beauty. She was tall and well proportioned: her features were regular, and her whole appearance so seducing, that her name seemed to answer her description exactly. Her garments were magnificent, but their transparency permitted the sight of charms that eclipsed the light. The whiteness of the snow would have yielded to the whiteness of her bosom: in a word, she had about her that, I know not what, of enchantment, which no pencil could delineate, or language describe. She made me so gracious a salutation, that I was emboldened to request of her a conductor, to show me the apartments of the palace.

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“Address yourself,” said she, “to the Introducer; he is lodged in this wing,” motioning me with her right hand to the left side of the edifice.

I thanked her, and went in quest of the Introducer, who was at the same time the Inspector of this smiling country. I perceived in him an old man with a long beard. He received me with great civility; and having signified to him my desire, he told me that he would himself conduct me to the foot of the throne of the Queen. He girded upon his thigh instead of a sword, along sharp scythe. He took for a cravat, an hour-glass with golden sand; and for a hat, a bonnet of mercury with wings. To do me honour, he preceded me. We entered immediately into the apartment of the girls, which was separate from that of the women who have arrived at maturity. In perambulating these chambers, I saw all these girls singularly occupied: there were some who wept with jealousy against the widows; others were filled with inquietudes, not daring to avow the love with which the other sex had inspired them. “My lover,” said one, “is extremely cold; he is too timid; O that the same privilege of declaring our inclinations was permitted to us, as to the other sex! I would speak a language to him, which he should respond.”

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Some of them read or wrote letters; they used a great deal of paper in that business; for in order to say that they would not, they destroyed, recommenced, destroyed again, and recomposed the same lines; they desired that their words should have a double meaning, and that their lovers should understand that, which they had no intention of making them comprehend. Others, placed before their mirrors, studied their gestures, giving expression to their features, endeavouring to put grace into their smile, and gaiety into their laugh. Certain of them, plucked the hair from the chin and eye-brows; others applied plaster to their faces; many of them, to cause paleness and a more interesting appearance in the eyes of their lovers, ate plaster, jet, charcoal, and Spanish wax, contrary to the custom of the French, who diligently avoid those substances that can give them a yellow appearance, as saffron, pepper, salt, and every thing provocative.

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From this apartment, I passed into that of the married women. Some of them grieved at the jealousy of their husbands, and others at the avarice of theirs. There were those who caressed their spouses, that they might the more easily deceive them: there were others who concealed money from their knowledge, to purchase finery, or make presents to their gallants: there were others who made vows, and projected pilgrimages, to the end that they might enjoy the company of those whom they could not otherwise see: and others, who spoke continually of the sweetness, of the handsome mein, and good proportions of their confessors. Some there were, who said that there could be no pleasure more consummate, than in revenging ones self upon ones husband; some, also, that the most insupportable torment to a married woman, was to be obliged to answer the caresses of a husband whom she did not love: many, that the pleasantest hour was that passed at the play with a gallant. There were those too among them, who had taken their waiting maids into confidence, and strove to engage them in their interests by every indulgence.

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Contiguous to this place, was a spacious pavilion where we found the widows. Some of this class affected austerity and modesty; but others gave themselves up to all sorts of folly. Many were exceedingly joyous, although they were in mourning: many were sad, because black did not become them; many, on the contrary, judged that crape was their chiefest ornament, and that it served best to exhibit the brilliant whiteness of their complexion. The old widows wished to imitate the young, while these sought to improve their time to the best advantage. Those who exhibited the most lassitude, were generally young widows, who waited with impatience for the year of mourning to expire; but others spent their time cursing the memory of their husbands, who had prohibited second nuptials.

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I was soon weary of my visit to this apartment; folly and libertinism were not to my taste. My conductor perceiving it, took me by the arm, and said that he would show me the amorous devotees.

“Yet, for all that,” said I, “love and devotion can hardly agree; however, let us see all.”

“Oh, ho,” said Time; “yes, true devotion; but know that it is as rare to see true devotees, as women without love: these same true devotees have at least those with whom they are not much upon their guard, and when they are not observed, cannot resist the seductions of a handsome and assiduous cavalier: in default of that they take their confessor.”

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Thus conversing, we entered into the apartment of the devotees. Almost all prayed to God, either for the health or the return of a lover: many to be soon married, or to be always handsome, or for death to rid them of a rival. Some of these women performed their devotions while waiting for their gallants.

As the character of these women had in it nothing agreeable to me, I besought my conductor to lead me to the abodes of the men; the more, because I would hear from thence a concert of instruments; he showed me the entrance into their quarter. I found in the first hall, a great number of fiddlers and pipers, who concerted a serenade for the following night. In the second, I saw men who made their toilets, and arrayed themselves in new garments, of the favourite colours of their mistresses. In the third, were those who prepared to send presents to their fair friends. In the fourth, were lovers who put themselves in attitudes to fight in duel with their rivals. In the fifth, they read novels, or made extracts from them. In the sixth, were the old fellows who were mad for love. In the seventh, were young men sick, and who dared not disclose the causes of their indisposition. In the eighth, married men did that for their mistresses, which the wives did for their gallants. In the ninth, widowers imitated the actions of the widows. In the tenth, in fine, the gentlemen of the church showed themselves more amorous than the men of the world, because they are addicted to less general dissipation, and have fewer opportunities for the gratification of their inclinations.

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As I came out of this place, I heard a clock striking with a heavy sound, and reverberating throughout the palace. "What is that?" said I to Opportunity.

"That," said he, "marks the hour for private conversation and appointments; enter into this large hall; you shall soon see a great deal of the world: wait for me, until I shall return to conduct you out of the palace, for otherwise you will not be able to find your way."

I went into the hall, in which were a great number of seats. The magnificence of the tapestry, which represented the fabulous metamorphoses, corresponded with the style of the edifice: at the extremity was a throne of ivory, silver, and gold, under a canopy enriched with pearls and precious stones. When the persons of both sexes had entered and sat, a woman of a strange figure, and clad in a very whimsical manner, placed herself upon the throne; they called her Passion. Another woman, whom they called Folly, sat near her, and spake as if she was the queen's chancellor. Forthwith this princess began to set forth the advantages that had been gained over the empire of Reason, who had been for a long time her enemy. While she was speaking, a stately dame named Jealousy, promenaded through every part of the hall: she inspired some with fear, and made others laugh; at length she came near me, and said—

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"It is not without some purpose, you are here and separate from the rest; perhaps you are more fortunate."

I answered, that "I found myself there without any particular design."—"Excellent," replied she, retiring; and from time to time she revisited the place where I was, to see if some girl did not come to join me. As I divined her thoughts, I strove to give her uneasiness; I affected to exhibit the same myself; I looked anxiously from one side to the other, as if I had expected some one. I remarked this woman made the same motions.

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When the queen had finished her discourse, many persons presented petitions, which were all forthwith granted. After that, the princess announced to all her votaries, that she granted them the propitious moment, and retired. Immediately each one presented his hand to his partner, and hastened from the hall. Some went into chambers, and others walked about. There was no one but Jealousy remaining in the chamber where I was; she promenaded about the hall, murmuring:—

"I shall see," said she: "I will watch; I will discover: I will hinder: I will talk: I shall not be inactive. Ah, good," cried she to me with vivacity; "what do you do here? depart, I wish to close the gate."

As I expected my guide, I was not willing to go out, lest I might lose myself in this vast edifice. "I wish to wait here for Opportunity," said I, "who ordered me to remain in this hall, till he should come to rejoin me."

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"Reckon not," replied she, "upon this old dotard; he will not return; he is gone upon the stream, with the others: believe me; quit this place:" and thus speaking, she took me by the shoulders, and thrust me out.

I walked upon the garden terrace until I saw descend a silken ladder. I immediately thought that this was an invitation made to me, and thinking of nothing but the novelty of the adventure, I ascended. I entered by a window into a chamber, where I saw a man and a young girl sitting at table: they were both surprised at my presence, but especially the young cavalier, who remained immovable: presently recovering himself, and addressing himself to the lady:—

"Ingrate, this is then the manner in which you betray me! you have then certainly two lovers, and perhaps fifty?"

"Me, sir!" said she; "I swear to you I know not this gentleman; assuredly he has made a mistake, in taking my window for that of some other."

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"Yes, yes, he is deceived, but it is in these two particulars; that, in the first place, he thought me gone; and secondly, in taking my ladder, for that you are accustomed to hang out for his

accommodation; but he shall repent it."

Immediately drawing his sword, and taking his dagger in the other hand, he would have stabbed his mistress. I also drew my sword, and put myself before the lady, to guard her from the blows of this madman: he dealt me several lunges, which I parried; I drove him to the window, and as he perceived himself hotly pressed, he sprang out, which gave me immense chagrin. The lady had left the chamber; I sought her in vain, and the agitation of this circumstance awoke me.

I leave it to the consideration of the reader, if this vision is not a faithful image of profane love: this is the beauty that seduces us; this is the time we improve; this is the passion which governs us; this is the jealousy which torments us; this is the hour of temptation: a rendezvous, a private conversation, a walk. This is that violent motion which leads to crime. I leave also to the reader, to make his own reflections upon the occupations of lovers, upon their desire of pleasure, upon their intrigues, upon their pains. I am persuaded that no one can have an idea upon the subject, without disapproving of the wanderings of love. It is not reason which rules in the palace I have traversed: for reason is an enemy whom they attack, whom they disarm, whom they put far from them, although she is but a kind friend, who never takes up arms but to succour us.

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FIFTH NIGHT.

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THE WORLD.

IF a man of genius, or one only of ordinary discernment, could view the interior of the world, he would feel indignant at himself even for living with so much degradation; he could not prevent himself from pitying or despising those who are attached to it, and who allow themselves to be deceived by its seductions and artifices. There is hardly a person who speaks as he thinks; one never sees the intention of the actor; honesty and knavery have often an air of resemblance; truth and hypocrisy appear like sisters of the same father; civility and curiosity assume the same colours; friendship and interest are with difficulty distinguished.

These reflections occurred to me while walking in my garden; I entered into a summer house, favourable for meditation, and inclined to slumber by the coolness of the shade, and the murmur of a neighbouring rill, fell asleep. During my repose, I fancied myself in the midst of a great city, called Hypocrisy. They informed me that it was the capital of the internal world, and bore the same relation to it, that Rome did to the external world, in the time of the emperors. It was here the king of the internal world usually resided; he was called *Self Love*; and although he had this appellation, which is, for the most part, in rather bad odour, he was dear to his subjects, who made it their chiefest glory to imitate him, and had no other object than the honour of their sovereign. The two principal ministers of this king, were Interest and Ambition: the governor of the city was Pleasure. The guards of his majesty were designated by the names of other human passions; the gentlemen of his court were lackeys, well accoutred; the farmers of the revenue called themselves *ministers of finance*: the lawyers, *counsellors of the king*: the thieves, *judges of police*: the grooms of the stable, *equeries of the king*: the mountebanks, *physicians*: the bankers, *masters of accounts*: the clerks of the church, *abbots*: the clerks of the palace, *secretaries*: the students, *doctors*. There, tailors wear velvet and gold lace; cobblers are cordwainers to the king; gaming houses, academies: discreditable places, houses of good society: pimps, convenient people: coquettes, ladies of honour: women of pleasure, devotees: black girls, handsome brunettes: in fine, coquetry is friendship: usury, economy: deceit, wisdom, or prudence, wit: cowardice, equanimity of temper: temerity, valour: parasites are amiable people: slanderers, free people: and in like manner of others; for in this country we perceive every thing to be contrary to that we see in the external world.

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As I promenaded the streets of this city, I met an old man, who inquired of me if I was a stranger.

"Yes, I am," said I.

"That is very apparent, from the surprise you testify at the novelties of this city; but if you choose, I will show you things that will astonish you much more: come into my house."

Having accepted this courteous invitation, he preceded me without ceremony, observing, that this was the custom in France.

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"Oh, signor," said I, "it is no more than justice, that you should be free in your own house; and I know that it is the French humour, not to accord precedence upon such occasions: because he who first enters, escapes closing the gate upon the inside."

We found in the chamber of this old man, two young friars, preparing to go abroad. They assured us, they could not remain any longer, because their superior had ordered them to be present at a funeral procession, to get their wax taper, and customary gratuity.

"What admirable charity in these people," said I, "who go to a funeral, not to pray, but to gain."

Soon after, hearing a chanting, we looked from the window to learn the cause. We saw a funeral procession, in which were arranged many priests and religious, with a long file of relations. It was a woman whom they carried to the grave; the husband was almost mad; and I said to my old friend, "My God! this man is extremely afflicted!"

"Do you believe that?" answered he: "listen to what he says, when he arrives opposite."

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In fact, when he came near the house, I heard him say, "I am not so very unhappy after all! she has wasted the half of my fortune: she has been sick in bed at my expense these last six months; and her obsequies will cost me a thousand crowns! Ah, Lord!" cried he in a loud voice, "why is she dead? and why did you not take me first? or rather, good Lord, why did you not take her before she had dissipated my money?" At length, reverting to a more pleasant theme, "I must," said he, "marry Lucilla: she having been a serving girl, will not be fond of ostentation; she knows nothing about luxuries, since she cannot even read. To be sure, being young and inexperienced, she made a misstep; but the remembrance of her fault will make her wary. Of the two maids my wife kept, I shall discharge one; so in three or four years I shall save the expense of this burial." "I gain by this chance," said a relation of the deceased, who came next: "I gain ten thousand crowns, because she died intestate." "This pest of a woman," said a maid servant who followed, "never failed to take advantage of every opportunity, and yet entertained an extreme jealousy of my master and me."

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"Zounds!" said I to the old man, "these people are very sincere!"

"The things you see here," observed he, "are those which are concealed in the external world; but if now, you have any curiosity to know with what occupations widows beguile the time, after the death of their husbands, step with me a couple of paces and you shall see."

I directly consented; the object appearing well worth the trouble. There was at the distance of three or four doors from this chamber a grand apartment, the entrance of which was hung with black, and the stair-case covered with the same material. We went in, and after traversing a long hall, garnished in the same manner, entered into a little room, the tapestry of which was black velvet; the bed of beautiful red damask, covered with black crape, with silver fringe. In it reposed a young lady of the most conspicuous loveliness, one of the fairest I have ever beheld. I offered her my condolences upon the death of her husband, whom my old friend had informed me was a gentleman of the sword, and a loyal subject of the king—*Self-love*. She answered, smiling in the most affable manner, that she was highly sensible of my politeness, and that she felt very happy that the death of her husband had procured her the pleasure of my acquaintance.

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"Oh!" exclaimed I, to myself, "what affliction! but let us examine a little farther."

I approached the bed, and sat down upon a sofa near by: we conversed upon many things indifferently, and at length came upon the adventures of young widows. At this period of the conversation, raising herself up to take her handkerchief, she exposed to my view, with a beautiful shoulder, a neck fairer than moonlight. Just as this sight had inspired me with love, I heard a man snore, who was upon the other side of the bed. She drew the curtain, and gave the gallant a slight cuff, saying, "you are very impertinent to sleep thus near a lady in bed." The other awaking, was going to revenge himself upon the lady for her slight buffet.

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"No, no," said I, "do not; I should rather be punished myself."

Both of them then began to turn their raillery upon me. Perceiving this, I left the chamber, beckoning the old man to follow. I was greatly scandalized at such conduct, and my companion did nothing but laugh. What people you have here! amiable widows!

Some hours afterwards, I accidentally met in the street, the beau whom I parted with at the widow's.

"It is thus," said this man, accosting me, "that widows console themselves, and redeem the time they may have lost with a cross, jealous, or avaricious husband."

"You understand these matters well," answered I; "and madam will soon forget her loss."

Conferring thus together, we became familiar: he was anxious to learn my name, and told me his own, which was Joy.

"I am not astonished," said I, "the beauty listened to you. A quarter of an hour spent in your society, will abundantly recompense her for the sad and weary years passed with a jealous spouse."

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When the old man saw us thus pleased with each other, he said he would leave me in the company of this honest person, and that he should expect me at his house to supper, after the play, to which we had determined to go.

At the theatre we saw comedies about equivalent to our tragedies; and, in fact, of so close a resemblance, that one might almost fancy them the same. The story of the one I saw was this:— Two young persons met at the house of a mutual friend, to concert measures to gain the consent of their parents to their marriage: their degree was not equal; the girl was nobly born, and an heiress; the young man poor, and the son of a merchant. They both promised to put in requisition every possible method that could be devised, to vanquish the opposition of the old folks upon whom they depended. The young man said he would make himself an advocate, and afterwards a counsellor in parliament; the expence of which he could easily defray in one year after his marriage, with the help of his wife's dowry. The girl, on her part, promised not to refuse him any token of affection; and agreeable to their plan, she was to inform her mother, that she was pregnant by *Signor Virodeno*; for thus was her lover called. In order to the furtherance of

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this design, they instigated their friend to pretend to betray them, and to apprise the parents of both parties of what was passing. The parents hastened to the spot; the lovers came promptly from the chamber; they both heaped reproaches upon their daughter, and as the mother was about to strike her, she declared herself pregnant. "Unhappy wretch," exclaimed her mother, "you will always be a grief to me; you will bring dishonour upon the family: I will strangle you on the spot." "Stop," said her husband, "you will only expose yourself to be hanged: we must think rather now to conceal this disgrace." "No, no," said the mother; "let me stab her to death with this knife." She would have executed her resolution, had not her more discreet husband disarmed her, saying, "recollect yourself, madam; you were in the same situation when I married you; and if your mother had killed you, you would not to-day have made all this uproar." But as she continued to give way to fresh paroxysms of indignation, her husband enforced his reasons with some wholesome correction. He subsequently conferred with the parents of the lover, who promised to do every thing for the advancement of their son, in consideration of the rank of the young lady's family, with whom they would not be at variance. The company then gave a loose to mirth; they found out the young couple were well matched; they busied themselves in preparations for the nuptials, and sent to apprise the young man, who had taken refuge at the house of the governor of the city. He came, accompanied by the proper officers; the marriage was celebrated; nothing was wanting at the feast, and they parted on the best of terms. All this scene was in such perfect keeping, that the young espoused were married at the house of the maternal father-in-law, who himself did the honours of friendship. Thus they conclude marriages and other matters: so that there, one can see the minds of people, and the purpose of every man's action.

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At the palace it is the same; every thing is laid open; the advocates plead not, but *pro honorario*; the solicitors think of nothing but prolonging the suits by those incidents they themselves devise; and the judges, for the purpose of enhancing their fees, deliver a hundred judgments, when one would answer. As a specimen of their method, take the following decree:

"Having taken into consideration the petition of Signor *Thief*, solicitor to the lord *Stupid*, the court do order, that the parties have day in court, for the space of four years, that the fees may absorb the sum of three hundred pounds, which must be expended in this suit. Done at our court of the palace of *hypocrisy*, at the winter term of the current year. *Pecunia*, President."

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What I have related of the palace, is to exemplify the spirit that reigns in this city; the same influence governs the court, the army, the treasury, and the theatre. There were in a box adjoining ours, at the latter place, two men, who discoursed concerning the sale of certain merchandize. The seller said, "I wish you to give fifty thousand livres, for what cost me thirty; but I wish to make a thousand crowns profit." The other was not willing to give more than a hundred pistoles. At last they agreed upon the thousand crowns, upon condition that the seller, who was a steward, should give to the purchaser the titles to the rents of certain farms, without the knowledge of his lord, and upon which event the purchaser was also to give a feast. After the play, I went to seek my old friend; upon meeting him, he informed me that the king, *Self-love*, was fallen ill; and that on account of his indisposition, the whole city prepared to testify their gratitude.

"How," said I, "can you think of diversions, when the father of the country lies sick?"

"Yes," said he, "it becomes us to rejoice; it would be hypocrisy to do otherwise, when we have a prospect of changing our master."

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"In the world of which I am an inhabitant," rejoined I, "we feel the most lively sorrow, if our prince falls sick; and our religion commands us to offer up prayers for his health."

"And we," answered the good man, "are taught to rejoice; for we have no other policy than interest, and to which your religion is opposed."

"If *Self-love* should die," said I, "you would perhaps be governed by a less popular king. Pleasure, who aspires to the crown, Interest, nor either of the other princes of the blood, would exercise a dominion so happy and sweet. These princes are naturally proud, cruel, and vindictive: in the place of which, *Self-love* is often, nay, almost always solicitous for the preservation of his subjects."

The conversation turned upon this topic, for some time. The old man, contrary to the usual spirit of aged people, was desirous that Pleasure should succeed to the throne. As for myself, I maintained that the nation would be less happy, under such a sway. After our soup, he wanted to carry me to see the fireworks, and the ball the governor gave upon the occasion. I refused to go; these things seeming to me very ridiculous, on account of the cause that elicited them. The old man was much offended at my refusal; he told me that I was a sour, dissatisfied man, and an enemy to the general joy. I replied, that he was an old fool, and that if he molested me any more, I would throw him out of the window, and put his family to the sword.

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At this moment we heard the cry of fire in the house; and the common danger caused us to forego our quarrel. The uproar was caused by a servant girl, who, because her mistress refused, from some cause or other, to pay her wages, had set fire to the house, from motives of revenge. They pretended to extinguish it in a very curious manner, which was, by throwing on light stuffs, soaked in oil. I dreamt that a great sheet of flame suddenly enveloped me: I awoke on the instant, crying that I was in a house environed: and thinking the noise I heard came from the flame,—I cried, "*fire!*" A servant that was seeking me in the garden, ran, upon hearing me, and

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told me that some one waited to see me. When I had finished my business with this person, my dream caused me much reflection; the more I thought upon it, the closer seemed the resemblance to what is taking place in the world: in fact, it is *Self-love* that reigns, and these are the passions that govern us; and whoever could see the heart and soul of men, would find them arrant hypocrites. The world itself is the city of Hypocrisy. It is in this city, that interest, ambition, pleasure, vengeance, anger, and all other evil passions conceal themselves. The more I examine, the more clearly these truths appear:—That whosoever could disabuse himself for a single moment, would be so, for the remainder of his life: and he who really desires to know himself and the world, would learn from observation, more than he has an idea of. The world is, of all things, the most difficult to understand, and that which one ought to know the best. There is no person who distrusts himself; consequently, there is no one who realizes, that it is deceptive, filled with self-love, attached to its own interests, seeking its own gratifications, vain, unquiet, restless, presumptuous, vindictive, pure outwardly, criminal within, lovely and fair in appearance—deserving, at bottom, of hatred and contempt: and what is still more incomprehensible about this same world, is, there is hardly an individual who doth not love it; they lose by this love, and they know of a surety, that it is to this attachment they must attribute their losses: meanwhile, it pleases all: they seek after it; they wish to serve it; they abandon to it all which they hold most dear. Some sacrifice to it their honour for pleasure; others their lives for glory; and some surrender their repose for the poor ambition of fortune. But it was for us, the world was created; and that is really the victim one ought to sacrifice, to preserve his honour, to enjoy eternal pleasures, to acquire true glory, and amass treasures, that neither rust nor envy can spoil.—Think not, my dear reader, what I have here presented to you, a dream, a vision; it is more real than you imagine.

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SIXTH NIGHT.

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HELL.

I had been, during the autumn, at the country house of one of my friends. In the parish where he resided, that had not seen its bishop for thirty years, there had recently been settled a new curate, a fluent preacher, and very much devoted to the instruction of his flock—reading every Sunday homilies and sermons, and the greater and lesser catechisms. One day, I went to hear one of the familiar exhortations, which he usually gave to his people, concerning heaven and hell: he depicted the latter in such strong colours, that the whole audience were moved; and each whispered to himself, O frightful residence! Full of these ideas myself, I returned to sup at my entertainer's house. After quitting the table, I extended myself on a couch; and my friend, seeing me soon overcome with a pleasant slumber, for we had fared sumptuously, left me, to enjoy himself the same refreshment. During sleep, I dreamed that I was at the outlet of an extensive forest, from whence diverged two roads, the one smooth and broad, the other rough, covered with stones and ditches, thorns, and thick entangled bushes. I pursued the first, in which I remarked many houses of pleasure, and multitudes of people, who travelled in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, at a moderate pace, without fatiguing themselves. One might see there, persons of all ages, sexes, conditions, and estates; one might find there, shops, magazines, taverns, play-houses, and societies of women; in fine, people of every country and religion. I was not surprised that many came from the narrow way into ours; but I was greatly so, at some who went from this fine road into the other, which caused me to inquire where it terminated: as to ours, I thought it led to Madrid. Some one answered, that the little way conducted to Paradise; and the one where I was, direct to Hell. I pursued my journey without making any other reflection. Having travelled about a quarter of a league, I began to perceive a bad odour, as of sulphur and bitumen, and supposed it proceeded from baths of mineral waters, which diffused a strong scent at a great distance around. I advanced constantly, and arrived at last before a large edifice, which answered the description of Pluto's palace, as it is represented in fable. I found at the gate an immense devil, horrible to look upon. At this apparition, I stepped hastily back, two or three paces, and drew my sword, suspecting that some one was thus disguised, to do me an injury. The porter, perceiving my embarrassment, approached, telling me to fear nothing; for he was thus clothed, to deter the saints, who constantly endeavoured to abstract the damned from hell.

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"It is then true, that this is hell," said I.

"Yes, at your service: enter, enter, my lord, one had better come here living than dead."

I immediately walked in, and besought a devil whom I met, to show me the apartments of the palace: he called himself *Curiosity*; this was his appellation of war, or rather that of his employment; for as angels take theirs from their offices near God or men, so likewise demons are named, from the services they execute, or the dignities with which they are invested.

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"They denominate me *Curiosity*," said the demon, "because it is I who inspire men with the desire of seeing, listening, proving, and tasting; and as it is curiosity that opens the door of sin, so it is I who open that of hell."

"You may conduct me there," said I, "on condition that you bring me back to the gate again, after I have examined it; and you will oblige me still farther, by leading me afterwards to paradise,

which I would also visit.”

“It is not I,” replied Curiosity, “who can conduct you thither, and open the door; the guide of the way is Retirement, the porter, Virtue; but I will show you every thing worthy of notice here, and reconduct you to the place from whence I take you.”

“Very well,” said I, and followed him.

We first entered into a spacious court, where the devils were scourging the unhappy, who cried, “pardon, pardon, my God! I did not reflect—I did not believe—who told me of these things;” and many other similar expostulations.

“These,” observed the devil, “are people, that have come to hell without thinking about it, without fear, and without believing it.”

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“They were then honest in their faith; but why punish those guilty only through ignorance?”

The devil replied, “they ought to think upon the matter, to instruct themselves, and be persuaded that hell is no place for mercy—so much the worse for them.”

I passed from thence into a great chamber, where there were many men gaming, who swore and blasphemed because they had lost a little money, or played a bad card. “Behold these people,” said I to the devil, “how impatient and hasty!”

“That is the cause of their being here.”

In another room we found comedians, who mourned at their captivity, shut up for having made the world laugh. Said they; “if by chance some equivocal words have impressed the spectators with evil thoughts, was it not rather their fault than ours?”

“Oh,” said the devil to me, “if they had done no more than that, they should scarcely have come here; but think of their lost time, knaveries, and secret crimes! In the terrestrial paradise, a male and female comedian enacted a scene, that hath given to the devil the whole human race.”

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“Ah! who had they for spectators when they were alone in the world?”

“No, it is not the comedy which damns the players; it is what passes behind the scenes.”

In the following chamber were the physicians and their suit: they composed poisons for themselves; they took the doses when prepared; they bled and purged themselves, and tried every dangerous and disagreeable remedy in medicine, surgery, and chemistry, to procure death to themselves, and could not succeed.

“They once used their art,” said the devil, “for a bad purpose, and now their art fails them at their utmost need: do what they will, they cannot die, because the air of hell is a fire which purifies and conserves.”

In a cabinet near this chamber, were a number of persons endeavouring to make gold, or to speak more plainly, sought to discover the philosopher’s stone: among them I recognised Tarnesier, he who made the nail half gold and half iron, which is in the museum of the duke of Tuscany; also a duke of Saxony, and a duke of the Medici, who knew how to make gold during their lives, but forgot the secret when they came to hell.

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“Is, then, the making of gold so heinous a sin?” inquired I of the devil.

“No,” answered he, “but it is a grievous offence not to know how to make it, and that is the reason these gentlemen are here.”

“And the others,” said I, “who never pretended to have made the discovery!”

“Oh, they have not passed off copper for gold, as these have done.”

“Let me see the devotees now,” said I to my conductor; “they are a species of humanity that will divert me.”

“You are right; these are the fools of hell; it will be more instinctive to look at them than those of this apartment.”

As we repassed the chambers we had visited, I heard some one exclaim, “Look at this poor devil, who knows not where to bestow himself; Curiosity is seeking a lodging for him.”

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“Signor,” said one of them to me, “remain here, with the devil’s permission, if you cannot be accommodated elsewhere.”

I passed by without answer, not wishing to hold any intercourse with the damned. I found in this place monks and devotees who had hated one another so rancorously, that they had abused the most holy things of religion, and wasted the time of the church in giving vent to their malice, and afterwards would excuse their conduct in terms not used in the world but to express the most moral, sacred, and holy actions.

“Ah, what hypocrites,” said the devil; “it would have been better for them, if they had delivered themselves openly to those pleasures, they concealed under the appearances which deceive the vulgar.”

In another part they were praying after this fashion:—"Lord, let my father soon taste the joys of Paradise, that I may take possession of his estate."—"Lord, take speedily my uncle to thy bosom, that I may have his benefice."—"Great saint, make me fortunate at play; disdain not my prayer; grant that my children may contract opulent marriages, and prosper in the world."—"Let my daughter espouse the noble Spaniard."—They uttered other supplications fully as extravagant, and added promises and vows.—"I will give a hundred crowns to the poor, ornaments to my church, a dowry to six unhappy orphans, two wax tapers, and a chaplet of flowers to my lady."—"I will wear a dark coloured habit," said one girl; "and I a white," said another. The first replies, "I am brunette, the violet suits my complexion;" the second, "I am red, the white becomes me best."

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Next to this apartment was that of women and girls who had been lovers, and whose number was very considerable. As the history of their folly was similar, I felt unwilling to listen to it, but traversed their chamber without stopping, and entered into the quarter of the poets, to have the satisfaction of beholding the great geniuses of antiquity. There I was much surprised to find Homer, sitting in the midst of the Grecian poets, and reading his own *Iliad*, he who had been so blind during his life. I was tempted to ask him some questions respecting his works, and had an idea he would reply in verse. With this view I walked round the circle that was formed, and spoke in these terms to the prince of poets:—"O, illustrious Homer! light of the universe! author of the most sublime fictions! the beauty and price of thy writings surpass the grandeur of the king of Spain, the wisdom of Charlemagne, the abundance of Ceres, the girdle of the Graces, the tenderness of Venus, the delicacies of Bacchus, the brightness of Aurora, the height of heaven, the depth of hell, the vastity of the ocean, and the variety of the world, a Spaniard who wants neither spirit nor courage, of Quevedo, demands of thee if the victory thou hast attributed to the Greeks before Troy truly belongs to them; and if Paris, that tender lover, actually in vain took so much trouble to carry off their chaste Helen."

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Homer, rubbing his eyes, answered me thus:—"Here there must needs be sincerity and truth; for we pay dearly for the boldness and obloquy, that weak mortals admire: our torments are eternal. I never was in Ionia: I passed my life in Greece; to honour this nation I sacked Troy; a city strong, rich, fortunate, and always victorious, and that was finally destroyed by an earthquake. Helen, to whom I have accorded the honours of fidelity, was the least scrupulous of all our frail damsels. Leave me to relent over what hath charmed all the poets of the world. Go from this place, and tell mortals you found me reading, against my inclination, those works that have attained the universal suffrage."

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His discourse affected me. I pitied this old man, who wept upon reading his poems; but I reflected that he had invented all those fabulous incidents, to which both pagans and Christians are equally attached. Homer, this genius who knew how to assume so many changes, had he need to endow with heavenly powers, those brave men whom he sent to the siege of Troy? he might have created heroes, without making them gods: to be sure, it is always permitted to poets to feign and magnify their subjects; or, in other words, the subjects thus aggrandised and exalted to heaven have no sublimity but in poesy and upon paper, like the figures that painters trace on canvass, or sculptors upon marble. How could the Greeks mistake and worship gods who had such an origin? however the thing has happened, Homer is the cause, and now mourns over his poetry and himself; he has for companions in misery, his disciples and imitators. Ought this not to serve as a lesson to living poets, who, abusing their talents, compose and read seductive works, causing those who think themselves in a condition to do the like, to lose their time, and often corrupting the heart in recreating the mind.

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From this chamber I passed into that of the Latin poets. Ovid and Virgil there disputed the throne. Horace chafed that he was not admitted into the contest, and Martial revenged himself upon them by a piquant epigram. Horace protested against the whole proceeding of the two first; he demanded arbitrators, and nominated on his own behalf Scaliger, who has declared that he would rather have been the author of the ninth ode, than the possessor of the crown of Arragon; but they would not notice him. The other poets espoused the party that suited them best: many declared for Seneca the tragedian, for Terence, and Plautus. These last, read in a corner of the chamber the finest passages of their compositions. They now began to talk of settling the dispute with blows: fearing, therefore, that I might get an unlucky hit in the mêlée, I left the place, and passed hastily into the chambers of the Spaniards, Italians, French, English, Turkish, Chinese, and Persian. I noticed the ancient Gaulish poets, crowned with misletoe of the oak, making processions, and singing the histories of their first kings.

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"Here, upon this side," said Curiosity to me, "is a chamber of perfumers; they have fine scents for the gratification of the damned; but you would hardly be able to bear them."

"I will take," said I, "a pinch of snuff."

I drew forth my box, helped myself, and offered it to my devil; he filled his nose, but from the titillation he felt in his olfactories, he withdrew his fingers, when he began to sneeze in such a manner, and with such a noise, that hell itself seemed sinking under us, he belched forth fire from his nose, as lightning flashes from a cloud; he put his fore-finger to it, and there issued forth a rivulet of liquid sulphur, which uniting with his saliva, formed a torrent of boiling water, that flowed across the chamber, and passed through the doors and windows; without that I believe I should have been drowned. These waters fell upon people underneath, who began to call for help, thinking a river of melted sulphur and pitch fell upon them. The devil laughed heartily at this disorder, and told me my snuff was excellent: he asked for another pinch; I did not dare to

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refuse him, because he was in his own house; and such a refusal might, perhaps, have made him regard me as impolite. But this time, when I put my fingers into the box, the powder took fire as if it had been saltpetre, and burnt in my hands, at which accident I was not sorry, being apprehensive of another disorder, similar to the first.

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We then entered the chamber of the perfumers: they were occupied in extracting essences of intolerable odours, which are as agreeable to them as jessamine, tuberose, orange, and others in use among the men and women of our world: they made these essences from the oil of the box tree, from wax, jet, and yellow amber. Their pomatums were composed of galbanum, assafoetida, rosin, pitch, and turpentine. I was informed that these were for the use of the ladies of hell, who were served by the perfumers, and who were, at the same time, obliged to use their compounds, in obedience to the laws of Lucifer.

From thence, we proceeded along a broad aisle, which terminated at an elevated pavilion, the apartment of the astrologers and magicians. I met at the door a chiromancer, who desired to inspect my hand. I extended it without ceremony; but scarcely had I touched his, before I was glad to withdraw it, it seemed so hot and fiery.

"I have remarked at a glance," said he, "that you will be happy if you are prudent."

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"And you," said I, "what have you noticed with regard to your own?"

"I knew," replied he, "by the mount of Saturn, that I was to be damned."

"Ah, well! if you had exercised the prudence you recommend to me, you would not have been here."

I passed without further speech, and saw a man, who, with compasses, measured upon a globe, the distances between the celestial signs: "what are you doing, good man?" said I.

"Ah, God!" replied he, "if I had been born but half an hour sooner, when Saturn changed his aspect, and Mars lodged in the house of life, my salvation had been certain."

The others made similar observations, so that one could hardly forbear laughing at their complaints. There came up one named Taisnerius, author of a book upon physiognomy and chiromancy, who gazed in my face for such a length of time, that he quite embarrassed me.

"You look like an old burnt shoe," said I to him; "go your ways; do not stop so near me."

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"Look at this beggar," said he; "see how he affects the man of consequence, because he wears a sword by his side, and hath the cross of Saint James! What a physiognomy! What an aspect! What a figure! This man goes straight to the gibbet: besides, there is here neither wealth nor rank; all are equal."

"Insolent fellow," said I; "if I draw my sword, I will teach you how to speak to a man of honour; have you not had experience enough to be wise? you ought to bear in mind the correction you received in Portugal, for treating a gentleman in the same indecorous manner you have me; but you are incorrigible."

"Taisnerius," said my devil, "get into your hole, and draw your own horoscope."

After this trifling dispute, we advanced, and encountered many astrologers, among whom were Hali, Gerard of Cremona, Barthelemi of Parma, a certain personage by the name of Tondin, and Cornelius Agrippa. The moment this last perceived me, he cried out that "the world did him injustice, in calling him Agrippa the black—in accusing him of magic, and other similar things, for which, he averred, he had not been damned: that he was born in an age of ignorance, when good physicians passed for magicians, astrologers for sorcerers, and all learned men for people who had converse with the devil; that his book upon the Cabala, was nothing more but a satire upon the cabalistic art of the Jews, and the little key of Solomon; and finally, the book itself might be taken as a criterion of his faith, in those things by which they deceived the simple, and of the vanity of that science. I am no more a magician," continued he, "than Cardan, whom you can see if you wish."

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"Why then have you been damned?"

"Because I abused my knowledge, and amused myself with people's credulity; if I had indeed been a magician, I should have become penitent, and been saved."

While I was speaking, I heard a tremendous uproar, proceeding from another apartment, and inquiring the cause, was informed the Turks were fighting; and as I happened to understand their language, discovered the quarrel was, in fact, between Mahomet and the two prophets, who had each established a sect in the Mahometan law. Mahomet complained very bitterly against Ali, because he had given to the Persians a false Alcoran, and because Albubekir had so illy explained his own, in Africa. He, on the contrary, maintained that the Alcoran could have no other meaning, than what he had attached to it. Ali asserted, there was no reason in this law; and furthermore, he contended, that Mahomet himself knew nothing about the book he had composed. They chafed furiously upon this, and cried out, as if enraged to madness; I heard their dialogue, but do not wish to be the herald of their quarrels. This was gentleness itself, compared with what passed among the heretic and schismatic Christians; there I saw Luther in the habit of the Augustine order, with his monks about him, and a pot of wine on the table. "Do the dead drink," said I, "to the devil?"

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"Not at all; but this wine is set before their eyes, for the purpose of tormenting them with the sight of what they loved so well; it is for the same reason, that Luther has his wife with him."

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Melancthon was also there; he wept continually, and was so unquiet, that he could not remain an instant at rest: he traversed from right to left upon all sides, and then returned to the place from whence he set out, only to recommence the same journey. "What is this man doing?" said I to Curiosity.

"He imitates the conduct he pursued in the world; for there he was alternately with Luther and the church; sometimes a Zuinglian, and sometimes a Calvinist; thus are the inconstant tormented. This good old man whom you see here, is Erasmus; this other is Grotius; unhappily, they neither of them had any religion. This man, who appears so sour, and is surrounded with ministers, is Calvin, who brought about the reformation. These others, are heretics of the first ages, who are here for being reluctant to submit to legitimate authority. See the great Photius patriarch of Constantinople, how the Greeks surround him: he is justly punished for having quitted the ministry for the patriarchate; if he had remained in a civil station he would have been saved; but being mixed up in ecclesiastical affairs, he committed so much wickedness, that he now suffers no more than he deserves."

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"A man so learned!" said I to the devil.

"Yes, too much so; and too much knowledge is often more injurious than profitable."

I began now to tire of hell, and fatigued with my walk, intimated a desire to my conductor to depart, and to be accompanied by him as far as the gate. He replied, he wished first to show me the apartment of the contractors, whom I had not yet seen, and which was upon a line with that in which we were. I then entered into the chambers of these farmers of the revenue, and was surprised to see such a multitude, each habited in the garb of his own country. "There are here, then," said I, "people from all quarters of the globe."

"Yes," replied the devil, "since there are every where imposts."

"But why," demanded I, "are these people damned, who have levied the lawful tribute of legitimate princes? I have read in the scripture that it is lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar: how shall this tribute be paid, unless there are people to collect it? must one be damned for doing a duty?"

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"Hold, hold," cried the demon; "not quite so much philosophy; these contractors were full as philosophical as you are; but it is nevertheless true, if they had only levied the tribute due to their prince, they would not have been damned; but they raised one not due, either to the prince or to themselves: they would have been much better off, had they not made so much expense, and the prince had given them but a shilling for a pound. Calculate, for a moment, what an enormous sum is requisite, for the compensation of the host of subalterns attached to an office; consider then, how much the principal must gain; add to that, what goes into the coffers of the king, without mentioning what is styled the *perquisites*, and you will find that not more than one per cent of the ducats are realized at the treasury; and that, he who gets the most, is doubtless the farmer. If the king of Spain would oblige them to send straight to him the custom on exports and imports, he would profit by that the contractors get. There needs but one commissary, for all the revenues of the king, in each office; he should supervise all the books and accounts, contenting himself with a generous salary for his care, punishing frauds by pecuniary fines, and by corporeal inflictions for second offences. If the matter was thus managed, the king would be richer, and taxes less; the people would be less burthened, and almost all this great number of contractors, would remain in commerce, in the army, or country. How much should you say," demanded the devil, "the king received, of what is annually taken from the royal mines?"

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"About three quarters," replied I.

"He would be too well off," exclaimed he, with a cry of admiration; "he does not get the thousandth part; all goes in outfits, in expenses; and I verily believe, that if these things are to continue thus, the king would gain more by closing them, than in causing them to be worked."

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"At present," said I, "there is a necessity of levying imposts, of having contractors, and paying them well: the neighbouring princes do the same, to furnish their charges and expenses of war: if this is an evil, it is one that must be endured, to preserve the whole body politic from destruction. But how is it possible, you can so vehemently dislike the gentlemen of the revenue, who form by far the largest part of your infernal population?"

"It is the force of reason," answered he, "that compels even demons to avow the truth, and both to love and detest the wickedness we are desirous of detecting in others, to make them companions of our misery."

"I admire," said I, "the force of truth; and I admire not less to see injustice hated, even among the unjust; but I cannot comprehend, why you should say, that however legitimate the tribute due to the prince, the contractors cannot conscientiously take the public money."

"You misapprehend me; that they can do; but the farmers collect more money than is consistent with equity, or the orders of the prince; they extort that which should be useful for the maintenance of the public weal: it is of this charge, of this waste, the contractors are guilty."

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"I understand you," said I to the demon; "but conduct me from hence, for I am weary."

He continued:—"Do you comprehend what I say, that it is the contractors who are most happy and rich? and from whence come those superb mansions, as magnificently furnished as the Escorial palace? how can they support such enormous expenses? entertain so many gentlemen? give their daughters such ample dowries? contract advantageous alliances with the noblest families of Castile and Arragon? Such an one shall command to-day, and be covered in the king's presence, who a year since drove a chariot, or stood behind a carriage. Another, who hired his land, shall presently purchase the farm he formerly cultivated. Appointed a subaltern in one of the offices, he soon becomes its head, and is elevated by degrees to the nobility."

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The demon having finished, I thanked him, and wishing to impress the lesson on my memory, engaged him to repeat it. He summed up the whole in the following manner:—"Observe neither what reason or the law prescribes to thee, respect neither God nor the king, lay the peasantry under contribution, succumb to the great, become a great proprietary farmer, cause the purchaser to pay you twice for what you sell: to put out of sight the baseness of your origin, obtain an appointment in one of the bureaux, and accustom yourself to command; for by these gradations one may arrive at the highest dignities."

"What signifies all that," said one of the contractors, who listened to our discourse; "is it not natural for a person to elevate himself if he can? Is it not the order of Providence, that the lofty should be abased, and the humble exalted? Fortune is but a wheel, which in its revolutions puts underneath what but now was on top. If the subjects were more attached to the government, the sovereign would have less need of imposts, and consequently of collectors. If they were perfectly just, they would not need a king. To complain of our avarice is to accuse heaven; instead of which only the impenetrability of individuals should be reproached, who would rather see a great kingdom like Spain entirely overthrown, than advance a single real to repair the slightest breach. Know, Signor Devil, who has delivered such a philippic against the contractors, that we have been to our country, what the bones and muscles are to the human body, or numerous armies to a province threatened with an invasion: if the king of hell would but consult with us, we should teach him to fortify his dominions in such a manner, that they would be impregnable to both saints and angels. In the first place, I would lay a tax upon every demon who plies his occupation in the world: secondly, I would establish a daily employment for each soul in the infernal world: thirdly, I would make the magicians and sorcerers pay an annual tribute: this will be done, for I have heard the king of the demons was about to organise a council of financiers; and this is a subject that might well engage even the attention of that celebrated Englishman, who invented the first paper currency of England."

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"And wherefore," said the demon, "impose a tax on us? What will you do when we refuse to pay? Can you confiscate our estates? In what prisons will you confine us when you have decreed our arrest? We should mock at all your projects: ah, little man! you grow licentious! you must be chained up; come, obey; extend your hands and legs."

"I shall do neither the one nor the other," said the contractor; "you are not here our master; I will call the financial council together; and I am going this instant to denounce you to the grand inquisition, because you resist paying tribute to the king of Spain."

"I laugh at your inquisition," said the demon, "and to be beforehand with you, I will denounce you to the prince of devils himself: come, quick, obey; extend your hands and legs."

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The contractor found himself loaded with irons, in spite of his remonstrances: the devil then went into the apartment of the inquisitors to subject them to the same treatment, and afterwards returned to accompany me to the gate, as I had requested.

"These insolents," muttered he, "these insects! what pride! what rodomontades! was there ever seen such supercilious knaves? But I will humble them in such a manner, and make them suffer so much, that they will have no stomach to talk of imposts and taxes."

When we had left these contractors, (whom I regard as the most unhappy class in hell, because, let them do ever so much good to the prince or to the state, let them be ever so upright in their administration, nay, even if they were angels, they could not escape accusation and hatred) our attention was attracted by an immense crowd, which had arrived and filled up the avenue in such a manner, that we could not pass, and so were obliged to fall back to the opposite gate. "Who are these people?" inquired I of the demon.

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"They are," replied he, "a corps of tailors; they arrive here in crowds, like great armies, and when they come, all the demons are put in requisition to confine them; my duty compels me to assist; go with me, and amuse yourself with our proceedings."

We made our way through this crowd of tailors, and arrived at length, before a great furnace, the mouth of which was more than ten fathoms in diameter. There they bound these tailors in faggots, putting from ten to a dozen in each bundle: they fastened each one by the feet, and then brought a rope about the whole package, and afterwards suspending the faggot to a hook, which was elevated by means of a pulley, over the centre of the furnace, a devil detached it, and let it fall into the fire. Sometimes the tailors who had their arms free, grasped so firmly the pulley, that the devil had an infinite deal of trouble to loose their hold: when that took place, he caused the whole mass to make a pirouette in the air, and as the motion was violent, the tailors were always forced to let go, and drop into the fire. It happened that one of these faggots fell outside the aperture, upon a quantity of others, which were ranged like a pile of wood, and which the devil measured. The individuals of this faggot, seized hold of the others in such a manner, that

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they could not separate them; so that the devils who united their strength for that purpose, were obliged to take the whole pile, attach it to the hook, and let it all go together. The mass was so great, that it seemed as if it would choke the fire of hell. The devils bestirred themselves, and finally made an end of the tailors; they then cast in a great quantity of oil, tallow, and sulphur, and stirring them up with long iron tormentors, and employing large bellows, the fire caught all at once, and raised a flame, that rose above the mouth of the furnace more than three hundred feet. All the tailors having been cast into the fire, their demon general, with a haughty and severe air, came to demand of me, why I had not been bound with the others.

"Because," said I to him, "I am not a tailor, a rogue, a thief, neither a cabbager of stuff nor money; I am here with my companion, Curiosity, to inspect the beauties and antiquities of this country."

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"You are a liar," replied the general; "you are one of my subjects; I know you by your strait-cut dress, which, without doubt, you have made out of the clippings of some other; come, obey; cast yourself into the fire, or I will throw you in."

As he was about to bind me, my demon informed the general that I was not yet dead; that I had never been of any trade, and that he believed I should not be one of their subjects, because those who descended quick into hell, conducted themselves afterwards in such a manner, as not to revisit it after death; furthermore, the cross of Saint James, (which I carried,) would inspire fear, and cause false alarms in the bosoms of the damned.

"Come hither, then," said the general, "and profit by what you see; you know, at least, that tailors are the fuel of hell, and serve to burn those that come hither."

My demon advised me to go promptly, because if the general should get angry, he might do me a mischief. In walking along, he informed me the unhappy tailors were so numerous, that they not only fed the great furnace of hell, which warmed all the apartments, but also furnished the table of Lucifer, when he had a mind to feast.

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"How!" exclaimed I, "Lucifer eat? Can spirits eat?"

"Do you not know," replied he, "that the damned are as the herb the sheep eateth, and that death is this sheep? Have you not read in your sacred books, that death devoureth the damned? *Mors depascet eos.*"

While he was speaking, we met a troop of booksellers, at whose head was one Peter Marteau, a publisher, of Cologne; he was loaded with a burden so unwieldy, that it was impossible to comprehend how any one man could bear it. They informed me, these were the books printed under his name, after his death. The booksellers of Holland were also very heavily laden; and those of France bore also the books struck off at their houses, with the title of a Dutch bookseller. These people were carrying their books to the furnace, but were prevented by a singular accident: a demon, who passed by with a flambeau, approaching to look at them, their papers caught fire, and instantly spread from one to another through the whole body: when they perceived the flame, they threw down their loads, and fled with all convenient speed. I asked them why they were damned: they answered, for the faults of others.

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"An author," observed they, "often carries a work to the printer, which has no merit, and besides, as unsaleable as a girl, ugly and poor: by this means the printer is ruined; in vain he curses the author, and seeks to reimburse himself by the sale of an unpopular book; this book is the cause of his failure; his creditors seize his goods and shop; he maddens, and resigns himself to despair. A translator, who understands Greek, undertakes a dull work; sometimes he supposes he has discovered a manuscript; he carries his translation to the printer, who, not being able to get rid of it, sells the leaves to the grocer or butter woman. Another cause of our damnation; a bookseller sells at a handsome profit, the *satires* of Juvenal, the *comedies* of Terence, and of other poets, as those of Virgil and Ovid; a lackey, a shop-boy, a soldier, a clerk, purchase these works, and amuse themselves among serving girls, with what cost long study to these men of genius. Without mentioning other books we vend, and which obtain circulation, only because they flatter the taste or passions of the buyer, is it not true, that a pretty story of gallantry, secret memoirs, cabinet intrigues, which profess to expose the designs of the government, or the end of some great affair, are the most dangerous books? and these are the kind we sell best. Is it us, then, upon whom reproach ought to fall, or on the readers?"

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"He speaks advisedly," said a Holland publisher; "we have put to press all the follies of certain authors, who wished to revenge themselves, either upon a mistress, judge, minister of state, or prince; and for this we must needs be adjudged guilty of other's faults, and share their punishment! but that would have been slight, if we had not meddled with books of religion. We have published in Holland the works of all parties; Christians, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Socinians, Quakers, and every other sect; and often in the same book, sold both sides of the controversy."

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"You have then," said I, "no religion!"

"We are," replied the Dutchman, "the historians of authors; and as a historian must have neither relations, country, friends, nor religion, even so we have none of these; but under the name of citizens of the world, have but one object, and that, the advancement of our own interests."

Immediately upon these words, he hastily fled with the others, to re-assemble themselves near

the demon of the book merchants, who called for his whole crew. I felt great compassion at the fate of these unhappy wretches, condemned to hell, because they were brought up to the profession of publishing the dreams and extravagances of authors: it is worthy also of reflection, that they are compelled to consult the taste of the age, and of the multitude. Now the taste of the age is exceedingly fickle: it is not that of learned men and wits; books of morality and criticism are purchased much less readily than novels and profane histories; so that book merchants, in their condition, have an unhappiness that attaches itself to no other trade, independently of the fact, that this business is not held in the same estimation at the present day, that it formerly was. They were then ranked with men of letters; they were admitted to the bar and church; the cardinal Ximenes bestowed on them great preferments; he ennobled him who published the famous *Bible d'arrias montars*. We see, in his time, publishers who possessed rich abbeyes and seats in the council. And what was not done for them by the fifth Sixtus, that incomparable genius? In France, they arrived at great distinction, and have been seen in the first posts of the principal cities of the kingdom; and we know that a celebrated emperor of Germany, was one of the first publishers, if not himself the inventor of printing. But to return from this digression: when the book merchants were re-assembled, the notaries, who had just arrived, wished to place themselves in their ranks; but the devil used his authority to separate them, averring that there was, in fact, a vast difference.

"Without doubt," said the notaries, "we are the book merchants of manuscripts; we compose and publish our works, to which the public accord the same faith, as to things they have themselves seen; we are faithful public witnesses, the guarantees of contracts, promises, and obligations; the guardians of titles, rights, and privileges; our testimony is true, infallible; above suspicion, deceit, and fraud."

"Why," said the devil, "are you come to hell? for if you fulfilled those duties, you are honest people, and I declare, not only useful, but necessary to the public; for, between ourselves, there is so little public sincerity, that if one could not prove, by writings and witnesses, the price at which he bought or sold, he would often find himself cheated of his money."

"It is," said one of the notaries, "for some antedates or superfluous ciphers, that we are damned; judge you, if the matter is of such vital consequence; one is so often deceived by writings, and one figure is so easily substituted for another;—the pen too, slips sometimes, and a nought is so easily made!"

"You are right, in truth," said the devil, addressing himself to me; "they wrong these poor people, in sending them to us; they have committed trifling faults, while they do not punish the apothecaries, even, for putting up the recipes sent them. I have a great mind to send these unfortunate persons home again.—Go; return, my friends; you have suffered great injustice."

"And we also," said the corps of bankrupts; for they had done them the honour to separate them from the merchants, who had dealt honestly.

"As to you, Signors," said the devil, "enter into the furnace, without further examination: we leave it to the notaries to enter at pleasure; they have within them a torment as cruel as fire; it is conscience, that never yet respected any person."

"Oh, oh! ah, ah!" cried the bankrupts, "if they had not wronged us, we should have kept our faith with every one: would you, because we were cheated, that we should send our families to the almshouse?"

"I did not go to Holland, or to the islands, when I failed," said one; "I shut myself up in a private room in my house, and there negotiated, through my wife, with my creditors, making each one to remit a part of his just claims: you know what would have happened, had I appeared; there is seldom much charity among creditors."

"I," said another, "did much better; for I transported from Madrid to Venice all the merchandises I had collected, changed my name, and after having made a fortune upon these goods, paid the principal, on condition they would remit the interest: was there not in this bankruptcy, good faith, justice, and prudence?"

"Yes," replied the devil, "and I cannot conceive on what grounds you were condemned; it is very evident it must have been for something else."

"No," continued the man, "it was for this very thing; because they pretend that for these twenty years, I have injured my creditors, in depriving them of the enjoyment and possession of their property; consider, Signor devil, if I am under an obligation to repair this damage? would it not only be ridiculous, but render them guilty of usury towards me."

"Ah! the honest man," said the devil; "why do they send to us folks so upright and sincere? but my friend," continued he, "you have the ill luck to be found in bad company; we cannot help you; arm yourself, therefore, with courage, and prepare to support the sufferings to which the bankrupts are destined; you will be forced to accustom yourself to much pain; but console yourself, by uniting your complaints with those of your comrades."

Directly the devil stamped upon the pavement, where the publishers, notaries, and bankrupts stood, when a trap door, springing open, engulfed them all, and closed itself as before.

At this stage of my dream, I was awakened by a serenade of violins and hautboys, that some one gave to a young lady of the house. I immediately arose, and looking from the window, saw a

number of young men, who, after a prelude upon their instruments, began to sing. As there was no window but mine open, they imagined they beheld the beauty to whom their homage was addressed; and to amuse myself at their expense, I threw out a splendid handkerchief, which one of them eagerly caught; he kissed it more than an hundred times; then putting a diamond, worth thirty pistoles, into a purse, threw it into my chamber, with a billet couched in these terms:—

“My charming princess, at night my heart awakes for thee; by day, I am only occupied with your charms. I burn, without cessation, with the love you have inspired; when shall I have the happiness to express to you in private, what I feel, and what your silence causes me to suffer? one sweet line from your hand, shall re-assure and console me. Speak, and nothing can equal my happiness; continue silent, my misery is at its height, and I have no relief, but in death.”

After perusing this billet, I answered it in the following manner, the substance of which was furnished by a song I happened to remember.

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“When one reigns, or when one loves, the pain is not without its pleasures; solicitude renders them more vivid. Happy prince! Happy lover! it is not in vain you suffer; they will resist you but slightly, when they themselves suffer from protracted resistance; yes, when one reigns, or when one loves, the pain is not without its pleasures.”

I cast my billet from the window, and it was soon taken up. The adventure seemed to me very pleasant: behold what followed; I deposited in the bed of the fair, the diamond that was designed for her, not being able to keep it longer with honour, and without exposing myself to the anger of the young lady, who would soon know by what window it entered. Upon retiring the next night, she found it; she informed her lover of the discovery, and he explained the whole affair. She thanked me graciously for my gallantry; I gave her the billet I had received, and she returned my handkerchief. The mistake arose from my having lain, that night, in the chamber ordinarily occupied by this young lady, her bed having been removed to that of her father, and on that account was unable, as usual, to answer her gallant. She made me the confidant of her attachment, and besought my good offices with her father, which I so zealously used, that in less than a month, I assisted at the marriage of these lovers.

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Those who interpret dreams, say, that the one I had concerning hell, hardly presaged this adventure. I pray those who read my reveries, or nocturnal visions, to consider that they contain more truth, than one would be apt, at first, to imagine: by day they ought to occupy themselves with thoughts upon hell, as intently as they would in the most important affair; or as they would seek the means of deliverance, if shut up in prison, for a crime against the state. One is damned for a less offence than the robbery of the treasury, revolt, or parricide. Yes, for a much slighter fault, one shall be eternally tormented in hell.—Reflect often upon this, dear readers, lest you have it to say, through the interminable ages of futurity, “*I could not have thought it.*”

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SEVENTH NIGHT.

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THE REFORMATION OF HELL.

As I promenaded one day in my garden, thinking of demons, which are always at the back of every one, the foolish idea struck me, that it would not be wholly useless to reform my life. I felt a curiosity to see my evil demon; but, thought I to myself, if I should see him I believe I should die with fear. No, said I again, I should not be terrified, if he would but show himself in a human shape. After having repressed this improper curiosity, and resumed my composure, I heard a man speaking to me; and turning my eyes to that side from whence the voice proceeded, I perceived, through a grated door, which separated the garden from the park, on the other side, a gentleman of a good mien, who requested me to open the gate, as he wished to have some conversation with me. As he resembled a man with whom I had formerly some misunderstanding, I refused; but he passed over it before I had the power to prevent him. Immediately drawing my sword, I set upon him; and he doing the same, parried my thrusts and stood upon the defensive only. As I perceived that his figure at one moment contracted, and anon dilated to a huge magnitude, I began to suspect that he was either a magician or a demon; and stepping rearward some paces, demanded who he was. He answered that he was my demon, and wished to render me a service.

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“I have no need of such service,” said I to him; “for demons are both deceptive and malicious.”

“No, no,” replied he; “fear nothing; only come with me.”

Forthwith he transported me into the air, and I soon lost sight of my house and garden. In a short time we drew near the moon; and while passing, I gazed attentively upon those valleys, mountains, and lakes, which are but imperfectly perceived from the earth by the aid of telescopes. The demon transported me to Sicily and set me down upon the summit of a mountain covered with cinders yet hot, which he told me was Etna. There was, from this place, a very fine prospect; one sees all the beauties of the isle, and of the surrounding seas: in the distance, the highlands of Africa are distinguished, like fleecy clouds, upon the verge of the horizon; a multitude of vessels were sailing in view, which seemed like white ants, or flies, sporting upon the surface of the ocean. After we had rested there about one hour, the demon told me to follow

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him. We descended into an aperture from whence belched forth smoke and flame that illumined the whole mountain.

"It is here," said the demon, "that Pliny fell, when he had the temerity to approach too near."

The whole way, as we proceeded, was composed of rocks and fat earth, like bitumen, and from time to time, might be seen veins of sulphur. The rocks were full of little crevices, from whence issued vapours and sulphurous exhalations, and sometimes slight gusts of wind. When we had travelled downwards about the space of an hour, we came to a vast cavern, into which we entered; at its extremity was an immense palace, hewn in the rock, and elevated upon massive pillars.

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"This," said the demon, "is the palace of Lucifer. Let us enter into the great hall, where we shall see him give a general audience to the damned: listen attentively to what shall be said; examine the events that take place, and let what you shall see serve for your instruction."

The following is a correct account of what I saw in these subterraneous abodes.—For a long time, Lucifer, the ruler of hell had not given audience to his subjects: the disorder that ordinarily obtain in states from the negligence of princes, are incidental as well among demons as men. The evil spirits remained sometimes for ages in the world, without rendering any account of the souls they had gained, and often suffered themselves to be driven from the tenements of which they were masters; the address of some monk or priest snatching from them their conquest. Men performed in hell the office of demons; and as they frequently left their chains to seek their enemies, battles were as common, as formerly between the Romans and Gauls. Lucifer, either from a fear for his crown, or weariness at seeing so many combats, resolved one day to hear, in general convention, the complaints of the damned; to introduce a reform among the demons; to re-establish the submission and obedience due to his sceptre, and to extend the boundaries of his empire by new conquests: this was very easy of execution, provided he would give access and free parlance to his subjects, and compel his demons to render an exact account of their administrations. With this design he secretly consulted with Belzebub, the prince of devils, Belial, the governor-general of Pagan nations, and Ashtaroth, the princess who commands all women. At the termination of this council, circular letters were published, which ordained that all those who had complaints to prefer, and all the demons scattered over the world, should assemble upon an appointed day in the great hall of the palace, when and where they should be heard.

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The day fixed being arrived, the hall was presently filled, and measures taken, that as soon as one party was heard, another should enter. Lucifer was seated upon his golden throne, having upon each side those princes I have before mentioned. After having inveighed against the disorders prevalent in hell, and stated his determination to rectify them, he signified his permission to the standers by to speak. At this intimation there arose an old man of a haughty appearance, and having a crown of laurel upon his head; he read the Roman laws touching parricides, and amplified upon the ingratitude of natural and adopted children towards their parents.

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"The parties," said Belzebub to Lucifer, "must be ordered, before commencing their speeches, to announce their names, because many of them have been dead a great length of time."

Such a decree was accordingly made; and he who had now spoken about half an hour, said that he was Julius Cæsar, the first emperor of the Romans. "Under the pretext of the liberty of our common country," continued he, "Brutus and Cassius, to gratify their ambition, assassinated me in the midst of the senate, their enmity was not directed against the empire and monarchy, which were, on the contrary, the object of their desires; but they hated the emperor, who had magnified the Roman power, and extended its dominion both north and east. Was the government better administered in the hands of those senators, who, by their feuds and personal dislikes, perilled the salvation of the republic, by resigning it into the hands of a perpetual dictation, whom they were obliged shortly afterwards to elect? Rome having once tasted the benefits of monarchy, preferred rather to obey a Nero, a Tiberius, a Caligula, or a Heliogabulus, than to re-establish this pretended public liberty, for which Brutus and Cassius, those two traitors, took up arms against the father of their country."

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He continued his discourse in this strain, and concluded by moving, that they should be treated in hell as assassins, public disturbers, and traitors.

Brutus then arose, and with a trembling voice, said: "Senators, you have heard Cæsar; have you not been biassed by his eloquence? But will you forget the services I have rendered? Remember the advice you privately gave me, to encourage the glorious design I had conceived in favour of your liberty? Answer then to Cæsar, that it was by your advice I gave the fatal stab; that if the laws had not been abrogated and violated by the formidable power of tyranny, you would, yourselves, have put him to death under the forms of justice; and that your silence, after the execution of my project, was an evidence of your approbation."

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Cassius, assuming the discourse, said he would not undertake to plead his own cause if Cicero was present.

"I will not," said Cæsar, "listen to this timid sycophant; this cowardly soul; this selfish orator: when he feared my power, he said, in full senate, that he would be my buckler against enemies, and, at the same time, conspired against my life, and defends the act of Brutus and Cassius. His cupidity was so eager, that for money, he might be bought on the same day to speak upon both

sides of a case; and so sober-tongued, that there was not a soldier in the army, who would have bestowed upon his greatest foe one tittle of the scurrility he heaped upon Anthony. You recollect, Signors, his phillipics: he had not the courage to support a change of fortune; and the common cause was abandoned by this patriotic man before he was slain by Anthony.”

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“May all such wretches be ever punished in the same manner! and with what can they reproach me? Did I put any senator to death? Did I pillage the commonwealth? Did I not return, by my will, what I had amassed and conserved for her defence? Will they accuse me of tyranny and usurpation? I, who delivered the Romans from the ambition of a Pompey? Will they charge me with cruelty? I, who could not behold without weeping the head of my most inveterate enemy? Yes, I can truly say, that it was grief at the sad fate of Pompey, that invited me to declare war against Egypt. I was desirous of avenging the death of this great man. He would have made himself master of Rome if I had not prevented him; and because I stood forth as the defender of the public liberty, was assassinated as a usurper. What wickedness! What perfidy! What cruelty! The senate recognized every thing I had done, when, after my death, they erected statues, and built me temples. Infernal judge, will you bear with these impious men, who killed him whom the empire delighted to honour?”

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Cicero would have spoken, fearing the eloquence of Cæsar, or his vehemency, would impose upon the judges; but Cæsar constantly interrupting him, Lucifer, tired with their clamours and the length of the cause, ordered that the emperor, as a punishment for not having profited by the advice he received on his way to the senate, upon the day of his death, should remain in his present place.

“It was I,” said Cicero, “who caused this information to be sent him.”

“Base liar! perfidious man!” cried Cæsar, “it was you who gave me this information! why did you not bring it yourself?”

“It was the will of Fate, that Brutus, Cassius, and other senators, involved in this conspiracy, should be marks for infamy, as traitors to their country, and as having afforded a direful example of politicians without courage.”

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After him arose Alexander the Great, very much vexed that Cæsar had spoken before him, and pretending that the cause of this Roman emperor should not be considered before that of the emperor of the world; but he abandoned his pretensions, when a crier had made proclamation, that in hell, all conditions were equal, and that the damned had among them, no other distinctions than those of crime.

“Infamous prince,” said Clytus, who stood behind Alexander, “dare you speak, after having murdered the best of your friends? Is not the brightness of thy conquests tarnished by the shame of thy cruelty? What punishment dost thou merit, for having despoiled princes so distant from Macedon, who, so far from having wronged or injured you, did not even know you?”

“Silence,” said Alexander.

“What! I be silent! if Lucifer, the chief of this empire, imposes silence upon me, I will obey: but shall I yet receive orders from you, cruel brigand, notorious robber, sacrilegious rascal, debauchee, fool, drunkard, incendiary?”

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“No, no: speak, son of Olympias,” said Lucifer to Alexander.

He began thus: “Alexander, son of Jupiter Amnion, lord of the world, most high and mighty emperor, conqueror of the habitable globe—”

Clytus laughed at the boasts: “what a lord! what an emperor! what a god! Behold the titles which I dispute. In the first place, his mother was a virtuous woman. She but mocked her son, who, through pride, accused her with having committed adultery with Jupiter Amnion. Secondly, he was not lord of the world; since he did not conquer the tenth part of it: and thirdly, it is false that he is a great emperor; for an emperor is only ennobled by heroic virtues and qualities, which he did not possess. And how is it possible that he should be the conqueror of the habitable globe, having never been neither to Africa, nor very far in Europe, nor to China? Thus he is only Alexander, as I am Clytus.”

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Here Lucifer passed an order that this prince should only assume the titles that veritably pertained to him, and permitted Clytus to continue.

“I was,” said Clytus, “the prime favourite of this Alexander, who, wishing to conquer every body, had no enemy nearer and more powerful than himself. Contemplate our portraits: I was his favourite, and I have always seen him as ambitious of distinction in wickedness as he was for honourable action: but as a foundation to my complaints against him, I ought to state, that this prince, elevated by his flatterers to a place among the gods, was accustomed to speak without respect of Philip his father. He showed himself more munificent towards gladiators, musicians, and drunkards, than towards his bravest captains. In conformity to this disposition, he gave the kingdom of Sidon to Abdolonymus, a well-digger; he committed numberless extravagances at the instigation of his mistresses; to please a courtesan named Roxana, he burnt the palace of the Persian kings; his conduct towards Parmenio, Philotas, and Calisthenes, as well as Aminthus, his relation, is sufficient proof of his barbarity. And did he not exhibit more than cruelty towards me? I was the most faithful of his confidants; he who flattered him the least; who gave him the best of counsel; to whom he owed his reputation and honour. Alas! because I had the

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presumption to speak my true sentiments at a feast, he arose from the table and inflicted upon me a mortal wound. I now demand expiation. King of hell, revenge Clytus, punish Alexander."

This prince then replied as follows:—"Favourites bear the same relation to sovereigns as mice to cats."

At this exordium Clytus began to laugh, and said: "Listen to a comparison worthy of the disciple of Aristotle."

"The mouse," continued Alexander, "seems at first to divert itself with the cat; but finally this animal, being more powerful, devours the mouse, who cannot accuse her with cruelty for wishing to take her turn in the sport. Such, about me, was the condition of Clytus: but to demonstrate the mistake of this ungrateful favourite, I aver, that it is the policy of princes to keep favourites, who are towards them neither forward nor haughty; and not to accord them too much power. The liberties they take with us cause us to fall into contempt; their hauteur makes us appear timid, and their power fills us with just suspicions. Clytus having thus taken advantage of me, I was frequently ashamed of his familiarities. Such was his pride, that if I dared to contradict him in the least thing, he reared up like an unruly horse: my bounty had rendered him so powerful, that he was in fact Alexander, and I was but Clytus. In particular, he abused my mistresses, and the officers of my house; in counsel he was always right and I wrong; in every battle, it was he that was victorious, and I who had been slack and timid. If I put some to death, it was but consonant with justice, to punish the seditious or conspiring; if I burnt the palace of the kings of Persia, it was for the purpose of destroying a fortress that had been used against me; if the pleasures that were indulged in after my conquests were sometimes too free, it arose from a desire to gratify my generals; in fine, the death of Clytus crushed those treasonous designs of which I had notice. He only waited for an opportunity to set one part of my army against the other, and to despatch me. I sang at a feast the songs my soldiers had composed upon their officers and myself; I rallied Clytus for having, in a certain action, taken to flight: this madman let loose his rage upon me; he loaded me with contumely; the wine he had drank deprived him of reason: I thought it was time to punish his audacity, and to prevent the excesses to which it might carry him. Thus perished an usurping, traitorous, insolent and unworthy favourite. Lucifer, I have spoken the truth." p. 160 p. 161

After having heard the parties, the king said to his demons, "Take notice how proper it is that a subject should be faithful and submissive to his prince; and that a favourite should not go beyond the respect he owes to his sovereign. *We do order* that as long as Alexander shall be tormented by his ambition, Clytus shall experience all the remorse that springs from rashness and ingratitude." p. 162

At the same moment was heard the voice of Seneca, speaking to Nero: "Cruel prince, how have you profited by the lessons of clemency, goodness, and humanity I have given you? Did you not murder me to repossess yourself of the wealth I had received from you? Such was my recompense for having raised you to empire. Was it not I who saved you from the conspiracy formed by Piso, after you had set fire to all quarters of Rome? Was it not I who delivered you from the snares which had been spread for you by the friends of your mother Agrippina, whom you afterwards put to death? I was more careful of your reputation than yourself, when I advised you not to exhibit yourself as a comedian upon the theatre; when you entered the lists to dispute the prize of poetry with Lucan, whom you afterwards assassinated."

"Old fool," said Nero, in a slender voice, "thou wert become unworthy of my favours by thy excessive ambition, and by the dishonour you brought upon my palace. Great Lucifer, you see a man who, being my preceptor, did not profit by his own theory. He maintained a shameful commerce with my mother; and with a view to favour it, poisoned the Emperor Claudius, my father, who did not commit suicide, as was the prevalent opinion at Rome. The partiality of my mother filled him with such audacity, that he projected mounting the throne, and having me poisoned. I was informed of the intrigue, which I suspected before having received positive advice. I observed that his immense wealth had obtained him very many friends among the senators, gentlemen, and officers of the army; and it is worth while, also, to know, that this man who preached so much about frugality, and the love of mediocrity, was far from practising these virtues, which are easily reported of a man possessing twelve millions of revenue. After having punished the tyranny and usurpation of my mother, I was bound to punish the crimes of Seneca; but I was yet lenient enough to leave the manner of his death to his own choice." p. 163

"The subjects and favourites of princes," said Lucifer, "are always culpable, when they are ungrateful, or entertain any other desire than the prosperity of their masters: they ought to leave to them the recompense of their services, without attempting to reward themselves. *We will*, then, that the philosopher, Seneca, born in Spain, should be punished as if he had compassed his designs upon Nero: and that Nero be treated as an unjust and barbarous prince." p. 164

"This ordinance," said Sejanus, "does not concern me: Tiberius caused me to be assassinated without reason, actuated by one of those suspicions to which he was usually addicted. He was troubled more by a fear of losing his life, than the empire. His courtizans had too much influence over him. As to myself, I have never punished any but the enemies of Tiberius: to be sure, they were also mine. But were not, in truth, the opposers of a minister who governed as well as I did, foes to their prince and country?"

Tiberius would have answered; but Lucifer, interrupting him, ordered that all the favourites of princes should come in. There appeared a vast number, among them Plautius, the favourite of Severus, was particularly remarkable: also Faustus, the favourite of Phyrrius, king of Epirus; p. 165

Pyreneus and Cleandrus, favourites of the emperor Commodus; Cincinnatus, favourite of Britulus; Rufus, favourite of Domitian; Ampronisius, favourite of Adrian; Belisarius, favourite of Justinian.

"Listen," said Lucifer; "the favour of princes is like quick-silver, the motion of which cannot be arrested, and which flies the endeavour to restrain it. If one would sublimate it, it is a vapour that exhales itself; and often, if too much is used, it becomes dangerous. If one anoints with it, it penetrates to the very bones: those who are accustomed to draw it from the mine, and purify it, contract a malady which makes them tremble all their lives. This is the character of princes' favour: it is inconstant, because it depends upon the humour and passion of one who seeks only novelty and the pleasure of the moment. If you are importunate, if you exhibit the least sign of impatience, if you are even suspected of prudence in the management of your credit or fortune, the attachment of the prince will cool. If you show any marks of envy against another, of discontent in yourself, or indifference in the presence of your protector, he suspects you, and passes straightway from suspicion to enmity and hatred. Bear then with resignation your bad fortune and the humour of your master: your pains, attentions, time, health, wealth all lost, you are at length obliged to return into your humble retreat, there to expect death; which, to your grief, comes not soon enough to free you from regret and the remembrance of your follies. A casual sally, an instant of good humor, a lucky word, a sudden caprice, a nothing, makes a favourite. Five or six years suffice for his fortune; if delayed, it escapes him. The same causes can bestow or withdraw favour. A favourite ought to make these reflections in his prosperity,—that he must abstain from those liberties that are common among equals, and that freedom which friends indulge in; that he must be constantly submissive, and know how to accompany respect with complaisance; that the prince ought always to speak the first word in a confidential affair; and to preserve his secrets, he must dispose himself to every kind of privation. He who hath not regulated his conduct by these precepts must bear the burden of his own imprudence; and for this reason *we order* that those favourites who have incurred the displeasure of their sovereigns shall be punished as unfaithful subjects."

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Lucifer then commanded an old man to advance, whom he perceived in the hall behind the others. There advanced then a man of a pleasant countenance, in a Greek habit, and followed by other persons clothed in the same manner.

"I am Solon," said this old man: "I gave to the Athenians laws which they did not exactly follow; this person contiguous to me is the philosopher Anaxarchus, whom the tyrant Nicocreon caused to be brayed in a mortar: in this little hump-back, behold the famous Aristotle, preceptor to the great Alexander: his philosophy excused the disciple from practising the morality he taught. This academician is Socrates, whom his fellow citizens put to death with a cup of hemlock. This old man is the divine Plato, who, spite of the sublimity of his doctrine, sold oil for the defrayment of his expenses. All the rest are men of letters, who, like ourselves, have excited the envy, and experienced the vengeance of the princes, Archons and Tyrants, of Athens; and it is now upon these tyrants we unitedly demand vengeance."

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Then Denis, the tyrant, accompanied by some other princes, presented themselves and spoke in this manner:—"Of whom do these old dotards complain? Infatuated by their conceits, they pretended to dictate law to the whole world! In fact they had so imbued the people with their dogmas and their customs, that when we wished to make some changes, they excited sedition. They had so much pride and presumption, that they arrogated to themselves alone the possession of common sense and reason; while in truth they were distinguished but for opinions founded upon vain subtleties, and by a language not common and familiar to men:—and now I should like to ask them what certain knowledge they had; what was their idea upon the nature of the soul? and what constituted the reason and equity of their laws?"

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"I will add to that," said Julian, the apostate, "that there are pedants, who, under the affectation of austerity, concealed the most extreme ambition. Do they complain of the contempt that was shown them, when their manner of living exposed them to it? Will they speak of their poverty, who would not labour for a living? The people of letters deceive themselves if they believe that princes and the public ought to enrich them for vain and useless sciences. Should they not make their calculation for that, when, idle in their cabinets, they amuse themselves in contemplating the figures and number of the stars, which they apply, to find fault with the common prejudices of our ancestors?"

"At least," observed Cato of Utica, "you cannot make those remarks with regard to Cicero, or myself, who have exercised the highest magistracies of Rome."

"Old fox," answered Julian, "I cannot, it is true, say so of you two; for if you were attached to letters, you were still more so to your fortunes. And of whom can you complain, you who accelerated your own death? Did you not hope to gain an easy immortality in thus quitting your terrestrial abode? It was to arrive at this, that you did not wish to survive the pretended misfortunes of your country. Fine courage that, of a man who kills himself to escape fighting with his enemies! Would you not have done better to have preserved yourselves for the defence of Rome, its liberty, and your goods?"

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"I recommend you," said Cato, "to the Antiochians: they will tell the truth of you better than I can: they know you; they are fully acquainted with your pusillanimity, your vices, but, above all, with your vanity, which surpasses your knowledge and eloquence. Look at this great emperor, who, to punish Antioch, quits the sword, assumes the pen, and is, after all, nothing but an ignoramus."

"I am called Suetonius," said he, who presented himself next.

"Yes, this is Suetonius," said the emperor Domitian, who was at his side; "this is that notorious forger, and compiler of histories and chronicles, who, after the example of other historians, being a partisan and a flatterer, speaks the truth from caprice, and lies from inclination."

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"I!" said Suetonius; "I have said nothing that I cannot prove by indubitable evidence. Is it not true, that upon the testimony of vile informers, you have taken from the living, the estates of the dead who were accused? Is it not true that you have levied upon your subjects tributes so enormous, that they were forced to claim protection from a foreign power? Is it not true that you have despoiled the Jews of their goods only because they were born Jews? Is it then a crime to have been circumcised at birth and not to adore the gods of the Roman empire? Is it not true that by your excessive expenses for theatres, and buildings, you have exhausted the purses of the Romans, and left to perish with hunger the bravest soldiers of the army? To escape the consequences of a sedition, you committed horrible pillages, and thus paid your debts. Your pride and impiety are exhibited in these few words, extracted from one of your declarations: '*Your Lord, your God,*' commands thus."

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"What signifies that?" said Domitian: "Are not the emperors gods as well during their lives as after their death? Were not Augustus and Cæsar adored in the empire? I was as much a god at the time I willed it, as my predecessors have been gods after their death. The divinity of men is nothing but a power superior to that of others, as the present divinity of Augustus is but a perfection above the virtues and qualities of living men. But who, among men of sense, has ever believed that the gods were like men? or adored in the statue any thing more than the virtue of the original? Who ever believed that the number of gods was equal to their names, their temples, or their statues? No, no, Suetonius, you did not believe all this, and it is from perfidiousness that you have accused me of impiety for being called a god."

"And your unjust vexations," replied Suetonius.

"As it regards that," said the emperor, "subjects who cannot penetrate the designs of their sovereigns always consider the tributes imposed upon them as unjust; but if enemies were about to inundate the kingdom; if the empire was menaced with approaching ruin; if there was danger of the pillage and sack of frontier cities, would not the prince have reason to take measures for the prevention of these disasters by a heavier levy, and a stronger assemblage of troops? If I had apprized the Romans of these things, which I had learned by my spies, they would have been more likely to have risen against myself, than against the common enemy: so powerful is the voice of interest with the multitude!"

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Here Lucifer interrupted the emperor and ordered all the historians, historiographers, authors of journals, of memoirs and chronicles, to advance, to listen to their sentence. "It is," said he, "for the public interest, that mendacity should be punished in writers, as in those who speak falsely; but it is of equal interest that writers should be permitted to speak the truth, without flattery and without fear, to the end, that men by reading the history of their ancestors, may learn to become good, and detest the conduct of the unjust. Although it is crime that brings us subjects, *we wish*, nevertheless, that it should be punished in our empire; and it is that which constitutes the justice of the torments they feel. A prince flatters himself in vain with a fine and secret policy, if his subjects are rendered unhappy by the rules he has prescribed for their conduct; whatever colour he may take to cover his actions, and make them appear just, if they are not so in effect, which the event proves, he expects in vain the approbation, the esteem and love of his subjects. The writer who undertakes a history ought to divest himself of the sentiments of both love and hatred; he ought to have no partiality for country, relations or friends; he is the sole judge of the affairs of which he treats, and the master of princes when he describes their actions.

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Accordingly, *we ordain*, that Domitian and the other princes shall submit to the judgments of their historians; that the historians shall be punished for flatteries and lies; for the examination of which, we order them before the tribunals of conscience, to whom we delegate plenary authority for the decision of their cases; and as a judgment upon the geometricians, geographers, astronomers, and mathematicians, we condemn the one party to measure by minutes, seconds, and lines, the dimensions of all the provinces, kingdoms, and empires of the earth; and the others to be shut up in the planets upon which they have pretended to make observations, to the end that they may be instructed by their experience. Furthermore we decree, that afterwards, the aforesaid geometricians, geographers, astronomers, and mathematicians, to be there punished for their foolish and rash opinions."

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The audience having now lasted a considerable time, Lucifer commanded something to eat to be brought into the middle of the hall. Forthwith there appeared a vast number of chirurgians, cooks of hell, with an almost equal number of apothecaries, having the title of confectioners to the devil. They set forth a great table of gold, upon which they placed a vast quantity of silver plate: they informed me that this table and plate had been fabricated with the gold and silver stolen, and afterwards sold to the goldsmiths. I have never any where seen such a quantity of linen: it proceeded from the thefts committed by linen dealers and washer women; for all that is stolen upon earth, goes into hell after the second or third generation of thieves. They served for the first course a heap of tailors roasted upon the spit. Lucifer is very fond of this meal; and the expression, "*may the devil swallow me,*" which the tailors often use, is not inappropriate; for he does swallow many; and the demons, his table companions, do the same: the subjects always having tastes similar to those of their masters, be they good or bad. I inquired of one of the demons, why his infernal majesty devoured more tailors than cooks, sausage makers, butchers,

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peruquiers, in short, people of other trades.

"It is," said he, "for a very politic reason; for otherwise he would soon want subjects of any other description; those of other trades are by far the least in number, while the others are so plenty, that if we could eat them all in one day, the morrow would supply as many more: they arrive continually, in one eternal troop. Sometimes in beholding them afar off, we imagine them to be entire armies, coming to besiege us: this trade is more useful in hell, than you would be apt to think: we send among the tailors, young devils without experience: their shops are so many academies for our youth. If you had nice eyes, you might perceive more than fifty young demons in each tailor shop; some cut the cloth; others the list; these take away the superfluous pieces; those put them in the place they call the *street*; while some do nothing but open and shut the place they call the *eye*. Some carry the cabbaged pieces to sell; others make complete suits out of the patterns cut from the cloth; in fine, there are many about the women, girls, and valets of the tailor, to assist them in stealing the cloth, or stretching the binding. When these young devils have finished their diabolical apprenticeship, they are sent to the merchants. In that station they abridge all the measures, and sometimes throw themselves into the scale, among the merchandise, to make it weigh more: if you could see all their tricks, you would be highly amused."

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When this course was removed from the table, they served another of tailors, roasted upon the gridiron: after that, others, baked in pates, smothered in a pot, fried in a pan, and dressed in a hundred different ways, with this only difference, that those of each nation had a particular dressing. The French tailors were spitted; the English, grilled; the Holland, fried; the Germans, smothered in a pot; the Italians, made into ragout; the Spanish, boiled, because they are ordinarily hard; the Polonese, in pates; the Hungarians, salad; the Turks, cooked in rice; the Greeks, in wine; the Arabians, dried in the sun; the Egyptians, with onion sauce; the Algerines, fried in lard; the Portuguese, preserved in sugar; the Danish, Swedish, and Muscovite, were almost all dressed in the same manner; that is to say, baked in brandy; the Tartar, boiled in horse grease; the Persian, fricaseed with gravy *de demon*; the Indians, baked in bananas; the Chinese, and all the islanders, were very much seasoned with spices and sugar; the Ethiopians, negroes of Fez, Morocco, and Guinea, were baked in black butter; and the Americans, in milk.

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"What an immense quantity of tailors," said I to the demon who was near me; "your cooks must understand their business, to be able to compound so many dishes of viands, which differ no more the one from the other, than the bullocks of Spain from those of Ireland."

They served to Lucifer wine of the various publicans of the world. "Fie!" said I to the demon; "your master is hardly a connoisseur of wine."

"You are mistaken," said he; "it is true, that this wine has been mixed with water, sugar, and spices; but the publicans are obliged to separate all these drugs, even the water which they ordinarily put in, from the rest, which remains pure, fair and clear; if the publicans did not do this, they would put them in the press, and draw from their veins all the wine they had themselves drank."

"How!" said I, "do you live upon nothing but human flesh?"

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"How should we live else?" answered he. "Can we eat beef, mutton, partridges, fish, and beans? These animals come not hither, but in smoke; and herbs will not grow in a place so hot."

"How can you say that animals come here in smoke?"

"It is those the idolaters sacrifice to the prince of demons: this smoke penetrates even to this place, and is the only perfume agreeable to our sovereign; for as to the scented oils, powders, and pomatums, of which the men and women of the other life make use, Lucifer is so incommoded, that those who are thus scented, dare not approach his apartment."

"Egad!" said I, "Lucifer has then a smell keener than that of a hound."

"Yes: he has so fine a scent, that he instantly knows whether a girl has been cautious or not; whether she has been married, or not, and the exact number of times: and the other day there came here a *menette*, who made a profession of *menettisme*, wearing the habits, air, *et cetera*: she wanted to make every thing appear smooth, saying, that she had been sent here for having administered to herself the discipline, contrary to the direction of her directors: but the prince approaching her, perceived, and said immediately, that this habit, modest as it was, covered much indevotion, sacrilege, gallantry, and falsehood. The young girl retired abashed; she had not imagined that any person could discover, under the exterior of such simplicity, what she had been guilty of, during her life; you see Lucifer has an exquisite nose."

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"If he has," said I, "the other senses in a similar perfection, he well merits the commandery of hell."

In the mean time, Lucifer, and the other lords, invited to his table, continued to eat with good appetite: besides the individuals of his council, there were a great number whom I heard designated by the names given to the gods of fable, such as Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mercury: and to goddesses, such as Juno, Venus, Diana, Proserpina, and others; I should think there were at least fifty persons at table. These gods and goddesses were men and women, like the others; and in reflecting upon that circumstance, I thought they were princesses and princes, whom the people had put in the place of gods. But these ignorant people deceive themselves; for their

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gods, instead of being in heaven, are in hell. The same thing often happens in the world; a particular person is looked upon as a man of honour, who is, in fact, worse than one whom they consider the most knavish; another as a good man, who, in truth, is one of the worst; they frequently speak of one as happy after death, whose lot, if they did but know it, is quite the contrary: this is the sentiment of saint Pere, who said, "they peopled heaven with the inhabitants of hell." The dessert served up to this great demon, was very pleasant to behold: it consisted of hypocrites, bigots, and apostate monks, all preserved in sugar: in the middle of it was a country seat in sugar: one could perceive the chateau, with its fosses, garden, park, wood, closes, vineyards, fish-ponds, fountains, jets of water, mill, stables, and farms; the whole being executed in the most perfect symmetry of architecture.

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The demon observing my surprise, told me, the devil usually devoured goods unjustly acquired: "have you not," said he, "heard it remarked, that property illy gotten, failed not *to go to the devil*? It comes to us; for be it known to you, that what is lost in the world, falls down here. You can find in our magazines things of every description: the entire shops of merchants, stores of grain and wine, tons of silver, an arsenal filled with arms, cabinets of jewellery and precious stones, tablets covered with antique medals, a kind of pantheon, filled with idols of gold, silver, and bronze, which you have no doubt seen at the houses of antiquaries: for the fruits of larcenies, smuggling, and usury, always come straight to us."

After the desert, the Jews and Turks brought coffee, tea, chocolate, tobacco, aqua vitæ, liquors, and opium. The lords drank of all, and Jupiter partook so freely of tobacco and brandy, that he became quite elevated: he began to sing a song in the Greek language, the substance of which was: "What a charming spectacle for the mighty Lucifer! the dead dispersed throughout this cavern, are to him delicious meats. Subtle Love, and you gods of combat, theft, and drunkenness, contribute to content the taste and desires of our sovereign. So long as one remains in Tartarus, he must not hope for any other pleasure; we must not think of objects to be procured in other places."—While Jupiter repeated this song, Juno accompanied him, saying: "So long as one regains in Tartarus, he must not hope for any other pleasure. Lovers, you enhance our joy, for death hath separated you for ever."—In imitation of Jupiter and Juno, Mercury and Mars sang thus: "Yes, while one remains in Tartarus, he cannot hope for other pleasures. The money which was our love, is lost for ever: we love it still, but despairing of enjoyment."—Mars, with a voice of thunder, sang. "Yes, when one is in Tartarus, he must not hope for other pleasures. War, which was our delight, is no more for us, but a vain flourish: here one hears neither fife nor drum."

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After this little concert, which amused Lucifer, he made them call the players upon instruments, who joined the gods and goddesses. There was then heard the most frightful music: with the sound of violins and other instruments, which were played upon by those who had been musicians in the other world, there mingled a horrid noise of thunder, and raging wind, such as it produces when it rushes through a straight street, or groans, amid a wood of firs. This noise was succeeded by another, like that which is heard at the eruption of Mount Vesuvius or Etna: my ear was struck with a bellowing, like that of the sea, when agitated by a furious tempest. All these agents yielded to a choir of voices, that issued from the lowest depths: there was heard nothing but complaints, groans, cries, and howlings, similar to those of dogs, impatient of confinement. I should have expired with fear, if I had not been previously warned, that this was the music which would divert the prince of hell. Jupiter and Mars, in spite of their intrepidity, found this music so disagreeable, that they ceased singing, and signified their uneasiness to Lucifer. They then removed the table, and the service of plate; and the audience having been resumed, they began to call up cases of different states; and after having disposed of those pertaining to the people of justice, the sword, and the church, they cited the women of all conditions. The beautiful Helen then appeared, who complained that at her return from the siege of Troy, she had been condemned to be hung by Polixo, her relation, at whose house, in the isle of Rhodes, she had taken refuge, Nisistratus and Megapontus having driven her from Greece. She was asked if she had consented to be abducted by Paris; if she had accorded him the last favours before leaving Peloponessus; if she had granted the same to the king of Egypt, when his vessel touched at her country. She answered ingenuously to these questions, that having been married by policy and force, to prince Menelaus, she had acquainted him that she did not love him.

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"Did you love," said Lucifer, "the Trojan prince before marriage?"

"I had not then seen him; but my heart was never for Menclaus; it was free when Paris came to Argos, and its first impression was in favour of this stranger prince. Am I culpable for all the evils caused by the siege of Troy? Furthermore, the Greeks ought not to complain of this abduction, as a breach of hospitality: some years before, they had taken away a Trojan lady; and in ancient times, had not Jupiter, of Grecian origin, stolen Europa, a young princess of Asia, from this part of the world, inhabited by Trojans?"

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Menelaus spoke after his wife, whose ingratitude and infidelity he exaggerated; he accused her of having poisoned him on the return from Troy. "Why assassinate me, when she had the liberty to go to her relations? Could I have done more to express my regret at her loss, after her elopement, than by building to her memory a temple, consecrated to Venus?"

"You are a very clever man," said Jupiter to Menelaus; "who told you that a husband could make his wife love him by caresses and services? A woman who does not love her husband, takes all his cares for stratagems, invented by jealousy: she believes him false and wicked. Accuse only your patience and weakness; and between ourselves who are dead, since the living cannot hear it, it is a very good joke, to make so much noise about the infidelity of a coquette:" and Jupiter

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sang a song, the burden of which was, that one was often very happy to be rid of his wife, as he then could enjoy the advantages of liberty.

“Am I permitted to be as stoical as you are?” said Menelaus. “One must have a great force of spirit, to vanquish a passion like that of love: how cruel, to love without return! Ah! I now condemn myself: let Helen prosecute her quarrel with her relation Polixo, to which I am a stranger.”

“Since this Grecian prince is voluntarily condemned,” said Lucifer, “I am about to pass sentence upon the husbands who have complained of their wives; and upon the wives who have complained of their husbands.”

The judgment was couched in these words: “Since love is natural, and no one can dictate a woman’s will, and since neither the jealousy nor severity of a husband are of any avail, to compel a wife to conjugal fidelity, we order, that all husbands shall suffer the pain of foolish and indiscreet love, without having from that any pretence to restrain them; provided, however, that they may revenge themselves with chance intrigues, and contribute, by their patience and complaisance, to the ruin of their rivals. We ordain, also, that women who complain of the amours of their husbands, shall be condemned to the torments of jealousy; with an equal permission to those ladies who are not beloved by their husbands, to receive the cares and attentions of their neighbours. Finally, we forbid the married of both sexes, to bring any more actions upon these subjects, and reject them, in advance, from court. We command our demons, and principally Asmodeus, the demon of marriage, to bear in hand the execution of the present ordinance. Given in hell, at the grand audience hall, to be signified to whom it may concern.— Signed, *Lucifer*, king of hell: and countersigned by my lord, the devil *Patiras*.”

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“Signor,” said Cleopatra, “this edict cannot prejudice my rights against Augustus, emperor of the Romans: his ambition prompted him to attach to his triumphal car the queen of the Egyptians: to save myself from this shame, I laid violent hands upon myself. I demand that Augustus should be punished as guilty of my death.”

“Am I responsible for your actions?” said Augustus. “Who informed you that I should put this indignity upon you? Cæsar had loved you; Pompey also, as I believe: that Antony did, no one can doubt. The reputation of those charms by which you had subdued the conquerors of the world, had made such an impression upon my heart, that I would not only have made you its governor, but have re-established you upon the throne of your ancestors; but the timidity so natural to your sex, pride, and haughtiness, misled you: the poison you employed to produce death was so subtle, that I could never discover its nature.”

“All! tyrant,” said Antony to Augustus, “you were not satisfied with having at the same time caused my death and the loss of my empire; but you must also effect the death of my spouse, whom I preferred to the throne.”

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“I deny that,” replied Augustus; “you abandoned the field of battle to follow Cleopatra; yourself commanded a servant to give the blow of death, to prevent falling into my hands; it was in conformity to your counsel that Cleopatra killed herself; great Lucifer, I am innocent of these things.”

“We ordain,” said Lucifer, “that both parties should be delivered to their remorse of conscience; if they are not satisfied with this judgment, let them present themselves before Astarte, sovereign of women, to whom Venus and Pallas are associated, where their cases shall be more amply examined.”

There came next a queen, accompanied by many women and girls, armed as soldiers: this was said to be the foundress of the kingdom of the Amazons. To this troop, Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, Elizabeth, queen of England, and other princesses who had governed their states, joined themselves. Amazonide, daughter of Samornas, (so they called the foundress of this female monarchy,) complained against Hercules that he had made some of her subjects captive: against Theseus, who had married one, when their army was defeated in Greece; against Achilles, who had put to death the princess Orythia, for having succoured the Trojans; against Alexander the Great, because, not content with the favours he had received from the queen Thalestris, he had put her kingdom under contribution; against the Ephesians, who, for their ingratitude towards the Amazons, who had founded their city, were themselves delivered to other masters: and thus in the same manner against many other princes and people.

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“Illustrious women,” said Lucifer, “a sex so fragile as yours, a monarchy so naturally given to tenderness, could not resist the force of men, nor get away from an empire so sweet as that of love. You have wished to act contrary to your destiny: made to submit, you have desired to command; but women cannot reign but by submissions to the laws of love; that renders men completely amenable to the will of woman. If men have done you wrong, accuse your own hearts; they have done the injury of which you complain. A warrior, proud and gallant, is full of ardour for victory when a fair Amazon is the price of conquest; and on the other hand an Amazon fears to vanquish a young soldier whose amiable qualities have now disarmed her. So we re-commit to yourselves the examination of those affairs you have brought to our tribunal: do yourselves the justice I should do, if I examined the matter with more care, and let all women be convinced, they have no greater enemies than their own hearts.”

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Zenobia then took the stand, and said to Lucifer, that her heart had never been master of her head: “I lost,” continued she, “my husband Odenatus, for whom I had the purest attachment:

although he left me young, my subjects were willing to obey me. During the thirty years of my government, I can now say, that I maintained my sway with as much mildness as wisdom. When the thirty tyrants under Galienus divided the empire, I took possession of a province in Syria, that had formerly been separated, and united it to my kingdom. Aurelian declared war against me, and having taken me captive, led me in chains behind his triumphal car. In the endeavour to overcome the fidelity with which I preserved the memory of my spouse, and which was my sole consolation for the loss of my crown, he exiled me, under a specious pretext, into the Tybentine country; but he could not vanquish my constancy. Spite and rage seized him; he put to death Herennianus and Timolaus, my two sons, whom I had myself brought up; I had given them an excellent education, and had taught them the Egyptian, Greek and Latin languages; it was for their use, that I had compiled an abridgment of the oriental history, and that of Alexandria. What was my grief at seeing myself deprived of two children, who would have perpetuated my name, and honoured my blood upon the throne of Palmyra! Let no one boast to me of the liberality of this prince towards his subjects: I am aware that he often distributed among them clothing, corn, wine and oil: but this virtue was tarnished by his avarice towards strangers. Could he not be contented with the boundaries of the Roman empire, which was a world of itself, in which one could make voyages both by land and sea? And why should I not accuse him of the murder of my two sons, since he even put to death the son of his sister? His cruel jealousy might well extend itself to the children of a queen whom he had ruined. Justice, god of hell! do not suffer Zenobia to remain under the tyranny of this haughty emperor; for even here, he pretends to exercise it over me. Does not death reduce to an equality monarchs and their subjects, conquerors and their slaves? A distinguished Roman poet has said, 'he knocks, without distinction, at the gates of palaces and huts.' Lucifer, hell, remorse, eternity, do me justice for these grievous tyrannies."

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"Speak Aurelian," said Lucifer; "what prerogative do you pretend over this princess?"

The emperor answered in this manner: "Aurelian, emperor of the Romans, pontifex maximus, consul, censor, augur, tribune of the people, supreme head of Germany, Parthia, Persia, Arabia, Scythia, and Africa, to Lucifer—"

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"Lay aside these vain titles," said Belial, who sat near Lucifer: "could not the scurviest beggar who had traversed with his pack, for a living, the various countries of the globe, assume as many with as much propriety?"

"I must then be but plain Aurelian?"

"Yes, you are nothing else."

"I will not consent to it; and I had rather be condemned than not to affix my titles to the head of my defence."

This emperor having declined answering, Lucifer accorded to queen Zenobia what she had demanded.

Elizabeth, queen of England, then came forward: she complained of the count of Essex, who slighted her affections at the time she was sought by all the princes of Europe. Lucifer referred her to the tribunal of Astarte, where he had sent the Amazons.

After her appeared Dido, queen of Carthage. She testified great dissatisfaction at Virgil, who had represented her as enamoured with a man she had never seen.—Referred to the same tribunal.

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Sappho also was in court: she averred that there had never been any other Sappho than herself, who was born in the Island of Mitylene: had given her name to the sapphic poetry, and was the author of poems dedicated to her friend Phaon, one of which had been translated by Ovid.

The other Sappho declared that she was the true, the only Sappho who had existed; that she was born at Erise, in the time of the elder Tarquin, king of Rome; that she had married Cersyla, of Andros, one of the ancestors of the muse Clio; and that she had composed poems of different kinds. The claims of Sappho of Mitylene were then recognized, and the other forbidden to assume this name, or any work thereunto appertaining, because the property of a wife belonged to her husband: and according to the laws of all nations, her acts ought to appear in his name.

Sappho having been confirmed in her rights, accused Phaon of coldness and ingratitude.

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"When," said she, "I had given him my heart, I was no more mistress of myself; I wished by my works to immortalize my love and his name: hard as the rocks of Parnassus, inflexible as the fiercest dog of Thessaly, impenetrable as the isthmus of Corinth, he disdained my flame; my verse made no impression upon him; weary of my love, he sought but to escape from me; insensible to my anguish, when I threw myself from the precipice of Leucadia, he manifested no sorrow. O, rage! O, fury of love! avenge my wrongs."

Lucifer ordained that Sappho should present her case before the goddess of females.

Artemisa rehearsed all she had done to eternise the memory of her spouse: she repeated a hundred times the name of her dear Mausoleus, and demanded that he should be again restored to her, since she had died for love of him.

The matron of Ephesus, who stood near her, began to laugh loudly, at the idea of a woman's demanding her lost husband from hell.

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Both of them being adjudged fools, for contrary reasons, were remanded to their dungeons.

Lucretia, a Roman lady, succeeded them; she demanded justice against Tarquin, who, by her violation, had been the cause of her death. Jupiter, who wished to amuse himself, asked her if she had made any resistance.

"Yes," said she.

"What hindered you from stabbing Tarquin as he approached you?"

"He was the stronger party, and would have killed me."

"Was he alone?"

"Yes."

"Was there ever seen a man, who could, unassisted, force a woman to the gratification of his lust? Why did you not rather suffer death, than permit him to consummate his enterprise?"

"You are so importunate, that I must needs avow the truth: Collatinus, my husband, discovering my intrigues with the young prince, poinarded me, and then spread a false report, to advance the designs of Brutus and himself. This Jupiter," murmured she, retiring, very angry, "is an impertinent—he will not believe that any woman could be capable of so heroic an action as that attributed to me, and that they are all coquettes." p. 200

"Let all the women," said Lucifer, "betake themselves to the tribunal established for them." He then gave orders for the approach of four princes, who craved audience: the first was Darius, who impealed Alexander the Great: the second, Bajazet, who accused Tamerlane of robbery: the third, Constantine Paleologus, who reproached Mahomet with his cruelty and ambition; the fourth, Montezuma, king of Mexico, who complained against Fernandez Cortes, and the usurpation of the Spaniards. The three first replied, custom, and the laws of war: as to the last, he was listened to, more from curiosity than any intention to reinstate him in his possessions.

Montezuma spake very nearly in these words: "I was formerly the legitimate and peaceful possessor of the Mexican states, which my fathers had enjoyed from the universal deluge, if not before; for there are people called *preadamites*, who maintain, that God created men in that part of the world called *America*, who did not descend from the first man born in Asia, and whom they called *Adam*. The avarice and temerity of certain merchants, led them across the immense sea, which separates America from Europe; they represented themselves as persons, who, having been shipwrecked, had need of succour: we gave them firs, wood, and silver; we aided them to the extent of our power. All these gifts, which ought to have served for the establishment of an honourable commerce and friendship, only inflamed their cupidity and avarice. We were their friends; they made us their vassals, after having combatted us with arms, of which we were ignorant: mounted on horses of which we were horribly afraid, they put us to flight with the terrible noise of their cannon; having rallied, we assembled all our troops; they prevailed by the superiority of their arms; shutting us up in villages, they besieged, they massacred, they took us captive, and carried all before them, with fire and sword. Regardless of royal majesty, which I held of God, they took my life. If it is right to usurp the goods and estate of another, why do not subjects war against their sovereigns? Why do not families seek the downfall of families? Why do not the wicked and strong dominate, the one over the weak, and the other take away their goods? Natural right, which bestows every thing that hath no owner, was it upon the side of the king of Spain, or on mine, who had received the kingdom of Mexico, as an inheritance from my fathers? The civil law, which maintains possession, and which protects legitimate proprietors, was it in favour of the king of Spain, or in mine? The reason of all ages and countries accuse the Spaniards. We learn in childhood, that we must not do to others, what we would not have them to do to us; Did I carry war into Spain? Why then have they brought it to me, and that too, in a country where they had experienced the cares of hospitality, to destroy a prodigious number of men? What horrible ingratitude! what frightful injustice! what atrocious cruelty! Lucifer, be the avenger of one half the world: punish the Spaniards." p. 201

Fernandez Cortes excused himself on the score of orders from the king, his master: he confessed that reason, humanity, and justice, spake by the mouth of Montezuma; but he observed, that the conquests of the Spaniards had instructed the Indians in the knowledge of the true God. p. 202

Upon that, Montezuma cried out, that the design of the Spaniards was not to eradicate idolatry in America, but solely to enrich Spain, at the expense of that part of the world; that this was so true, that in Mexico, the christian Spaniards and their slaves, did not compose more than one hundred thousandth part of the inhabitants. p. 203

"What do you desire," said Lucifer, "that I should do to the Spaniards?"

"I do not demand," said the prince, "to be reinstated in my dominions; some day, perhaps, one of my descendants, or some generous Indian, will deliver my country from the Spanish yoke; I wish only that the Indians who were killed in the conquest of Mexico, should have the liberty to roast upon spits, and eat their cruel enemies; and in this manner my nation shall be sufficiently revenged." p. 204

"We accord to Montezuma," said Lucifer, "the Spaniards who conquered Mexico, with the exception of the tailors, whom we reserve for our own table."

After that came an abbot, who took the title of ten abbeyes, besides priories, and eighteen cures. "Behold," said Lucifer, "an abbot, with as many titles as a Roman emperor: speak, of whom do

you complain? had you not a sufficient income to live honourably in the world, according to your degree? How have you employed your revenue? Play, women, good cheer, horses, dogs, equipage, dress, and relations, have eaten it. You demand, without doubt, justice against the authors of your ruin: I grant it amply and promptly. For the mortification of your enemies, I surrender you to the troop of beggars who throng the avenues of my palace, and who would not have been damned, if, by alms which would have cost you but little, you had removed from them the necessity of becoming thieves and robbers: go, learn in hell to spend but little yourself."

p. 205

The minettes, the bigots, and hypocrites, demanded audience. "These are very pleasant people," said Lucifer to Jupiter; "they will divert us."

"An Italian comic writer," said one of them, "has burlesqued us, as if it was wrong to *seem* honest men in the public eye. When one has not the substance of virtue, is it reprehensible to set a good example? It is true, that if our lives, hidden under this cloak, had been exposed, our hypocrisy and spurious piety would have been easily detected; but we injured no person, and if any one was scandalized by our example, it was for conscience sake."

The Italian writer, who happened to be present, and whom I had not before perceived, cried out, "satyrists of France and Italy, our cause is common."

Immediately there appeared a number of comic writers, ranged under their respective masters, among whom I saw, with pleasure, Juvenal, Terence, Plautus, Seneca the tragedian, and Greek, Latin, and French authors, ancient and modern. The writer, behind whom they were ranged, decried the manners of his age, and exposed the wickedness of hypocrites, who, abusing all that is sacred in religion, to deceive men, dupe the simple, and gain an unmerited reputation. Who would believe that a man was wicked enough to wish to deceive, at the same time, both God and man? This is what hypocrites do, when under the veil of divine love, and with an air of humility, more haughty than vanity itself, they conceal sensual affections, hatred of brethren, and a licentious life, unknown but to those who participate in it.—A woman wishes to hide from her husband an amorous intrigue; she is at her devotions in the morning, and in the evening still goes to a lecture, where she knows she shall see her friend. Often the church itself is the theatre of a love scene—the preacher, a fine young man, whose manners are more fascinating than his discourse. Frequently some broad-shouldered fellow sets at nought truth, chastity, continence, the money of husbands, and so forth. Affairs of business are conducted on the same principle, as those of love. "Who would believe that this devout man was a usurer: that he had possession, almost for nothing, of the meadow, the vineyard, and the house of a peasant! Oh, this is a holy man! he is full of conscience; every day constantly at church, his piety is exemplary. Behold the fate of a hypocrite: this knavery, is it any thing but a dead loss? for of what service is it to bigots to live in such uneasy constraint, if that does not procure them pleasure, property, or the gratification of their vanity?"

p. 206

p. 207

"And I," said a woman, "can I be accused of hypocrisy? My virtue, my science, my writings, do they not demonstrate the unfeignedness of my devotion? Should I be spoken of in any other way than as Saint Therese? Have I not had, in that character, apparitions, visions, a spirit of prophecy, and a discernment into the heart and conscience?"

"Contemplate, sirs," said the satirist, "the people of the spirit, if such a thing is not above your comprehension. What is this but to deceive the world by spiritual artifices? What is this incomprehensible new grace? What devotee but has possessed it; and what mystick but has held the same language? Truly, madam, grace is very much obliged to you, and fanaticism owes you thanks; visionaries and lunatics have gained their causes; the ancient heretics and comforters owe you a statue and a chapel."

p. 208

Another woman said, "I have not had visions; but I have experienced realities: I have seen what I thought I saw; and if I had any devotion it was for my directors. I had one whom I looked upon as my guardian angel; I had for him an extreme friendship; I made him presents and he never failed in any thing towards me; I saw him every day, and should have preferred deceiving my father rather than him. Was he sick, I suffered also; and to solace him, sent meats, confections, fruits, and even money. I was so chagrined at his absence that I could not bear my own house; I became unquiet, impatient and melancholy; every thing vexed me. His superiors having ordered his change, I almost expired with grief; I wrote to him by every mail; if I received not his letters, I felt new sorrow: a thousand phantoms presented themselves to my imagination. I fancied him as bestowing his pains upon another object, and thought that absence and change of residence had altered his inclination. He returned: what rapture! I ran to his house, although in dishabille: on the morrow I was at his feet; each day of the week I go to recount to him my pleasures and pains. In the mean time an honest man sought me in marriage; I consulted my director; he charged me to dismiss this man, who accordingly received his farewell. Another brave cavalier offered himself and received the same answer. Behold me now in my thirty-fifth year; my director exhorted me to consecrate to God my virginity: I retired to a monastery, but he was not willing that I should take the veil. At length he died; I wept, I regretted him; I observed a nine days' devotion for his death. When my grief was assuaged, I reflected upon my age: the time of youth was past; I took the veil, contracted some amiable acquaintances, founded funeral obsequies for the repose of my soul, bequeathed my estate to the convent, and died. This is my history; this is true devotion."

p. 209

p. 210

"And I," said another menette, "had no such object to fix my imagination; I wore invariably a modest dress, my veil always drawn over my eyes, and sleeves to my very hands: I rose early in the morning to go to church, and was constantly seen at all devotional exercises; for me there

was neither parties, assemblies, nor feasts: I did not attach myself to my confessor, although often at his grate. In the mean time, I had some good friends, who went about preaching my virtue far and wide, and principally to those rich men whom they knew not to be fond of gallantry, and yet exceedingly fearful of what generally happens to men of their years after marriage. Your affair is finished, say they to the marrying men; I have discovered a girl of superlative virtue, who knows not a single man in the world, and who is so unsophisticated with respect to love matters, that she does not even know the name of masculine garments; always engaged in her domestic duties; without luxury, without vanity, rich withal, and beloved of her father. 'This is a girl that will exactly suit me,' said an opulent citizen with sixty years and the gout; 'I shall have a nurse for the remainder of my life; I will make her fine presents, and after my death she shall have the enjoyment of my estate.' In fine, they consulted me with regard to this man; I demanded time to determine; something unlucky might happen to my virtue; I asked light from above; heaven appeared favourable to this union. See me then espoused; I play the innocent, the ingenuous: my husband, deceived, felicitates himself in my simplicity: all this time I secretly received the attentions of a handsome young man; the more I saw him, the stronger appeared my conjugal attachment. Behold my history, and discreet devotion."

p. 211

I saw still other menettes of different characters, who exposed the motives of their hypocrisy, and confessed that they had no other religion. These are liars, for truly religious souls shun ostentation: true devotion is so considerate, that those who possess it endeavour to conceal it, to avoid being elevated in the opinion of the world. Christian humility flies the eulogies of men: their praise seems a dangerous enemy, which, in flattering, withdraws the heart from the right way; it refuses the recompense due to merit, and contents itself with affording that good example, which the honour of virtue and religion demand; all which, Jupiter, in a homily to the fanatics, set forth at large. The following is the decree that was then read and published before this great audience, in presence of the demons and the damned.

p. 212

DECREE OF LUCIFER.

"LUCIFER, to the legions of demons and damned people of hell, unhappiness, despair, eternal pains. In order to the due execution of justice and vengeance entrusted to our hands, *we will, ordain, and command*, under the severest penalties:

"First, that our demons be always present at the tribunals of the world, whether secular or canonical; that they take care of the account books of merchants; prevent soldiers from thinking of death; trouble the imagination of fanatics; inspire mundane sentiments in those who wish to enter holy orders, benefices, and monasteries; that they be the confidants of intrigues; that they repeat every day, to wives and daughters, what a lovely young man has said to them once only: in fine, let nothing be done in the world; let nothing be transacted in the shops, bureaux, academies, places of commerce, etc. at which they shall not be present; and we charge them to render an account to ourselves once a year.

p. 213

"Secondly, we ordain them reporters, flatterers, go-betweens, authors of discord, divisions and lawsuits, under pain of disobedience.

"Thirdly, we order, also, in the matter which concerns those condemned to hell, that the judgments we have pronounced against them in their causes be put into immediate execution; that all those who have been condemned, whether individually or collectively, return to their cells, resume their irons, and there remain to all eternity, without hope of solace, or change in their sufferings. Such is our will, and we make no distinction in favour of pagan gods and goddesses, whom we regard in the same light as other subjects of our empire."

p. 214

When Lucifer had spoken, his visage entirely changed; his eyes became sparkling like two flambeaus; his nostrils cast out smoke mixed with fire; his mouth exhaled an infectious odour; his hands and feet changed to claws; from behind him issued a long tail, upon the end of which was a great button of iron; his ears were horns like those of the rhinoceros: he spoke again, and his voice sounded like the crash of thunder. This is the substance of what he uttered: "Let these places return to their former state; let darkness pervade the whole region; let the prisons shut with horrid sound upon all this infernal race; let rage and despair seize upon the damned; let a violent fire devour them; let the worm of remorse know without consuming, and let the habitude of torment afford no solace. Go, miserable wretches! obey! precipitate yourselves into these black retreats! suffer without expiation! and let my ears be sweetly flattered by the sound of your cries and chains!"

p. 215

When Lucifer had pronounced this terrible sentence my demon transported me out of the hall, and at the same instant I heard it and the whole palace sink with a horrid crash. Those crushed among the ruins uttered the most lamentable cries: I then perceived an immense volume of smoke; after that I found myself in the midst of the field which is at the extremity of my garden, from whence I returned to my house, totally absorbed in the contemplation of this vision.—If the things here related did not actually pass in hell as I have supposed, the probability is, that the fact does not widely differ from the representation. The judgments of Lucifer are there promptly executed, without notice to the culprit: cases are decided without advocates: no person is absolved, for innocence never enters places destined to eternal punishment. The fire of hell exposes their perfidious designs, their passions and crimes; it reveals all secrets, and sets forth the reasons for which the guilty have been condemned. The sight of suffering companions

affords no relief; it rather augments their grief; contrary to which, in the world, egotism and corruption render them insensible to the sufferings of another. The *reformation* made by Lucifer operates invisibly in the commerce of men; the demons and our passions are the causes of the disorder and injustice that prevail in society. Oh! if it was possible for each one really to behold what is here only imagined, how soon would they abandon their careless manner of life! But ought we to be more wicked because we have less fear? Let us think, let us think upon the other world; let us seriously reflect upon our latter end; if that offers us happiness and rapture, let us, by perseverance, endeavour to attain it; but if, on the contrary, we anticipate unhappiness and anguish, let us spare no pains to escape so direful a doom; let the aspect of hell contribute to the reformation of our manners, and be so impressed upon our minds as to be the means of our salvation from the greatest of all evils.

THE END.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE VISIONS OF QUEVEDO ***

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