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— INSTITUTE —

The Great Conversation
How Should We Live?
Volume III: Reform and Enlightenment

TGC III: Reformation and Enlightenment

This semester we ask the question, “How we should live?,” in conversation with texts that confront us with the rise of modern Europe: the definitive transition from the Middle Ages to our contemporary world of global capital and the bureaucratic nation-state. This is the time when the nations of western Europe come to have a disproportionate influence on the course of world history. These are the centuries of the Protestant Reformation, the Age of Discovery, the wars of religion, the Scientific Revolution, the Enlightenment—along with Romanticism as a reaction to, yet still a strange ally of, Enlightenment.

The remarkable innovation of absolute monarchy during this period of early modernity could not have arisen without the collapse in credibility of the Catholic Church following upon the Avignon Papacy and the Papal Schism, its long participation in great power politics, and the avaricious corruption of the penitential system. It is always an urgent question: “By what principle shall we order our common life?” With the path of Christian humanism not fully traversed, a new type of governmentality would instead assert itself: a secular state built on consolidated sovereignty, standing armies, imperialism, increasing taxation, and emerging technological power.

The measure of rationality shifts from religion to science, as the Thirty Years War kills off half of the populations of the German lands and Newton demonstrates an order linking the motion of stars to the motion of earthly projectiles. But is there still a place for realities that are not scientifically measurable?



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Martin Luther,
*The Freedom of a
Christian*

Martin Luther (1483-1546) forged the modern alliance between individual conscience and the sovereignty of the secular nation-state.

He was born into a family that had risen from peasantry into the middle class. Almost struck by lightning in a summer thunderstorm, he vowed to become a monk if his life were preserved. He joined the Augustinian monastery in Erfurt in 1505 and was ordained two years later. The Elector of Saxony, Frederick the Wise, founded a new university at Wittenberg, where Luther became a professor.

Lecturing on Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Luther discovered his core doctrine: that we are justified by faith alone. No amount of religious devotion or moral action could make us good: the goodness of Christ becomes "imputed" to us by grace alone. He had always suffered from crippling spiritual anxiety, and this insight cured him.

To fund the building of St. Peter's Basilica and to help the Archbishop-Elector of Mainz pay for his office, Pope Leo X (a Medici) authorized, in a territory neighboring Luther's, the sale of indulgences—documents serving to remit the temporal punishment owed due to one's sins. Luther protested the abuse of indulgences with his *Ninety-five Theses* of 1517. Pope Leo excommunicated him in 1520 (the year *The Freedom of a Christian* was written), and the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V declared Luther an outlaw at the Diet of Worms in 1521. Luther ended up advancing the Reformation by an appeal to secular rulers, rather than to the common people: this suppressed the social-revolutionary potential in his reform and folded church into state.

Letter of Dedication to Mayor Mühlphordt

To the learned and wise gentleman, Hieronymus Mühlphordt, mayor of Zwickau, my exceptionally gracious friend and patron, I, Martin Luther, Augustinian, present my compliments and good wishes.

My learned and wise sir and gracious friend, the venerable Master Johann Egran, your praiseworthy preacher, spoke to me in terms of praise concerning your love for and pleasure in the Holy Scripture, which you also diligently confess and unceasingly praise before all men. For this reason he desired to make me acquainted with you. I yielded willingly and gladly to his persuasion, for it is a special pleasure to hear of someone who loves divine truth. Unfortunately there are many people, especially those who are proud of their titles, who oppose the truth with all their power and cunning. Admittedly it must be that Christ, set as a stumbling block and a sign that is spoken against, will be an offense and a cause for the fall and rising of many [I Cor. 1:23; Luke 2:34].

In order to make a good beginning of our acquaintance and friendship, I have wished to dedicate to you this treatise or discourse in German, which I have already dedicated to the people in Latin, in the hope that my teachings and writings concerning the papacy will not be considered objectionable by anybody. I commend myself to you and to the grace of God. Amen. Wittenberg, 1520.

An Open Letter to Pope Leo X

To Leo X, Pope at Rome, Martin Luther wishes salvation in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Living among the monsters of this age with whom I am now for the third year waging war, I am compelled occasionally to look up to you, Leo, most blessed father, and to think of you. Indeed, since you are occasionally regarded as the sole cause of my warfare, I cannot help thinking of you. To be sure, the undeserved raging of your godless flatterers against me has compelled me to appeal from your see to a future council, despite the decrees of your predecessors Pius and Julius, who with a foolish tyranny forbade such an appeal. Nevertheless, I have never alienated myself from Your Blessedness to such an extent that I should not with all my heart wish you and your see every blessing, for which I have besought God with earnest prayers to the best of my ability. It is true that I have been so bold as to despise and look down upon those who have tried to frighten me with the majesty of your name and authority. There is one thing, however, which I can-

not ignore and which is the cause of my writing once more to Your Blessedness. It has come to my attention that I am accused of great indiscretion, said to be my great fault, in which, it is said, I have not spared even your person.

I freely vow that I have, to my knowledge, spoken only good and honorable words concerning you whenever I have thought of you. If I had ever done otherwise, I myself could by no means condone it, but should agree entirely with the judgment which others have formed of me; and I should do nothing more gladly than recant such indiscretion and impiety. I have called you a Daniel in Babylon; and everyone who reads what I have written knows how zealously I defended your innocence against your defamer Sylvester. Indeed, your reputation and the fame of your blameless life, celebrated as they are throughout the world by the writings of many great men, are too well known and too honorable to be assailed by anyone, no matter how great he is. I am not so foolish as to attack one whom all people praise. As a matter of fact, I have always tried, and will always continue, not to attack even those whom the public dishonors, for I take no pleasure in the faults of any man, since I am conscious of the beam in my own eye. I could not, indeed, be the first one to cast a stone at the adulteress [John 8:1–11].

I have, to be sure, sharply attacked ungodly doctrines in general, and I have snapped at my opponents, not because of their bad morals, but because of their ungodliness. Rather than repent this in the least, I have determined to persist in that fervent zeal and to despise the judgment of men, following the example of Christ who in his zeal called his opponents “a brood of vipers,” “blind fools,” “hypocrites,” “children of the devil” [Matt. 23:13, 17, 33; John 8:44]. Paul branded Magus [Elymas, the magician] as the “son of the devil, . . . full of all deceit and villainy” [Acts 13:10], and he calls others “dogs,” “deceivers,” and “adulterers” [Phil. 3:2; II Cor. 11:13; 2:17]. If you will allow people with sensitive feelings to judge, they would consider no person more stinging and unrestrained in his denunciations than Paul. Who is more stinging than the prophets? Nowadays, it is true, we are made so sensitive by the raving crowd of flatterers that we cry out that we are stung as soon as we meet with disapproval. When we cannot ward off the truth with any other pretext, we flee from it by ascribing it to a fierce temper, impatience, and immodesty. What is the good of salt if it does not bite? Of what use is the edge of a sword if it does not cut? “Cursed is he who does the work of the Lord deceitfully . . .” [Jer. 48:10].

Therefore, most excellent Leo, I beg you to give me a hearing after I

have vindicated myself by this letter, and believe me when I say that I have never thought ill of you personally, that I am the kind of a person who would wish you all good things eternally, and that I have no quarrel with any man concerning his morals but only concerning the word of truth. In all other matters I will yield to any man whatsoever; but I have neither the power nor the will to deny the Word of God. If any man has a different opinion concerning me, he does not think straight or understand what I have actually said.

I have truly despised your see, the Roman Curia, which, however, neither you nor anyone else can deny is more corrupt than any Babylon or Sodom ever was, and which, as far as I can see, is characterized by a completely depraved, hopeless, and notorious godlessness. I have been thoroughly incensed over the fact that good Christians are mocked in your name and under the cloak of the Roman church. I have resisted and will continue to resist your see as long as the spirit of faith lives in me. Not that I shall strive for the impossible or hope that by my efforts alone anything will be accomplished in that most disordered Babylon, where the fury of so many flatterers is turned against me; but I acknowledge my indebtedness to my Christian brethren, whom I am duty-bound to warn so that fewer of them may be destroyed by the plagues of Rome, at least so that their destruction may be less cruel.

As you well know, there has been flowing from Rome these many years—like a flood covering the world—nothing but a devastation of men's bodies and souls and possessions, the worst examples of the worst of all things. All this is clearer than day to all, and the Roman church, once the holiest of all, has become the most licentious den of thieves [Matt. 21:13], the most shameless of all brothels, the kingdom of sin, death, and hell. It is so bad that even Antichrist himself, if he should come, could think of nothing to add to its wickedness.

Meanwhile you, Leo, sit as a lamb in the midst of wolves [Matt. 10:16] and like Daniel in the midst of lions [Dan. 6:16]. With Ezekiel you live among scorpions [Ezek. 2:6]. How can you alone oppose these monsters? Even if you would call to your aid three or four well learned and thoroughly reliable cardinals, what are these among so many? You would all be poisoned before you could begin to issue a decree for the purpose of remedying the situation. The Roman Curia is already lost, for God's wrath has relentlessly fallen upon it. It detests church councils, it fears a reformation, it cannot allay its own corruption; and what was said of its mother Babylon also applies to it: "We would have cured Babylon, but she was not healed. Let us forsake her" [Jer. 51:9].

It was your duty and that of your cardinals to remedy these evils, but the gout of these evils makes a mockery of the healing hand, and neither chariot nor horse responds to the rein [Virgil Georgics i. 514]. Moved by this affection for you, I have always been sorry, most excellent Leo, that you were made pope in these times, for you are worthy of being pope in better days. The Roman Curia does not deserve to have you or men like you, but it should have Satan himself as pope, for he now actually rules in that Babylon more than you do.

Would that you might discard that which your most profligate enemies boastfully claim to be your glory and might live on a small priestly income of your own or on your family inheritance! No persons are worthy of glorying in that honor except the Iscariots, the sons of perdition. What do you accomplish in the Roman Curia, my Leo? The more criminal and detestable a man is, the more gladly will he use your name to destroy men's possessions and souls, to increase crime, to suppress faith and truth and God's whole church. O most unhappy Leo, you are sitting on a most dangerous throne. I am telling you the truth because I wish you well.

If Bernard felt sorry for Eugenius at a time when the Roman See, which, although even then very corrupt, was ruled with better prospects for improvement, why should not we complain who for three hundred years have had such a great increase of corruption and wickedness? Is it not true that under the vast expanse of heaven there is nothing more corrupt, more pestilential, more offensive than the Roman Curia? It surpasses beyond all comparison the godlessness of the Turks so that, indeed, although it was once a gate of heaven, it is now an open mouth of hell, such a mouth that it cannot be shut because of the wrath of God. Only one thing can we try to do, as I have said: we may be able to call back a few from that yawning chasm of Rome and save them.

Now you see, my Father Leo, how and why I have so violently attacked that pestilential see. So far have I been from raving against your person that I even hoped I might gain your favor and save you if I should make a strong and stinging assault upon that prison, that veritable hell of yours. For you and your salvation and the salvation of many others with you will be served by everything that men of ability can do against the confusion of this wicked Curia. They serve your office who do every harm to the Curia; they glorify Christ who in every way curse it. In short, they are Christians who are not Romans.

To enlarge upon this, I never intended to attack the Roman Curia or to raise any controversy concerning it. But when I saw all efforts to save it were hopeless, I despised it, gave it a bill of divorce [Deut.

24:1], and said, "Let the evildoer still do evil, and the filthy still be filthy" [Rev. 22:11]. Then I turned to the quiet and peaceful study of the Holy Scriptures so that I might be helpful to my brothers around me. When I had made some progress in these studies, Satan opened his eyes and then filled his servant Johann Eck, a notable enemy of Christ, with an insatiable lust for glory and thus aroused him to drag me unawares to a debate, seizing me by means of one little word which I had let slip concerning the primacy of the Roman church. Then that boastful braggart, frothing and gnashing his teeth, declared that he would risk everything for the glory of God and the honor of the Apostolic See. Puffed up with the prospect of abusing your authority, he looked forward with great confidence to a victory over me. He was concerned not so much with establishing the primacy of Peter as he was with demonstrating his own leadership among the theologians of our time. To that end he considered it no small advantage to triumph over Luther. When the debate ended badly for the sophist, an unbelievable madness overcame the man, for he believed that it was his fault alone which was responsible for my disclosing all the infamy of Rome.

Allow me, I pray, most excellent Leo, this once to plead my cause and to indict your real enemies. You know, I believe, what dealings your legate, cardinal of St. Sisto, an unwise and unfortunate, or rather, an unreliable man, had with me. When out of reverence for your name I had placed myself and my cause in his hands, he did not try to establish peace. He could easily have done so with a single word, for at that time I promised to keep silent and to end the controversy, provided my opponents were ordered to do likewise. As he was a man who sought glory, however, and was not content with such an agreement, he began to defend my opponents, to give them full freedom, and to order me to recant, even though this was not included in his instructions. When matters went fairly well, he with his churlish arbitrariness made them far worse. Therefore Luther is not to blame for what followed. All the blame is Cajetan's, who did not permit me to keep silent, as I at that time most earnestly requested him to do. What more should I have done?

There followed Karl Miltitz, also a nuncio of Your Holiness, who exerted much effort and traveled back and forth, omitting nothing that might help restore the order which Cajetan had rashly and arrogantly disturbed. He finally, with the help of the most illustrious prince, the Elector Frederick, managed to arrange several private conferences with me. Again I yielded out of respect for your name, was prepared to keep silent, and even accepted as arbiter either the archbishop of Trier or the bishop of Naumburg. So matters were arranged. But

while this arrangement was being followed with good prospects of success, behold, that other and greater enemy of yours, Eck, broke in with the Leipzig Debate which he had undertaken against Dr. Karlstadt. When the new question of the primacy of the pope was raised, he suddenly turned his weapons against me and completely upset our arrangement for maintaining peace. Meanwhile Karl Miltitz waited. The debate was held and judges were selected. But again no decision was reached, which is not surprising, for through Eck's lies, tricks, and wiles everything was stirred up, aggravated, and confused worse than ever. Regardless of the decision which might have been reached, a greater conflagration would have resulted, for he sought glory, not the truth. Again I left undone nothing that I ought to have done.

I admit that on this occasion no small amount of corrupt Roman practices came to light, but whatever wrong was done was Eck's fault, who undertook a task beyond his capacities. Striving insanely for his own glory, he revealed the shame of Rome to all the world. This man is your enemy, my dear Leo, or rather the enemy of your Curia. From his example alone we can learn that no enemy is more pernicious than a flatterer. What did he accomplish with his flattery but an evil which not even a king could have accomplished? The name of the Roman Curia is today a stench throughout the world, papal authority languishes, and Roman ignorance, once honored, is in ill repute. We should have heard nothing of all this if Eck had not upset the peace arrangements made by Karl von Miltitz and myself. Eck himself now clearly sees this and, although it is too late and to no avail, he is furious that my books were published. He should have thought of this when, like a whinnying horse, he was madly seeking his own glory and preferred his own advantage through you and at the greatest peril to you. The vain man thought that I would stop and keep silent out of fear for your name, for I do not believe that he entirely trusted his cleverness and learning. Now that he sees that I have more courage than that and have not been silenced, he repents of his rashness, but too late, and perceives—if indeed he does finally understand—that there is One in heaven who opposes the proud and humbles the haughty [I Pet. 5:5; Jth. 6:15].

Since we gained nothing from this debate except greater confusion to the Roman cause, Karl Miltitz, in a third attempt to bring about peace, came to the fathers of the Augustinian Order assembled in their chapter and sought their advice in settling the controversy which had now grown most disturbing and dangerous. Because, by God's favor, they had no hope of proceeding against me by violent means, some of their most famous men were sent to me. These men asked me at least

to show honor to the person of Your Blessedness and in a humble letter to plead as my excuse your innocence and mine in the matter. They said that the affair was not yet in a hopeless state, provided Leo X out of his innate goodness would take a hand in it. As I have always both offered and desired peace so that I might devote myself to quieter and more useful studies, and have stormed with such great fury merely for the purpose of overwhelming my unequal opponents by the volume and violence of words no less than of intellect, I not only gladly ceased but also joyfully and thankfully considered this suggestion a very welcome kindness to me, provided our hope could be realized.

So I come, most blessed father, and, prostrate before you, pray that if possible you intervene and stop those flatterers, who are the enemies of peace while they pretend to keep peace. But let no person imagine that I will recant unless he prefer to involve the whole question in even greater turmoil. Furthermore, I acknowledge no fixed rules for the interpretation of the Word of God, since the Word of God, which teaches freedom in all other matters, must not be bound [II Tim. 2:9]. If these two points are granted, there is nothing that I could not or would not most willingly do or endure. I detest contentions. I will challenge no one. On the other hand, I do not want others to challenge me. If they do, as Christ is my teacher, I will not be speechless. When once this controversy has been cited before you and settled, Your Blessedness will be able with a brief and ready word to silence both parties and command them to keep the peace. That is what I have always wished to hear.

Therefore, my Father Leo, do not listen to those sirens who pretend that you are no mere man but a demigod so that you may command and require whatever you wish. It will not be done in that manner and you will not have such remarkable power. You are a servant of servants, and more than all other men you are in a most miserable and dangerous position. Be not deceived by those who pretend that you are lord of the world, allow no one to be considered a Christian unless he accepts your authority, and prate that you have power over heaven, hell, and purgatory. These men are your enemies who seek to destroy your soul [I Kings 19:10], as Isaiah says: "O my people, they that call thee blessed, the same deceive thee" [Isa. 3:12]. They err who exalt you above a council and the church universal. They err who ascribe to you alone the right of interpreting Scripture. Under the protection of your name they seek to gain support for all their wicked deeds in the church. Alas! Through them Satan has already made much progress under your predecessors. In short, believe none who exalt you, believe those who humble you. This is the judgment of God, that "... he

has put down the mighty from their thrones and exalted those of low degree” [Luke 1:52]. See how different Christ is from his successors, although they all would wish to be his vicars. I fear that most of them have been too literally his vicars. A man is a vicar only when his superior is absent. If the pope rules, while Christ is absent and does not dwell in his heart, what else is he but a vicar of Christ? What is the church under such a vicar but a mass of people without Christ? Indeed, what is such a vicar but an antichrist and an idol? How much more properly did the apostles call themselves servants of the present Christ and not vicars of an absent Christ?

Perhaps I am presumptuous in trying to instruct so exalted a personage from whom we all should learn and from whom the thrones of judges receive their decisions, as those pestilential fellows of yours boast. But I am following the example of St. Bernard in his book, *On Consideration*, to Pope Eugenius, a book every pope should know from memory. I follow him, not because I am eager to instruct you, but out of pure and loyal concern which compels us to be interested in all the affairs of our neighbors, even when they are protected, and which does not permit us to take into consideration either their dignity or lack of dignity since it is only concerned with the dangers they face or the advantages they may gain. I know that Your Blessedness is driven and buffeted about in Rome, that is, that far out at sea you are threatened on all sides by dangers and are working very hard in the miserable situation so that you are in need of even the slightest help of the least of your brothers. Therefore I do not consider it absurd if I now forget your exalted office and do what brotherly love demands. I have no desire to flatter you in so serious and dangerous a matter. If men do not perceive that I am your friend and your most humble subject in this matter, there is One who understands and judges [John 8:50].

Finally, that I may not approach you empty-handed, blessed father, I am sending you this little treatise dedicated to you as a token of peace and good hope. From this book you may judge with what studies I should prefer to be more profitably occupied, as I could be, provided your godless flatterers would permit me and had permitted me in the past. It is a small book if you regard its size. Unless I am mistaken, however, it contains the whole of Christian life in a brief form, provided you grasp its meaning. I am a poor man and have no other gift to offer, and you do not need to be enriched by any but a spiritual gift. May the Lord Jesus preserve you forever. Amen.

Wittenberg, September 6, 1520.

The Freedom of a Christian

Many people have considered Christian faith an easy thing, and not a few have given it a place among the virtues. They do this because they have not experienced it and have never tasted the great strength there is in faith. It is impossible to write well about it or to understand what has been written about it unless one has at one time or another experienced the courage which faith gives a man when trials oppress him. But he who has had even a faint taste of it can never write, speak, meditate, or hear enough concerning it. It is a living “spring of water welling up to eternal life,” as Christ calls it in John 4 [:14].

As for me, although I have no wealth of faith to boast of and know how scant my supply is, I nevertheless hope that I have attained to a little faith, even though I have been assailed by great and various temptations; and I hope that I can discuss it, if not more elegantly, certainly more to the point, than those literalists and subtile disputants have previously done, who have not even understood what they have written.

To make the way smoother for the unlearned—for only them do I serve—I shall set down the following two propositions concerning the freedom and the bondage of the spirit:

A Christian is a perfectly free lord of all, subject to none.

A Christian is a perfectly dutiful servant of all, subject to all.

These two theses seem to contradict each other. If, however, they should be found to fit together they would serve our purpose beautifully. Both are Paul’s own statements, who says in I Cor. 9 [:19], “For though I am free from all men, I have made myself a slave to all,” and in Rom. 13 [:8], “Owe no one anything, except to love one another.” Love by its very nature is ready to serve and be subject to him who is loved. So Christ, although he was Lord of all, was “born of woman, born under the law” [Gal. 4:4], and therefore was at the same time a free man and a servant, “in the form of God” and “of a servant” [Phil. 2:6–7].

Let us start, however, with something more remote from our subject, but more obvious. Man has a twofold nature, a spiritual and a bodily one. According to the spiritual nature, which men refer to as the soul, he is called a spiritual, inner, or new man. According to the bodily nature, which men refer to as flesh, he is called a carnal, outward, or old man, of whom the Apostle writes in II Cor. 4 [:16], “Though our outer nature is wasting away, our inner nature is being renewed every day.” Because of this diversity of nature the Scriptures assert

contradictory things concerning the same man, since these two men in the same man contradict each other, “for the desires of the flesh are against the Spirit, and the desires of the Spirit are against the flesh,” according to Gal. 5 [:17].

First, let us consider the inner man to see how a righteous, free, and pious Christian, that is, a spiritual, new, and inner man, becomes what he is. It is evident that no external thing has any influence in producing Christian righteousness or freedom, or in producing unrighteousness or servitude. A simple argument will furnish the proof of this statement. What can it profit the soul if the body is well, free, and active, and eats, drinks, and does as it pleases? For in these respects even the most godless slaves of vice may prosper. On the other hand, how will poor health or imprisonment or hunger or thirst or any other external misfortune harm the soul? Even the most godly men, and those who are free because of clear consciences, are afflicted with these things. None of these things touch either the freedom or the servitude of the soul. It does not help the soul if the body is adorned with the sacred robes of priests or dwells in sacred places or is occupied with sacred duties or prays, fasts, abstains from certain kinds of food, or does any work that can be done by the body and in the body. The righteousness and the freedom of the soul require something far different since the things which have been mentioned could be done by any wicked person. Such works produce nothing but hypocrites. On the other hand, it will not harm the soul if the body is clothed in secular dress, dwells in un-consecrated places, eats and drinks as others do, does not pray aloud, and neglects to do all the above-mentioned things which hypocrites can do.

Furthermore, to put aside all kinds of works, even contemplation, meditation, and all that the soul can do, does not help. One thing, and only one thing, is necessary for Christian life, righteousness, and freedom. That one thing is the most holy Word of God, the gospel of Christ, as Christ says, John 11 [:25], “I am the resurrection and the life; he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live”; and John 8 [:36], “So if the Son makes you free, you will be free indeed”; and Matt 4 [:4], “Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.” Let us then consider it certain and firmly established that the soul can do without anything except the Word of God and that where the Word of God is missing there is no help at all for the soul. If it has the Word of God it is rich and lacks nothing since it is the Word of life, truth, light, peace, righteousness, salvation, joy, liberty, wisdom, power, grace, glory, and of every incalculable blessing. This is why the prophet in the entire Psalm [119]

and in many other places yearns and sighs for the Word of God and uses so many names to describe it.

On the other hand, there is no more terrible disaster with which the wrath of God can afflict men than a famine of the hearing of his Word, as he says in Amos [8:11]. Likewise there is no greater mercy than when he sends forth his Word, as we read in Psalm 107 [:20]: “He sent forth his word, and healed them, and delivered them from destruction.” Nor was Christ sent into the world for any other ministry except that of the Word. Moreover, the entire spiritual estate—all the apostles, bishops, and priests—has been called and instituted only for the ministry of the Word.

You may ask, “What then is the Word of God, and how shall it be used, since there are so many words of God?” I answer: The Apostle explains this in Romans 1. The Word is the gospel of God concerning his Son, who was made flesh, suffered, rose from the dead, and was glorified through the Spirit who sanctifies. To preach Christ means to feed the soul, make it righteous, set it free, and save it, provided it believes the preaching. Faith alone is the saving and efficacious use of the Word of God, according to Rom. 10 [:9]: “If you confess with your lips that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.” Furthermore, “Christ is the end of the law, that every one who has faith may be justified” [Rom. 10:4]. Again, in Rom. 1 [:17], “He who through faith is righteous shall live.” The Word of God cannot be received and cherished by any works whatever but only by faith. Therefore it is clear that, as the soul needs only the Word of God for its life and righteousness, so it is justified by faith alone and not any works; for if it could be justified by anything else, it would not need the Word, and consequently it would not need faith.

This faith cannot exist in connection with works—that is to say, if you at the same time claim to be justified by works, whatever their character—for that would be the same as “limping with two different opinions” [I Kings 18:21], as worshiping Baal and kissing one’s own hand [Job 31:27–28], which, as Job says, is a very great iniquity. Therefore the moment you begin to have faith you learn that all things in you are altogether blameworthy, sinful, and damnable, as the Apostle says in Rom. 3 [:23], “Since all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God,” and, “None is righteous, no, not one; . . . all have turned aside, together they have gone wrong,” Rom. 3 [:10–12]. When you have learned this you will know that you need Christ, who suffered and rose again for you so that, if you believe in him, you may through this faith become a new man in so far as your sins are forgiven

and you are justified by the merits of another, namely, of Christ alone.

Since, therefore, this faith can rule only in the inner man, as Rom. 10 says, "For man believes with his heart and so is justified," and since faith alone justifies, it is clear that the inner man cannot be justified, freed, or saved by any outer work or action at all, and that these works, whatever their character, have nothing to do with this inner man. On the other hand, only ungodliness and unbelief of heart, and no outer work, make him guilty and a damnable servant of sin. Wherefore it ought to be the first concern of every Christian to lay aside all confidence in works and increasingly to strengthen faith alone and through faith to grow in the knowledge, not of works, but of Christ Jesus, who suffered and rose for him, as Peter teaches in the last chapter of his first Epistle, I Pet. [5:10]. No other work makes a Christian. Thus when the Jews asked Christ, as related in John 6 [28], what they must do "to be doing the work of God," he brushed aside the multitude of works which he saw they did in great profusion and suggested one work, saying, "This is the work of God, that you believe in him whom he has sent" [John 6:29]; "for on him has God the Father set his seal" [John 6:27].

Therefore true faith in Christ is a treasure beyond comparison which brings with it complete salvation and saves man from every evil, as Christ says in the last chapter of Mark [16:16]: "He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned." Isaiah contemplated this treasure and foretold it in Chapter 10: "The Lord will make a small and consuming word upon the land, and it will overflow with righteousness" [Cf. Isa. 10:22]. This is as though he said, "Faith, which is a small and perfect fulfilment of the law, will fill believers with so great a righteousness that they will need nothing more to become righteous." So Paul says, Rom. 10 [10], "For man believes with his heart and so is justified."

Should you ask how it happens that faith alone justifies and offers us such a treasure of great benefits without works in view of the fact that so many works, ceremonies, and laws are prescribed in the Scriptures, I answer: First of all, remember what has been said, namely, that faith alone, without works, justifies, frees, and saves; we shall make this clearer later on. Here we must point out that the entire Scripture of God is divided into two parts: commandments and promises. Although the commandments teach things that are good, the things taught are not done as soon as they are taught, for the commandments show us what we ought to do but do not give us the power to do it. They are intended to teach man to know himself, that through them he may recognize his inability to do good and may despair of his own

ability. That is why they are called the Old Testament and constitute the Old Testament. For example, the commandment, “You shall not covet” [Exod. 20:17], is a command which proves us all to be sinners, for no one can avoid coveting no matter how much he may struggle against it. Therefore, in order not to covet and to fulfil the commandment, a man is compelled to despair of himself, to seek the help which he does not find in himself elsewhere and from someone else, as stated in Hosea [13:9]: “Destruction is your own, O Israel: your help is only in me.” As we fare with respect to one commandment, so we fare with all, for it is equally impossible for us to keep any one of them.

Now when a man has learned through the commandments to recognize his helplessness and is distressed about how he might satisfy the law—since the law must be fulfilled so that not a jot or tittle shall be lost, otherwise man will be condemned without hope—then, being truly humbled and reduced to nothing in his own eyes, he finds in himself nothing whereby he may be justified and saved. Here the second part of Scripture comes to our aid, namely, the promises of God which declare the glory of God, saying, “If you wish to fulfil the law and not covet, as the law demands, come, believe in Christ in whom grace, righteousness, peace, liberty, and all things are promised you. If you believe, you shall have all things; if you do not believe, you shall lack all things.” That which is impossible for you to accomplish by trying to fulfil all the works of the law—many and useless as they all are—you will accomplish quickly and easily through faith. God our Father has made all things depend on faith so that whoever has faith will have everything, and whoever does not have faith will have nothing. “For God has consigned all men to disobedience, that he may have mercy upon all,” as it is stated in Rom. 11 [:32]. Thus the promises of God give what the commandments of God demand and fulfil what the law prescribes so that all things may be God’s alone, both the commandments and the fulfilling of the commandments. He alone commands, he alone fulfils. Therefore the promises of God belong to the New Testament. Indeed, they are the New Testament.

Since these promises of God are holy, true, righteous, free, and peaceful words, full of goodness, the soul which clings to them with a firm faith will be so closely united with them and altogether absorbed by them that it not only will share in all their power but will be saturated and intoxicated by them. If a touch of Christ healed, how much more will this most tender spiritual touch, this absorbing of the Word, communicate to the soul all things that belong to the Word. This, then, is how through faith alone without works the soul is justified by the Word of God, sanctified, made true, peaceful, and free, filled with

every blessing and truly made a child of God, as John 1 [:12] says: “But to all who . . . believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God.”

From what has been said it is easy to see from what source faith derives such great power and why a good work or all good works together cannot equal it. No good work can rely upon the Word of God or live in the soul, for faith alone and the Word of God rule in the soul. Just as the heated iron glows like fire because of the union of fire with it, so the Word imparts its qualities to the soul. It is clear, then, that a Christian has all that he needs in faith and needs no works to justify him; and if he has no need of works, he has no need of the law; and if he has no need of the law, surely he is free from the law. It is true that “the law is not laid down for the just” [I Tim. 1:9]. This is that Christian liberty, our faith, which does not induce us to live in idleness or wickedness but makes the law and works unnecessary for any man’s righteousness and salvation.

This is the first power of faith. Let us now examine also the second. It is a further function of faith that it honors him whom it trusts with the most reverent and highest regard since it considers him truthful and trustworthy. There is no other honor equal to the estimate of truthfulness and righteousness with which we honor him whom we trust. Could we ascribe to a man anything greater than truthfulness and righteousness and perfect goodness? On the other hand, there is no way in which we can show greater contempt for a man than to regard him as false and wicked and to be suspicious of him, as we do when we do not trust him. So when the soul firmly trusts God’s promises, it regards him as truthful and righteous. Nothing more excellent than this can be ascribed to God. The very highest worship of God is this that we ascribe to him truthfulness, righteousness, and whatever else should be ascribed to one who is trusted. When this is done, the soul consents to his will. Then it hallows his name and allows itself to be treated according to God’s good pleasure for, clinging to God’s promises, it does not doubt that he who is true, just, and wise will do, dispose, and provide all things well.

Is not such a soul most obedient to God in all things by this faith? What commandment is there that such obedience has not completely fulfilled? What more complete fulfilment is there than obedience in all things? This obedience, however, is not rendered by works, but by faith alone. On the other hand, what greater rebellion against God, what greater wickedness, what greater contempt of God is there than not believing his promise? For what is this but to make God a liar or to doubt that he is truthful?—that is, to ascribe truthfulness to one’s

self but lying and vanity to God? Does not a man who does this deny God and set himself up as an idol in his heart? Then of what good are works done in such wickedness, even if they were the works of angels and apostles? Therefore God has rightly included all things, not under anger or lust, but under unbelief, so that they who imagine that they are fulfilling the law by doing the works of chastity and mercy required by the law (the civil and human virtues) might not be saved. They are included under the sin of unbelief and must either seek mercy or be justly condemned.

When, however, God sees that we consider him truthful and by the faith of our heart pay him the great honor which is due him, he does us that great honor of considering us truthful and righteous for the sake of our faith. Faith works truth and righteousness by giving God what belongs to him. Therefore God in turn glorifies our righteousness. It is true and just that God is truthful and just, and to consider and confess him to be so is the same as being truthful and just. Accordingly he says in I Sam. 2 [:30], “Those who honor me I will honor, and those who despise me shall be lightly esteemed.” So Paul says in Rom. 4 [:3] that Abraham’s faith “was reckoned to him as righteousness” because by it he gave glory most perfectly to God, and that for the same reason our faith shall be reckoned to us as righteousness if we believe.

The third incomparable benefit of faith is that it unites the soul with Christ as a bride is united with her bridegroom. By this mystery, as the Apostle teaches, Christ and the soul become one flesh [Eph. 5:31–32]. And if they are one flesh and there is between them a true marriage—indeed the most perfect of all marriages, since human marriages are but poor examples of this one true marriage—it follows that everything they have they hold in common, the good as well as the evil. Accordingly the believing soul can boast of and glory in whatever Christ has as though it were its own, and whatever the soul has Christ claims as his own. Let us compare these and we shall see inestimable benefits. Christ is full of grace, life, and salvation. The soul is full of sins, death, and damnation. Now let faith come between them and sins, death, and damnation will be Christ’s, while grace, life, and salvation will be the soul’s; for if Christ is a bridegroom, he must take upon himself the things which are his bride’s and bestow upon her the things that are his. If he gives her his body and very self, how shall he not give her all that is his? And if he takes the body of the bride, how shall he not take all that is hers?

Here we have a most pleasing vision not only of communion but of a blessed struggle and victory and salvation and redemption. Christ is God and man in one person. He has neither sinned nor died, and is

not condemned, and he cannot sin, die, or be condemned; his righteousness, life, and salvation are unconquerable, eternal, omnipotent. By the wedding ring of faith he shares in the sins, death, and pains of hell which are his bride's. As a matter of fact, he makes them his own and acts as if they were his own and as if he himself had sinned; he suffered, died, and descended into hell that he might overcome them all. Now since it was such a one who did all this, and death and hell could not swallow him up, these were necessarily swallowed up by him in a mighty duel; for his righteousness is greater than the sins of all men, his life stronger than death, his salvation more invincible than hell. Thus the believing soul by means of the pledge of its faith is free in Christ, its bridegroom, free from all sins, secure against death and hell, and is endowed with the eternal righteousness, life, and salvation of Christ its bridegroom. So he takes to himself a glorious bride, "without spot or wrinkle, cleansing her by the washing of water with the word" [Cf. Eph. 5:26-27] of life, that is, by faith in the Word of life, righteousness, and salvation. In this way he marries her in faith, steadfast love, and in mercies, righteousness, and justice, as Hos. 2 [19-20] says.

Who then can fully appreciate what this royal marriage means? Who can understand the riches of the glory of this grace? Here this rich and divine bridegroom Christ marries this poor, wicked harlot, redeems her from all her evil, and adorns her with all his goodness. Her sins cannot now destroy her, since they are laid upon Christ and swallowed up by him. And she has that righteousness in Christ, her husband, of which she may boast as of her own and which she can confidently display alongside her sins in the face of death and hell and say, "If I have sinned, yet my Christ, in whom I believe, has not sinned, and all his is mine and all mine is his," as the bride in the Song of Solomon [2:16] says, "My beloved is mine and I am his." This is what Paul means when he says in I Cor. 15 [57], "Thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," that is, the victory over sin and death, as he also says there, "The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law" [I Cor. 15:56].

From this you once more see that much is ascribed to faith, namely, that it alone can fulfil the law and justify without works. You see that the First Commandment, which says, "You shall worship one God," is fulfilled by faith alone. Though you were nothing but good works from the soles of your feet to the crown of your head, you would still not be righteous or worship God or fulfil the First Commandment, since God cannot be worshiped unless you ascribe to him the glory of truthfulness and all goodness which is due him. This cannot be

done by works but only by the faith of the heart. Not by the doing of works but by believing do we glorify God and acknowledge that he is truthful. Therefore faith alone is the righteousness of a Christian and the fulfilling of all the commandments, for he who fulfils the First Commandment has no difficulty in fulfilling all the rest.

But works, being inanimate things, cannot glorify God, although they can, if faith is present, be done to the glory of God. Here, however, we are not inquiring what works and what kind of works are done, but who it is that does them, who glorifies God and brings forth the works. This is done by faith which dwells in the heart and is the source and substance of all our righteousness. Therefore it is a blind and dangerous doctrine which teaches that the commandments must be fulfilled by works. The commandments must be fulfilled before any works can be done, and the works proceed from the fulfilment of the commandments [Rom. 13:10], as we shall hear.

That we may examine more profoundly that grace which our inner man has in Christ, we must realize that in the Old Testament God consecrated to himself all the first-born males. The birthright was highly prized for it involved a twofold honor, that of priesthood and that of kingship. The first-born brother was priest and lord over all the others and a type of Christ, the true and only first-born of God the Father and the Virgin Mary and true king and priest, but not after the fashion of the flesh and the world, for his kingdom is not of this world [John 18:36]. He reigns in heavenly and spiritual things and consecrates them—things such as righteousness, truth, wisdom, peace, salvation, etc. This does not mean that all things on earth and in hell are not also subject to him—otherwise how could he protect and save us from them?—but that his kingdom consists neither in them nor of them. Nor does his priesthood consist in the outer splendor of robes and postures like those of the human priesthood of Aaron and our present-day church; but it consists of spiritual things through which he by an invisible service intercedes for us in heaven before God, there offers himself as a sacrifice, and does all things a priest should do, as Paul describes him under the type of Melchizedek in the Epistle to the Hebrews [Heb. 6–7]. Nor does he only pray and intercede for us but he teaches us inwardly through the living instruction of his Spirit, thus performing the two real functions of a priest, of which the prayers and the preaching of human priests are visible types.

Now just as Christ by his birthright obtained these two prerogatives, so he imparts them to and shares them with everyone who believes in him according to the law of the above-mentioned marriage, according to which the wife owns whatever belongs to the husband. Hence all of

us who believe in Christ are priests and kings in Christ, as I Pet. 2 [:9] says: “You are a chosen race, God’s own people, a royal priesthood, a priestly kingdom, that you may declare the wonderful deeds of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.”

The nature of this priesthood and kingship is something like this: First, with respect to the kingship, every Christian is by faith so exalted above all things that, by virtue of a spiritual power, he is lord of all things without exception, so that nothing can do him any harm. As a matter of fact, all things are made subject to him and are compelled to serve him in obtaining salvation. Accordingly Paul says in Rom. 8 [:28], “All things work together for good for the elect,” and in I Cor. 3 [:21–23], “All things are yours whether . . . life or death or the present or the future, all are yours; and you are Christ’s. . . .” This is not to say that every Christian is placed over all things to have and control them by physical power—a madness with which some churchmen are afflicted—for such power belongs to kings, princes, and other men on earth. Our ordinary experience in life shows us that we are subjected to all, suffer many things, and even die. As a matter of fact, the more Christian a man is, the more evils, sufferings, and deaths he must endure, as we see in Christ the first-born prince himself, and in all his brethren, the saints. The power of which we speak is spiritual. It rules in the midst of enemies and is powerful in the midst of oppression. This means nothing else than that “power is made perfect in weakness” [II Cor. 12:9] and that in all things I can find profit toward salvation [Rom. 8:28], so that the cross and death itself are compelled to serve me and to work together with me for my salvation. This is a splendid privilege and hard to attain, a truly omnipotent power, a spiritual dominion in which there is nothing so good and nothing so evil but that it shall work together for good to me, if only I believe. Yes, since faith alone suffices for salvation, I need nothing except faith exercising the power and dominion of its own liberty. Lo, this is the inestimable power and liberty of Christians.

Not only are we the freest of kings, we are also priests forever, which is far more excellent than being kings, for as priests we are worthy to appear before God to pray for others and to teach one another divine things. These are the functions of priests, and they cannot be granted to any unbeliever. Thus Christ has made it possible for us, provided we believe in him, to be not only his brethren, co-heirs, and fellow-kings, but also his fellow-priests. Therefore we may boldly come into the presence of God in the spirit of faith [Heb. 10:19, 22] and cry “Abba, Father!” pray for one another, and do all things which we see done and foreshadowed in the outer and visible works of priests.

He, however, who does not believe is not served by anything. On the contrary, nothing works for his good, but he himself is a servant of all, and all things turn out badly for him because he wickedly uses them to his own advantage and not to the glory of God. So he is no priest but a wicked man whose prayer becomes sin and who never comes into the presence of God because God does not hear sinners [John 9:31]. Who then can comprehend the lofty dignity of the Christian? By virtue of his royal power he rules over all things, death, life, and sin, and through his priestly glory is omnipotent with God because he does the things which God asks and desires, as it is written, "He will fulfil the desire of those who fear him; he also will hear their cry and save them" [Cf. Phil. 4:13]. To this glory a man attains, certainly not by any works of his, but by faith alone.

From this anyone can clearly see how a Christian is free from all things and over all things so that he needs no works to make him righteous and save him, since faith alone abundantly confers all these things. Should he grow so foolish, however, as to presume to become righteous, free, saved, and a Christian by means of some good work, he would instantly lose faith and all its benefits, a foolishness aptly illustrated in the fable of the dog who runs along a stream with a piece of meat in his mouth and, deceived by the reflection of the meat in the water, opens his mouth to snap at it and so loses both the meat and the reflection.

You will ask, "If all who are in the church are priests, how do these whom we now call priests differ from laymen?" I answer: Injustice is done those words "priest," "cleric," "spiritual," "ecclesiastic," when they are transferred from all Christians to those few who are now by a mischievous usage called "ecclesiastics." Holy Scripture makes no distinction between them, although it gives the name "ministers," "servants," "stewards" to those who are now proudly called popes, bishops, and lords and who should according to the ministry of the Word serve others and teach them the faith of Christ and the freedom of believers. Although we are all equally priests, we cannot all publicly minister and teach. We ought not do so even if we could. Paul writes accordingly in I Cor. 4 [:1], "This is how one should regard us, as servants of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God."

That stewardship, however, has now been developed into so great a display of power and so terrible a tyranny that no heathen empire or other earthly power can be compared with it, just as if laymen were not also Christians. Through this perversion the knowledge of Christian grace, faith, liberty, and of Christ himself has altogether perished, and its place has been taken by an unbearable bondage of human works

and laws until we have become, as the Lamentations of Jeremiah [1] say, servants of the vilest men on earth who abuse our misfortune to serve only their base and shameless will.

To return to our purpose, I believe that it has now become clear that it is not enough or in any sense Christian to preach the works, life, and words of Christ as historical facts, as if the knowledge of these would suffice for the conduct of life; yet this is the fashion among those who must today be regarded as our best preachers. Far less is it sufficient or Christian to say nothing at all about Christ and to teach instead the laws of men and the decrees of the fathers. Now there are not a few who preach Christ and read about him that they may move men's affections to sympathy with Christ, to anger against the Jews, and such childish and effeminate nonsense. Rather ought Christ to be preached to the end that faith in him may be established that he may not only be Christ, but be Christ for you and me, and that what is said of him and is denoted in his name may be effectual in us. Such faith is produced and preserved in us by preaching why Christ came, what he brought and bestowed, what benefit it is to us to accept him. This is done when that Christian liberty which he bestows is rightly taught and we are told in what way we Christians are all kings and priests and therefore lords of all and may firmly believe that whatever we have done is pleasing and acceptable in the sight of God, as I have already said.

What man is there whose heart, upon hearing these things, will not rejoice to its depth, and when receiving such comfort will not grow tender so that he will love Christ as he never could by means of any laws or works? Who would have the power to harm or frighten such a heart? If the knowledge of sin or the fear of death should break in upon it, it is ready to hope in the Lord. It does not grow afraid when it hears tidings of evil. It is not disturbed when it sees its enemies. This is so because it believes that the righteousness of Christ is its own and that its sin is not its own, but Christ's, and that all sin is swallowed up by the righteousness of Christ. This, as has been said above, is a necessary consequence on account of faith in Christ. So the heart learns to scoff at death and sin and to say with the Apostle. "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" [I Cor. 15:55-57]. Death is swallowed up not only in the victory of Christ but also by our victory, because through faith his victory has become ours and in that faith we also are conquerors.

Let this suffice concerning the inner man, his liberty, and the source of

his liberty, the righteousness of faith. He needs neither laws nor good works but, on the contrary, is injured by them if he believes that he is justified by them.

Now let us turn to the second part, the outer man. Here we shall answer all those who, offended by the word “faith” and by all that has been said, now ask, “If faith does all things and is alone sufficient unto righteousness, why then are good works commanded? We will take our ease and do no works and be content with faith.” I answer: not so, you wicked men, not so. That would indeed be proper if we were wholly inner and perfectly spiritual men. But such we shall be only at the last day, the day of the resurrection of the dead. As long as we live in the flesh we only begin to make some progress in that which shall be perfected in the future life. For this reason the Apostle in Rom. 8 [:23] calls all that we attain in this life “the first fruits of the Spirit” because we shall indeed receive the greater portion, even the fulness of the Spirit, in the future. This is the place to assert that which was said above, namely, that a Christian is the servant of all and made subject to all. Insofar as he is free he does no works, but insofar as he is a servant he does all kinds of works. How this is possible we shall see.

Although, as I have said, a man is abundantly and sufficiently justified by faith inwardly, in his spirit, and so has all that he needs, except insofar as this faith and these riches must grow from day to day even to the future life; yet he remains in this mortal life on earth. In this life he must control his own body and have dealings with men. Here the works begin; here a man cannot enjoy leisure; here he must indeed take care to discipline his body by fastings, watchings, labors, and other reasonable discipline and to subject it to the Spirit so that it will obey and conform to the inner man and faith and not revolt against faith and hinder the inner man, as it is the nature of the body to do if it is not held in check. The inner man, who by faith is created in the image of God, is both joyful and happy because of Christ in whom so many benefits are conferred upon him; and therefore it is his one occupation to serve God joyfully and without thought of gain, in love that is not constrained.

While he is doing this, behold, he meets a contrary will in his own flesh which strives to serve the world and seeks its own advantage. This the spirit of faith cannot tolerate, but with joyful zeal it attempts to put the body under control and hold it in check, as Paul says in Rom. 7 [:22–23], “For I delight in the law of God, in my inmost self, but I see in my members another law at war with the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin,” and in another place, “But I pommel

my body and subdue it, lest after preaching to others I myself should be disqualified" [I Cor. 9:27], and in Galatians [5:24], "And those who belong to Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with its passions and desires."

In doing these works, however, we must not think that a man is justified before God by them, for faith, which alone is righteousness before God, cannot endure that erroneous opinion. We must, however, realize that these works reduce the body to subjection and purify it of its evil lusts, and our whole purpose is to be directed only toward the driving out of lusts. Since by faith the soul is cleansed and made to love God, it desires that all things, and especially its own body, shall be purified so that all things may join with it in loving and praising God. Hence a man cannot be idle, for the need of his body drives him and he is compelled to do many good works to reduce it to subjection. Nevertheless the works themselves do not justify him before God, but he does the works out of spontaneous love in obedience to God and considers nothing except the approval of God, whom he would most scrupulously obey in all things.

In this way everyone will easily be able to learn for himself the limit and discretion, as they say, of his bodily castigations, for he will fast, watch, and labor as much as he finds sufficient to repress the lasciviousness and lust of his body. But those who presume to be justified by works do not regard the mortifying of the lusts, but only the works themselves, and think that if only they have done as many and as great works as are possible, they have done well and have become righteous. At times they even addle their brains and destroy, or at least render useless, their natural strength with their works. This is the height of folly and utter ignorance of Christian life and faith, that a man should seek to be justified and saved by works and without faith.

In order to make that which we have said more easily understood, we shall explain by analogies. We should think of the works of a Christian who is justified and saved by faith because of the pure and free mercy of God, just as we would think of the works which Adam and Eve did in Paradise, and all their children would have done if they had not sinned. We read in Gen. 2 [:15] that "The Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to till it and keep it." Now Adam was created righteous and upright and without sin by God so that he had no need of being justified and made upright through his tilling and keeping the garden; but, that he might not be idle, the Lord gave him a task to do, to cultivate and protect the garden. This task would truly have been the freest of works, done only to please God and not to obtain righteousness, which Adam already had in full measure and

which would have been the birthright of us all.

The works of a believer are like this. Through his faith he has been restored to Paradise and created anew, has no need of works that he may become or be righteous; but that he may not be idle and may provide for and keep his body, he must do such works freely only to please God. Since, however, we are not wholly recreated, and our faith and love are not yet perfect, these are to be increased, not by external works, however, but of themselves.

A second example: A bishop, when he consecrates a church, confirms children, or performs some other duty belonging to his office, is not made a bishop by these works. Indeed, if he had not first been made a bishop, none of these works would be valid. They would be foolish, childish, and farcical. So the Christian who is consecrated by his faith does good works, but the works do not make him holier or more Christian, for that is the work of faith alone. And if a man were not first a believer and a Christian, all his works would amount to nothing and would be truly wicked and damnable sins.

The following statements are therefore true: “Good works do not make a good man, but a good man does good works; evil works do not make a wicked man, but a wicked man does evil works.” Consequently it is always necessary that the substance or person himself be good before there can be any good works, and that good works follow and proceed from the good person, as Christ also says, “A good tree cannot bear evil fruit, nor can a bad tree bear good fruit” [Matt 7:18]. It is clear that the fruits do not bear the tree and that the tree does not grow on the fruits, also that, on the contrary, the trees bear the fruits and the fruits grow on the trees. As it is necessary, therefore, that the trees exist before their fruits and the fruits do not make trees either good or bad, but rather as the trees are, so are the fruits they bear; so a man must first be good or wicked before he does a good or wicked work, and his works do not make him good or wicked, but he himself makes his works either good or wicked.

Illustrations of the same truth can be seen in all trades. A good or a bad house does not make a good or a bad builder; but a good or a bad builder makes a good or a bad house. And in general, the work never makes the workman like itself, but the workman makes the work like himself. So it is with the works of man. As the man is, whether believer or unbeliever, so also is his work—good if it was done in faith, wicked if it was done in unbelief. But the converse is not true, that the work makes the man either a believer or an unbeliever. As works do not make a man a believer, so also they do not make

him righteous. But as faith makes a man a believer and righteous, so faith does good works. Since, then, works justify no one, and a man must be righteous before he does a good work, it is very evident that it is faith alone which, because of the pure mercy of God through Christ and in his Word, worthily and sufficiently justifies and saves the person. A Christian has no need of any work or law in order to be saved since through faith he is free from every law and does everything out of pure liberty and freely. He seeks neither benefit nor salvation since he already abounds in all things and is saved through the grace of God because in his faith he now seeks only to please God.

Furthermore, no good work helps justify or save an unbeliever. On the other hand, no evil work makes him wicked or damns him; but the unbelief which makes the person and the tree evil does the evil and damnable works. Hence when a man is good or evil, this is effected not by the works, but by faith or unbelief, as the Wise Man says, "This is the beginning of sin, that a man falls away from God" [Cf. Sirach 10:14-15], which happens when he does not believe. And Paul says in Heb. 11 [:6], "For whoever would draw near to God must believe..." And Christ says the same: "Either make the tree good, and its fruit good; or make the tree bad, and its fruit bad" [Matt. 12:33], as if he would say, "Let him who wishes to have good fruit begin by planting a good tree." So let him who wishes to do good works begin not with the doing of works, but with believing, which makes the person good, for nothing makes a man good except faith, or evil except unbelief.

It is indeed true that in the sight of men a man is made good or evil by his works; but this being made good or evil only means that the man who is good or evil is pointed out and known as such, as Christ says in Matt. 7 [:20], "Thus you will know them by their fruits." All this remains on the surface, however, and very many have been deceived by this outward appearance and have presumed to write and teach concerning good works by which we may be justified without even mentioning faith. They go their way, always being deceived and deceiving [II Tim. 3:13], progressing, indeed, but into a worse state, blind leaders of the blind, wearying themselves with many works and still never attaining to true righteousness [Matt. 15:14]. Of such people Paul says in II Tim. 3 [:5, 7], "Holding the form of religion but denying the power of it . . . who will listen to anybody and can never arrive at a knowledge of the truth."

Whoever, therefore, does not wish to go astray with those blind men must look beyond works, and beyond laws and doctrines about works. Turning his eyes from works, he must look upon the person and ask how he is justified. For the person is justified and saved, not by works

or laws, but by the Word of God, that is, by the promise of his grace, and by faith, that the glory may remain God's, who saved us not by works of righteousness which we have done [Titus 3:5], but by virtue of his mercy by the word of his grace when we believed [I Cor. 1:21].

From this it is easy to know how far good works are to be rejected or not, and by what standard all the teachings of men concerning works are to be interpreted. If works are sought after as a means to righteousness, are burdened with this perverse leviathan, and are done under the false impression that through them one is justified, they are made necessary and freedom and faith are destroyed; and this addition to them makes them no longer good but truly damnable works. They are not free, and they blaspheme the grace of God since to justify and to save by faith belongs to the grace of God alone. What the works have no power to do they nevertheless—by a godless presumption through this folly of ours—pretend to do and thus violently force themselves into the office and glory of grace. We do not, therefore, reject good works; on the contrary, we cherish and teach them as much as possible. We do not condemn them for their own sake but on account of this godless addition to them and the perverse idea that righteousness is to be sought through them; for that makes them appear good outwardly, when in truth they are not good. They deceive men and lead them to deceive one another like ravening wolves in sheep's clothing [Matt. 7:15].

But this leviathan, or perverse notion concerning works, is unconquerable where sincere faith is wanting. Those work-saints cannot get rid of it unless faith, its destroyer, comes and rules in their hearts. Nature of itself cannot drive it out or even recognize it, but rather regards it as a mark of the most holy will. If the influence of custom is added and confirms this perverseness of nature, as wicked teachers have caused it to do, it becomes an incurable evil and leads astray and destroys countless men beyond all hope of restoration. Therefore, although it is good to preach and write about penitence, confession, and satisfaction, our teaching is unquestionably deceitful and diabolical if we stop with that and do not go on to teach about faith.

Christ, like his forerunner John, not only said, "Repent" [Matt. 3:2; 4:17], but added the word of faith, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." We are not to preach only one of these words of God, but both; we are to bring forth out of our treasure things new and old, the voice of the law as well as the word of grace [Matt. 13:52]. We must bring forth the voice of the law that men may be made to fear and come to a knowledge of their sins and so be converted to repentance and a better life. But we must not stop with that, for that

would only amount to wounding and not binding up, smiting and not healing, killing and not making alive, leading down into hell and not bringing back again, humbling and not exalting. Therefore we must also preach the word of grace and the promise of forgiveness by which faith is taught and aroused. Without this word of grace the works of the law, contrition, penitence, and all the rest are done and taught in vain.

Preachers of repentance and grace remain even to our day, but they do not explain God's law and promise that a man might learn from them the source of repentance and grace. Repentance proceeds from the law of God, but faith or grace from the promise of God, as Rom. 10 [:17] says: "So faith comes from what is heard, and what is heard comes by the preaching of Christ." Accordingly man is consoled and exalted by faith in the divine promise after he has been humbled and led to a knowledge of himself by the threats and the fear of the divine law. So we read in Psalm 30 [:5]: "Weeping may tarry for the night, but joy comes with the morning."

Let this suffice concerning works in general and at the same time concerning the works which a Christian does for himself. Lastly, we shall also speak of the things which he does toward his neighbor. A man does not live for himself alone in this mortal body to work for it alone, but he lives also for all men on earth; rather, he lives only for others and not for himself. To this end he brings his body into subjection that he may the more sincerely and freely serve others, as Paul says in Rom. 14 [:7-8], "None of us lives to himself, and none of us dies to himself. If we live, we live to the Lord, and if we die, we die to the Lord." He cannot ever in this life be idle and without works toward his neighbors, for he will necessarily speak, deal with, and exchange views with men, as Christ also, being made in the likeness of men [Phil. 2:7], was found in form as a man and conversed with men, as Baruch 3 [:38] says.

Man, however, needs none of these things for his righteousness and salvation. Therefore he should be guided in all his works by this thought and contemplate this one thing alone, that he may serve and benefit others in all that he does, considering nothing except the need and the advantage of his neighbor. Accordingly the Apostle commands us to work with our hands so that we may give to the needy, although he might have said that we should work to support ourselves. He says, however, "that he may be able to give to those in need" [Eph. 4:28]. This is what makes caring for the body a Christian work, that through its health and comfort we may be able to work, to acquire, and lay by funds with which to aid those who are in need, that in this way the

strong member may serve the weaker, and we may be sons of God, each caring for and working for the other, bearing one another's burdens and so fulfilling the law of Christ [Gal. 6:2]. This is a truly Christian life. Here faith is truly active through love [Gal. 5:6], that is, it finds expression in works of the freest service, cheerfully and lovingly done, with which a man willingly serves another without hope of reward; and for himself he is satisfied with the fullness and wealth of his faith.

Accordingly Paul, after teaching the Philippians how rich they were made through faith in Christ, in which they obtained all things, thereafter teaches them, saying, "So if there is any encouragement in Christ, any incentive of love, any participation in the Spirit, any affection and sympathy, complete my joy by being of the same mind, having the same love, being in full accord and of one mind. Do nothing from selfishness or conceit, but in humility count others better than yourselves. Let each of you look not only to his own interests, but also to the interests of others" [Phil. 2:1-4]. Here we see clearly that the Apostle has prescribed this rule for the life of Christians, namely, that we should devote all our works to the welfare of others, since each has such abundant riches in his faith that all his other works and his whole life are a surplus with which he can by voluntary benevolence serve and do good to his neighbor.

As an example of such life the Apostle cites Christ, saying, "Have this mind among yourselves, which you have in Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men. And being found in human form he humbled himself and became obedient unto death" [Phil. 2:5-8]. This salutary word of the Apostle has been obscured for us by those who have not at all understood his words, "form of God," "form of a servant," "human form," "likeness of men," and have applied them to the divine and the human nature. Paul means this: Although Christ was filled with the form of God and rich in all good things, so that he needed no work and no suffering to make him righteous and saved (for he had all this eternally), yet he was not puffed up by them and did not exalt himself above us and assume power over us, although he could rightly have done so; but, on the contrary, he so lived, labored, worked, suffered, and died that he might be like other men and in fashion and in actions be nothing else than a man, just as if he had need of all these things and had nothing of the form of God. But he did all this for our sake, that he might serve us and that all things which he accomplished in this form of a servant might become ours.

So a Christian, like Christ his head, is filled and made rich by faith and should be content with this form of God which he has obtained by faith; only, as I have said, he should increase this faith until it is made perfect. For this faith is his life, his righteousness, and his salvation: it saves him and makes him acceptable, and bestows upon him all things that are Christ's, as has been said above, and as Paul asserts in Gal. 2 [:20] when he says, "And the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God." Although the Christian is thus free from all works, he ought in this liberty to empty himself, take upon himself the form of a servant, be made in the likeness of men, be found in human form, and to serve, help, and in every way deal with his neighbor as he sees that God through Christ has dealt and still deals with him. This he should do freely, having regard for nothing but divine approval.

He ought to think: "Although I am an unworthy and condemned man, my God has given me in Christ all the riches of righteousness and salvation without any merit on my part, out of pure, free mercy, so that from now on I need nothing except faith which believes that this is true. Why should I not therefore freely, joyfully, with all my heart, and with an eager will do all things which I know are pleasing and acceptable to such a Father who has overwhelmed me with his inestimable riches? I will therefore give myself as a Christ to my neighbor, just as Christ offered himself to me; I will do nothing in this life except what I see is necessary, profitable, and salutary to my neighbor, since through faith I have an abundance of all good things in Christ."

Behold, from faith thus flow forth love and joy in the Lord, and from love a joyful, willing, and free mind that serves one's neighbor willingly and takes no account of gratitude or ingratitude, of praise or blame, of gain or loss. For a man does not serve that he may put men under obligations. He does not distinguish between friends and enemies or anticipate their thankfulness or unthankfulness, but he most freely and most willingly spends himself and all that he has, whether he wastes all on the thankless or whether he gains a reward. As his Father does, distributing all things to all men richly and freely, making "his sun rise on the evil and on the good" [Matt. 5:45], so also the son does all things and suffers all things with that freely bestowing joy which is his delight when through Christ he sees it in God, the dispenser of such great benefits.

Therefore, if we recognize the great and precious things which are given us, as Paul says [Rom. 5:5], our hearts will be filled by the Holy Spirit with the love which makes us free, joyful, almighty workers and conquerors over all tribulations, servants of our neighbors, and yet

lords of all. For those who do not recognize the gifts bestowed upon them through Christ, however, Christ has been born in vain; they go their way with their works and shall never come to taste or feel those things. Just as our neighbor is in need and lacks that in which we abound, so we were in need before God and lacked his mercy. Hence, as our heavenly Father has in Christ freely come to our aid, we also ought freely to help our neighbor through our body and its works, and each one should become as it were a Christ to the other that we may be Christs to one another and Christ may be the same in all, that is, that we may be truly Christians.

Who then can comprehend the riches and the glory of the Christian life? It can do all things and has all things and lacks nothing. It is lord over sin, death, and hell, and yet at the same time it serves, ministers to, and benefits all men. But alas in our day this life is unknown throughout the world; it is neither preached about nor sought after; we are altogether ignorant of our own name and do not know why we are Christians or bear the name of Christians. Surely we are named after Christ, not because he is absent from us, but because he dwells in us, that is, because we believe in him and are Christs one to another and do to our neighbors as Christ does to us. But in our day we are taught by the doctrine of men to seek nothing but merits, rewards, and the things that are ours; of Christ we have made only a taskmaster far harsher than Moses.

We have a pre-eminent example of such a faith in the blessed Virgin. As is written in Luke 2 [:22], she was purified according to the law of Moses according to the custom of all women, although she was not bound by that law and did not need to be purified. Out of free and willing love, however, she submitted to the law like other women that she might not offend or despise them. She was not justified by this work, but being righteous she did it freely and willingly. So also our works should be done, not that we may be justified by them, since, being justified beforehand by faith, we ought to do all things freely and joyfully for the sake of others.

St. Paul also circumcised his disciple Timothy, not because circumcision was necessary for his righteousness, but that he might not offend or despise the Jews who were weak in the faith and could not yet grasp the liberty of faith. But, on the other hand, when they despised the liberty of faith and insisted that circumcision was necessary for righteousness, he resisted them and did not allow Titus to be circumcised, Gal. 2 [:3]. Just as he was unwilling to offend or despise any man's weak faith and yielded to their will for a time, so he was also unwilling that the liberty of faith should be offended against or despised by

stubborn, work-righteous men. He chose a middle way, sparing the weak for a time, but always withstanding the stubborn, that he might convert all to the liberty of faith. What we do should be done with the same zeal to sustain the weak in faith, as in Rom. 14 [:1]; but we should firmly resist the stubborn teachers of works. Of this we shall say more later.

Christ also, in Matt. 17 [:24–27], when the tax money was demanded of his disciples, discussed with St. Peter whether the sons of the king were not free from the payment of tribute, and Peter affirmed that they were. Nonetheless, Christ commanded Peter to go to the sea and said, “Not to give offense to them, go to the sea and cast a hook, and take the first fish that comes up, and when you open its mouth you will find a shekel; take that and give it to them for me and for yourself.” This incident fits our subject beautifully for Christ here calls himself and those who are his children sons of the king, who need nothing; and yet he freely submits and pays the tribute. Just as necessary and helpful as this work was to Christ’s righteousness or salvation, just so much do all other works of his or his followers avail for righteousness, since they all follow after righteousness and are free and are done only to serve others and to give them an example of good works.

Of the same nature are the precepts which Paul gives in Rom. 13 [:1–7], namely, that Christians should be subject to the governing authorities and be ready to do every good work, not that they shall in this way be justified, since they already are righteous through faith, but that in the liberty of the Spirit they shall by so doing serve others and the authorities themselves and obey their will freely and out of love. The works of all colleges, monasteries, and priests should be of this nature. Each one should do the works of his profession and station, not that by them he may strive after righteousness, but that through them he may keep his body under control, be an example to others who also need to keep their bodies under control, and finally that by such works he may submit his will to that of others in the freedom of love. But very great care must always be exercised so that no man in a false confidence imagines that by such works he will be justified or acquire merit or be saved; for this is the work of faith alone, as I have repeatedly said.

Anyone knowing this could easily and without danger find his way through those numberless mandates and precepts of pope, bishops, monasteries, churches, princes, and magistrates upon which some ignorant pastors insist as if they were necessary to righteousness and salvation, calling them “precepts of the church,” although they are nothing of the kind. For a Christian, as a free man, will say, “I will

fast, pray, do this and that as men command, not because it is necessary to my righteousness or salvation; but that I may show due respect to the pope, the bishop, the community, a magistrate, or my neighbor, and give them an example. I will do and suffer all things, just as Christ did and suffered far more for me, although he needed nothing of it all for himself, and was made under the law for my sake, although he was not under the law.” Although tyrants do violence or injustice in making their demands, yet it will do no harm as long as they demand nothing contrary to God.

From what has been said, everyone can pass a safe judgment on all works and laws and make a trustworthy distinction between them and know who are the blind and ignorant pastors and who are the good and true. Any work that is not done solely for the purpose of keeping the body under control or of serving one’s neighbor, as long as he asks nothing contrary to God, is not good or Christian. For this reason I greatly fear that few or no colleges, monasteries, altars, and offices of the church are really Christian in our day—nor the special fasts and prayers on certain saints’ days. I fear, I say, that in all these we seek only our profit, thinking that through them our sins are purged away and that we find salvation in them. In this way Christian liberty perishes altogether. This is a consequence of our ignorance of Christian faith and liberty.

This ignorance and suppression of liberty very many blind pastors take pains to encourage. They stir up and urge on their people in these practices by praising such works, puffing them up with their indulgences, and never teaching faith. If, however, you wish to pray, fast, or establish a foundation in the church, I advise you to be careful not to do it in order to obtain some benefit, whether temporal or eternal, for you would do injury to your faith which alone offers you all things. Your one care should be that faith may grow, whether it is trained by works or sufferings. Make your gifts freely and for no consideration, so that others may profit by them and fare well because of you and your goodness. In this way you shall be truly good and Christian. Of what benefit to you are the good works which you do not need for keeping your body under control? Your faith is sufficient for you, through which God has given you all things.

See, according to this rule the good things we have from God should flow from one to the other and be common to all, so that everyone should “put on” his neighbor and so conduct himself toward him as if he himself were in the other’s place. From Christ the good things have flowed and are flowing into us. He has so “put on” us and acted for us as if he had been what we are. From us they flow on to those

who have need of them so that I should lay before God my faith and my righteousness that they may cover and intercede for the sins of my neighbor which I take upon myself and so labor and serve in them as if they were my very own. That is what Christ did for us. This is true love and the genuine rule of a Christian life. Love is true and genuine where there is true and genuine faith. Hence the Apostle says of love in I Cor. 13 [:5] that “it does not seek its own.”

We conclude, therefore, that a Christian lives not in himself, but in Christ and in his neighbor. Otherwise he is not a Christian. He lives in Christ through faith, in his neighbor through love. By faith he is caught up beyond himself into God. By love he descends beneath himself into his neighbor. Yet he always remains in God and in his love, as Christ says in John 1 [:51], “Truly, truly, I say to you, you will see heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man.”

Enough now of freedom. As you see, it is a spiritual and true freedom and makes our hearts free from all sins, laws and commands, as Paul says, I Tim. 1 [:9], “The law is not laid down for the just.” It is more excellent than all other liberty, which is external, as heaven is more excellent than earth. May Christ give us this liberty both to understand and to preserve. Amen.

Finally, something must be added for the sake of those for whom nothing can be said so well that they will not spoil it by misunderstanding it. It is questionable whether they will understand even what will be said here. There are very many who, when they hear of this freedom of faith, immediately turn it into an occasion for the flesh and think that now all things are allowed them. They want to show that they are free men and Christians only by despising and finding fault with ceremonies, traditions, and human laws; as if they were Christians because on stated days they do not fast or eat meat when others fast, or because they do not use the accustomed prayers, and with upturned nose scoff at the precepts of men, although they utterly disregard all else that pertains to the Christian religion. The extreme opposite of these are those who rely for their salvation solely on their reverent observance of ceremonies, as if they would be saved because on certain days they fast or abstain from meats, or pray certain prayers; these make a boast of the precepts of the church and of the fathers, and do not care a fig for the things which are of the essence of our faith. Plainly, both are in error because they neglect the weightier things which are necessary to salvation, and quarrel so noisily about trifling and unnecessary matters.

How much better is the teaching of the Apostle Paul who bids us take a middle course and condemns both sides when he says, "Let not him who eats despise him who abstains, and let not him who abstains pass judgment on him who eats" [Rom. 14:3]. Here you see that they who neglect and disparage ceremonies, not out of piety, but out of mere contempt, are reprov'd, since the Apostle teaches us not to despise them. Such men are puffed up by knowledge. On the other hand, he teaches those who insist on the ceremonies not to judge the others, for neither party acts toward the other according to the love that edifies. Wherefore we ought to listen to Scripture which teaches that we should not go aside to the right or to the left [Deut. 28:14] but follow the statutes of the Lord which are right, "rejoicing the heart" [Ps. 19:8]. As a man is not righteous because he keeps and clings to the works and forms of the ceremonies, so also will a man not be counted righteous merely because he neglects and despises them.

Our faith in Christ does not free us from works but from false opinions concerning works, that is, from the foolish presumption that justification is acquired by works. Faith redeems, corrects, and preserves our consciences so that we know that righteousness does not consist in works, although works neither can nor ought to be wanting; just as we cannot be without food and drink and all the works of this mortal body, yet our righteousness is not in them, but in faith; and yet those works of the body are not to be despised or neglected on that account. In this world we are bound by the needs of our bodily life, but we are not righteous because of them. "My kingship is not of this world" [John 18:36], says Christ. He does not, however, say, "My kingship is not here, that is, in this world." And Paul says, "Though we live in the world we are not carrying on a worldly war" [II Cor. 10:3], and in Gal. 2 [:20], "The life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God." Thus what we do, live, and are in works and ceremonies, we do because of the necessities of this life and of the effort to rule our body. Nevertheless we are righteous, not in these, but in the faith of the Son of God.

Hence the Christian must take a middle course and face those two classes of men. He will meet first the unyielding, stubborn ceremonialists who like deaf adders are not willing to hear the truth of liberty [Ps. 58:4] but, having no faith, boast of, prescribe, and insist upon their ceremonies as means of justification. Such were the Jews of old, who were unwilling to learn how to do good. These he must resist, do the very opposite, and offend them boldly lest by their impious views they drag many with them into error. In the presence of such men it is good to eat meat, break the fasts, and for the sake of the liberty

of faith do other things which they regard as the greatest of sins. Of them we must say, "Let them alone; they are blind guides." According to this principle Paul would not circumcise Titus when the Jews insisted that he should [Gal. 2:3], and Christ excused the apostles when they plucked ears of grain on the sabbath [Matt. 12:1-8]. There are many similar instances. The other class of men whom a Christian will meet are the simple-minded, ignorant men, weak in the faith, as the Apostle calls them, who cannot yet grasp the liberty of faith, even if they were willing to do so [Rom. 14:1]. These he must take care not to offend. He must yield to their weakness until they are more fully instructed. Since they do and think as they do, not because they are stubbornly wicked, but only because their faith is weak, the fasts and other things which they consider necessary must be observed to avoid giving them offense. This is the command of love which would harm no one but would serve all men. It is not by their fault that they are weak, but by that of their pastors who have taken them captive with the snares of their traditions and have wickedly used these traditions as rods with which to beat them. They should have been delivered from these pastors by the teachings of faith and freedom. So the Apostle teaches us in Romans 14: "If food is a cause of my brother's falling, I will never eat meat" [Cf. Rom. 14:21 and I Cor. 8:13]; and again, "I know and am persuaded in the Lord Jesus that nothing is unclean in itself; but it is unclean for any one who thinks it unclean" [Rom. 14:14].

For this reason, although we should boldly resist those teachers of traditions and sharply censure the laws of the popes by means of which they plunder the people of God, yet we must spare the timid multitude whom those impious tyrants hold captive by means of these laws until they are set free. Therefore fight strenuously against the wolves, but for the sheep and not also against the sheep. This you will do if you inveigh against the laws and the lawgivers and at the same time observe the laws with the weak so that they will not be offended, until they also recognize tyranny and understand their freedom. If you wish to use your freedom, do so in secret, as Paul says, Rom. 14 [:22], "The faith that you have, keep between yourself and God"; but take care not to use your freedom in the sight of the weak. On the other hand, use your freedom constantly and consistently in the sight of and despite the tyrants and the stubborn so that they also may learn that they are impious, that their laws are of no avail for righteousness, and that they had no right to set them up.

Since we cannot live our lives without ceremonies and works, and the perverse and untrained youth need to be restrained and saved from

harm by such bonds; and since each one should keep his body under control by means of such works, there is need that the minister of Christ be far-seeing and faithful. He ought so to govern and teach Christians in all these matters that their conscience and faith will not be offended and that there will not spring up in them a suspicion and a root of bitterness and many will thereby be defiled, as Paul admonishes the Hebrews [Heb. 12:15]; that is, that they may not lose faith and become defiled by the false estimate of the value of works and think that they must be justified by works. Unless faith is at the same time constantly taught, this happens easily and defiles a great many, as has been done until now through the pestilent, impious, soul-destroying traditions of our popes and the opinions of our theologians. By these snares numberless souls have been dragged down to hell, so that you might see in this the work of Antichrist.

In brief, as wealth is the test of poverty, business the test of faithfulness, honors the test of humility, feasts the test of temperance, pleasures the test of chastity, so ceremonies are the test of the righteousness of faith. "Can a man," asks Solomon, "carry fire in his bosom and his clothes and not be burned?" [Prov. 6:27]. Yet as a man must live in the midst of wealth, business, honors, pleasures, and feasts, so also must he live in the midst of ceremonies, that is, in the midst of dangers. Indeed, as infant boys need beyond all else to be cherished in the bosoms and by the hands of maidens to keep them from perishing, yet when they are grown up their salvation is endangered if they associate with maidens, so the inexperienced and perverse youth need to be restrained and trained by the iron bars of ceremonies lest their unchecked ardor rush headlong into vice after vice. On the other hand, it would be death for them always to be held in bondage to ceremonies, thinking that these justify them. They are rather to be taught that they have been so imprisoned in ceremonies, not that they should be made righteous or gain great merit by them, but that they might thus be kept from doing evil and might more easily be instructed to the righteousness of faith. Such instruction they would not endure if the impulsiveness of their youth were not restrained.

Hence ceremonies are to be given the same place in the life of a Christian as models and plans have among builders and artisans. They are prepared, not as a permanent structure, but because without them nothing could be built or made. When the structure is complete the models and plans are laid aside. You see, they are not despised, rather they are greatly sought after; but what we despise is the false estimate of them since no one holds them to be the real and permanent structure.

If any man were so flagrantly foolish as to care for nothing all his life long except the most costly, careful, and persistent preparation of plans and models and never to think of the structure itself, and were satisfied with his work in producing such plans and mere aids to work, and boasted of it, would not all men pity his insanity and think that something great might have been built with what he has wasted? Thus we do not despise ceremonies and works, but we set great store by them; but we despise the false estimate placed upon works in order that no one may think that they are true righteousness, as those hypocrites believe who spend and lose their whole lives in zeal for works and never reach that goal for the sake of which the works are to be done, who, as the Apostle says, “will listen to anybody and can never arrive at a knowledge of the truth” [II Tim. 3:7]. They seem to wish to build, they make their preparations, and yet they never build. Thus they remain caught in the form of religion and do not attain unto its power [II Tim. 3:5]. Meanwhile they are pleased with their efforts and even dare to judge all others whom they do not see shining with a like show of works. Yet with the gifts of God which they have spent and abused in vain they might, if they had been filled with faith, have accomplished great things to their own salvation and that of others.

Since human nature and natural reason, as it is called, are by nature superstitious and ready to imagine, when laws and works are prescribed, that righteousness must be obtained through laws and works; and further, since they are trained and confirmed in this opinion by the practice of all earthly lawgivers, it is impossible that they should of themselves escape from the slavery of works and come to a knowledge of the freedom of faith. Therefore there is need of the prayer that the Lord may give us and make us theodidacti, that is, those taught by God [John 6:45], and himself, as he has promised, write his law in our hearts; otherwise there is no hope for us. If he himself does not teach our hearts this wisdom hidden in mystery [I Cor. 2:7], nature can only condemn it and judge it to be heretical because nature is offended by it and regards it as foolishness. So we see that it happened in the old days in the case of the apostles and prophets, and so godless and blind popes and their flatterers do to me and to those who are like me. May God at last be merciful to them and to us and cause his face to shine upon us that we may know his way upon earth [Ps. 67:1–2], his salvation among all nations, God, who is blessed forever [II Cor. 11:31]. Amen.

Erasmus,
The Sileni of Alcibiades

“Prince of the Humanists,” Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam (c. 1469-1536), the greatest star of the northern Renaissance, had difficult origins: illegitimate son of a priest, he lost his parents to the plague. An orphan’s lack of options compelled him to join the Augustinians, and he was ordained a priest in 1492.

Eventually dispensed from the requirements of monastic life, Erasmus maintained his liberty as an independent scholar and traveled throughout Europe. Saint Thomas More was among his lifelong friends. He campaigned vigorously against Church corruption, though he never broke with the Catholic Church. His program of Christian humanism still beckons as a way forward. He sought to renew European society through education in Greek and classical Latin and appreciation of the literature written in those languages, as well as recourse to patristic theology. He privileged rhetoric over dialectic and ethics over logic. His *De ratione studii* would determine the contours of European classical education for centuries. The goal was *docta pietas*: a learned piety. Erasmus prepared the first scholarly treatment of the New Testament, revising Saint Jerome’s Vulgate and presenting the first Greek edition to appear in print. This was a bombshell: it would be essential for Luther’s insights. The Greek would be the basis of the *Textus Receptus*, which stands behind the King James Version. “The Sileni of Alcibiades” is an essay from his massive collection of *Adages* from classical sources.

The Sileni of Alcibiades

“The Sileni of Alcibiades” seems to have turned into a proverb among the learned; certainly it appears as a proverb in the Greek collections. It can be used about something which on the surface and at first sight (as the saying goes) seems worthless and ridiculous, but which on closer and inward consideration proves admirable, or about someone whose clothes and physical appearance are much less promising than what they hide in their heart. It seems the Sileni were statuettes divided in half and put together so that they could be opened up and the interior displayed. When closed they portrayed some ridiculous and monstrous flute player, but when opened all of a sudden they displayed a god. The amusing deception was designed to show off the skill of the carver. The exterior subject of these figures was taken from that ridiculous character Silenus, the schoolteacher of Bacchus, and the jester of the gods as portrayed in poetry, for they have their buffoons like the princes of our own day. Thus, in Plato’s Symposium, Alcibiades begins his speech in praise of Socrates by comparing him with these Sileni, on the grounds that like them he was quite different when you got to know him properly from what one would imagine from his outward appearance and manner.

Anyone who took him at face value, as they say, would not have paid a nickel for him. He had the face of a country bumpkin, a bit like that of an ox, and a snub nose always running with snot. You would have thought he was dull and stupid, good only at pulling faces. His appearance was scruffy, and his speech was plain, elementary, and working-class, for he was always talking about carters and cobblers, clothmakers and blacksmiths. It was from them that he drew his examples. He had hardly any money, and his wife was someone that a charcoal burner—and you can’t sink lower than that—would have turned away from. He seemed to admire the bodies of young men, and to be susceptible to love and jealousy, though even Alcibiades eventually realized that he was a long way from having such emotions. He was always cracking jokes, which meant that he seemed to be something of a clown. In those days it was the height of fashion among the stupid to appear to be an intellectual, and Gorgias was not unique in claiming that there was nothing he did not know. Pompous asses of this sort were to be found at every turn. Socrates alone said that there was only one thing he knew, and that was that he knew nothing. He seemed unsuited to any position of responsibility, so much so that once when he stood up to make a speech in public there was too much laughter for him to be heard.

But if you open up this Silenus, who is outwardly so ridiculous, you find

within someone who is closer to being a god than a man, a great and lofty spirit, the epitome of a true philosopher. He despised all those things for which other mortals strive and sail the seas, sweat and go to court, even go to war. He was untouched by insults, and neither good fortune nor bad had any impact on him. He feared nothing, not even death, which scares everybody. He had the same look on his face when he drank the hemlock as when sipping a glass of wine at dinner, and as he lay dying he was telling a joke to his friend Phaedo, telling him to sacrifice a cock to Aesculapius, as he owed him one as a result of a vow he had taken, “for now I have taken my medicine I begin at last to feel truly healthy.” For he was leaving the body, in which all the diseases of the soul pullulate like maggots. So it was perfectly fair that, at a time when people who called themselves philosophers were thick on the ground, this buffoon was the only person whom the oracle declared wise. He who said he knew nothing was judged to know more than those who proudly claimed to know everything. Indeed, that was the very reason why he was judged to know more than they did—because he alone admitted he knew nothing.

Another Silenus of this sort was Antisthenes. He may only have had a staff, a pack, and a cloak, but he was richer than an emperor. Another Silenus was Diogenes, who was thought by most people to have the manners of a dog, yet Alexander the Great, whom one would think the first and foremost of all princes, seems to have recognized something divine in this dog, since he so admired his nobility of mind that he said that if he couldn't be Alexander he would want to be Diogenes—though the fact that he was indeed Alexander should have made him all the keener to have the spirit of Diogenes. Epictetus was yet another Silenus. He was a slave, poverty-stricken and crippled, as we learn from his epitaph. He was also—and one can't have better luck than this—loved by the gods. But then he had earned his good fortune in the only way one can, by integrity of life, and by wisdom as well.

This is the nature of things truly worth having: what is most valuable about them is hidden away and concealed, while what is visible on the surface appears beneath contempt. They hide their treasure beneath a coarse and worthless shell, and do not let the uninitiated catch even a glimpse of it. Vulgar and trivial things have a quite different character. They please at first sight, and their best qualities are immediately visible to any passerby. But if you look more closely, you will find that they are the opposite of what you would think from their appearance and reputation.

And was not Christ, too, a marvelous Silenus—if I may be permitted to speak of him in such terms? I cannot see why all those who take pride in calling themselves Christians do not feel an obligation to make their best efforts to copy this aspect of his nature. If you look at the outside of this Silenus, what, judging by normal standards, could be more contemptible or despicable? His parents were insignificant and penniless. His home was a shack. He was poor himself, and his disciples were few in number and equally insignificant, drawn from the tax collector's office and the fisherman's nets. Then think of his life—a life without pleasure, during which he endured hunger and exhaustion, insults and mockery, that finally ended on the cross. The mystical prophet was looking at him from this perspective when he gave us this description of him: “He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men”—and much more to the same effect, which follows this passage.

But if you have the opportunity to look at the inside of this Silenus, if Christ deigns to show himself, our immortal God, to the purified eyes of your soul, what an indescribable treasure you will find; in this muck, what a pearl; in this humility, what grandeur; in this poverty, what wealth; in this weakness, what immeasurable strength; in this disgrace, what glory; in these labors, what perfect peace; and finally in that bitter death, the never-failing source of everlasting life. Why are the very people who take such pride in bearing his name so revolted by this way of seeing him? Nothing would have been easier for Christ than to make himself the ruler of the whole world. He could have achieved what the rulers of ancient Rome tried and failed to do. He could have had more soldiers than Xerxes, more gold than Croesus. He could have silenced all the prattling philosophers and exposed the stupidity of the sophists. But instead he chose to be a Silenus, and it is this example that he wanted his disciples and friends, that is, all Christians, to imitate. He chose a philosophy which was worlds away from the teaching of the philosophers and from the judgments of the world, but which is the only philosophy to offer the one thing that all the others, each in its different way, is after—happiness.

Once upon a time the prophets were Sileni of this sort: exiles, wanderers, living in the wilderness in the company of wild beasts. They ate grasses and wore the skins of sheep and goats. But he who said “the world was not worthy of them” had looked right inside these Silenus images. John the Baptist was a Silenus of this sort. He was clothed in camel hair, with a leather belt knotted around his waist; yet he outshone the purple gowns and bejeweled girdles of kings. He dined

on locusts; yet his meals were more delicious than those of princes. The treasure that lay hidden beneath that peasant's cloak was recognized by one person, who summarized all the praise he was due in this marvelous phrase, "Among them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." Such Sileni were the apostles: poor, unsophisticated, uneducated, base-born, powerless, rejected, spared no insult, ridiculed, hated, cursed, the public laughingstock, and the abomination of the world. But open the Silenus, and what tyrant has had powers to equal theirs? Devils obeyed their slightest word; they raised a hand, and the raging seas quieted; they spoke, and the dead returned to life. Even Croesus would seem poor compared to them, for by the touch of a shadow they make healthy the sick, and by the touch of a hand they impart the Holy Spirit. Even Aristotle would seem stupid, ignorant, irrelevant compared with them, who draw heavenly wisdom from its very source, wisdom compared with which all human wisdom is pure stupidity. In those days the kingdom of heaven really was symbolized by a grain of mustard seed, minuscule and insignificant in appearance, but immensely powerful. And, as I have said, in this it differs utterly, diametrically, as the saying is, from the mindset of this world.

A Silenus of this sort was Martin, who was mocked and treated with contempt. Such were the early bishops, exalted in their humility, rich in their poverty, and famous because they thought nothing of fame. Even today you can find Sileni if you look for them, but unfortunately they are very rare. The majority of men are Sileni turned inside out. Anyone who looked carefully at the underlying motives and true nature of men would find that none are further from true wisdom than those whose grand titles, professorial robes, richly worked belts, and bejeweled rings advertise their claim to perfect wisdom. Indeed, you will often find more true and authentic wisdom in one insignificant individual, who most people think is simpleminded and half-mad, who has been taught what they know not by the subtle (as he is commonly called) Scotus, but by the heavenly spirit of Christ, than in many people who play the part of theologians and claim to be able to teach us. They are windbags blown up with Aristotle, sausages stuffed with a mass of theoretical definitions, conclusions, and propositions. Similarly, there is nowhere you will find less true nobility than in those Thrasos who, with their ancient pedigrees, golden chains, and splendid titles, boast that they are the acme of nobility. You won't find anyone who is further from having true courage than those who are thought to be supremely strong and totally unconquerable because they are foolhardy and brutal. No one is more abject and servile than someone who thinks himself (as the saying is) a companion of the gods, and

lord of all they survey. No one is in as much trouble as someone who seems most completely successful. Those who are truly impoverished are the very people whom public opinion worships for their wealth. Those who are the least bishops hold the best dioceses. If only this were not the truth; very often the people who are furthest from true religion are those who are sticklers that the correct forms of address be used, the right vestments be worn, the ceremonies be exactly performed, and who believe that this proves that it is they who are truly religious.

Wherever you look you will find it is always true that the most significant part of something is the least conspicuous. Take trees: the flowers and leaves charm the eye, and their spreading branches can't be missed. But their seed, which contains the whole life force, how tiny it is, how hidden away! There is nothing about it that entices the eye, nothing that draws attention to itself. Similarly, nature hides gold and jewels in the deepest recesses of the earth. Among the elements, as they are called, the more important they are, the more they escape our senses, like air and fire. In living creatures, the organs that are crucial and that do the most work are hidden away on the inside. In human beings, the part that is most divine and is immortal is the only one that is invisible. In every kind of thing, the material of which it is made is the baser part and at the same time the most accessible to the senses. The principle that underlies its construction and its function can be discovered from the role it plays, but this is not something that is immediately apparent from sense perception. Thus in the makeup of our bodies, we often encounter blood and phlegm because they are palpable; but the most important thing in keeping the body alive is least apparent—I mean the breath. In the cosmos, the most important entities escape our vision, such as what are termed the separate substances. And the most important of all of these is the furthest removed from our senses. God, the unique source of all things, can be neither imagined nor understood.

One can even see some similarity to the Sileni in the sacraments of the Church. You see the water, you see the salt and the oil, you hear the words of consecration; these are like the outward image of the Silenus. The heavenly power you neither hear nor see, yet in its absence everything else would be completely ridiculous. The Holy Scriptures also have their Sileni. If you stay on the surface, much of it seems absurd. If you penetrate to the spiritual meaning, you will be full of admiration for God's wisdom. Let us take the Old Testament as an example. If you pay attention to nothing but the literal meaning, and you hear that Adam was made out of clay, and his little wife was

taken secretly out of his side while he was sleeping; that the serpent tempted the woman using an apple as his bait; that God went for a walk in the cool of the day; that a great sword guarded the gates of Paradise lest the exiles should return—would you not think that this was an imaginary tale, produced by some apprentice Homer? If you read about the incest of Lot; the adultery of David, and the girl who slept in his arms when he was old and cold; about Hosea’s marriage to a prostitute—would not anyone who was reasonably easy to shock turn away, thinking this was an obscene story? And yet under these veils, goodness me, what splendid wisdom lies hidden! The parables of the Gospel, if you judge them by their outward shell, surely anyone would agree, must have been written by someone hopelessly unsophisticated. But if you crack open the shell, you will find within hidden wisdom, a wisdom truly divine and very like Christ himself. I don’t want to become boring by giving you too many examples. It is the same in both the natural and the supernatural realms: the more significant something is, the deeper it is hidden, the more effectively it is concealed from prying eyes.

It is the same with questions of knowledge. The real truth always lies deeply hidden, so that it cannot be easily attained, nor by most people. Most people are stupid and have a distorted vision of the world. They judge everything according to the first impression made on their senses. Over and over again they make mistakes, they go astray, they are misled by false images of the good and the bad. It is the inside-out Sileni that they admire and respect. I am speaking here of the bad; I mean no harm to the good, nor for that matter to the bad. I am engaged in a general discussion of moral failings, not in the criticism of any individual. But it’s a shame there aren’t fewer people who match my description. When you see the scepter, the badges of office, the bodyguards, when you hear the titles, do you not revere your ruler like a god on earth, do you not think that you have the privilege of seeing someone more than human? But open up this inside-out Silenus and you find a tyrant, even an enemy of his people, a thief, someone who commits sacrilege and incest, a gambler, or, in summary, what the Greek proverb calls “an Iliad of evils.” There are those who are officially magistrates and guardians of the public good, and who if you take them at face value appear to correspond to their titles; but really they are wolves and pirates who prey upon the community. There are some who, having caught sight of their shaven heads, you would respect as priests; but if you look inside the Silenus they are worse than laymen. You may even find some bishops—if you saw their solemn consecrations, if you caught sight of their new vestments, the miter shining with gold and jewels, the crozier encrusted with jewels,

the whole mystic panoply that covers them from their head to their feet, you would think they were heavenly beings and certainly not mere mortals. But turn the Silenus inside out and you will find you have in front of you nothing but a man of war, a man of business, even a tyrant. You will realize that all those splendid symbols of holiness were props for a theatrical effect. There are some men—I only wish one didn't run into them everywhere one goes—who, judging by their unkempt beards, their pallor, the fact that they go about hooded and belted, with supercilious and cantankerous expressions on their faces, you would think to be new Serapios or Pauls.'s But if you look inside you will find they are mere buffoons, and the treasure, as the proverb has it, turns out to be a lump of coal. Again, I must stress that no one need be offended by what I have to say, since I don't identify anyone by name. If you don't fit the description, then you are free to think it has nothing to do with you. But if you recognize your own faults, then consider yourself to have a lesson to learn. If you're of the first sort, then congratulate yourself; if of the second, then you owe me your thanks.

Finally, everywhere, among all kinds of human beings, there are those of whom you would think, judging by their physical appearance, that they are not only people, but fine examples of humankind. But if you open the Sileni you will find that on the inside they are perhaps a pig, or a lion, or a bear, or a donkey. In their case the opposite has happened to that which happened, according to the poets' stories, with Circe's spells. Her victims had the bodies of beasts and the minds of men, but these have the appearance of being human while concealing their true natures, which are worse than those of the beasts. Their opposites are those I have already discussed, who from their appearance you would think were scarcely human, while deep inside they are inhabited by the spirits of angels.

This then is the difference between a worldly person and a Christian. The first bases their responses and opinions on what is most obvious to the eye, on what is most coarsely material. The other aspects of reality they either completely ignore or else attribute the least importance to them. The second, contrariwise, is only drawn to those things hardest to perceive, which are at the greatest distance from material reality. The rest they either pay no attention to or else regard with contempt, basing their judgment of all things on their hidden characteristics. Among the good things, as they are termed by Aristotle, which are not intrinsically part of a person's own nature, wealth is the least worth having. But among the common people—indeed, among almost everybody—those who have wealth are the most highly thought of, no

matter how they obtained it. Everybody is after wealth and will walk on coals to get it. Next after wealth comes noble birth, though birth on its own amounts to nothing, a ridiculous and empty name. Someone who can trace their descent from Codrus, King of Athens, or from Brutus the Trojan (personally I'm not sure he ever really existed), or from the mythical Hercules is regarded as semidivine; while someone who has become famous for their learning and their virtue is dismissed as being of humble birth. One person is called illustrious because their distant ancestor proved himself a particularly bloody murderer on the field of battle, and another is a plebeian because they have no famous ancestors to point to, though their intellectual gifts have benefited the whole world. In the third place is physical well-being. Anyone who happens to be tall, strong, handsome, and robust is held to be one of the lucky ones, though of course not nearly as lucky as someone who is rich, nor as lucky as someone who is of noble birth. The well-being of the spirit is their last concern.

But if, following St. Paul, you divide human beings into three parts, the body, the soul, and the spirit (for I am using his terminology), the lowest part, condemned by the apostle but most accessible to the senses, is the part the common people value most. The middle part, which he approves of only if it is linked to the spirit, is considered valuable by many. But the spirit, the best part of us, from which, as from a fountain, all our happiness flows, the part by which we are joined to God, they are so far from considering precious that they do not even ask whether it exists or what it is, although Paul emphasizes its importance so often. And so ordinary people end up with a scale of values that is upside down. What we should particularly honor is regarded as being of no account, an also-ran, and what we should strive after with might and main is regarded as being absolutely worthless. Gold is valued more than learning, blue blood more than integrity, physical strength more than intellectual ability, religious ceremonies more than true piety, man-made law more than God's decrees. The mask is preferred to the face, the shadow to the reality, the artificial to the natural, the fleeting to the substantial, the momentary to the eternal.

Upside-down values mean that the meanings of words have to be displaced. The lofty they now call lowly; the bitter is sweet; the precious is worthless; life is called death. Let me give you one or two examples in passing. Someone is said to love someone else if they seek to corrupt them by indulging them, or if they set out to destroy their reputation and their sense of shame. If this is love, what would hostility be like? They call it justice when evil is deterred by evil, a crime is repaid with

a crime, and any injury you have received is paid back at an exorbitant rate of interest. People are said to be hostile to marriage if they attack adultery and maintain that married life should have more in common with celibacy than with the goings-on in a brothel. They call a man a traitor and an enemy of his ruler if he thinks the ruler should be prevented from acting outside the law and contrary to justice—that is, if he wants him to act like a true ruler and in no way to resemble a tyrant, the foulest of all wild beasts. They call someone a counselor, a friend, a supporter of government if he corrupts the ruler with an inappropriate education, inculcates him with idiotic ideas, deludes him with flattery, gives him bad advice so that he ends up being hated by his subjects, and involves him in wars and violent upheavals. They say the majesty of the ruler is enhanced if he shows himself to be a bit of a tyrant—that is to say, if he to a significant degree becomes the worst species of human being. They accuse anyone who wishes to reduce the taxes extorted from the public of robbing the public purse.

Goodness, wisdom, and power are the three most important qualities a ruler should have, and through them he represents God, the only true king. Can someone properly be called the ruler's friend if he robs him of two of these qualities, goodness and wisdom, leaving him only with power—or rather with the appearance of power, power that in any case isn't truly his own? For power, if it is not combined with goodness and wisdom, is not power, but tyranny. And just as the ruler's power comes from the consent of the people, so the people can take it away. But if he should be deprived of his throne, he will retain goodness and wisdom as his personal attributes. Death is the punishment for attacking the symbols of the king's authority; and are men to be rewarded for corrupting his character and turning him from a good ruler into a cruel one, from a wise man into a cunning one, from a legitimate prince into a tyrant? One death is not punishment enough for someone who tries to poison the prince's drink; and is there to be a reward for those who corrupt and poison his mind with false opinions? Their actions are comparable to poisoning the public water supply, thereby inflicting the greatest harm on the whole community. They talk about a ruler's position as if it were his personal property, when in fact the sum total of being a ruler consists in administering what belongs to the community. Dynastic marriages and the constantly changing alliances between rulers, they say, serve to cement peace between Christians, when in fact we see that these are the source of nearly all wars and most of the great upheavals in our lives. By their way of calculating, a ruler's dominions are enlarged when he acquires the title to one or two little towns, no matter how high the price that has been paid, no matter how many citizens have

been pillaged, how much blood has been shed, how many wives have been made into widows and children into orphans. In just the same way they call the priests, bishops, and popes “the Church,” when in principle they are only the servants of the Church. The Christian people are the Church. Christ himself said the Church is superior to its servants, so the bishops should wait on the people while they sit at the table, treating them with deference, even though from another point of view they could establish their superiority if they were to take on in their turn the office he fulfilled, and reform their morals and way of life in imitation of him. Although he was in every possible respect the lord and master of all things, yet he took on the role of a servant, not a master. The full force of a thunderbolt is hurled at those who steal small change from the priests’ collection; they are called enemies of the Church and are nearly branded as heretics. Now, I am no supporter of those who cheat and steal, don’t misunderstand me. But I ask this: If we should hate the Church’s enemies, could the Church have an enemy more destructive and more deadly than a godless pope? If there has been some slight reduction in the assets or income of the priesthood, the cry goes up on all sides that the Church of Christ is being oppressed. But now, when the world is on the brink of war, when the unconcealed immorality of the clergy threatens to bring about the destruction of so many thousands of souls, no one bewails the fate of the Church, though it is now that the Church is really suffering. They talk about the Church being honored and adorned, not when piety is increasing among the people, when vice is less prevalent and good behavior is on the increase, when Christian learning is flourishing, but when the altars glisten with gold and jewels; worse, when the altars are neglected, and landed wealth, servants, luxury, mules, horses, the construction of costly buildings (palaces would be a better word), and the rest of the bustle of life have made the priests indistinguishable from satraps. I don’t want even to mention those who spend the Church’s wealth on immoral activities, to the outrage of ordinary people. If they become wealthier, we congratulate them and say the Church of Christ is better off; when the only respect in which the Church can be better off is if more people are living a Christian life.

They call it blasphemy if someone speaks of Christopher or George with insufficient reverence, and fails to treat all the stories about all the saints as if they were equal in authority to the Gospel. But Paul uses the term “blasphemy” for occasions when the ungodly behavior of Christians causes the name of Christ to be discredited among the Gentiles. What can one expect the enemies of the Christian religion to say when they have seen Christ in the Gospels urging us to have contempt for riches, to turn away from the pursuit of pleasure, and to

stop being concerned about reputation, and then they see the leaders and representatives of the Christian faith live according to principles that appear to be diametrically opposed to those of Christ, so that they outdo the Gentiles in their efforts to accumulate wealth, in their love of pleasures, in their splendor of life, in the ferocity of their wars, and in almost every other vice. The perceptive reader will understand how much I am passing over in silence out of respect for the honor of the name of Christian, and how deeply I sigh within myself.

They call it heresy if anyone says or writes something that disagrees in any way—even over a question of grammar—with the pettifogging propositions of those who instruct us in theology. But is it not heresy for someone to claim that a principal part of human happiness lies in pleasures which Christ himself repeatedly says are worthless? Or to promote a way of life that is clearly at odds with the teaching of the Gospels and the practice of the apostles? Or, directly contrary to the intention of Christ, who sent the apostles out to preach the Gospel armed only with the sword of the spirit (which alone, by cutting out all earthly attachments, can make it possible to do without the sword), arms their successors with steel, so that they can defend themselves against persecution? (There's no doubt that the word "sword" was intended to include crossbows and cannon, siege engines, and the rest of the apparatus of war.) And then weighs them down with a wallet in which they can carry money, presumably so that they will never have to go without? (And the word "wallet" was intended to refer to anything that is used to ensure a supply of material goods.) Yet this is how the words of Luke are distorted by the great Lyranus, whom many respect more than Jerome.

It is regarded as an unforgivable sacrilege if someone steals something from a church; but it seems to be a minor offense to plunder, cheat, and oppress the poverty-stricken and the widowed, although they are the living temple of God. It is profanity to pollute the sacred building by fighting or by an emission of semen; but we do not curse the man who uses endearments, gifts, promises, and flattery to violate, corrupt, and profane that temple of the Holy Spirit, a pure and chaste virgin. As I've already said, I'm not coming to the defense of wrongdoing. My point is that ordinary people pay much more attention to what they see with their eyes than to those things which are all the more real for being less exposed to view. You can see the consecration of a physical building; because you cannot see the dedication of a soul, you pay no attention to it. You will fight to the death to protect its ornaments, but no one will pick up the sword of the spirit to protect the integrity of morals, though Christ ordered each one of us to sell the shirt on

his back in order to buy such a sword. It is called the height of piety to take up arms to defend or increase the dominion and wealth of the priesthood and to throw things sacred and profane together into the maelstrom of war. But while the priest's money—something of no spiritual significance at all—is being defended, war, like a vast flood, sweeps away all religious feeling. For what sort of evil is there that war does not bring in its wake?

But perhaps at this point my reader's unspoken thoughts will break in. "What's the purpose of all this foul-smelling stuff?" you ask. "Do you want every ruler to have the exceptional qualities that Plato attributed in his Republic to the guardians? Do you want to equip priests with only the wallet and staff of the apostles, wresting from them their power, dignity, status, and riches?" Good questions. I am not wresting their possessions from them, but enriching them with more valuable ones; I am not depriving them of their status, but challenging them to set their sights higher. I ask you, which of us has a more exalted view of kingship? You, who want your king to be free to do whatever he likes, to choose to be a tyrant, not a legitimate ruler; who stuff him with pleasures, abandon him to luxury, make him the captive and slave of his appetites; who weigh him down with the things that even the Gentiles always thought it was noble to despise? Or I, who want him to be as similar as possible to God, whose representative in some measure he is? I want him to be wiser than everyone else, for wisdom is the true glory of a king. I want him to be far removed from all base passions and diseases of the soul, which corrupt the stupid and vulgar masses. I want him to set his sights above the commonplace, to rise above the pursuit of wealth, to be, in short, to the state what the soul is to the body and God to the universe.

Which of us has a more accurate assessment of the dignity of a bishop? You, who weigh him down with worldly wealth, entangle him in base and sordid cares, embroil him in the violence of war? Or I, who want him, as the vicar of Christ and the guardian of his heavenly spouse, to be completely uncontaminated by earthly contagion, and to resemble, as closely as possible, him whose place he occupies and whose job he does? The Stoics say that one cannot be a good person unless one is free of all diseases of the spirit. By diseases of the spirit they mean desires or emotions. Christians have a much greater obligation to free themselves of them, and the ruler a greater obligation than anyone else. And the ruler and father of the Church, of a heavenly community, has an even greater obligation. I want the priest to rule, but in my view mere earthly power is too sordid for someone who exercises a heavenly authority to be burdened with it. I want to see the pope

triumphant, but not riding in those bloody triumphs that were held by evil Marius and godless Julius, which were so ostentatious that the satirists mocked them. If Democritus had been present I do believe he would have died laughing. Rather in truly magnificent and apostolic triumphs, of the sort that Paul (a warrior and general far more glorious than Alexander the Great) describes and even boasts about:

In labors more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths often. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches. Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?

Again, a little earlier, there is this:

In all things proving ourselves the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by longsuffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed, as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

Here you can see his battle honors, his victory, his apostolic triumph. This is the glory by which Paul sometimes swears, as if it were sacred. These are the heroic deeds for which he believed a crown of immortality had already been set aside as his reward. Surely those who lay claim to the status and authority of the apostles will find it no hardship to follow in their footsteps. I want the popes to be as rich as possible, but rich with the pearl of the Gospel, rich with heavenly treasure. Then they will find that the more of their wealth they give away, the richer

they will be. Then there will be no danger that generosity now will be at the expense of their capacity to be generous in future. I would wish them to be defended against all attacks, but with the armor of the apostles, with the shield of faith, the breastplate of righteousness, and the sword of salvation (which is the word of God). I want them keen to fight, but against the true enemies of the Church: simony, pride, lust, ambition, anger, godlessness. These are the undying enemy, the Turks, against whom Christians must always stand on guard, against whom they must always be planning their next attack. This is the battlefield on which a bishop should prove himself a resourceful general and an inspiring leader. I would like priests to be the people to whom everyone else defers, but not on account of their noisy bullying; rather on account of their excellent knowledge of the doctrines of Christianity and their outstanding virtues. I would like them to be revered, but on account of their integrity and their ascetic lives, rather than on account of their titles or their fancy outfits. I would like them to be feared, but as fathers, not tyrants. Finally, I would like them to luxuriate in delights, but rare delights, delights much sweeter than most people will ever experience.

Would you like to know what the true riches of the papacy are? Then listen now to the prince of popes: “Gold and silver have I none, but such as I have I give thee: In the name of Jesus arise and walk.” Do you want to hear the splendor of the name “apostle,” which is worth more than any title, any monument or statue? Listen to Paul, the truly illustrious: “For we are to God a sweet savor of Christ in every place.” Do you want to hear of a power that is greater than any king’s? “I can do all things,” he says, “through Christ who strengtheneth me.” Do you want to hear of true glory? “You are my joy and crown in the Lord.” Do you want to hear the titles that are worthy of a bishop, the terms in which one should honor a true pope? Paul describes such a person for you: “sober, blameless, prudent, modest, given to hospitality, apt to teach; not given to wine, no striker, but patient, not a brawler, not greedy of filthy lucre, not a novice; moreover he must have a good report of them that are without, lest he fall into reproach and the snare of the devil.” Look at the ways in which Moses does honor to Aaron, the high priest: the wealth with which he presents him, the many-colored embroideries in which he envelopes him, the jewels shining like stars with which he adorns him, the gleam of gold with which he embellishes him. If you know the interpretation of Origen and of Jerome, then you will know the meaning of all this, and you will know how a bishop should be fitted out.

Who should the popes imitate in their lives, if not those whom they portray on their seals, whom they recall in their titles, whose places they occupy? Can it be more appropriate for the vicar of Christ to model himself on Julius or Alexander, Croesus or Xerxes, who were nothing but very successful bandits, than on Christ himself? Who could the successors of the apostles imitate better than the prince of the apostles? Christ directly denied that his kingdom was of this world, and do you think it right that Christ's successor should not only agree to be an earthly ruler, but should use political skills to acquire power and should, as the saying goes, leave no stone unturned in his quest for it?

In this world there are really two worlds, in conflict with each other in every possible way. One is gross and physical, the other heavenly and already straining every nerve to practice being what it one day will become. In the first world the most successful person is held to be someone who has least to do with all that is truly good and is most heavily burdened with fictitious goods. A pagan king, for example, may outdo everyone else in lust and luxury, pomp and pride, greed and wealth, and in violence, and is thus regarded as more successful than anyone else, since he has sunk deeper in this filth than anyone else and has been least touched by wisdom, temperance, sobriety, justice, and the other qualities that are truly valuable. In the second, by contrast, the most successful is the person who is least befouled by these coarse and commonplace goods, and has accumulated the largest stock of those true and spiritual riches. So why do you want a Christian ruler to be the sort of person whom even the pagan philosophers have always condemned and despised? Why should you maintain that his authority is enhanced by precisely those qualities that it has always been most admirable to despise? Why burden an angel of God (for this is what bishops are called in Holy Scripture) with things that are unworthy of any man who can be called good? Why assess him according to the amount of wealth he has, just because gold makes robbers rich and tyrants powerful? There is supposed to be something heavenly about a priest, something more than human. There is nothing worthy of someone in his elevated position except what is heavenly. Why do you undermine his dignity by associating him with commonplace things? Why pollute his purity with the filth of this world? Why do you not let him be powerful by exercising his own kind of command? Why not allow him to be admired for his own fine qualities, respected for his own authority, wealthy with his own riches? This man was chosen out of a heavenly body, for that is what the Church is, by the Holy Spirit to serve the highest purposes. Why do you drag him down into the petty conflicts and vicious rivalries of court life? Paul glories

in the fact that he has been separated from the world; why do you drown my church leader in the sewer, making him take after the lowest specimens of humanity? Why expose him to the anxieties suffered by someone behind on his payments to a moneylender? Why drag a man of God into business that would be degrading for any human being? Why measure the true happiness of Christian priests by whether they have those things which Democritus laughed at as completely ridiculous, which Heraclitus wept over as entirely pathetic, which Diogenes scorned as frivolous, and Crates spurned as burdensome, while the saints have always fled from them as if one could catch plague from them? Why judge Peter's successor by how much wealth he has, when Peter took pride in having nothing? Why do you want the successors to the apostles as rulers of the Church to seem important by surrounding themselves with those marks of worldly distinction that the apostles trampled underfoot—which is precisely why they are important? Why do you call “the patrimony of St. Peter” something that Peter took pride in not having? Why do you think the vicars of Christ should be entangled in riches, when Christ himself called them thorns? The immediate responsibility and chief duty of a priest is to sow the seed of the word of God; why then bury him in worldly possessions, which, more than anything else, stifle the seed once it is sown? The priest should teach equity and define it for others; why then do you want him to be enslaved to riches, which embody unfairness? He dispenses the holy sacraments; why do you want to make him responsible for managing the vilest things? The Christian world looks to him to feed it with sound doctrine, to advise it on how to seek salvation, to provide consolation like a father, and to represent an example of how to live. Why would you imprison someone destined and devoted to such noble tasks on a treadmill of commonplace concerns? Thereby you both rob the bishop of his dignity and deprive the people of their bishop.

Christ has his own kingdom, one too fine to be contaminated by the kingdoms of the Gentiles, or rather, to speak more accurately, by their tyrannies. He has his own magnificence, his own wealth, his own delights. Why do we mix together things that are so at odds with each other? Earthly and heavenly, highest and lowest, pagan and Christian, profane and sacred: why do we confuse one with the other? The Spirit is both immensely wealthy and immensely generous, and its gifts are both numerous and valuable: gifts of languages, gifts of prophecy, gifts of healing, gifts of knowledge, gifts of wisdom, gifts of learning, the discerning of spirits, exhortation, consolation? Why do you “bind together” these sacred offerings with the profane gifts of the world (I resist the temptation to say “strangle”)? Why do

you try to tie Christ to Mammon, and the spirit of Christ to Belial? Why should a miter be associated with a helmet, a sacred vestment with a martial breastplate, blessings with cannonballs, the shepherd with armed robbers? Why should priests wage war? Should someone who has the keys to the kingdom of heaven be busy knocking down town walls with cannon fire? How can it be right for the same person who keeps the people safe with the symbol of peace to declare war? How will he have the face to teach Christians in the streets and the marketplaces that wealth is to be despised, when money is the a to z of his own life? How can he have the cheek to teach what Christ both taught and showed by example, what all the apostles insisted upon, that evil is not to be resisted, that we must defeat the wickedness of evil men with goodness, that we must repay an injury with kindness, and overwhelm our enemies with generosity, when, in order to secure control of a market town, or to levy a tax on salt, he is prepared to have a tidal wave of war break over the whole world? How can he lead us towards the kingdom of heaven (for this is the function Christ assigns to his Church), when he is entirely preoccupied with the kingdom of this world?

But perhaps you are excessively pious. You want to adorn the Church by adding worldly riches to her spiritual ones. I would approve, were it not for the fact that such a strategy has few benefits and enormous disadvantages. When you give a clergyman secular authority you give him at the same time the problems associated with accumulating money, you give him a tyrant's bodyguard, regiments of soldiers, spies, horses, mules, trumpets, warfare, slaughter, triumph, riots, treaties, disputes, in short all those things that are inextricably associated with government. Even if he has good intentions, when will he have the free time to fulfil his apostolic responsibilities, when he is swept away by so many thousands of different concerns; for the names of the men who have joined the army are being recorded; treaties are being negotiated and abrogated; those who undermine your authority are being brought under control, and those who would like to see a change of government are being persuaded to stay loyal; enemies are being crushed and garrisons reinforced; counselors are being listened to and secular ambassadors received; friends are being promoted to high office; and a whole host of other things are being done, far too many to remember, and yet each absolutely essential? Does it seem to you to indicate a proper understanding of the elevated status of the pope and of the cardinals to think that they should be dragged away to deal with these squalid matters, away from their prayers, during which they talk with God, from holy contemplation, which they perform in the company of angels, from the verdant meadows of Holy Scripture, in which they

stroll in perfect happiness, from the apostolic task of spreading the Gospel, in which they most resemble Christ? Do you think anyone who really wishes them well would want to drag them away from the delightful and peaceful life they were enjoying in order to embroil them in these tempests and force them to bear these heavy burdens?

Moreover, not only is governing a state deeply unpleasant because of the unending hard work involved, but the results are much less satisfactory with the clergy than with the laity in charge. There are two reasons, I think, for this. In the first place, when it comes to politics, ordinary people are more willing to obey laymen than ecclesiastics. Second, secular rulers, since they expect their territories to be inherited by their children, do their best to make them as prosperous as possible. By contrast, ecclesiastics come to power late in life, and often when they are already old men. And they rule for their own benefit, not that of their heirs. Thus they are more interested in plundering their territories than in improving them; they behave more like an invading army than an established administration. Moreover, when a secular ruler comes to power he probably only has to fight once to secure his lands for himself and his heirs, and once he has promoted and enriched those he favors that task is done. With ecclesiastics, however, new struggles are always breaking out. Those promoted by the previous ruler have to be thrown out, and over and over again new men have to be enriched at the expense of those who are ruled. It is also not without significance that subjects are much more inclined to obey someone to whose rule they have become accustomed, even if his rule is harsh. And then, when he dies, he still seems to live on in his son and heir, so that the populace pretend to themselves that they have not exchanged one ruler for another but have retained the old in a new guise. Indeed, children are liable to take after their parents, not only in their looks but also in their behavior, especially if they have been trained by them. But it is very different when government is entrusted to men who are dedicated to the service of God: when the ruler changes there is a sudden and complete change in every aspect of government. Let me add that a lay ruler comes to the exercise of power having had some practice and after being trained for rule from the cradle; but a clergyman often finds himself occupying the supreme office contrary to all expectations, so that a man born by nature to pull on an oar is, against all odds, elevated to sit on a throne. Last of all, it is scarcely possible for one man to be equally good at dealing with two quite different but extremely difficult types of management, for even Hercules could not take on two monsters at a time. Nothing could be harder than to succeed at being a good prince. But it is much finer, and also much more difficult, to be a good priest. How can it be

feasible to be both? These are the reasons why, if I am not mistaken, we see towns ruled by secular monarchs thriving as day by day they increase their wealth, their buildings, and their population, while the towns ruled by priests decline and fall into ruins.

What then was the point of linking together these two things, when their union results in so many disadvantages? Are you afraid that Christ, if he relies on his own resources, will have too little power, and that it is therefore necessary for a secular tyrant to share some of his strength with him? Do you think he will look in need of embellishment unless some worldly soldier makes him a present of some gold and a Phrygian embroiderer," some French white horses, and a guard of honor—in other words, spatters him with some of his own pomp? Do you think he won't seem magnificent enough unless he is able to use those insignia that Julius Caesar, the most ambitious man the world has seen, rejected for fear of the hostility they would provoke? Do you think him insignificant unless he is weighed down with secular authority, which, if he uses it to further his own interests, will make him into a tyrant, while if he uses it to serve the public good, there will be no end to his labors? Let men of the world concern themselves with worldly things; the lowest aspect of episcopacy is higher than the most exalted aspect of secular government. The more worldly goods you grant to the Church, the less of his own goods will Christ bestow upon it. The more completely her bishops are cleansed of the former, the more lavishly will they be enriched with the latter.

I believe you are now able to see how everything is transformed if you turn the Silenus inside out. Those who seemed to have the interests of Christian rulers closest to their hearts now seem the chief betrayers and enemies of such rulers. Those who you would have said were concerned to defend the dignity of the papacy you now discover were trying to defile it. I am not saying this because I think that any power or wealth that has come to the priesthood by any means whatsoever should be stripped from them, but I want them to remember and bear in mind their true greatness. Let them reject these commonplace, not to say unchristian, concerns and leave them to their inferiors; or at least, if they retain power and wealth, may it be while despising them, and, as Paul puts it, may they have them as if they did not have them at all." Finally, I want them to be so adorned with the riches of Christ that whatever glory they acquire from this world will either be put in the shade by the light of higher things, or even seem sordid in proximity to them. The result will be that they will take more delight in what they possess and will feel less anxiety. Fear will not gnaw at them, as they worry that someone may rob them. They will not have

to fight, facing uncertainty and danger, to hold on to transitory and base possessions. They will not be deprived of what is rightly theirs while they rejoice as they grow rich at the expense of others. They will not lose the pearl of the Gospel while they hunt after the fake jewels of the world.

Meanwhile I make no mention of the fact that those things I wish they would despise will be theirs more abundantly if they have contempt for them. There is more honor in acquiring wealth while aspiring to have none than in chasing after it and snatching it up. What is the source of the Church's wealth, if not its contempt of wealth? What makes the Church glorious, if not its indifference to glory? The laity will be much more willing to give away their wealth, if they see that wealth is rejected by those whom they believe to be wiser than themselves. Perhaps evil rulers should sometimes be tolerated. We owe some respect to the memory of those whose places we think of them as occupying. Their titles have some claim on us. We should not seek to put matters right if there is a real possibility that the cure may prove worse than the disease. But human affairs are really in a terrible state if those whose whole life ought to be a continuing miracle live such lives that the worst sort of men cheer them on, while the good sigh and groan over them. Their prestige is entirely dependent on the support they receive from the wicked, or (if you prefer) on the reluctance of ordinary people to abandon convention, or on the inexperience of those who are not worldly-wise, or on the tolerance they meet with from those who are good.

But my words have run away with me. I claim to be a mere compiler of proverbs, and I am turning into a preacher. It was that drunkard Alcibiades and his Sileni that drew me into this very sober discussion. But I will not feel too guilty for my mistake, if whatever has been out of place in a discussion of proverbs has been relevant in persuading people to amend their lives; if whatever contributed nothing to the advancement of learning served to incite people to piety; if whatever may seem beside the point, "nothing to do with Dionysius," in relation to the task I have undertaken may seem very much to the point in relation to the task we all face, that of living.

Francis Bacon,
The New Atlantis

The methodological foundation for the Scientific Revolution can be credited to English philosopher and statesman Francis Bacon (1561-1626) as much as to anyone else. Rejecting the medieval Aristotelianism still taught at university, he insisted on the necessity of inductive reasoning from a wide experimental basis as opposed to *apriorist* deductivism and generalizations over insufficient empirical data. His *Novum Organum* lays the foundation for the modern scientific method, though he did not leave enough room for hypothesis and for the mathematical—which was championed by Descartes. A devout Anglican, Bacon sought to unleash modern technological power for humanitarian reasons and to manifest divine creativity: “Knowledge is the rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man’s estate.”

Bacon was known during his lifetime in relation to the law and politics—his scientific, literary, and philosophical works were composed in his spare time. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he served as a liberal-minded reformer in Parliament. Under King James, he played a crucial role in the British colonization of North America, was elevated to the House of Lords (as Baron Verulam), and became Lord Chancellor in 1618. Created Viscount St. Albans in 1621, Bacon suffered a complete reversal of political fortune when he was convicted of bribery later that year, though this was a matter of scapegoating, as his indiscretion was not beyond the pale of accepted practice in his day. His fall from power freed Bacon up to write a great amount of literary material, as well as natural philosophy. *The New Atlantis* stems from this period.

The New Atlantis

We sailed from Peru, (where we had continued for the space of one whole year) for China and Japan, by the South Sea; taking with us victuals for twelve months; and had good winds from the east, though soft and weak, for five months space, and more. But the wind came about, and settled in the west for many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometime in purpose to turn back. But then again there arose strong and great winds from the south, with a point east, which carried us up (for all that we could do) towards the north; by which time our victuals failed us, though we had made good spare of them. So that finding ourselves, in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world, without victuals, we gave ourselves for lost men and prepared for death. Yet we did lift up our hearts and voices to God above, who showeth his wonders in the deep, beseeching him of his mercy, that as in the beginning he discovered the face of the deep, and brought forth dry land, so he would not discover land to us, that we might not perish.

And it came to pass that the next day about evening we saw within a kenning before us, towards the north, as it were thick clouds, which did put us in some hope of land; knowing how that part of the South Sea was utterly unknown; and might have islands, or continents, that hitherto were not come to light. Wherefore we bent our course thither, where we saw the appearance of land, all that night; and in the dawning of the next day, we might plainly discern that it was a land; flat to our sight, and full of boscage; which made it show the more dark. And after an hour and a half's sailing, we entered into a good haven, being the port of a fair city; not great indeed, but well built, and that gave a pleasant view from the sea: and we thinking every minute long, till we were on land, came close to the shore, and offered to land. But straightways we saw divers of the people, with bastons in their hands (as it were) forbidding us to land; yet without any cries of fierceness, but only as warning us off, by signs that they made. Whereupon being not a little discomforted, we were advising with ourselves, what we should do.

During which time, there made forth to us a small boat, with about eight persons in it; whereof one of them had in his hand a tipstaff of a yellow cane, tipped at both ends with blue, who came aboard our ship, without any show of distrust at all. And when he saw one of our number, present himself somewhat before the rest, he drew forth a little scroll of parchment (somewhat yellower than our parchment, and shining like the leaves of writing tables, but otherwise soft and flexible,) and delivered it to our foremost man. In which scroll were

written in ancient Hebrew, and in ancient Greek, and in good Latin of the school, and in Spanish, these words:

Land ye not, none of you; and provide to be gone from this coast, within sixteen days, except you have further time given you. Meanwhile, if you want fresh water or victuals, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repairs, write down your wants, and you shall have that, which belongeth to mercy.

This scroll was signed with a stamp of cherubim: wings, not spread, but hanging downwards; and by them a cross. This being delivered, the officer returned, and left only a servant with us to receive our answer.

Consulting hereupon amongst ourselves, we were much perplexed. The denial of landing and hasty warning us away troubled us much; on the other side, to find that the people had languages, and were so full of humanity, did comfort us not a little. And above all, the sign of the cross to that instrument was to us a great rejoicing, and as it were a certain presage of good. Our answer was in the Spanish tongue; that for our ship, it was well; for we had rather met with calms and contrary winds than any tempests. For our sick, they were many, and in very ill case; so that if they were not permitted to land, they ran danger of their lives. Our other wants we set down in particular; adding, that we had some little store of merchandise, which if it pleased them to deal for, it might supply our wants, without being chargeable unto them. We offered some reward in pistolets unto the servant, and a piece of crimson velvet to be presented to the officer; but the servant took them not, nor would scarce look upon them; and so left us, and went back in another little boat, which was sent for him.

About three hours after we had dispatched our answer, there came towards us a person (as it seemed) of place. He had on him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water chamolet, of an excellent azure colour, fair more glossy than ours; his under apparel was green; and so was his hat, being in the form of a turban, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some part of it, with four persons more only in that boat; and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flightshot of our ship, signs were made to us, that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water; which we presently did in our ship-boat, sending the principal man amongst us save one, and four of our number with him.

When we were come within six yards of their boat, they called to us

to stay, and not to approach farther; which we did. And thereupon the man, whom I before described, stood up, and with a loud voice, in Spanish, asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "We were;" fearing the less, because of the cross we had seen in the subscription. At which answer the said person lifted up his right hand towards Heaven, and drew it softly to his mouth (which is the gesture they use, when they thank God;) and then said: "If ye will swear (all of you) by the merits of the Saviour, that ye are no pirates, nor have shed blood, lawfully, nor unlawfully within forty days past, you may have licence to come on land." We said, "We were all ready to take that oath." Whereupon one of those that were with him, being (as it seemed) a notary, made an entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person which was with him in the same boat, after his Lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud: "My Lord would have you know, that it is not of pride, or greatness, that he cometh not aboard your ship; but for that in your answer you declare that you have many sick amongst you, he was warned by the Conservator of Health of the city that he should keep a distance." We bowed ourselves towards him, and answered, "We were his humble servants; and accounted for great honour, and singular humanity towards us, that which was already done; but hoped well, that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious." So he returned; and a while after came the Notary to us aboard our ship; holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of color between orange-tawney and scarlet; which cast a most excellent odour. He used it (as it seemeth) for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath; "By the name of Jesus, and his merits:" and after told us, that the next day, by six of the Clock, in the Morning, we should be sent to, and brought to the Strangers' House, (so he called it,) where we should be accommodated of things, both for our whole, and for our sick. So he left us; and when we offered him some pistolets, he smiling said, "He must not be twice paid for one labour:" meaning (as I take it) that he had salary sufficient of the State for his service. For (as I after learned) they call an officer that taketh rewards, "twice paid."

The next morning early, there came to us the same officer that came to us at first with his cane, and told us, he came to conduct us to the Strangers' House; and that he had prevented the hour, because we might have the whole day before us, for our business. "For," said he, "if you will follow my advice, there shall first go with me some few of you, and see the place, and how it may be made convenient for you; and then you may send for your sick, and the rest of your number, which ye will bring on land." We thanked him, and said, "That this care, which he took of desolate strangers, God would reward." And so

six of us went on land with him: and when we were on land, he went before us, and turned to us, and said, "He was but our servant, and our guide." He led us through three fair streets; and all the way we went, there were gathered some people on both sides, standing in a row; but in so civil a fashion, as if it had been, not to wonder at us, but to welcome us: and divers of them, as we passed by them, put their arms a little abroad; which is their gesture, when they did bid any welcome.

The Strangers' House is a fair and spacious house, built of brick, of somewhat a bluer colour than our brick; and with handsome windows, some of glass, some of a kind of cambric oiled. He brought us first into a fair parlour above stairs, and then asked us, "What number of persons we were? And how many sick?" We answered, "We were in all, (sick and whole,) one and fifty persons, whereof our sick were seventeen." He desired us to have patience a little, and to stay till he came back to us; which was about an hour after; and then he led us to see the chambers which were provided for us, being in number nineteen: they having cast it (as it seemeth) that four of those chambers, which were better than the rest, might receive four of the principal men of our company; and lodge them alone by themselves; and the other fifteen chambers were to lodge us two and two together. The chambers were handsome and cheerful chambers, and furnished civilly." Then he led us to a long gallery, like a dorture, where he showed us all along the one side (for the other side was but wall and window), seventeen cells, very neat ones, having partitions of cedar wood. Which gallery and cells, being in all forty, many more than we needed, were instituted as an infirmary for sick persons. And he told us withal, that as any of our sick waxed well, he might be removed from his cell, to a chamber; for which purpose there were set forth ten spare chambers, besides the number we spake of before. This done, he brought us back to the parlour, and lifting up his cane a little, (as they do when they give any charge or command) said to us, "Ye are to know, that the custom of the land requireth, that after this day and to-morrow, (which we give you for removing of your people from your ship,) you are to keep within doors for three days. But let it not trouble you, nor do not think yourselves restrained, but rather left to your rest and ease. You shall want nothing, and there are six of our people appointed to attend you, for any business you may have abroad." We gave him thanks, with all affection and respect, and said, "God surely is manifested in this land." We offered him also twenty pistolets; but he smiled, and only said; "What? twice paid!" And so he left us.

Soon after our dinner was served in; which was right good viands, both for bread and treat: better than any collegiate diet, that I have known in Europe. We had also drink of three sorts, all wholesome and good; wine of the grape; a drink of grain, such as is with us our ale, but more clear: And a kind of cider made of a fruit of that country; a wonderful pleasing and refreshing drink. Besides, there were brought in to us, great store of those scarlet oranges, for our sick; which (they said) were an assured remedy for sickness taken at sea. There was given us also, a box of small gray, or whitish pills, which they wished our sick should take, one of the pills, every night before sleep; which (they said) would hasten their recovery.

The next day, after that our trouble of carriage and removing of our men and goods out of our ship, was somewhat settled and quiet, I thought good to call our company together; and when they were assembled, said unto them:

“My dear friends, let us know ourselves, and how it standeth with us. We are men cast on land, as Jonas was, out of the whale’s belly, when we were as buried in the deep: and now we are on land, we are but between death and life; for we are beyond, both the old world, and the new; and whether ever we shall see Europe, God only knoweth. It is a kind of miracle bath brought us hither: and it must be little less, that shall bring us hence. Therefore in regard of our deliverance past, and our danger present, and to come, let us look up to God, and every man reform his own ways. Besides we are come here amongst a Christian people, full of piety and humanity: let us not bring that confusion of face upon ourselves, as to show our vices, or unworthiness before them. Yet there is more. For they have by commandment, (though in form of courtesy) cloistered us within these wall, for three days: who knoweth, whether it be not, to take some taste of our manners and conditions? And if they find them bad, to banish us straightways; if good, to give us further time. For these men that they have given us for attendance, may withal have an eye upon us. Therefore for God’s love, and as we love the weal of our souls and bodies, let us so behave ourselves, as we may be at peace with God, and may find grace in the eyes of this people.”

Our company with one voice thanked me for my good admonition, and promised me to live soberly and civilly, and without giving any the least occasion of offence. So we spent our three days joyfully, and without care, in expectation what would be done with us, when they were expired. During which time, we had every hour joy of the amendment of our sick; who thought themselves cast into some divine pool of healing; they mended so kindly, and so fast.

The morrow after our three days were past, there came to us a new man, that we had not seen before, clothed in blue as the former was, save that his turban was white, with a small red cross on the top. He had also a tippet of fine linen. At his coming in, he did bend to us a little, and put his arms abroad. We of our parts saluted him in a very lowly and submissive manner; as looking that from him, we should receive sentence of life, or death: he desired to speak with some few of us: whereupon six of us only staid, and the rest avoided the room. He said, "I am by office governor of this House of Strangers, and by vocation I am a Christian priest: and therefore am come to you to offer you my service, both as strangers and chiefly as Christians. Some things I may tell you, which I think you will not be unwilling to hear. The State hath given you license to stay on land, for the space of six weeks; and let it not trouble you, if your occasions ask further time, for the law in this point is not precise; and I do not doubt, but my self shall be able, to obtain for you such further time, as may be convenient. Ye shall also understand, that the Strangers' House is at this time rich, and much aforehand; for it hath laid up revenue these thirty-seven years; for so long it is since any stranger arrived in this part: and therefore take ye no care; the State will defray you all the time you stay; neither shall you stay one day the less for that. As for any merchandise ye have brought, ye shall be well used, and have your return, either in merchandise, or in gold and silver: for to us it is all one. And if you have any other request to make, hide it not. For ye shall find we will not make your countenance to fall by the answer ye shall receive. Only this I must tell you, that none of you must go above a karan," (that is with them a mile and an half) "from the walls of the city, without especial leave."

We answered, after we had looked awhile one upon another, admiring this gracious and parent-like usage; "That we could not tell what to say: for we wanted words to express our thanks; and his noble free offers left us nothing to ask. It seemed to us, that we had before us a picture of our salvation in Heaven; for we that were a while since in the jaws of death, were now brought into a place, where we found nothing but consolations. For the commandment laid upon us, we would not fail to obey it, though it was impossible but our hearts should be enflamed to tread further upon this happy and holy ground." We added, "That our tongues should first cleave to the roofs of our mouths, ere we should forget, either his reverend person, or this whole nation, in our prayers." We also most humbly besought him, to accept of us as his true servants; by as just a right as ever men on earth were bounden; laying and presenting, both our persons, and all we had, at his feet. He said; "He was a priest, and looked for a priest's reward;

which was our brotherly love, and the good of our souls and bodies.” So he went from us, not without tears of tenderness in his eyes; and left us also confused with joy and kindness, saying amongst ourselves; “That we were come into a land of angels, which did appear to us daily, and prevent us with comforts, which we thought not of, much less expected.”

The next day about ten of the clock, the Governor came to us again, and after salutations, said familiarly; “That he was come to visit us;” and called for a chair, and sat him down: and we, being some ten of us, (the rest were of the meaner sort, or else gone abroad,) sat down with him, And when we were set, he began thus: “We of this island of Bensalem,” (for so they call it in their language,) “have this; that by means of our solitary situation; and of the laws of secrecy, which we have for our travellers, and our rare admission of strangers; we know well most part of the habitable world, and are ourselves unknown. Therefore because he that knoweth least is fittest to ask questions, it is more reason, for the entertainment of the time, that ye ask me questions, than that I ask you.”

We answered; “That we humbly thanked him that he would give us leave so to do: and that we conceived by the taste we had already, that there was no worldly thing on earth, more worthy to be known than the state of that happy land. But above all,” (we said,) “since that we were met from the several ends of the world, and hoped assuredly that we should meet one day in the kingdom of Heaven, (for that we were both parts Christians,) we desired to know, (in respect that land was so remote, and so divided by vast and unknown seas, from the land where our Saviour walked on earth,) who was the apostle of that nation, and how it was converted to the faith?” It appeared in his face that he took great contentment in this our question: he said; “Ye knit my heart to you, by asking this question in the first place; for it sheweth that you first seek the kingdom of heaven; and I shall gladly, and briefly, satisfy your demand. About twenty years after the ascension of our Saviour, it came to pass, that there was seen by the people of Renfusa, (a city upon the eastern coast of our island,) within night, (the night was cloudy, and calm,) as it might be some mile into the sea, a great pillar of light; not sharp, but in form of a column, or cylinder, rising from the sea a great way up towards heaven; and on the top of it was seen a large cross of light, more bright and resplendent than the body of the pillar. Upon which so strange a spectacle, the people of the city gathered apace together upon the sands, to wonder; and so after put themselves into a number of small boats, to go nearer to this marvellous sight. But when the boats were

come within (about) sixty yards of the pillar, they found themselves all bound, and could go no further; yet so as they might move to go about, but might not approach nearer: so as the boats stood all as in a theatre, beholding this light as an heavenly sign. It so fell out, that there was in one of the boats one of the wise men, of the society of Salomon's House; which house, or college (my good brethren) is the very eye of this kingdom; who having awhile attentively and devoutly viewed and contemplated this pillar and cross, fell down upon his face; and then raised himself upon his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven, made his prayers in this manner. "LORD God of heaven and earth, thou hast vouchsafed of thy grace to those of our order, to know thy works of Creation, and the secrets of them: and to discern (as far as appertaineth to the generations of men) between divine miracles, works of nature, works of art, and impostures and illusions of all sorts. I do here acknowledge and testify before this people, that the thing which we now see before our eyes is thy Finger and a true Miracle. And forasmuch as we learn in our books that thou never workest miracles, but to divine and excellent end, (for the laws of nature are thine own laws, and thou exceedest them not but upon great cause,) we most humbly beseech thee to prosper this great sign, and to give us the interpretation and use of it in mercy; which thou dost in some part secretly promise by sending it unto us.'

"When he had made his prayer, he presently found the boat he was in, moveable and unbound; whereas all the rest remained still fast; and taking that for an assurance of leave to approach, he caused the boat to be softly and with silence rowed towards the pillar. But ere he came near it, the pillar and cross of light brake up, and cast itself abroad, as it were, into a firmament of many stars; which also vanished soon after, and there was nothing left to be seen, but a small ark, or chest of cedar, dry, and not wet at all with water, though it swam. And in the fore-end of it, which was towards him, grew a small green branch of palm; and when the wise man had taken it, with all reverence, into his boat, it opened of itself, and there were found in it a Book and a Letter; both written in fine parchment, and wrapped in sindons of linen. The Book contained all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament, according as you have them; (for we know well what the churches with you receive); and the Apocalypse itself, and some other books of the New Testament, which were not at that time written, were nevertheless in the Book. And for the Letter, it was in these words: "I, Bartholomew, a servant of the Highest, and Apostle of Jesus Christ, was warned by an angel that appeareth to me, in a vision of glory, that I should commit this ark to the floods of the sea. Therefore I do testify and declare unto that people where God shall

ordain this ark to come to land, that in the same day is come unto them salvation and peace and goodwill, from the Father, and from the Lord Jesus.’

“There was also in both these writings, as well the Book, as the Letter, wrought a great miracle, conform to that of the Apostles, in the original Gift of Tongues. For there being at that time in this land Hebrews, Persians, and Indians, besides the natives, every one read upon the Book, and Letter, as if they had been written in his own language. And thus was this land saved from infidelity (as the remainder of the old world was from water) by an ark, through the apostolical and miraculous evangelism of Saint Bartholomew.” And here he paused, and a messenger came, and called him from us. So this was all that passed in that conference. The next day, the same governor came again to us, immediately after dinner, and excused himself, saying; “That the day before he was called from us, somewhat abruptly, but now he would make us amends, and spend time with us if we held his company and conference agreeable.” We answered, “That we held it so agreeable and pleasing to us, as we forgot both dangers past and fears to come, for the time we hear him speak; and that we thought an hour spent with him, was worth years of our former life.” He bowed himself a little to us, and after we were set again, he said; “Well, the questions are on your part.”

One of our number said, after a little pause; that there was a matter, we were no less desirous to know, than fearful to ask, lest we might presume too far. But encouraged by his rare humanity towards us, (that could scarce think ourselves strangers, being his vowed and professed servants,) we would take the hardiness to propound it: humbly beseeching him, if he thought it not fit to be answered, that he would pardon it, though he rejected it. We said; “We well observed those his words, which he formerly spake, that this happy island, where we now stood, was known to few, and yet knew most of the nations of the world; which we found to be true, considering they had the languages of Europe, and knew much of our state and business; and yet we in Europe, (notwithstanding all the remote discoveries and navigations of this last age), never heard of the least inkling or glimpse of this island. This we found wonderful strange; for that all nations have inter-knowledge one of another, either by voyage into foreign parts, or by strangers that come to them: and though the traveller into a foreign country, doth commonly know more by the eye, than he that stayeth at home can by relation of the traveller; yet both ways suffice to make a mutual knowledge, in some degree, on both parts. But for this island, we never heard tell of any ship of theirs that had been

seen to arrive upon any shore of Europe; nor of either the East or West Indies; nor yet of any ship of any other part of the world, that had made return from them. And yet the marvel rested not in this. For the situation of it (as his lordship said) in the secret conclave of such a vast sea might cause it. But then, that they should have knowledge of the languages, books, affairs, of those that lie such a distance from them, it was a thing we could not tell what to make of; for that it seemed to us a conditioner and propriety of divine powers and beings, to be hidden and unseen to others, and yet to have others open and as in a light to them.”

At this speech the Governor gave a gracious smile, and said; “That we did well to ask pardon for this question we now asked: for that it imported, as if we thought this land, a land of magicians, that sent forth spirits of the air into all parts, to bring them news and intelligence of other countries.” It was answered by us all, in all possible humbleness, but yet with a countenance taking knowledge, that we knew that he spake it but merrily, “That we were apt enough to think there was somewhat supernatural in this island; but yet rather as angelical than magical. But to let his lordship know truly what it was that made us tender and doubtful to ask this question, it was not any such conceit, but because we remembered, he had given a touch in his former speech, that this land had laws of secrecy touching strangers.” To this he said; “You remember it aright and therefore in that I shall say to you, I must reserve some particulars, which it is not lawful for me to reveal; but there will be enough left, to give you satisfaction.

“You shall understand (that which perhaps you will scarce think credible) that about three thousand years ago, or somewhat more, the navigation of the world, (especially for remote voyages,) was greater than at this day. Do not think with yourselves, that I know not how much it is increased with you, within these six-score years: I know it well: and yet I say greater then than now; whether it was, that the example of the ark, that saved the remnant of men from the universal deluge, gave men confidence to adventure upon the waters; or what it was; but such is the truth. The Phoenicians, and especially the Tyrians, had great fleets. So had the Carthaginians their colony, which is yet further west. Toward the east the shipping of Egypt and of Palestine was likewise great. China also, and the great Atlantis, (that you call America,) which have now but junks and canoes, abounded then in tall ships. This island, (as appeareth by faithful registers of those times,) had then fifteen hundred strong ships, of great content. Of all this, there is with you sparing memory, or none; but we have large knowledge thereof.

“At that time, this land was known and frequented by the ships and vessels of all the nations before named. And (as it cometh to pass) they had many times men of other countries, that were no sailors, that came with them; as Persians, Chaldeans, Arabians; so as almost all nations of might and fame resorted hither; of whom we have some stirps, and little tribes with us at this day. And for our own ships, they went sundry voyages, as well to your straits, which you call the Pillars of Hercules, as to other parts in the Atlantic and Mediterrane Seas; as to Paguin, (which is the same with Cambaline,) and Quinzy, upon the Oriental Seas, as far as to the borders of the East Tartary.

“At the same time, and an age after, or more, the inhabitants of the great Atlantis did flourish. For though the narration and description, which is made by a great man with you; that the descendants of Neptune planted there; and of the magnificent temple, palace, city, and hill; and the manifold streams of goodly navigable rivers, (which as so many chains environed the same site and temple); and the several degrees of ascent, whereby men did climb up to the same, as if it had been a scala coeli, be all poetical and fabulous: yet so much is true, that the said country of Atlantis, as well that of Peru, then called Coya, as that of Mexico, then named Tyrambel, were mighty and proud kingdoms in arms, shipping and riches: so mighty, as at one time (or at least within the space of ten years) they both made two great expeditions; they of Tyrambel through the Atlantic to the Mediterrane Sea; and they of Coya through the South Sea upon this our island: and for the former of these, which was into Europe, the same author amongst you (as it seemeth) had some relation from the Egyptian priest whom he cited. For assuredly such a thing there was. But whether it were the ancient Athenians that had the glory of the repulse and resistance of those forces, I can say nothing: but certain it is, there never came back either ship or man from that voyage. Neither had the other voyage of those of Coya upon us had better fortune, if they had not met with enemies of greater clemency. For the king of this island, (by name Altabin,) a wise man and a great warrior, knowing well both his own strength and that of his enemies, handled the matter so, as he cut off their land-forces from their ships; and entailed both their navy and their tamp with a greater power than theirs, both by sea and land: arid compelled them to render themselves without striking stroke and after they were at his mercy, contenting himself only with their oath that they should no more bear arms against him, dismissed them all in safety. But the divine revenge overtook not long after those proud enterprises. For within less than the space of one hundred years, the great Atlantis was utterly lost and destroyed: not by a great earthquake, as your man saith; (for that whole tract is lit-

tle subject to earthquakes;) but by a particular' deluge or inundation; those countries having, at this day, far greater rivers and far higher mountains to pour down waters, than any part of the old world. But it is true that the same inundation was not deep; not past forty foot, in most places, from the ground; so that although it destroyed man and beast generally, yet some few wild inhabitants of the wood escaped. Birds also were saved by flying to the high trees and woods. For as for men, although they had buildings in many places, higher than the depth of the water, yet that inundation, though it were shallow, had a long continuance; whereby they of the vale that were not drowned, perished for want of food and other things necessary.

“So as marvel you not at the thin population of America, nor at the rudeness and ignorance of the people; for you must account your inhabitants of America as a young people; younger a thousand years, at the least, than the rest of the world: for that there was so much time between the universal flood and their particular inundation. For the poor remnant of human seed, which remained in their mountains, peopled the country again slowly, by little and little; and being simple and savage people, (not like Noah and his sons, which was the chief family of the earth;) they were not able to leave letters, arts, and civility to their posterity; and having likewise in their mountainous habitations been used (in respect of the extreme cold of those regions) to clothe themselves with the skins of tigers, bears, and great hairy goats, that they have in those parts; when after they came down into the valley, and found the intolerable heats which are there, and knew no means of lighter apparel, they were forced to begin the custom of going naked, which continueth at this day. Only they take great pride and delight in the feathers of birds; and this also they took from those their ancestors of the mountains, who were invited unto it by the infinite flights of birds that came up to the high grounds, while the waters stood below. So you see, by this main accident of time, we lost our traffic with the Americans, with whom of, all others, in regard they lay nearest to us, we had most commerce.

“As for the other parts of the world, it is most manifest that in the ages following (whether it were in respect of wars, or by a natural revolution of time,) navigation did every where greatly decay; and specially far voyages (the rather by the use of galleys, and such vessels as could hardly brook the ocean,) were altogether left and omitted. So then, that part of intercourse which could be from other nations to sail to us, you see how it hath long since ceased; except it were by some rare accident, as this of yours. But now of the cessation of that other part of intercourse, which might be by our sailing to other nations, I must

yield you some other cause. For I cannot say (if I shall say truly,) but our shipping, for number, strength, mariners, pilots, and all things that appertain to navigation, is as great as ever; and therefore why we should sit at home, I shall now give you an account by itself: and it will draw nearer to give you satisfaction to your principal question.

“There reigned in this land, about nineteen hundred years ago, a king, whose memory of all others we most adore; not superstitiously, but as a divine instrument, though a mortal man; his name was Solamona: and we esteem him as the lawgiver of our nation. This king had a large heart, inscrutable for good; and was wholly bent to make his kingdom and people happy. He therefore, taking into consideration how sufficient and substantive this land was to maintain itself without any aid (at all) of the foreigner; being five thousand six hundred miles in circuit, and of rare fertility of soil in the greatest part thereof; and finding also the shipping of this country might be plentifully set on work, both by fishing and by transportations from port to port, and likewise by sailing unto some small islands that are not far from us, and are under the crown and laws of this state; and, recalling into his memory the happy and flourishing estate wherein this land then was; so as it might be a thousand ways altered to the worse, but scarce any one way to the better; thought nothing wanted to his noble and heroical intentions, but only (as far as human foresight might reach) to give perpetuity to that which was in his time so happily established. Therefore amongst his other fundamental laws of this kingdom, he did ordain the interdicts and prohibitions which we have touching entrance of strangers; which at that time (though it was after the calamity of America) was frequent; doubting novelties, and commixture of manners. It is true, the like law against the admission of strangers without licence is an ancient law in the kingdom of China, and yet continued in use. But there it is a poor thing; and hath made them a curious, ignorant, fearful, foolish nation. But our lawgiver made his law of another temper. For first, he hath preserved all points of humanity, in taking order and making provision for the relief of strangers distressed; whereof you have tasted.”

At which speech (as reason was) we all rose up and bowed ourselves. He went on. “That king also, still desiring to join humanity and policy together; and thinking it against humanity, to detain strangers here against their wills, and against policy that they should return and discover their knowledge of this estate, he took this course: he did ordain that of the strangers that should be permitted to land, as many (at all times) might depart as would; but as many as would stay should have very good conditions and means to live from the state. Wherein

he saw so far, that now in so many ages since the prohibition, we have memory not of one ship that ever returned, and but of thirteen persons only, at several times, that chose to return in our bottoms. What those few that returned may have reported abroad I know not. But you must think, whatsoever they have said could be taken where they came but for a dream. Now for our travelling from Henna into parts abroad, our Lawgiver thought fit altogether to restrain it. So is it not in China. For the Chinese sail where they will or can; which sheweth that their law of keeping out strangers is a law of pusillanimity and fear. But this restraint of ours hath one only exception, which is admirable; preserving the good which cometh by communicating with strangers, and avoiding the hurt; and I will now open it to you. And here I shall seem a little to digress, but you will by and by find it pertinent.

“Ye shall understand (my dear friends) that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the pre-eminence. It was the erection and institution of an Order or Society, which we call Salomon’s House; the noblest foundation (as we think) that ever was upon the earth; and the lanthorn of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God. Some think it beareth the founder’s name a little corrupted, as if it should be Solamona’s House. But the records write it as it is spoken. So as I take it to be denominate of the king of the Hebrews, which is famous with you, and no stranger to us. For we have some parts of his works, which with you are lost; namely, that natural history, which he wrote, of all plants, from the cedar of Libanus to the moss that groweth out of the wall, and of all things that have life and motion. This maketh me think that our king, finding himself to symbolize in many things with that king of the Hebrews (which lived many years before him), honored him with the title of this foundation. And I am rather induced to be of this opinion, for that I find in ancient records this Order or Society is sometimes called Salomon’s House, and sometimes the College of the Six Days Works; whereby I am satisfied that our excellent king had learned from the Hebrews that God had created the world and all that therein is within six days: and therefore he instituting that House for the finding out of the true nature of all things, (whereby God might have the more glory in the workmanship of them, and insert the more fruit in the use of them), did give it also that second name.

“But now to come to our present purpose. When the king had forbidden to all his people navigation into any part that was not under his crown, he made nevertheless this ordinance; that every twelve years there should be set forth, out of this kingdom two ships, appointed to

several voyages; That in either of these ships there should be a mission of three of the Fellows or Brethren of Salomon's House; whose errand was only to give us knowledge of the affairs and state of those countries to which they were designed, and especially of the sciences, arts, manufactures, and inventions of all the world; and withal to bring unto us books, instruments, and patterns in every kind: That the ships, after they had landed the brethren, should return; and that the brethren should stay abroad till the new mission. These ships are not otherwise fraught, than with store of victuals, and good quantity of treasure to remain with the brethren, for the buying of such things and rewarding of such persons as they should think fit. Now for me to tell you how the vulgar sort of mariners are contained from being discovered at land; and how they that must be put on shore for any time, color themselves under the names of other nations; and to what places these voyages have been designed; and what places of rendezvous are appointed for the new missions; and the like circumstances of the practise; I may not do it: neither is it much to your desire. But thus you see we maintain a trade not for gold, silver, or jewels; nor for silks; nor for spices; nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was Light: to have light (I say) of the growth of all parts of the world."

And when he had said this, he was silent; and so were we all. For indeed we were all astonished to hear so strange things so probably told. And he, perceiving that we were willing to say somewhat but had it not ready in great courtesy took us off, and descended to ask us questions of our voyage and fortunes and in the end concluded, that we might do well to think with ourselves what time of stay we would demand of the state; and bade us not to scant ourselves; for he would procure such time as we desired: Whereupon we all rose up, and presented ourselves to kiss the skirt of his tippet; but he would not suffer us; and so took his leave. But when it came once amongst our people that the state used to offer conditions to strangers that would stay, we had work enough to get any of our men to look to our ship; and to keep them from going presently to the governor to crave conditions. But with much ado we refrained them, till we might agree what course to take.

We took ourselves now for free men, seeing there was no danger of our utter perdition; and lived most joyfully, going abroad and seeing what was to be seen in the city and places adjacent within our tedder; and obtaining acquaintance with many of the city, not of the meanest quality; at whose hands we found such humanity, and such a freedom and desire to take strangers as it were into their bosom, as was enough

to make us forget all that was dear to us in our own countries: and continually we met with many things right worthy of observation and relation: as indeed, if there be a mirror in the world worthy to hold men's eyes, it is that country.

One day there were two of our company bidden to a Feast of the Family, as they call it. A most natural, pious, and reverend custom it is, shewing that nation to be compounded of all goodness. This is the manner of it. It is granted to any man that shall live to see thirty persons descended of his body alive together, and all above three years old, to make this feast which is done at the cost of the state. The Father of the Family, whom they call the Tirsan, two days before the feast, taketh to him three of such friends as he liketh to choose; and is assisted also by the governor of the city or place where the feast is celebrated; and all the persons of the family, of both sexes, are summoned to attend him. These two days the Tirsan sitteth in consultation concerning the good estate of the family. There, if there be any discord or suits between any of the family, they are compounded and appeased. There, if any of the family be distressed or decayed, order is taken for their relief and competent means to live. There, if any be subject to vice, or take ill courses, they are reprov'd and censured. So likewise direction is given touching marriages, and the courses of life, which any of them should take, with divers other the like orders and advices. The governor assisteth, to the end to put in execution by his public authority the decrees and orders of the Tirsan, if they should be disobey'd; though that seldom needeth; such reverence and obedience they give to the order of nature. The Tirsan doth also then ever choose one man from among his sons, to live in house with him; who is called ever after the Son of the Vine. The reason will hereafter appear.

On the feast day, the father or Tirsan cometh forth after divine service into a large room where the feast is celebrated; which room hath an half-pace at the upper end. Against the wall, in the middle of the half-pace, is a chair placed for him, with a table and carpet before it. Over the chair is a state, made round or oval, and it is of ivy; an ivy somewhat whiter than ours, like the leaf of a silver asp; but more shining; for it is green all winter. And the state is curiously wrought with silver and silk of divers colors, broiding or binding in the ivy; and is ever of the work of some of the daughters of the family; and veiled over at the top with a fine net of silk and silver. But the substance of it is true ivy; whereof, after it is taken down, the friends of the family are desirous to have some leaf or sprig to keep.

The Tirsan cometh forth with all his generation or linage, the males before him, and the females following him; and if there be a mother from whose body the whole linage is descended, there is a traverse placed in a loft above on the right hand of the chair, with a privy door, and a carved window of glass, leaded with gold and blue; where she sitteth, but is not seen. When the Tirsan is come forth, he sitteth down in the chair; and all the linage place themselves against the wall, both at his back and upon the return of the half-pace, in order of their years without difference of sex; and stand upon their feet. When he is set; the room being always full of company, but well kept and without disorder; after some pause, there cometh in from the lower end of the room, a taratan (which is as much as an herald) and on either side of him two young lads; whereof one carrieth a scroll of their shining yellow parchment; and the other a cluster of grapes of gold, with a long foot or stalk. The herald and children are clothed with mantles of sea-water green satin; but the herald's mantle is streamed with gold, and hath a train.

Then the herald with three curtesies, or rather inclinations, cometh up as far as the half-pace; and there first taketh into his hand the scroll. This scroll is the king's charter, containing gifts of renew, and many privileges, exemptions, and points of honour, granted to the Father of the Family; and is ever styled and directed, to such do one our well beloved friend and creditor: which is a title proper only to this case. For they say the king is debtor to no man, but for propagation of his subjects. The seal set to the king's charter is the king's image, imbossed or moulded in gold; and though such charters be expedited of course, and as of right, yet they are varied by discretion, according to the number and dignity of the family. This charter the herald readeth aloud; and while it is read, the father or Tirsan standeth up supported by two of his sons, such as he chooseth. Then the herald mounteth the half-pace and delivereth the charter into his hand: and with that there is an acclamation by all that are present in their language, which is thus much: Happy are the people of Bensalem.

Then the herald taketh into his hand from the other child the cluster of grapes, which is of gold, both the stalk and the grapes. But the grapes are daintily enamelled; and if the males of the family be the greater number, the grapes are enamelled purple, with a little sun set on the top; if the females, then they are enamelled into a greenish yellow, with a crescent on the top. The grapes are in number as many as there are descendants of the family. This golden cluster the herald delivereth also to the Tirsan; who presently delivereth it over to that son that he had formerly chosen to be in house with him: who beareth

it before his father as an ensign of honour when he goeth in public, ever after; and is thereupon called the Son of the Vine.

After the ceremony endeth the father or Tirsan retireth; and after some time cometh forth again to dinner, where he sitteth alone under the state, as before; and none of his descendants sit with him, of what degree or dignity soever, except he hap to be of Salomon's House. He is served only by his own children, such as are male; who perform unto him all service of the table upon the knee; and the women only stand about him, leaning against the wall. The room below the half-pace hath tables on the sides for the guests that are bidden; who are served with great and comely order; and towards the end of dinner (which in the greatest feasts with them lasteth never above an hour and an half) there is an hymn sung, varied according to the invention of him that composeth it (for they have excellent posy) but the subject of it is (always) the praises of Adam and Noah and Abraham; whereof the former two peopled the world, and the last was the Father of the Faithful: concluding ever with a thanksgiving for the nativity of our Saviour, in whose birth the births of all are only blessed.

Dinner being done, the Tirsan retireth again; and having withdrawn himself alone into a place, where he makes some private prayers, he cometh forth the third time, to give the blessing with all his descendants, who stand about him as at the first. Then he calleth them forth by one and by one, by name, as he pleaseth, though seldom the order of age be inverted. The person that is called (the table being before removed) kneeleth down before the chair, and the father layeth his hand upon his head, or her head, and giveth the blessing in these words: Son of Bensalem, (or daughter of Bensalem,) thy father with it: the man by whom thou hast breath and life speaketh the word: the blessing of the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and the Holy Dove, be upon thee, and make the days of thy pilgrimage good and many. This he saith to every of them; and that done, if there be any of his sons of eminent merit and virtue, (so they be not above two,) he calleth for them again; and saith, laying his arm over their shoulders, they standing:

Sons, it is well ye are born, give God the praise, and persevere to the end. And withall delivereth to either of them a jewel, made in the figure of an ear of wheat, which they ever after wear in the front of their turban or hat. This done, they fall to music and dances, and other recreations, after their manner, for the rest of the day. This is the full order of that feast.

By that time six or seven days were spent, I was fallen into straight acquaintance with a merchant of that city, whose name was Joabin. He was a Jew and circumcised: for they have some few stirps of Jews yet remaining among them, whom they leave to their own religion. Which they may the better do, because they are of a far differing disposition from the Jews in other parts. For whereas they hate the name of Christ; and have a secret inbred rancour against the people among whom they live: these (contrariwise) give unto our Saviour many high attributes, and love the nation of Bensalem extremely. Surely this man of whom I speak would ever acknowledge that Christ was born of a virgin and that he was more than a man; and he would tell how God made him ruler of the seraphims which guard his throne; and they call him also the Milken Way, and the Eliah of the Messiah; and many other high names; which though they be inferior to his divine majesty, yet they are far from the language of other Jews.

And for the country of Bensalem, this man would make no end of commending it; being desirous, by tradition among the Jews there, to have it believed that the people thereof were of the generations of Abraham, by another son, whom they call Nachoran; and that Moses by a secret Cabala ordained the Laws of Bensalem which they now use; and that when the Messiah should come, and sit in his throne at Hierusalem, the king of Bensalem should sit at his feet, whereas other kings should keep a great distance. But yet setting aside these Jewish dreams, the man was a wise man, and learned, and of great policy, and excellently seen in the laws and customs of that nation.

Amongst other discourses, one day I told him I was much affected with the relation I had, from some of the company, of their custom, in holding the Feast of the Family; for that (methought) I had never heard of a solemnity wherein nature did so much preside. And because propagation of families proceedeth from the nuptial copulation, I desired to know of him what laws and customs they had concerning marriage; and whether they kept marriage well and whether they were tied to one wife; for that where population is so much affected, and such as with them it seemed to be, there is commonly permission of plurality of wives.

To this he said, "You have reason for to commend that excellent institution of the Feast of the Family. And indeed we have experience that those families that are partakers of the blessing of that feast do flourish and prosper ever after in an extraordinary manner. But hear me now, and I will tell you what I know. You shall understand that there is not under the heavens so chaste a nation as this of Bensalem; nor so free from all pollution or foulness. It is the virgin of the world.

I remember I have read in one of your European books, of an holy hermit amongst you that desired to see the Spirit of Fornication; and there appeared to him a little foul ugly Æthiop. But if he had desired to see the Spirit of Chastity of Bensalem, it would have appeared to him in the likeness of a fair beautiful Cherubim. For there is nothing amongst mortal men more fair and admirable, than the chaste minds of this people. Know therefore, that with them there are no stews, no dissolute houses, no courtesans, nor anything of that kind. Nay they wonder (with detestation) at you in Europe, which permit such things. They say ye have put marriage out of office: for marriage is ordained a remedy for unlawful concupiscence; and natural concupiscence seemeth as a spar to marriage. But when men have at hand a remedy more agreeable to their corrupt will, marriage is almost expelled. And therefore there are with you seen infinite men that marry not, but chose rather a libertine and impure single life, than to be yoked in marriage; and many that do marry, marry late, when the prime and strength of their years is past. And when they do marry, what is marriage to them but a very bargain; wherein is sought alliance, or portion, or reputation, with some desire (almost indifferent) of issue; and not the faithful nuptial union of man and wife, that was first instituted. Neither is it possible that those that have cast away so basely so much of their strength, should greatly esteem children, (being of the same matter,) as chaste men do. So likewise during marriage, is the case much amended, as it ought to be if those things were tolerated only for necessity? No, but they remain still as a very affront to marriage. The haunting of those dissolute places, or resort to courtesans, are no more punished in married men than in bachelors. And the depraved custom of change, and the delight in meretricious embracements, (where sin is turned into art,) maketh marriage a dull thing, and a kind of imposition or tax. They hear you defend these things, as done to avoid greater evils; as advoutries, deflowering of virgins, unnatural lust, and the like. But they say this is a preposterous wisdom; and they call it Lot's offer, who to save his guests from abusing, offered his daughters: nay they say farther that there is little gained in this; for that the same vices and appetites do still remain and abound; unlawful lust being like a furnace, that if you stop the flames altogether, it will quench; but if you give it any vent, it will rage. As for masculine love, they have no touch of it; and yet there are not so faithful and inviolate friendships in the world again as are there; and to speak generally, (as I said before,) I have not read of any such chastity, in any people as theirs. And their usual saying is, That whosoever is unchaste cannot reverence himself; and they say, That the reverence of a man's self, is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of

all vices.”

And when he had said this, the good Jew paused a little; whereupon I, far more willing to hear him speak on than to speak myself, yet thinking it decent that upon his pause of speech I should not be altogether silent, said only this; “That I would say to him, as the widow of Sarepta said to Elias; that he was come to bring to memory our sins; and that I confess the righteousness of Bensalem was greater than the righteousness of Europe.” At which speech he bowed his head, and went on in this manner:

“They have also many wise and excellent laws touching marriage. They allow no polygamy. They have ordained that none do intermarry or contract, until a month be past from their first interview. Marriage without consent of parents they do not make void, but they mulct it in the inheritors: for the children of such marriages are not admitted to inherit above a third part of their parents’ inheritance. I have read in a book of one of your men, of a Feigned Commonwealth, where the married couple are permitted, before they contract, to see one another naked. This they dislike; for they think it a scorn to give a refusal after so familiar knowledge: but because of many hidden defects in men and women’s bodies, they have a more civil way; for they have near every town a couple of pools, (which they call Adam and Eve’s pools,) where it is permitted to one of the friends of the men, and another of the friends of the woman, to see them severally bathe naked.”

And as we were thus in conference, there came one that seemed to be a messenger, in a rich huke, that spake with the Jew: whereupon he turned to me and said; “You will pardon me, for I am commanded away in haste.” The next morning he came to me again, joyful as it seemed, and said; “There is word come to the Governor of the city, that one of the Fathers of Salomon’s House will be here this day seven-night: we have seen none of them this dozen years. His coming is in state; but the cause of his coming is secret. I will provide you and your fellows of a good standing to see his entry.” I thanked him, and told him, I was most glad of the news.

The day being come, he made his entry. He was a man of middle stature and age, comely of person, and had an aspect as if he pitied men. He was clothed in a robe of fine black cloth, with wide sleeves and a cape. His under garment was of excellent white linen down to the foot, girt with a girdle of the same; and a sindon or tippet of the same about his neck. He had gloves, that were curious, and set with stone; and shoes of peach-coloured velvet. His neck was bare to the

shoulders. His hat was like a helmet, or Spanish montera; and his locks curled below it decently: they were of colour brown. His beard was cut round, and of the same colour with his hair, somewhat lighter. He was carried in a rich chariot without wheels, litter-wise; with two horses at either end, richly trapped in blue velvet embroidered; and two footmen on each side in the like attire. The chariot was all of cedar, gilt, and adorned with crystal; save that the fore-end had panels of sapphires, set in borders of gold; and the hinder-end the like of emeralds of the Peru colour. There was also a sun of gold, radiant, upon the top, in the midst; and on the top before, a small cherub of gold, with wings displayed. The chariot was covered with cloth of gold tissue upon blue. He had before him fifty attendants, young men all, in white satin loose coats to the mid leg; and stockings of white silk; and shoes of blue velvet; and hats of blue velvet; with fine plumes of diverse colours, set round like hat-bands. Next before the chariot, went two men, bare-headed, in linen garments down the foot, girt, and shoes of blue velvet; who carried, the one a crosier, the other a pastoral staff like a sheep-hook; neither of them of metal, but the crosier of balm-wood, the pastoral staff of cedar. Horsemen he had none, neither before nor behind his chariot: as it seemeth, to avoid all tumult and trouble. Behind his chariot went all the officers and principals of the companies of the city. He sat alone, upon cushions of a kind of excellent plush, blue; and under his foot curious carpets of silk of diverse colours, like the Persian, but far finer. He held up his bare hand as he went, as blessing the people, but in silence. The street was wonderfully well kept: so that there was never any army had their men stand in better battle-array than the people stood. The windows likewise were not crowded, but every one stood in them as if they had been placed.

When the shew was past, the Jew said to me; "I shall not be able to attend you as I would, in regard of some charge the city hath laid upon me, for the entertaining of this great person." Three days after the Jew came to me again, and said; "Ye are happy men; for the Father of Salomon's House taketh knowledge of your being here, and commanded me to tell you that he will admit all your company to his presence, and have private conference with one of you, that ye shall choose: and for this hath appointed the next day after to-morrow. And because he meaneth to give you his blessing, he hath appointed it in the forenoon."

We came at our day and hour, and I was chosen by my fellows for the private access. We found him in a fair chamber, richly hanged, and carpeted under foot without any degrees to the state. He was set upon a low Throne richly adorned, and a rich cloth of state over

his head, of blue satin embroidered. He was alone, save that he had two pages of honour, on either hand one, finely attired in white. His under garments were the like that we saw him wear in the chariot; but instead of his gown, he had on him a mantle with a cape, of the same fine black, fastened about him. When we came in, as we were taught, we bowed low at our first entrance; and when we were come near his chair, he stood up, holding forth his hand ungloved, and in posture of blessing; and we every one of us stooped down, and kissed the hem of his tippet. That done, the rest departed, and I remained. Then he warned the pages forth of the room, and caused me to sit down beside him, and spake to me thus in the Spanish tongue.

“God bless thee, my son; I will give thee the greatest jewel I have. For I will impart unto thee, for the love of God and men, a relation of the true state of Salomon’s House. Son, to make you know the true state of Salomon’s House, I will keep this order. First, I will set forth unto you the end of our foundation. Secondly, the preparations and instruments we have for our works. Thirdly, the several employments and functions whereto our fellows are assigned. And fourthly, the ordinances and rites which we observe.

“The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible.

“The Preparations and Instruments are these. We have large and deep caves of several depths: the deepest are sunk six hundred fathom: and some of them are digged and made under great hills and mountains: so that if you reckon together the depth of the hill and the depth of the cave, they are (some of them) above three miles deep. For we find, that the depth of a hill, and the depth of a cave from the flat, is the same thing; both remote alike, from the sun and heaven’s beams, and from the open air. These caves we call the Lower Region; and we use them for all coagulations, indurations, refrigerations, and conservations of bodies. We use them likewise for the imitation of natural mines; and the producing also of new artificial metals, by compositions and materials which we use, and lay there for many years. We use them also sometimes, (which may seem strange,) for curing of some diseases, and for prolongation of life in some hermits that choose to live there, well accommodated of all things necessary, and indeed live very long; by whom also we learn many things.

“We have burials in several earths, where we put diverse cements, as the Chinese do their porcellain. But we have them in greater variety, and some of them more fine. We have also great variety of composts

and soils, for the making of the earth fruitful.

“We have high towers; the highest about half a mile in height; and some of them likewise set upon high mountains; so that the vantage of the hill with the tower is in the highest of them three miles at least. And these places we call the Upper Region; accounting the air between the high places and the low, as a Middle Region. We use these towers, according to their several heights, and situations, for insolation, refrigeration, conservation; and for the view of divers meteors; as winds, rain, snow, hail; and some of the fiery meteors also. And upon them, in some places, are dwellings of hermits, whom we visit sometimes, and instruct what to observe.

“We have great lakes, both salt, and fresh; whereof we have use for the fish and fowl. We use them also for burials of some natural bodies: for we find a difference in things buried in earth or in air below the earth, and things buried in water. We have also pools, of which some do strain fresh water out of salt; and others by art do turn fresh water into salt. We have also some rocks in the midst of the sea, and some bays upon the shore for some works, wherein is required the air and vapor of the sea. We have likewise violent streams and cataracts, which serve us for many motions: and likewise engines for multiplying and enforcing of winds, to set also on going diverse motions.

“We have also a number of artificial wells and fountains, made in imitation of the natural sources and baths; as tinted upon vitriol, sulphur, steel, brass, lead, nitre, and other minerals. And again we have little wells for infusions of many things, where the waters take the virtue quicker and better, than in vessels or basins. And amongst them we have a water which we call Water of Paradise, being, by that we do to it made very sovereign for health, and prolongation of life.

“We have also great and spacious houses where we imitate and demonstrate meteors; as snow, hail, rain, some artificial rains of bodies and not of water, thunders, lightnings; also generations of bodies in air; as frogs, flies, and divers others.

“We have also certain chambers, which we call Chambers of Health, where we qualify the air as we think good and proper for the cure of divers diseases, and preservation of health.

“We have also fair and large baths, of several mixtures, for the cure of diseases, and the restoring of man’s body from arefaction: and others for the confirming of it in strength of sinewes, vital parts, and the very juice and substance of the body.

“We have also large and various orchards and gardens; wherein we do not so much respect beauty, as variety of ground and soil, proper for divers trees and herbs: and some very spacious, where trees and berries are set whereof we make divers kinds of drinks, besides the vineyards. In these we practise likewise all conclusions of grafting, and inoculating as well of wild-trees as fruit-trees, which produceth many effects. And we make (by art) in the same orchards and gardens, trees and flowers to come earlier or later than their seasons; and to come up and bear more speedily than by their natural course they do. We make them also by art greater much than their nature; and their fruit greater and sweeter and of differing taste, smell, colour, and figure, from their nature. And many of them we so order, as they become of medicinal use.

“We have also means to make divers plants rise by mixtures of earths without seeds; and likewise to make divers new plants, differing from the vulgar; and to make one tree or plant turn into another.

“We have also parks and enclosures of all sorts of beasts and birds which we use not only for view or rareness, but likewise for dissections and trials; that thereby we may take light what may be wrought upon the body of man. Wherein we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seem dead in appearance; and the like. We try also all poisons and other medicines upon them, as well of chirurgery, as physic. By art likewise, we make them greater or taller than their kind is; and contrariwise dwarf them, and stay their growth: we make them more fruitful and bearing than their kind is; and contrariwise barren and not generative. Also we make them differ in colour, shape, activity, many ways. We find means to make commixtures and copulations of different kinds; which have produced many new kinds, and them not barren, as the general opinion is. We make a number of kinds of serpents, worms, flies, fishes, of putrefaction; whereof some are advanced (in effect) to be perfect creatures, like bests or birds; and have sexes, and do propagate. Neither do we this by chance, but we know beforehand, of what matter and commixture what kind of those creatures will arise.

“We have also particular pools, where we make trials upon fishes, as we have said before of beasts and birds.

“We have also places for breed and generation of those kinds of worms and flies which are of special use; such as are with you your silk-worms and bees.

“I will not hold you long with recounting of our brewhouses, bake-houses, and kitchens, where are made divers drinks, breads, and meats, rare and of special effects. Wines we have of grapes; and drinks of other juice of fruits, of grains, and of roots; and of mixtures with honey, sugar, manna, and fruits dried, and decocted; Also of the tears or woundings of trees; and of the pulp of canes. And these drinks are of several ages, some to the age or last of forty years. We have drinks also brewed with several herbs, and roots, and spices; yea with several fleshes, and white-meats; whereof some of the drinks are such, as they are in effect meat and drink both: so that divers, especially in age, do desire to live with them, with little or no meat or bread. And above all, we strive to have drink of extreme thin parts, to insinuate into the body, and yet without all biting, sharpness, or fretting; insomuch as some of them put upon the back of your hand will, with a little stay, pass through to the palm, and yet taste mild to the mouth. We have also waters which we ripen in that fashion, as they become nourishing; so that they are indeed excellent drink; and many will use no other. Breads we have of several grains, roots, and kernels; yea and some of flesh and fish dried; with divers kinds of leavenings and seasonings: so that some do extremely move appetites; some do nourish so, as divers do live of them, without any other meat; who live very long. So for meats, we have some of them so beaten and made tender and mortified, yet without all corrupting, as a weak heat of the stomach will turn them into good chylus; as well as a strong heat would meat otherwise prepared. We have some meats also and breads and drinks, which taken by men enable them to fast long after; and some other, that used make the very flesh of men’s bodies sensibly’ more hard and tough and their strength far greater than otherwise it would be.

“We have dispensatories, or shops of medicines. Wherein you may easily think, if we have such variety of plants and living creatures more than you have in Europe, (for we know what you have,) the simples, drugs, and ingredients of medicines, must likewise be in so much the greater variety. We have them likewise of divers ages, and long fermentations. And for their preparations, we have not only all manner of exquisite distillations and separations, and especially by gentle heats and percolations through divers strainers, yea and substances; but also exact forms of composition, whereby they incorporate almost, as they were natural simples.

“We have also divers mechanical arts, which you have not; and stuffs made by them; as papers, linen, silks, tissues; dainty works of feathers of wonderful lustre; excellent dies, and, many others; and shops likewise, as well for such as are not brought into vulgar use amongst

us as for those that are. For you must know that of the things before recited, many of them are grown into use throughout the kingdom; but yet, if they did flow from our invention, we have of them also for patterns and principals.

”We have also furnaces of great diversities, and that keep great diversity of heats; fierce and quick; strong and constant; soft and mild; blown, quiet; dry, moist; and the like. But above all, we have heats, in imitation of the Sun’s and heavenly bodies’ heats, that pass divers inequalities, and (as it were) orbs, progresses, and returns, whereby we produce admirable effects. Besides, we have heats of dungs; and of bellies and maws of living creatures, and of their bloods and bodies; and of hays and herbs laid up moist; of lime unquenched; and such like. Instruments also which generate heat only by motion. And farther, places for strong insulations; and again, places under the earth, which by nature, or art, yield heat. These divers heats we use, as the nature of the operation, which we intend, requireth.

“We have also perspective-houses, where we make demonstrations of all lights and radiations; and of all colours: and out of things uncoloured and transparent, we can represent unto you all several colours; not in rain-bows, (as it is in gems, and prisms,) but of themselves single. We represent also all multiplications of light, which we carry to great distance, and make so sharp as to discern small points and lines. Also all colourations of light; all delusions and deceits of the sight, in figures, magnitudes, motions, colours all demonstrations of shadows. We find also divers means, yet unknown to you, of producing of light originally from divers bodies. We procure means of seeing objects afar off; as in the heaven and remote places; and represent things near as afar off; and things afar off as near; making feigned distances. We have also helps for the sight, far above spectacles and glasses in use. We have also glasses and means to see small and minute bodies perfectly and distinctly; as the shapes and colours of small flies and worms, grains and flaws in gems, which cannot otherwise be seen, observations in urine and blood not otherwise to be seen. We make artificial rain-bows, halo’s, and circles about light. We represent also all manner of reflexions, refractions, and multiplications of visual beams of objects.

”We have also precious stones of all kinds, many of them of great beauty, and to you unknown; crystals likewise; and glasses of divers kinds; and amongst them some of metals vitrified, and other materials besides those of which you make glass. Also a number of fossils, and imperfect minerals, which you have not. Likewise loadstones of prodigious virtue; and other rare stones, both natural and artificial.

“We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds, and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have, together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it: and some that give back the voice louder than it came, some shriller, and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

“We have also perfume-houses; wherewith we join also practices of taste. We multiply smells, which may seem strange. We imitate smells, making all smells to breathe out of other mixtures than those that give them. We make divers imitations of taste likewise, so that they will deceive any man’s taste. And in this house we contain also a confiture-house; where we make all sweet-meats, dry and moist; and divers pleasant wines, milks, broths, and sallets; in far greater variety than you have.

“We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practise to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets or any engine that you have: and to make them and multiply them more easily, and with small force, by wheels and other means: and to make them stronger and more violent than yours are; exceeding your greatest cannons and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war, and engines of all kinds: and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gun-powder, wild-fires burning in water, and unquenchable. Also fireworks of all variety both for pleasure and use. We imitate also flights of birds; we have some degrees of flying in the air. We have ships and boats for going under water, and brooking of seas; also swimming-girdles and supporters. We have divers curious clocks, and other like motions of return: and some perpetual motions. We imitate also motions of living creatures, by images, of men, beasts, birds, fishes, and serpents. We have also a great number of other various motions, strange for equality, fineness, and subtilty.

“We have also a mathematical house, where are represented all instruments, as well of geometry as astronomy, exquisitely made.

“We have also houses of deceits of the senses; where we represent all manner of feats of juggling, false apparitions, impostures, and illusions; and their fallacies. And surely you will easily believe that we that have so many things truly natural which induce admiration, could in a world of particulars deceive the senses, if we would disguise those things and labour to make them seem more miraculous. But we do hate all impostures, and lies; insomuch as we have severely forbidden it to all our fellows, under pain of ignominy and fines, that they do not show any natural work or thing, adorned or swelling; but only pure as it is, and without all affectation of strangeness.

“These are (my son) the riches of Salomon’s House.

“For the several employments and offices of our fellows; we have twelve that sail into foreign countries, under the names of other nations, (for our own we conceal); who bring us the books, and abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all other parts. These we call Merchants of Light.

“We have three that collect the experiments which are in all books. These we call Depredators.

”We have three that collect the experiments of all mechanical arts; and also of liberal sciences; and also of practices which are not brought into arts. These we call Mystery-men.

“We have three that try new experiments, such as themselves think good. These we call Pioneers or Miners.

“We have three that draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them. These we call Compilers.

“We have three that bend themselves, looking into the experiments of their fellows, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practise for man’s life, and knowledge, as well for works as for plain demonstration of causes, means of natural divinations, and the easy and clear discovery of the virtues and parts of bodies. These we call Dowry-men or Benefactors.

“Then after divers meetings and consults of our whole number, to consider of the former labours and collections, we have three that take care, out of them, to direct new experiments, of a higher light, more penetrating into nature than the former. These we call Lamps.

“We have three others that do execute the experiments so directed, and report them. These we call Inoculators.

“Lastly, we have three that raise the former discoveries by experiments into greater observations, axioms, and aphorisms. These we call Interpreters of Nature.

“We have also, as you must think, novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men do not fail; besides, a great number of servants and attendants, men and women. And this we do also: we have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and which not: and take all an oath of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the state and some not.

“For our ordinances and rites: we have two very long and fair galleries: in one of these we place patterns and samples of all manner of the more rare and excellent inventions, and in the other we place the statues of all principal inventors. There we have the statue of your Columbus, that discovered the West Indies: also the inventor of ships: your monk that was the inventor of ordnance and of gunpowder: the inventor of music: the inventor of letters: the inventor of printing: the inventor of observations of astronomy: the inventor of works in metal: the inventor of glass: the inventor of silk of the worm: the inventor of wine: the inventor of corn and bread: the inventor of sugars: and all these, by more certain tradition than you have. Then have we divers inventors of our own, of excellent works; which since you have not seen, it were too long to make descriptions of them; and besides, in the right understanding of those descriptions you might easily err. For upon every invention of value, we erect a statue to the inventor, and give him a liberal and honourable reward. These statues are some of brass; some of marble and touch-stone; some of cedar and other special woods gilt and adorned; some of iron; some of silver; some of gold.

“We have certain hymns and services, which we say daily, of Lord and thanks to God for his marvellous works: and forms of prayers, imploring his aid and blessing for the illumination of our labours, and the turning of them into good and holy uses.

“Lastly, we have circuits or visits of divers principal cities of the kingdom; where, as it cometh to pass, we do publish such new profitable inventions as we think good. And we do also declare natural divinations of diseases, plagues, swarms-of hurtful creatures, scarcity, tempests, earthquakes, great inundations, comets, temperature of the year, and divers other things; and we give counsel thereupon, what the people

shall do for the prevention and remedy of them.”

And when he had said this, he stood up; and I, as I had been taught, kneeled down, and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said; ”God bless thee, my son; and God bless this relation, which I have made. I give thee leave to publish it for the good of other nations; for we here are in God’s bosom, a land unknown.” And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats, for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions.

[The rest was not perfected.]

William Shakespeare,
The Tempest

William Shakespeare (1564-1616), the greatest writer in English and perhaps the greatest dramatist of all time, wrote 39 plays (some with collaborators), 154 sonnets, and other poetry. His father was a glover, and his mother came from a Catholic family. They lived in a prosperous market town in the English Midlands, Stratford-upon-Avon. The town's grammar school would have provided William with an excellent education in oratory, rhetoric, and classical literature. At 18, he married 26-year-old Anne Hathaway. They had a daughter, Susanna (six months after their wedding), and not two years later, twins were born, Judith and Hamnet (who died at 11). Sometime after losing his only son, Shakespeare would have begun his career in London as an actor, playwright, and part-owner of a playing company called the Lord Chamberlain's Men, which became the King's Men after the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of King James in 1603. He seems to have produced his plays between 1589 and 1613—comedies, histories, tragedies. Outbreaks of the plague shut down theater performances periodically throughout these years.

Most of his last plays belong to a hybrid tragicomic genre that has been called "romance." One of these is *The Tempest*, the last of his solo-authored plays. It is a valedictory work, in which Shakespeare explores his great themes of forgiveness and reconciliation, the power of artistic creation, the possibilities for redemption in politics. Given the recently established British colonies in North America, Shakespeare also addresses colonialism and the new world dawning before old Europe

Characters in the Play

PROSPERO, the former duke of Milan, now a magician on a Mediterranean island

MIRANDA, Prospero's daughter

ARIEL, a spirit, servant to Prospero

CALIBAN, an inhabitant of the island, servant to Prospero

FERDINAND, prince of Naples

ALONSO, king of Naples

ANTONIO, duke of Milan and Prospero's brother

SEBASTIAN, Alonso's brother

GONZALO, councillor to Alonso and friend to Prospero

ADRIAN courtier in attendance on Alonso

FRANCISCO courtier in attendance on Alonso

TRINCULO, servant to Alonso

STEPHANO, Alonso's butler

SHIPMASTER

BOATSWAIN

MARINERS Players who, as spirits, take the roles of Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs, and Reapers in Prospero's masque, and who, in other scenes, take the roles of "islanders" and of hunting dogs

ACT 1

Scene 1

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard. Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

MASTER Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN Here, master. What cheer?

MASTER Good, speak to th' mariners. Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground. Bestir, bestir!

He exits.

Enter Mariners.

BOATSWAIN Heigh, my hearts! Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! Yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to th' Master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

ALONSO Good boatswain, have care. Where's the Master? Play the men.

BOATSWAIN I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO Where is the Master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN Do you not hear him? You mar our labor. Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm.

GONZALO Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! Trouble us not.

GONZALO Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN None that I more love than myself. You are a councillor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say! *He exits.*

GONZALO I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him. His complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging. Make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

He exits with Alonso, Sebastian, and the other courtiers.

Enter Boatswain.

BOATSWAIN Down with the topmast! Yare! Lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main course. (*A cry within.*) A plague upon this howling! They are louder than the weather or our office.

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN Work you, then.

ANTONIO Hang, cur, hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GONZALO I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

BOATSWAIN Lay her ahold, ahold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again! Lay her off!

Enter more Mariners, wet.

MARINERS All lost! To prayers, to prayers! All lost!

Mariners exit.

BOATSWAIN What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO The King and Prince at prayers. Let's assist them, for our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN I am out of patience.

ANTONIO We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.
This wide-chopped rascal—would thou
mightst lie drowning the washing of ten tides!

Boatswain exits.

GONZALO He'll be hanged yet, though every drop of
water swear against it and gape at wid'st to glut him.

A confused noise within: "Mercy on us!"—"We split, we
split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—
"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we
split!"

ANTONIO Let's all sink wi' th' King.

SEBASTIAN Let's take leave of him.

He exits with Antonio.

GONZALO Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown
furze, anything. The wills above be done, but I
would fain die a dry death.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

MIRANDA If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! A brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.

PROSPERO Be collected.
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA O, woe the day!

PROSPERO No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

MIRANDA More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand
And pluck my magic garment from me.

Putting aside his cloak.

So, lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes. Have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down,
For thou must now know farther.

They sit.

MIRANDA You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding “Stay. Not yet.”

PROSPERO The hour's now come.
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO By what? By any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA 'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

MIRANDA But that I do not.

PROSPERO Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter. And thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?

PROSPERO Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou sayst, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

MIRANDA O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you,
farther.

PROSPERO My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t' advance, and who
To trash for overtopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new formed 'em, having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
To what tune pleased his ear, that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And sucked my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature, and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who, having into truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' substitution
And executing th' outward face of royalty
With all prerogative. Hence, his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates,
So dry he was for sway, wi' th' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,

Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA O, the heavens!

PROSPERO Mark his condition and th' event. Then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIRANDA I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother.
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was that he, in lieu o' th' premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother; whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to th' purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and i' th' dead of darkness
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again. It is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

PROSPERO Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's, without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIRANDA Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO Well demanded, wench.
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared

A rotten carcass of a butt, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it. There they hoist us
To cry to th' sea that roared to us, to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned, which raised in me
An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA How came we ashore?

PROSPERO By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much. So, of his gentleness, Knowing I loved
my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA Would I might
But ever see that man.

PROSPERO, *standing* Now I arise.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA Heavens thank you for 't. And now I pray you, sir—
For still 'tis beating in my mind—your reason
For raising this sea storm?

PROSPERO Know thus far forth:
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,

Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dullness,
And give it way. I know thou canst not choose.

*Miranda falls asleep.
Prospero puts on his cloak.*

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel. Come.

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL All hail, great master! Grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure. Be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROSPERO Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL To every article.
I boarded the King's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightning, the precursors
O' th' dreadful thunderclaps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not. The fire and cracks
Of sulfurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

ARIEL Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

Then all afire with me. The King's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leaped; cried "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL Close by, my master.

PROSPERO But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL Not a hair perished.
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

He folds his arms.

PROSPERO Of the King's ship,
The mariners say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' th' fleet.

ARIEL Safely in harbor
Is the King's ship. In the deep nook, where once
Thou called'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep. And for the rest o' th' fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wracked
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed. But there's more work.
What is the time o' th' day?

ARIEL Past the mid season.

PROSPERO At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

ARIEL Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

PROSPERO How now? Moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

ARIEL My liberty.

PROSPERO Before the time be out? No more.

ARIEL I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou did promise
To bate me a full year.

PROSPERO Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL No.

PROSPERO Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To do me business in the veins o' th' Earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL I do not, sir.

PROSPERO Thou liest, malignant thing. Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL No, sir.

PROSPERO Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak. Tell me.

ARIEL Sir, in Argier.

PROSPERO O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished. For one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL Ay, sir.

PROSPERO This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant,
And for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honored with
A human shape.

ARIEL Yes, Caliban, her son.

PROSPERO Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in. Thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARIEL I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.

ARIEL Pardon, master.
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARIEL That's my noble master.
What shall I do? Say, what? What shall I do?

PROSPERO Go make thyself like a nymph o' th' sea. Be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible

To every eyeball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't. Go, hence with diligence!

Ariel exits.

Awake, dear heart, awake. Thou hast slept well.
Awake.

Miranda wakes.

MIRANDA The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROSPERO Shake it off. Come on,
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA, *rising* 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him. He does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho, slave, Caliban!
Thou earth, thou, speak!

CALIBAN, *within* There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO Come forth, I say. There's other business for thee.
Come, thou tortoise. When?

Enter Ariel like a water nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

He whispers to Ariel.

ARIEL My lord, it shall be done.

He exits.

PROSPERO, *to Caliban*
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

CALIBAN As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both. A southwest blow on you
And blister you all o'er.

PROSPERO For this, be sure, tonight thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up. Urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by Sycorax, my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou cam'st first,
Thou strok'st me and made much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light and how the less,
That burn by day and night. And then I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you,
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

PROSPERO Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with humane care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

CALIBAN O ho, O ho! Would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me. I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

MIRANDA Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with. Therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN You taught me language, and my profit on 't
Is I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

PROSPERO Hagseed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN No, pray thee.

Aside.
I must obey. His art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO So, slave, hence.

Caliban exits.

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and singing.

Song.

ARIEL *Come unto these yellow sands,*

And then take hands.

Curtisied when you have, and kissed

The wild waves whist.

Foot it featly here and there,

And sweet sprites bear

The burden. Hark, hark!

Burden dispersedly, within: Bow-wow.

The watchdogs bark.

Burden dispersedly, within: Bow-wow.

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry cock-a-diddle-dow.

FERDINAND Where should this music be? I' th' air, or th' earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air. Thence I have followed it,

Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Song.

ARIEL *Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made.
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Burden, within: Ding dong.
Hark, now I hear them: ding dong bell.*

FERDINAND The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the Earth owes. I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO, *to Miranda*
The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIRANDA What is 't? A spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO No, wench, it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stained
With grief—that's beauty's canker—thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO, *aside* It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. *To Ariel.* Spirit, fine spirit,
I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND, *seeing Miranda* Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here. My prime request,

Which I do last pronounce, is—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no.

MIRANDA No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND My language! Heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO How? The best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep. Myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The King my father wracked.

MIRANDA Alack, for mercy!

FERDINAND Yes, faith, and all his lords, the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROSPERO, *aside* The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. *To Ferdinand.* A word, good sir.
I fear you have done yourself some wrong. A word.

MIRANDA Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for. Pity move my father
To be inclined my way.

FERDINAND O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PROSPERO Soft, sir, one word more.
Aside. They are both in either's powers. But this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. *To Ferdinand.* One word more. I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

FERDINAND No, as I am a man!

MIRANDA There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand* Follow me.
To Miranda. Speak not you for him. He's a traitor.
To Ferdinand. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.
Sea water shalt thou drink. Thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND No,
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

MIRANDA O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

PROSPERO What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIRANDA Beseech you, father—

PROSPERO Hence! Hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA Sir, have pity.
I'll be his surety.

PROSPERO Silence! One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? Hush.
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench,
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA My affections
Are then most humble. I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand* Come on, obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigor in them.

FERDINAND So they are.
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' th' Earth
Let liberty make use of. Space enough
Have I in such a prison.

PROSPERO, *aside* It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel.—Follow me.
To Ariel. Hark what thou else shalt do me.

MIRANDA, *to Ferdinand* Be of comfort.
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech. This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO, *to Ariel* Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARIEL To th' syllable.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand*
Come follow. *To Miranda.* Speak not for him.

They exit.

ACT 2

Scene 1

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

GONZALO, *to Alonso*

Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause—
So have we all—of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe. But for the miracle—
I mean our preservation—few in millions
Can speak like us. Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonio* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit.
By and by it will strike.

GONZALO, *to Alonso* Sir—

SEBASTIAN One. Tell.

GONZALO When every grief is entertained that's offered,
comes to th' entertainer—

SEBASTIAN A dollar.

GONZALO Dolour comes to him indeed. You have spoken
truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO, *to Alonso* Therefore, my lord—

ANTONIO Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

ALONSO, *to Gonzalo* I prithee, spare.

GONZALO Well, I have done. But yet—

SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonio* He will be talking.

ANTONIO, *aside to Sebastian* Which, of he or Adrian,
for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN The old cock.

ANTONIO The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?

ANTONIO A laughter.

SEBASTIAN A match!

ADRIAN Though this island seem to be desert—

ANTONIO Ha, ha, ha.

SEBASTIAN So. You're paid.

ADRIAN Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible—

SEBASTIAN Yet—

ADRIAN Yet—

ANTONIO He could not miss 't.

ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

ANTONIO Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

ADRIAN The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO True, save means to live.

SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!

ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in 't.

ANTONIO He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

SEBASTIAN As many vouched rarities are.

GONZALO That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

ANTONIO If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADRIAN Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GONZALO Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO Widow? A pox o' that! How came that "widow" in? Widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN What if he had said "widower Aeneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN, *to Gonzalo* "Widow Dido," said you? You make me study of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN Carthage?

GONZALO I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO His word is more than the miraculous harp.

SEBASTIAN He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANTONIO What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

ANTONIO And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GONZALO Ay.

ANTONIO Why, in good time.

GONZALO, *to Alonso* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO O, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO, *to Alonso* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO That "sort" was well fished for.

GONZALO, *to Alonso* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

ALONSO You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there, for coming thence
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her.—O, thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoll'n that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African,

Where she at least is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

ALONSO Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience at
Which end o' th' beam should bow. We have lost
your son,
I fear, forever. Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them.
The fault's your own.

ALONSO So is the dear'st o' th' loss.

GONZALO My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in. You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN Very well.

ANTONIO And most chirurgeonly.

GONZALO, *to Alonso*
It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN Foul weather?

ANTONIO Very foul.

GONZALO Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—

ANTONIO He'd sow 't with nettle seed.

SEBASTIAN Or docks, or mallows.

GONZALO And were the king on 't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

GONZALO I' th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty—

SEBASTIAN Yet he would be king on 't.

ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

GONZALO All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO None, man, all idle: whores and knaves.

GONZALO I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T' excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN 'Save his Majesty!

ANTONIO Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO And do you mark me, sir?

ALONSO Prithee, no more. Thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO I do well believe your Highness, and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of
such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use
to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO 'Twas you we laughed at.

GONZALO Who in this kind of merry fooling am
nothing to you. So you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

ANTONIO What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN An it had not fallen flatlong.

GONZALO You are gentlemen of brave mettle. You
would lift the moon out of her sphere if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel invisible, playing solemn music.

SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-batfowling.

ANTONIO, *to Gonzalo* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep?
For I am very heavy.

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us.

*All sink down asleep except Alonso,
Antonio, and Sebastian.*

ALONSO What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIO We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

Alonso sleeps. Ariel exits.

SEBASTIAN What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO It is the quality o' th' climate.

SEBASTIAN Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find
Not myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO Nor I. My spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent.
They dropped as by a thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might—? No more.
And yet methinks I see it in thy face
What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open-standing, speaking, moving-
And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather, wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN Thou dost snore distinctly.
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANTONIO I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN Do so. To ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO
O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it, how in stripping it
You more invest it. Ebbing men indeed
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN Prithee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance-this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed-hath here almost persuaded-
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade-the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN I have no hope
That he's undrowned.

ANTONIO
O, out of that no hope
What great hope have you! No hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

SEBASTIAN He's gone.

ANTONIO Then tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN Claribel.

ANTONIO She that is Queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i' th' moon's too slow—till newborn chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN What stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis,
So is she heir of Naples, 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANTONIO A space whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis
And let Sebastian wake." Say this were death
That now hath seized them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps, lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo. I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do, what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN Methinks I do.

ANTONIO And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO True,
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO Ay, sir, where lies that? If 'twere a kibe,
'Twould put me to my slipper, but I feel not
This deity in my bosom. Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon.
If he were that which now he's like—that's dead—
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed forever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword. One stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

ANTONIO Draw together,
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

They draw their swords.

SEBASTIAN O, but one word.

They talk apart.

Enter Ariel, invisible, with music and song.

ARIEL, *to the sleeping Gonzalo*
My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

Sings in Gonzalo's ear:

*While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake!*

ANTONIO, *to Sebastian* Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO, *waking* Now, good angels preserve the King!

He wakes Alonso.

ALONSO, *to Sebastian*

Why, how now, ho! Awake? Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO, *to Sebastian* What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions. Did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO I heard nothing.

ANTONIO O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake. Sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shaked you, sir, and cried. As mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn. There was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.

GONZALO Heavens keep him from these beasts,
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

ALONSO Lead away.

ARIEL, *aside*

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

They exit.

Scene 2

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of
thunder heard.*

CALIBAN All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall. Sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.
Perchance he will not mind me.

He lies down and covers himself with a cloak.

Enter Trinculo.

TRINCULO Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all. And another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' th' wind. Yond same black cloud, yond
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide my head. Yond same cloud
cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. *Noticing Caliban.*
What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient
and fishlike smell, a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-John.
A strange fish. Were I in England now, as once
I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday
fool there but would give a piece of silver. There
would this monster make a man. Any strange beast

there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man, and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.

Thunder. Alas, the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine. There is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

He crawls under Caliban's cloak.

Enter Stephano singing.

STEPHANO

I shall no more to sea, to sea.

Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here's my comfort.

Drinks.

Sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate.

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"

She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too. But here's my comfort.

Drinks.

CALIBAN Do not torment me! O!

STEPHANO What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind? Ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs, for it hath been said "As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground," and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at' nostrils.

CALIBAN The spirit torments me. O!

STEPHANO This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee. I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him. He shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt anon; I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO Come on your ways. Open your mouth. Here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly. *Caliban drinks.* You cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps again.

TRINCULO I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

STEPHANO Four legs and two voices—a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend. His backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. *Caliban drinks.* Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO Stephano!

STEPHANO Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy, this is a devil, and no monster! I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRINCULO Stephano! If thou be'st Stephano, touch me and speak to me, for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. *He pulls him out from under Caliban's cloak.* Thou art very Trinculo indeed. How cam'st thou to be the siege of this mooncalf? Can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

STEPHANO Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN, *aside* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

He crawls out from under the cloak.

STEPHANO, *to Trinculo* How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou cam'st hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO, *to Trinculo* Here. Swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO Here, kiss the book.

Trinculo drinks.

Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.—How now, mooncalf, how does thine ague?

CALIBAN Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

STEPHANO Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' th' moon when time was.

CALIBAN I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee. My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

STEPHANO Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Caliban drinks.

TRINCULO By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him? A very weak monster. The man i' th' moon? A most poor, credulous monster! —Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

CALIBAN I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island, and I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster. When 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO Come on, then. Down, and swear.

Caliban kneels.

TRINCULO I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster. I could find in my heart to beat him—

STEPHANO Come, kiss.

TRINCULO —but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster.

CALIBAN I'll show thee the best springs. I'll pluck thee berries. I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve. I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

CALIBAN, *standing*

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking.—Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here, bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN *sings drunkenly*

Farewell, master, farewell, farewell.

TRINCULO A howling monster, a drunken monster.

CALIBAN *sings*

*No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master. Get a new man.*

Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO O brave monster! Lead the way.

They exit.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Ferdinand bearing a log.

FERDINAND There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unobserved.

MIRANDA Alas now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile.
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study. Pray now, rest yourself.
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that.
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA It would become me
As well as it does you, and I should do it

With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO, *aside* Poor worm, thou art infected.
This visitation shows it.

MIRANDA You look wearily.

FERDINAND No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

MIRANDA Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

MIRANDA I do not know
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skillless of, but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think a king—
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:

The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA Do you love me?

FERDINAND O heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief. I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' th' world,
Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO, *aside* Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections. Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND Wherefore
weep you?

MIRANDA At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife if you will marry me.
If not, I'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND My mistress, dearest, and I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA My husband, then?

FERDINAND Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my hand.

MIRANDA, *clasping his hand*
And mine, with my heart in 't. And now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND A thousand thousand.

They exit.

PROSPERO So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere suppertime must I perform
Much business appertaining.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

STEPHANO, *to Trinculo* Tell not me. When the butt is
out, we will drink water; not a drop before. Therefore
bear up and board 'em.—Servant monster,
drink to me.

TRINCULO Servant monster? The folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three
of them. If th' other two be brained like us, the state
totters.

STEPHANO Drink, servant monster, when I bid thee.
Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Caliban drinks.

TRINCULO Where should they be set else? He were a
brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO My man-monster hath drowned his tongue
in sack. For my part, the sea cannot drown me. I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my
lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRINCULO Your lieutenant, if you list. He's no standard.

STEPHANO We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO Nor go neither. But you'll lie like dogs, and
yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou
be'st a good mooncalf.

CALIBAN How does thy Honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll
not serve him; he is not valiant.

TRINCULO Thou liest, most ignorant monster. I am in
case to justle a constable. Why, thou debauched

fish, thou! Was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I today? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN Lo, how he mocks me! Wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO "Lord," quoth he? That a monster should be such a natural!

CALIBAN Lo, lo again! Bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head. If you prove a mutineer, the next tree. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to harken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STEPHANO Marry, will I. Kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel, invisible.

CALIBAN, *kneeling* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL, *in Trinculo's voice* Thou liest.

CALIBAN, *to Trinculo* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou. *He stands.* I would my valiant master would destroy thee. I do not lie.

STEPHANO Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO Mum then, and no more. *Trinculo stands aside.* Proceed.

CALIBAN I say by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it. If thy Greatness will, Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'st, But this thing dare not.

STEPHANO That's most certain.

CALIBAN Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN Yea, yea, my lord. I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARIEL, *in Trinculo's voice* Thou liest. Thou canst not.

CALIBAN What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch!— I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows And take his bottle from him. When that's gone, He shall drink naught but brine, for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO Trinculo, run into no further danger. Interrupt the monster one word further, and by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stockfish of thee.

TRINCULO Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL, *in Trinculo's voice* Thou liest.

STEPHANO Do I so? Take thou that. *He beats Trinculo.* As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO I did not give the lie! Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO Now forward with your tale. *To Trinculo.* Prithee, stand further off.

CALIBAN Beat him enough. After a little time I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO Stand farther. *Trinculo moves farther away.* Come, proceed.

CALIBAN Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep. There thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books, or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his weasand with thy knife. Remember
 First to possess his books, for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command. They all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
 He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider is
 The beauty of his daughter. He himself
 Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
 But only Sycorax my dam and she;
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
 As great'st does least.

STEPHANO Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
 And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO Monster, I will kill this man. His daughter
 and I will be king and queen—save our Graces!—
 and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost
 thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO Excellent.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee.
 But while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy
 head.

CALIBAN Within this half hour will he be asleep.
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO Ay, on mine honor.

ARIEL, *aside* This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN Thou mak'st me merry. I am full of pleasure.
 Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
 You taught me but whilere?

STEPHANO At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
 any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

*Flout 'em and cout 'em
 And scout 'em and flout 'em!
 Thought is free.*

CALIBAN That's not the tune.

Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

STEPHANO What is this same?

TRINCULO This is the tune of our catch played by the picture of Nobody.

STEPHANO, *to the invisible musician* If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness. If thou be'st a devil, take 't as thou list.

TRINCULO O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO He that dies pays all debts.—I defy thee!—
Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO That shall be by and by. I remember the story.

TRINCULO The sound is going away. Let's follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANO Lead, monster. We'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer. He lays it on. Wilt come?

TRINCULO I'll follow, Stephano.

They exit.

Scene 3

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, etc.*

GONZALO By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir.
My old bones aches. Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forthrights and meanders. By your
patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO Old lord, I cannot blame thee.
Who am myself attached with weariness
To th' dulling of my spirits. Sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer. He is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO, *aside to Sebastian*
I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved t' effect.

SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonio* The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO, *aside to Sebastian* Let it be tonight;
For now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN, *aside to Antonio* I say tonight. No more.

*Solemn and strange music, and enter Prospero on the
top invisible.*

ALONSO What harmony is this? My good friends, hark.

GONZALO Marvelous sweet music!

*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet, and
dance about it with gentle actions of salutations.*

ALONSO Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN A living drollery! Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO, *aside* Honest lord,
Thou hast said well, for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

ALONSO I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO, *aside* Praise in departing.

Inviting the King, etc., to eat, the shapes depart.

FRANCISCO They vanished strangely.

SEBASTIAN No matter, since
They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO Not I.

GONZALO Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dewlapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? Or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? Which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO I will stand to and feed.
Although my last, no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio

move toward the table.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a Harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vanishes.

ARIEL *as Harpy*

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you, and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor, men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio draw their swords.

You fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate. The elements
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
Wound the loud winds or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters as diminish
One dowl that's in my plume. My fellow ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero,
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child, for which foul deed,
The powers—delaying, not forgetting—have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways, whose wraths to guard you
from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder.

*Then, to soft music, enter the shapes again, and dance,
with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.*

PROSPERO, *aside*

Bravely the figure of this Harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel. A grace it had, devouring.
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say. So, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms
work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions. They now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
And his and mine loved darling.

He exits, above.

GONZALO, *to Alonso*

I' th' name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper. It did bass my trespass.
Therefor my son i' th' ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

He exits.

SEBASTIAN But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO I'll be thy second.

They exit.

GONZALO All three of them are desperate. Their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN Follow, I pray you.

They all exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand*

If I have too austere punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here afore heaven
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast of her,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

FERDINAND I do believe it
Against an oracle.

PROSPERO Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

FERDINAND As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can shall never melt
Mine honor into lust to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or Phoebus' steeds are foundered
Or night kept chained below.

PROSPERO Fairly spoke. Sit then and talk with her. She is thine
own.

Ferdinand and Miranda move aside.

What, Ariel, my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

ARIEL What would my potent master? Here I am.

PROSPERO Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place.
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art. It is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL Presently?

PROSPERO Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL Before you can say "Come" and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry "So, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? No?

PROSPERO Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL Well; I conceive.

He exits.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand*
Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein. The strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood. Be more abstemious,
Or else goodnight your vow.

FERDINAND I warrant you, sir,
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

PROSPERO Well.—
Now come, my Ariel. Bring a corollary
Rather than want a spirit. Appear, and perty.
Soft music.
No tongue. All eyes. Be silent.

Enter Iris.

IRIS Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy poll-clipped vineyard,
And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

CERES Hail, many-colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud Earth. Why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither to this short-grassed green?

IRIS A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

CERES Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandaled company
I have forsworn.

IRIS Of her society
Be not afraid. I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have

done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted—but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Juno descends.

CERES Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes. I know her by her gait.

JUNO How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honored in their issue.

They sing.

JUNO *Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you.
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

CERES *Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clust'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you.
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

FERDINAND This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever.
So rare a wondered father and a wise
Makes this place paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

PROSPERO Sweet now, silence.
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS You nymphs, called naiads of the windring brooks,
With your saged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons, Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love. Be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited. They join with
the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end
whereof Prospero starts suddenly and speaks.*

PROSPERO I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life. The minute of their plot
Is almost come.—Well done. Avoid. No more.

To a strange, hollow, and confused noise, the spirits heavily vanish.

FERDINAND, *to Miranda*
This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger, so distempered.

PROSPERO, *to Ferdinand*
You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.
Bear with my weakness. My old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

FERDINAND/MIRANDA We wish your peace.

They exit.

Enter Ariel.

PROSPERO Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel. Come.

ARIEL Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL Ay, my commander. When I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their
ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking gorse, and
thorns,
Which entered their frail shins. At last I left them
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROSPERO This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL I go, I go.

He exits.

PROSPERO A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all
Even to roaring.

Enter Ariel, laden with glistening apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.

*Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet, as
Prospero and Ariel look on.*

CALIBAN Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not hear a footfall. We now are near his cell.

STEPHANO Monster, your fairy, which you say is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played the
jack with us.

TRINCULO Monster, I do smell all horse piss, at which
my nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO So is mine.—Do you hear, monster. If I
should take a displeasure against you, look you—

TRINCULO Thou wert but a lost monster.

CALIBAN Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance. Therefore speak
softly.
All's hushed as midnight yet.

TRINCULO Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool!

STEPHANO There is not only disgrace and dishonor in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO That's more to me than my wetting. Yet this
is your harmless fairy, monster!

STEPHANO I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

CALIBAN Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here, This is the mouth o' th' cell. No noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

STEPHANO Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO, *seeing the apparel* O King Stephano, O peer, O worthy Stephano, look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN Let it alone, thou fool. It is but trash.

TRINCULO Oho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery. *He puts on one of the gowns.* O King Stephano!

STEPHANO Put off that gown, Trinculo. By this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO Thy Grace shall have it.

CALIBAN The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let 't alone, And do the murder first. If he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress Line, is not this my jerkin? *He takes a jacket from the tree.* Now is the jerkin under the line.—Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO Do, do. We steal by line and level, an 't like your Grace.

STEPHANO I thank thee for that jest. Here's a garment for 't. Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate. There's another garment for 't.

TRINCULO Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN I will have none on 't. We shall lose our time
And all be turned to barnacles or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

STEPHANO Monster, lay to your fingers. Help to bear
this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn
you out of my kingdom. Go to, carry this.

TRINCULO And this.

STEPHANO Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard.

*Enter divers spirits in shape of dogs and hounds,
hunting them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

PROSPERO Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL Silver! There it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO Fury, Fury! There, Tyrant, there! Hark, hark!

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven off.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make
them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARIEL Hark, they roar.

PROSPERO Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies.
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom. For a little
Follow and do me service.

They exit.

ACT 5

Scene 1

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO Now does my project gather to a head.
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage.—How's the day?

ARIEL On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO I did say so
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?

ARIEL Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you termed, sir, the good old Lord
Gonzalo.
His tears runs down his beard like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROSPERO Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance. They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL I'll fetch them, sir.

He exits.

Prospero draws a large circle on the stage with his staff.

PROSPERO You elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And you that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though you be, I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,

Prospero gestures with his staff.

To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Solemn music.

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio in
like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all
enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there
stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull. There stand,
 For you are spell-stopped.—
 Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
 Mine eyes, e'en sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
 Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter.
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.—
 Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
 blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
 Expelled remorse and nature, whom, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have killed your king, I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me or would know me.—Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell.

*Ariel exits and at once returns
 with Prospero's ducal robes.*

I will discase me and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
 In a cowslip's bell I lie.
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now*

Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

PROSPERO Why, that's my dainty Ariel. I shall miss
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art.
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches. The master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

He exits.

GONZALO All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO, *to Alonso* Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,

He embraces Alonso.

And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO Whe'er thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me
(As late I have been) I not know. Thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me. This must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROSPERO, *to Gonzalo* First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO You do yet taste
 Some subtleties o' th' isle, that will not let you
 Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.
Aside to Sebastian and Antonio. But you, my brace
 of lords, were I so minded,
 I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you
 And justify you traitors. At this time
 I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN, *aside* The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO, *aside to Sebastian* No.
To Antonio. For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault, all of them, and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
 Thou must restore.

ALONSO If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation,
 How thou hast met us here, whom three hours since
 Were wracked upon this shore, where I have lost—
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
 My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO I am woe for 't, sir.

ALONSO Irreparable is the loss, and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO I rather think
 You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace,
 For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid
 And rest myself content.

ALONSO You the like loss?

PROSPERO As great to me as late, and supportable
 To make the dear loss have I means much weaker
 Than you may call to comfort you, for I
 Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO A daughter?
 O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The King and Queen there! That they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies!—When did you lose your
 daughter?

PROSPERO In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath.—But howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wracked, was landed
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this.
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. *To Alonso.* Welcome, sir.
This cell's my court. Here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad. Pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder to content you
As much as me my dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,
playing at chess.*

MIRANDA, *to Ferdinand*
Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

ALONSO If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN A most high miracle!

FERDINAND, *seeing Alonso and coming forward*
Though the seas threaten, they are merciful.
I have cursed them without cause.

He kneels.

ALONSO Now, all the
blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Ferdinand stands.

MIRANDA, *rising and coming forward* O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world
That has such people in 't!

PROSPERO 'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO, *to Ferdinand*
What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.
Is she the goddess that hath severed us
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal providence she's mine.
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before, of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO There, sir, stop.
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

GONZALO I have inly wept
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO I say "Amen," Gonzalo.

GONZALO Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom

In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALONSO, *to Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give me your hands
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO Be it so. Amen.

*Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir, here is more of us.
I prophesied if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATSWAIN The best news is that we have safely found
Our king and company. The next: our ship,
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL, *aside to Prospero* Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO, *aside to Ariel* My tricky spirit!

ALONSO These are not natural events. They strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you
hither?

BOATSWAIN If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep
And—how, we know not—all clapped under
hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked, straightway at liberty,
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Cap'ring to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

ARIEL, *aside to Prospero* Was 't well done?

PROSPERO, *aside to Ariel*
Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

ALONSO This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of. Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. *Aside to Ariel.*
Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free.
Untie the spell. *Ariel exits.* How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo
in their stolen apparel.*

STEPHANO Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself, for all is but fortune.
Coraggio, bully monster, coraggio.

TRINCULO If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed! How
fine my master is! I am afraid he will chastise me.

SEBASTIAN Ha, ha!
What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO Very like. One of them
Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable.

PROSPERO Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This misshapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.

These three have robbed me, and this demi-devil,
For he's a bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own. This thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN I shall be pinched to death.

ALONSO Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN He is drunk now. Where had he wine?

ALONSO And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
To Trinculo. How cam'st thou in this pickle?

TRINCULO I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last that I fear me will never out of my bones. I
shall not fear flyblowing.

SEBASTIAN Why, how now, Stephano?

STEPHANO O, touch me not! I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

PROSPERO You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO, *indicating Caliban*
This is as strange a thing as e'er I looked on.

PROSPERO He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. *To Caliban.* Go, sirrah, to my cell.
Take with you your companions. As you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

CALIBAN Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO Go to, away!

ALONSO, *to Stephano and Trinculo*
Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

SEBASTIAN Or stole it, rather.

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo exit.

PROSPERO Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night, which part of it I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle. And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

PROSPERO I'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. *Aside to Ariel.* My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge. Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well.—Please you, draw near.

They all exit.

Epilogue

spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint. Now 'tis true
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

He exits.

Thomas Hobbes,
Leviathan

Thomas Hobbes was born prematurely in 1588, several months before the Spanish Armada set sail in an attempt to invade England and restore Catholic hegemony in Europe. Hobbes later said that his mother “gave birth to twins: myself and fear.” Although he famously described human existence as “solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short,” Hobbes would live a productive and long life, dying in 1679 at the age of 91. Between 1610 and 1615, he was on a grand tour of Europe, where he was exposed to Continental scientific and critical methods differing from the scholasticism he had learned at Oxford. Hobbes was expert in the classical languages, and in 1628 he produced the first translation of Thucydides’ *History of the Peloponnesian War* from a Greek manuscript. He served as Bacon’s amanuensis for a time.

Hobbes sought to establish a “science of politics,” through a geometric method. His writings led to accusations of atheism from his opponents. His great problem was how to prevent civil war. Hobbes lived through the catastrophic years of the English Civil War (1642–1651), which overlapped with the conflagration on the Continent, the Thirty Years’ War (1618–1648). His most important work, *Leviathan* (1651 in English, 1668 in Latin), is one of the masterpieces of political theory and the greatest work of political philosophy in the English language. This book is also credited with inventing the idea of the social contract, which would decisively shape all of modern political theory. Hobbes helped to theoretically secure the absolute sovereignty of the modern nation-state.

X: Of Power, Worth, Dignity, Honour and Worthiness

The power of a man, to take it universally, is his present means to obtain some future apparent good, and is either original or instrumental.

Natural power is the eminence of the faculties of body, or mind; as extraordinary strength, form, prudence, arts, eloquence, liberality, nobility. Instrumental are those powers which, acquired by these, or by fortune, are means and instruments to acquire more; as riches, reputation, friends, and the secret working of God, which men call good luck. For the nature of power is, in this point, like to fame, increasing as it proceeds; or like the motion of heavy bodies, which, the further they go, make still the more haste.

The greatest of human powers is that which is compounded of the powers of most men, united by consent, in one person, natural or civil, that has the use of all their powers depending on his will; such as is the power of a Commonwealth: or depending on the wills of each particular; such as is the power of a faction, or of diverse factions leagued. Therefore to have servants is power; to have friends is power: for they are strengths united.

Also, riches joined with liberality is power; because it procureth friends and servants: without liberality, not so; because in this case they defend not, but expose men to envy, as a prey.

Reputation of power is power; because it draweth with it the adherence of those that need protection.

So is reputation of love of a man's country, called popularity, for the same reason.

Also, what quality so ever maketh a man beloved or feared of many, or the reputation of such quality, is power; because it is a means to have the assistance and service of many.

Good success is power; because it maketh reputation of wisdom or good fortune, which makes men either fear him or rely on him.

Affability of men already in power is increase of power; because it gaineth love.

Reputation of prudence in the conduct of peace or war is power; because to prudent men we commit the government of ourselves more willingly than to others.

Nobility is power, not in all places, but only in those Commonwealths where it has privileges; for in such privileges consisteth their power.

Eloquence is power; because it is seeming prudence.

Form is power; because being a promise of good, it recommendeth men to the favour of women and strangers.

The sciences are small powers; because not eminent, and therefore, not acknowledged in any man; nor are at all, but in a few, and in them, but of a few things. For science is of that nature, as none can understand it to be, but such as in a good measure have attained it.

Arts of public use, as fortification, making of engines, and other instruments of war, because they confer to defence and victory, are power; and though the true mother of them be science, namely, the mathematics yet, because they are brought into the light by the hand of the artificer, they be esteemed (the midwife passing with the vulgar for the mother) as his issue.

The value or worth of a man is, as of all other things, his price; that is to say, so much as would be given for the use of his power, and therefore is not absolute, but a thing dependent on the need and judgement of another. An able conductor of soldiers is of great price in time of war present or imminent, but in peace not so. A learned and uncorrupt judge is much worth in time of peace, but not so much in war. And as in other things, so in men, not the seller, but the buyer determines the price. For let a man, as most men do, rate themselves at the highest value they can, yet their true value is no more than it is esteemed by others.

The manifestation of the value we set on one another is that which is commonly called honouring and dishonouring. To value a man at a high rate is to honour him; at a low rate is to dishonour him. But high and low, in this case, is to be understood by comparison to the rate that each man setteth on himself.

The public worth of a man, which is the value set on him by the Commonwealth, is that which men commonly call dignity. And this value of him by the Commonwealth is understood by offices of command, judicature, public employment; or by names and titles introduced for distinction of such value.

To pray to another for aid of any kind is to honour; because a sign we have an opinion he has power to help; and the more difficult the aid is, the more is the honour.

To obey is to honour; because no man obeys them who they think have no power to help or hurt them. And consequently to disobey is to dishonour.

To give great gifts to a man is to honour him; because it is buying of protection, and acknowledging of power. To give little gifts is to dishonour; because it is but alms, and signifies an opinion of the need of small helps.

To be sedulous in promoting another's good, also to flatter, is to honour; as a sign we seek his protection or aid. To neglect is to dishonour.

To give way or place to another, in any commodity, is to honour; being a confession of greater power. To arrogate is to dishonour.

To show any sign of love or fear of another is honour; for both to love and to fear is to value. To contemn, or less to love or fear than he expects, is to dishonour; for it is undervaluing.

To praise, magnify, or call happy is to honour; because nothing but goodness, power, and felicity is valued. To revile, mock, or pity is to dishonour.

To speak to another with consideration, to appear before him with decency and humility, is to honour him; as signs of fear to offend. To speak to him rashly, to do anything before him obscenely, slovenly, impudently is to dishonour.

To believe, to trust, to rely on another, is to honour him; sign of opinion of his virtue and power. To distrust, or not believe, is to dishonour.

To hearken to a man's counsel, or discourse of what kind so ever, is to honour; as a sign we think him wise, or eloquent, or witty. To sleep, or go forth, or talk the while, is to dishonour.

To do those things to another which he takes for signs of honour, or which the law or custom makes so, is to honour; because in approving the honour done by others, he acknowledgeth the power which others acknowledge. To refuse to do them is to dishonour.

To agree with in opinion is to honour; as being a sign of approving his judgement and wisdom. To dissent is dishonour, and an upbraiding of error, and, if the dissent be in many things, of folly.

To imitate is to honour; for it is vehemently to approve. To imitate one's enemy is to dishonour.

To honour those another honours is to honour him; as a sign of approbation of his judgement. To honour his enemies is to dishonour him.

To employ in counsel, or in actions of difficulty, is to honour; as a sign of opinion of his wisdom or other power. To deny employment in the same cases to those that seek it is to dishonour.

All these ways of honouring are natural, and as well within, as without Commonwealths. But in Commonwealths where he or they that have the supreme authority can make whatsoever they please to stand for signs of honour, there be other honours.

A sovereign doth honour a subject with whatsoever title, or office, or employment, or action that he himself will have taken for a sign of his will to honour him.

The king of Persia honoured Mordecai when he appointed he should be conducted through the streets in the king's garment, upon one of the king's horses, with a crown on his head, and a prince before him, proclaiming, "Thus shall it be done to him that the king will honour." And yet another king of Persia, or the same another time, to one that demanded for some great service to wear one of the king's robes, gave him leave so to do; but with this addition, that he should wear it as the king's fool; and then it was dishonour. So that of civil honour, the fountain is in the person of the Commonwealth, and dependeth on the will of the sovereign, and is therefore temporary and called civil honour; such as are magistracy, offices, titles, and in some places coats and scutcheons painted: and men honour such as have them, as having so many signs of favour in the Commonwealth, which favour is power.

Honourable is whatsoever possession, action, or quality is an argument and sign of power.

And therefore to be honoured, loved, or feared of many is honourable, as arguments of power. To be honoured of few or none, dishonourable.

Dominion and victory is honourable because acquired by power; and servitude, for need or fear, is dishonourable.

Good fortune, if lasting, honourable; as a sign of the favour of God. Ill and losses, dishonourable. Riches are honourable, for they are power. Poverty, dishonourable. Magnanimity, liberality, hope, courage, confidence, are honourable; for they proceed from the conscience of power. Pusillanimity, parsimony, fear, diffidence, are dishonourable.

Timely resolution, or determination of what a man is to do, is honourable, as being the contempt of small difficulties and dangers. And irresolution, dishonourable, as a sign of too much valuing of little impediments and little advantages: for when a man has weighed things as long as the time permits, and resolves not, the difference of weight

is but little; and therefore if he resolve not, he overvalues little things, which is pusillanimity.

All actions and speeches that proceed, or seem to proceed, from much experience, science, discretion, or wit are honourable; for all these are powers. Actions or words that proceed from error, ignorance, or folly, dishonourable.

Gravity, as far forth as it seems to proceed from a mind employed on something else, is honourable; because employment is a sign of power. But if it seem to proceed from a purpose to appear grave, it is dishonourable. For the gravity of the former is like the steadiness of a ship laden with merchandise; but of the like the steadiness of a ship ballasted with sand and other trash.

To be conspicuous, that is to say, to be known, for wealth, office, great actions, or any eminent good is honourable; as a sign of the power for which he is conspicuous. On the contrary, obscurity is dishonourable.

To be descended from conspicuous parents is honourable; because they the more easily attain the aids and friends of their ancestors. On the contrary, to be descended from obscure parentage is dishonourable.

Actions proceeding from equity, joined with loss, are honourable; as signs of magnanimity: for magnanimity is a sign of power. On the contrary, craft, shifting, neglect of equity, is dishonourable.

Covetousness of great riches, and ambition of great honours, are honourable; as signs of power to obtain them. Covetousness, and ambition of little gains, or preferments, is dishonourable.

Nor does it alter the case of honour whether an action (so it be great and difficult, and consequently a sign of much power) be just or unjust: for honour consisteth only in the opinion of power. Therefore, the ancient heathen did not think they dishonoured, but greatly honoured the gods, when they introduced them in their poems committing rapes, thefts, and other great, but unjust or unclean acts; in so much as nothing is so much celebrated in Jupiter as his adulteries; nor in Mercury as his frauds and thefts; of whose praises, in a hymn of Homer, the greatest is this, that being born in the morning, he had invented music at noon, and before night stolen away the cattle of Apollo from his herdsmen.

Also amongst men, till there were constituted great Commonwealths, it was thought no dishonour to be a pirate, or a highway thief; but rather a lawful trade, not only amongst the Greeks, but also amongst all other nations; as is manifest by the of ancient time. And at this

day, in this part of the world, private duels are, and always will be, honourable, though unlawful, till such time as there shall be honour ordained for them that refuse, and ignominy for them that make the challenge. For duels also are many times effects of courage, and the ground of courage is always strength or skill, which are power; though for the most part they be effects of rash speaking, and of the fear of dishonour, in one or both the combatants; who, engaged by rashness, are driven into the lists to avoid disgrace.

Scutcheons and coats of arms hereditary, where they have any their any eminent privileges, are honourable; otherwise not for their power consisteth either in such privileges, or in riches, or some such thing as is equally honoured in other men. This kind of honour, commonly called gentry, has been derived from the ancient Germans. For there never was any such thing known where the German customs were unknown. Nor is it now anywhere in use where the Germans have not inhabited. The ancient Greek commanders, when they went to war, had their shields painted with such devices as they pleased; insomuch as an unpainted buckler was a sign of poverty, and of a common soldier; but they transmitted not the inheritance of them. The Romans transmitted the marks of their families; but they were the images, not the devices of their ancestors. Amongst the people of Asia, Africa, and America, there is not, nor was ever, any such thing. Germans only had that custom; from whom it has been derived into England, France, Spain and Italy, when in great numbers they either aided the Romans or made their own conquests in these western parts of the world.

For Germany, being anciently, as all other countries in their beginnings, divided amongst an infinite number of little lords, or masters of families, that continually had wars one with another, those masters, or lords, principally to the end they might, when they were covered with arms, be known by their followers, and partly for ornament, both painted their armor, or their scutcheon, or coat, with the picture of some beast, or other thing, and also put some eminent and visible mark upon the crest of their helmets. And this ornament both of the arms and crest descended by inheritance to their children; to the eldest pure, and to the rest with some note of diversity, such as the old master, that is to say in Dutch, the *Here-alt*, thought fit. But when many such families, joined together, made a greater monarchy, this duty of the herald to distinguish scutcheons was made a private office apart. And the issue of these lords is the great and ancient gentry; which for the most part bear living creatures noted for courage and rapine; or castles, battlements, belts, weapons, bars, palisades, and

other notes of war; nothing being then in honour, but virtue military. Afterwards, not only kings, but popular Commonwealths, gave diverse manners of scutcheons to such as went forth to the war, or returned from it, for encouragement or recompense to their service. All which, by an observing reader, may be found in such ancient histories, Greek and Latin, as make mention of the German nation and manners in their times.

Titles of honour, such as are duke, count, marquis, and baron, are honourable; as signifying the value set upon them by the sovereign power of the Commonwealth: which titles were in old time titles of office and command derived some from the Romans, some from the Germans and French. Dukes, in Latin, *duces*, being generals in war; counts, *comites*, such as bore the general company out of friendship, and were left to govern and defend places conquered and pacified; marquises, marchioness, were counts that governed the marches, or bounds of the Empire. Which titles of duke, count, and marquis came into the Empire about the time of Constantine the Great, from the customs of the German militia. But baron seems to have been a title of the Gauls, and signifies a great man; such as were the kings' or princes' men whom they employed in war about their persons; and seems to be derived from *vir*, to *ber*, and *bar*, that signified the same in the language of the Gauls, that *vir* in Latin; and thence to *bero* and *baro*: so that such men were called *berones*, and after *barones*; and (in Spanish) *varones*. But he that would know more, particularly the original of titles of honour, may find it, as I have done this, in Mr. Selden's most excellent treatise of that subject. In process of time these offices of honour, by occasion of trouble, and for reasons of good and peaceable government, were turned into mere titles, serving, for the most part, to distinguish the precedence, place, and order of subjects in the Commonwealth: and men were made dukes, counts, marquises, and barons of places, wherein they had neither possession nor command, and other titles also were devised to the same end.

Worthiness is a thing different from the worth or value of a man, and also from his merit or desert, and consisteth in a particular power or ability for that whereof he is said to be worthy; which particular ability is usually named fitness, or aptitude.

For he is worthiest to be a commander, to be a judge, or to have any other charge, that is best fitted with the qualities required to the well discharging of it; and worthiest of riches, that has the qualities most requisite for the well using of them: any of which qualities being absent, one may nevertheless be a worthy man, and valuable for something else. Again, a man may be worthy of riches, office, and

employment that nevertheless can plead no right to have it before another, and therefore cannot be said to merit or deserve it. For merit presupposeth a right, and that the thing deserved is due by promise, of which I shall say more hereafter when I shall speak of contracts.

XIII: Of the Natural Condition of Mankind as Concerning their Felicity and Misery

Nature hath made men so equal in the faculties of body and mind as that, though there be found one man sometimes manifestly stronger in body or of quicker mind than another, yet when all is reckoned together the difference between man and man is not so considerable as that one man can thereupon claim to himself any benefit to which another may not pretend as well as he. For as to the strength of body, the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination or by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself.

And as to the faculties of the mind, setting aside the arts grounded upon words, and especially that skill of proceeding upon general and infallible rules, called science, which very few have and but in few things, as being not a native faculty born with us, nor attained, as prudence, while we look after somewhat else, I find yet a greater equality amongst men than that of strength. For prudence is but experience, which equal time equally bestows on all men in those things they equally apply themselves unto. That which may perhaps make such equality incredible is but a vain conceit of one's own wisdom, which almost all men think they have in a greater degree than the vulgar; that is, than all men but themselves, and a few others, whom by fame, or for concurring with themselves, they approve. For such is the nature of men that howsoever they may acknowledge many others to be more witty, or more eloquent or more learned, yet they will hardly believe there be many so wise as themselves; for they see their own wit at hand, and other men's at a distance. But this proveth rather that men are in that point equal, than unequal. For there is not ordinarily a greater sign of the equal distribution of anything than that every man is contented with his share.

From this equality of ability ariseth equality of hope in the attaining of our ends. And therefore if any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in the way to their end (which is principally their own conservation, and sometimes their delectation only) endeavour to destroy or subdue one another. And from hence it comes to pass that where an invader hath

no more to fear than another man's single power, if one plant, sow, build, or possess a convenient seat, others may probably be expected to come prepared with forces united to dispossess and deprive him, not only of the fruit of his labour, but also of his life or liberty. And the invader again is in the like danger of another.

And from this diffidence of one another, there is no way for any man to secure himself so reasonable as anticipation; that is, by force, or wiles, to master the persons of all men he can so long till he see no other power great enough to endanger him: and this is no more than his own conservation requireth, and is generally allowed. Also, because there be some that, taking pleasure in contemplating their own power in the acts of conquest, which they pursue farther than their security requires, if others, that otherwise would be glad to be at ease within modest bounds, should not by invasion increase their power, they would not be able, long time, by standing only on their defence, to subsist. And by consequence, such augmentation of dominion over men being necessary to a man's conservation, it ought to be allowed him.

Again, men have no pleasure (but on the contrary a great deal of grief) in keeping company where there is no power able to overawe them all. For every man looketh that his companion should value him at the same rate he sets upon himself, and upon all signs of contempt or undervaluing naturally endeavours, as far as he dares (which amongst them that have no common power to keep them in quiet is far enough to make them destroy each other), to extort a greater value from his contemners, by damage; and from others, by the example.

So that in the nature of man, we find three principal causes of quarrel. First, competition; secondly, diffidence; thirdly, glory.

The first maketh men invade for gain; the second, for safety; and the third, for reputation. The first use violence, to make themselves masters of other men's persons, wives, children, and cattle; the second, to defend them; the third, for trifles, as a word, a smile, a different opinion, and any other sign of undervalue, either direct in their persons or by reflection in their kindred, their friends, their nation, their profession, or their name.

Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them all in awe, they are in that condition which is called war; and such a war as is of every man against every man. For war consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting, but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known: and therefore the notion of time is to be considered in the nature of war, as

it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather lieth not in a shower or two of rain, but in an inclination thereto of many days together: so the nature of war consisteth not in actual fighting, but in the known disposition thereto during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is peace.

Whatsoever therefore is consequent to a time of war, where every man is enemy to every man, the same consequent to the time wherein men live without other security than what their own strength and their own invention shall furnish them withal. In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain: and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force; no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

It may seem strange to some man that has not well weighed these things that Nature should thus dissociate and render men apt to invade and destroy one another: and he may therefore, not trusting to this inference, made from the passions, desire perhaps to have the same confirmed by experience. Let him therefore consider with himself: when taking a journey, he arms himself and seeks to go well accompanied; when going to sleep, he locks his doors; when even in his house he locks his chests; and this when he knows there be laws and public officers, armed, to revenge all injuries shall be done him; what opinion he has of his fellow subjects, when he rides armed; of his fellow citizens, when he locks his doors; and of his children, and servants, when he locks his chests. Does he not there as much accuse mankind by his actions as I do by my words? But neither of us accuse man's nature in it. The desires, and other passions of man, are in themselves no sin. No more are the actions that proceed from those passions till they know a law that forbids them; which till laws be made they cannot know, nor can any law be made till they have agreed upon the person that shall make it.

It may peradventure be thought there was never such a time nor condition of war as this; and I believe it was never generally so, over all the world: but there are many places where they live so now. For the savage people in many places of America, except the government of small families, the concord whereof dependeth on natural lust, have no government at all, and live at this day in that brutish manner, as I said before. Howsoever, it may be perceived what manner of life there would be, where there were no common power to fear, by the

manner of life which men that have formerly lived under a peaceful government use to degenerate into a civil war.

But though there had never been any time wherein particular men were in a condition of war one against another, yet in all times kings and persons of sovereign authority, because of their independency, are in continual jealousies, and in the state and posture of gladiators, having their weapons pointing, and their eyes fixed on one another; that is, their forts, garrisons, and guns upon the frontiers of their kingdoms, and continual spies upon their neighbours, which is a posture of war. But because they uphold thereby the industry of their subjects, there does not follow from it that misery which accompanies the liberty of particular men.

To this war of every man against every man, this also is consequent; that nothing can be unjust. The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Where there is no common power, there is no law; where no law, no injustice. Force and fraud are in war the two cardinal virtues. Justice and injustice are none of the faculties neither of the body nor mind. If they were, they might be in a man that were alone in the world, as well as his senses and passions. They are qualities that relate to men in society, not in solitude. It is consequent also to the same condition that there be no propriety, no dominion, no mine and thine distinct; but only that to be every man's that he can get, and for so long as he can keep it. And thus much for the ill condition which man by mere nature is actually placed in; though with a possibility to come out of it, consisting partly in the passions, partly in his reason.

The passions that incline men to peace are: fear of death; desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living; and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace upon which men may be drawn to agreement. These articles are they which otherwise are called the laws of nature, whereof I shall speak more particularly in the two following chapters.

XIV: Of the First and Second Natural Laws, and Of Contracts

The right of nature, which writers commonly call *jus naturale*, is the liberty each man hath to use his own power as he will himself for the preservation of his own nature; that is to say, of his own life; and consequently, of doing anything which, in his own judgement and reason, he shall conceive to be the aptest means thereunto.

By liberty is understood, according to the proper signification of the word, the absence of external impediments; which impediments may oft take away part of a man's power to do what he would, but cannot hinder him from using the power left him according as his judgement and reason shall dictate to him.

A law of nature, *lex naturalis*, is a precept, or general rule, found out by reason, by which a man is forbidden to do that which is destructive of his life, or taketh away the means of preserving the same, and to omit that by which he thinketh it may be best preserved. For though they that speak of this subject use to confound *jus* and *lex*, right and law, yet they ought to be distinguished, because right consisteth in liberty to do, or to forbear; whereas law determineth and bindeth to one of them: so that law and right differ as much as obligation and liberty, which in one and the same matter are inconsistent.

And because the condition of man (as hath been declared in the precedent chapter) is a condition of war of every one against every one, in which case every one is governed by his own reason, and there is nothing he can make use of that may not be a help unto him in preserving his life against his enemies; it followeth that in such a condition every man has a right to every thing, even to one another's body. And therefore, as long as this natural right of every man to every thing endureth, there can be no security to any man, how strong or wise soever he be, of living out the time which nature ordinarily alloweth men to live. And consequently it is a precept, or general rule of reason: that every man ought to endeavour peace, as far as he has hope of obtaining it; and when he cannot obtain it, that he may seek and use all helps and advantages of war. The first branch of which rule containeth the first and fundamental law of nature, which is: to seek peace and follow it. The second, the sum of the right of nature, which is: by all means we can to defend ourselves.

From this fundamental law of nature, by which men are commanded to endeavour peace, is derived this second law: that a man be willing, when others are so too, as far forth as for peace and defence of himself he shall think it necessary, to lay down this right to all things; and be contented with so much liberty against other men as he would allow other men against himself. For as long as every man holdeth this right, of doing anything he liketh; so long are all men in the condition of war. But if other men will not lay down their right, as well as he, then there is no reason for anyone to divest himself of his: for that were to expose himself to prey, which no man is bound to, rather than to dispose himself to peace. This is that law of the gospel: Whatsoever you require that others should do to you, that do ye to them. And

that law of all men, *quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris*.

To lay down a man's right to anything is to divest himself of the liberty of hindering another of the benefit of his own right to the same. For he that renounceth or passeth away his right giveth not to any other man a right which he had not before, because there is nothing to which every man had not right by nature, but only standeth out of his way that he may enjoy his own original right without hindrance from him, not without hindrance from another. So that the effect which redoundeth to one man by another man's defect of right is but so much diminution of impediments to the use of his own right original.

Right is laid aside, either by simply renouncing it, or by transferring it to another. By simply renouncing, when he cares not to whom the benefit thereof redoundeth. By transferring, when he intendeth the benefit thereof to some certain person or persons. And when a man hath in either manner abandoned or granted away his right, then is he said to be obliged, or bound, not to hinder those to whom such right is granted, or abandoned, from the benefit of it: and that he ought, and it is duty, not to make void that voluntary act of his own: and that such hindrance is injustice, and injury, as being *sine jure*; the right being before renounced or transferred. So that injury or injustice, in the controversies of the world, is somewhat like to that which in the disputations of scholars is called absurdity. For as it is there called an absurdity to contradict what one maintained in the beginning; so in the world it is called injustice, and injury voluntarily to undo that which from the beginning he had voluntarily done. The way by which a man either simply renounceth or transferreth his right is a declaration, or signification, by some voluntary and sufficient sign, or signs, that he doth so renounce or transfer, or hath so renounced or transferred the same, to him that accepteth it. And these signs are either words only, or actions only; or, as it happeneth most often, both words and actions. And the same are the bonds, by which men are bound and obliged: bonds that have their strength, not from their own nature (for nothing is more easily broken than a man's word), but from fear of some evil consequence upon the rupture.

Whensoever a man transferreth his right, or renounceth it, it is either in consideration of some right reciprocally transferred to himself, or for some other good he hopeth for thereby. For it is a voluntary act: and of the voluntary acts of every man, the object is some good to himself. And therefore there be some rights which no man can be understood by any words, or other signs, to have abandoned or transferred. As first a man cannot lay down the right of resisting them that assault him by force to take away his life, because he cannot be understood to aim

thereby at any good to himself. The same may be said of wounds, and chains, and imprisonment, both because there is no benefit consequent to such patience, as there is to the patience of suffering another to be wounded or imprisoned, as also because a man cannot tell when he seeth men proceed against him by violence whether they intend his death or not. And lastly the motive and end for which this renouncing and transferring of right is introduced is nothing else but the security of a man's person, in his life, and in the means of so preserving life as not to be weary of it. And therefore if a man by words, or other signs, seem to despoil himself of the end for which those signs were intended, he is not to be understood as if he meant it, or that it was his will, but that he was ignorant of how such words and actions were to be interpreted.

The mutual transferring of right is that which men call contract.

There is difference between transferring of right to the thing, the thing, and transferring or tradition, that is, delivery of the thing itself. For the thing may be delivered together with the translation of the right, as in buying and selling with ready money, or exchange of goods or lands, and it may be delivered some time after.

Again, one of the contractors may deliver the thing contracted for on his part, and leave the other to perform his part at some determinate time after, and in the meantime be trusted; and then the contract on his part is called pact, or covenant: or both parts may contract now to perform hereafter, in which cases he that is to perform in time to come, being trusted, his performance is called keeping of promise, or faith, and the failing of performance, if it be voluntary, violation of faith.

When the transferring of right is not mutual, but one of the parties transferreth in hope to gain thereby friendship or service from another, or from his friends; or in hope to gain the reputation of charity, or magnanimity; or to deliver his mind from the pain of compassion; or in hope of reward in heaven; this is not contract, but gift, free gift, grace: which words signify one and the same thing.

Signs of contract are either express or by inference. Express are words spoken with understanding of what they signify: and such words are either of the time present or past; as, I give, I grant, I have given, I have granted, I will that this be yours: or of the future; as, I will give, I will grant, which words of the future are called promise. Signs by inference are sometimes the consequence of words; sometimes the consequence of silence; sometimes the consequence of actions; sometimes the consequence of forbearing an action: and generally a sign by

inference, of any contract, is whatsoever sufficiently argues the will of the contractor.

Words alone, if they be of the time to come, and contain a bare promise, are an insufficient sign of a free gift and therefore not obligatory. For if they be of the time to come, as, tomorrow I will give, they are a sign I have not given yet, and consequently that my right is not transferred, but remaineth till I transfer it by some other act. But if the words be of the time present, or past, as, I have given, or do give to be delivered tomorrow, then is my tomorrow's right given away today; and that by the virtue of the words, though there were no other argument of my will. And there is a great difference in the signification of these words, *volo hoc tuum esse cras*, and *cras dabo*; that is, between I will that this be thine tomorrow, and, I will give it thee tomorrow: for the word I will, in the former manner of speech, signifies an act of the will present; but in the latter, it signifies a promise of an act of the will to come: and therefore the former words, being of the present, transfer a future right; the latter, that be of the future, transfer nothing. But if there be other signs of the will to transfer a right besides words; then, though the gift be free, yet may the right be understood to pass by words of the future: as if a man propound a prize to him that comes first to the end of a race, the gift is free; and though the words be of the future, yet the right passeth: for if he would not have his words so be understood, he should not have let them run.

In contracts the right passeth, not only where the words are of the time present or past, but also where they are of the future, because all contract is mutual translation, or change of right; and therefore he that promiseth only, because he hath already received the benefit for which he promiseth, is to be understood as if he intended the right should pass: for unless he had been content to have his words so understood, the other would not have performed his part first. And for that cause, in buying, and selling, and other acts of contract, a promise is equivalent to a covenant, and therefore obligatory.

He that performeth first in the case of a contract is said to merit that which he is to receive by the performance of the other, and he hath it as due. Also when a prize is propounded to many, which is to be given to him only that winneth, or money is thrown amongst many to be enjoyed by them that catch it; though this be a free gift, yet so to win, or so to catch, is to merit, and to have it as due. For the right is transferred in the propounding of the prize, and in throwing down the money, though it be not determined to whom, but by the event of the contention. But there is between these two sorts of merit

this difference, that in contract I merit by virtue of my own power and the contractor's need, but in this case of free gift I am enabled to merit only by the benignity of the giver: in contract I merit at the contractor's hand that he should depart with his right; in this case of gift, I merit not that the giver should part with his right, but that when he has parted with it, it should be mine rather than another's. And this I think to be the meaning of that distinction of the Schools between *meritum congrui* and *meritum condigni*. For God Almighty, having promised paradise to those men, hoodwinked with carnal desires, that can walk through this world according to the precepts and limits prescribed by him, they say he that shall so walk shall merit paradise *ex congruo*. But because no man can demand a right to it by his own righteousness, or any other power in himself, but by the free grace of God only, they say no man can merit paradise *ex condigno*. This, I say, I think is the meaning of that distinction; but because disputers do not agree upon the signification of their own terms of art longer than it serves their turn, I will not affirm anything of their meaning: only this I say; when a gift is given indefinitely, as a prize to be contended for, he that winneth meriteth, and may claim the prize as due.

If a covenant be made wherein neither of the parties perform presently, but trust one another, in the condition of mere nature (which is a condition of war of every man against every man) upon any reasonable suspicion, it is void: but if there be a common power set over them both, with right and force sufficient to compel performance, it is not void. For he that performeth first has no assurance the other will perform after, because the bonds of words are too weak to bridle men's ambition, avarice, anger, and other passions, without the fear of some coercive power; which in the condition of mere nature, where all men are equal, and judges of the justness of their own fears, cannot possibly be supposed. And therefore he which performeth first does but betray himself to his enemy, contrary to the right he can never abandon of defending his life and means of living.

But in a civil estate, where there a power set up to constrain those that would otherwise violate their faith, that fear is no more reasonable; and for that cause, he which by the covenant is to perform first is obliged so to do.

The cause of fear, which maketh such a covenant invalid, must be always something arising after the covenant made, as some new fact or other sign of the will not to perform, else it cannot make the covenant void. For that which could not hinder a man from promising ought not to be admitted as a hindrance of performing.

He that transferreth any right transferreth the means of enjoying it, as far as lieth in his power. As he that selleth land is understood to transfer the herbage and whatsoever grows upon it; nor can he that sells a mill turn away the stream that drives it. And they that give to a man the right of government in sovereignty are understood to give him the right of levying money to maintain soldiers, and of appointing magistrates for the administration of justice.

To make covenants with brute beasts is impossible, because not understanding our speech, they understand not, nor accept of any translation of right, nor can translate any right to another: and without mutual acceptation, there is no covenant.

To make covenant with God is impossible but by mediation of such as God speaketh to, either by revelation supernatural or by His lieutenants that govern under Him and in His name: for otherwise we know not whether our covenants be accepted or not. And therefore they that vow anything contrary to any law of nature, vow in vain, as being a thing unjust to pay such vow. And if it be a thing commanded by the law of nature, it is not the vow, but the law that binds them.

The matter or subject of a covenant is always something that falleth under deliberation, for to covenant is an act of the will; that is to say, an act, and the last act, of deliberation; and is therefore always understood to be something to come, and which judged possible for him that covenanteth to perform.

And therefore, to promise that which is known to be impossible is no covenant. But if that prove impossible afterwards, which before was thought possible, the covenant is valid and bindeth, though not to the thing itself, yet to the value; or, if that also be impossible, to the unfeigned endeavour of performing as much as is possible, for to more no man can be obliged.

Men are freed of their covenants two ways; by performing, or by being forgiven. For performance is the natural end of obligation, and forgiveness the restitution of liberty, as being a retransferring of that right in which the obligation consisted.

Covenants entered into by fear, in the condition of mere nature, are obligatory. For example, if I covenant to pay a ransom, or service for my life, to an enemy, I am bound by it. For it is a contract, wherein one receiveth the benefit of life; the other is to receive money, or service for it, and consequently, where no other law (as in the condition of mere nature) forbiddeth the performance, the covenant is valid. Therefore prisoners of war, if trusted with the payment of their ransom, are

obliged to pay it: and if a weaker prince make a disadvantageous peace with a stronger, for fear, he is bound to keep it; unless (as hath been said before) there ariseth some new and just cause of fear to renew the war. And even in Commonwealths, if I be forced to redeem myself from a thief by promising him money, I am bound to pay it, till the civil law discharge me. For whatsoever I may lawfully do without obligation, the same I may lawfully covenant to do through fear: and what I lawfully covenant, I cannot lawfully break.

A former covenant makes void a later. For a man that hath passed away his right to one man today hath it not to pass tomorrow to another: and therefore the later promise passeth no right, but is null.

A covenant not to defend myself from force, by force, is always void. For (as I have shown before) no man can transfer or lay down his right to save himself from death, wounds, and imprisonment, the avoiding whereof is the only end of laying down any right; and therefore the promise of not resisting force, in no covenant transferreth any right, nor is obliging. For though a man may covenant thus, unless I do so, or so, kill me; he cannot covenant thus, unless I do so, or so, I will not resist you when you come to kill me. For man by nature chooseth the lesser evil, which is danger of death in resisting, rather than the greater, which is certain and present death in not resisting. And this is granted to be true by all men, in that they lead criminals to execution, and prison, with armed men, notwithstanding that such criminals have consented to the law by which they are condemned.

A covenant to accuse oneself, without assurance of pardon, is likewise invalid. For in the condition of nature where every man is judge, there is no place for accusation: and in the civil state the accusation is followed with punishment, which, being force, a man is not obliged not to resist. The same is also true of the accusation of those by whose condemnation a man falls into misery; as of a father, wife, or benefactor. For the testimony of such an accuser, if it be not willingly given, is presumed to be corrupted by nature, and therefore not to be received: and where a man's testimony is not to be credited, he is not bound to give it. Also accusations upon torture are not to be reputed as testimonies. For torture is to be used but as means of conjecture, and light, in the further examination and search of truth: and what is in that case confessed tendeth to the ease of him that is tortured, not to the informing of the torturers, and therefore ought not to have the credit of a sufficient testimony: for whether he deliver himself by true or false accusation, he does it by the right of preserving his own life.

The force of words being (as I have formerly noted) too weak to hold

men to the performance of their covenants, there are in man's nature but two imaginable helps to strengthen it. And those are either a fear of the consequence of breaking their word, or a glory or pride in appearing not to need to break it. This latter is a generosity too rarely found to be presumed on, especially in the pursuers of wealth, command, or sensual pleasure, which are the greatest part of mankind. The passion to be reckoned upon is fear; whereof there be two very general objects: one, the power of spirits invisible; the other, the power of those men they shall therein offend. Of these two, though the former be the greater power, yet the fear of the latter is commonly the greater fear. The fear of the former is in every man his own religion, which hath place in the nature of man before civil society. The latter hath not so; at least not place enough to keep men to their promises, because in the condition of mere nature, the inequality of power is not discerned, but by the event of battle. So that before the time of civil society, or in the interruption thereof by war, there is nothing can strengthen a covenant of peace agreed on against the temptations of avarice, ambition, lust, or other strong desire, but the fear of that invisible power which they every one worship as God, and fear as a revenger of their perfidy. All therefore that can be done between two men not subject to civil power is to put one another to swear by the God he feareth: which swearing, or oath, is a form of speech, added to a promise, by which he that promiseth signifieth that unless he perform he renounceth the mercy of his God, or calleth to him for vengeance on himself. Such was the heathen form, Let Jupiter kill me else, as I kill this beast. So is our form, I shall do thus, and thus, so help me God. And this, with the rites and ceremonies which every one useth in his own religion, that the fear of breaking faith might be the greater.

By this it appears that an oath taken according to any other form, or rite, than his that sweareth is in vain and no oath, and that there is no swearing by anything which the swearer thinks not God. For though men have sometimes used to swear by their kings, for fear, or flattery; yet they would have it thereby understood they attributed to them divine honour. And that swearing unnecessarily by God is but profaning of his name: and swearing by other things, as men do in common discourse, is not swearing, but an impious custom, gotten by too much vehemence of talking.

It appears also that the oath adds nothing to the obligation. For a covenant, if lawful, binds in the sight of God, without the oath, as much as with it; if unlawful, bindeth not at all, though it be confirmed with an oath.

Baruch Spinoza,
Ethics, Part 5

Baruch (or Benedict de) Spinoza (1632-1677) was born and raised a Jew, though his parents were *Conversos* from Portugal, Jews who had “converted” to Christianity under threat of the Portuguese Inquisition (1536). Religious toleration in the Netherlands drew many of these Sephardic Jews to Amsterdam, who reconverted to Judaism on arrival. Spinoza’s father was a merchant.

After a long struggle, the Dutch Republic had recently secured its independence from the Spanish Crown, becoming the first real republic in Europe. In this burgeoning commercial nation, Enlightenment ideals germinated. But Spinoza’s ideas pushed too far even for this tolerant regime: he questioned the authenticity of Scripture and the nature of divinity. He was excommunicated from Jewish society at 23. Living the seemingly innocuous life of an optical lens grinder, Spinoza was the great figure behind what has been called the “Radical Enlightenment.” The *Ethics* (written in Latin) resulted from nearly fifteen years of reflection, the epitome of early modern philosophical ambition: a comprehensive system covering the range of philosophical topics, and all according to the strictest kind of geometric method, inspired by Descartes’s philosophical approach—though Spinoza disagreed with Descartes on multiple points. (Cartesianism was itself suspect to the Dutch Calvinist religious authorities, as they were committed to a kind of Aristotelian scholasticism.) Spinoza argues that God is identical to nature (*Deus sive Natura*), a revolutionary proposition. The question of his pantheism would be a live issue even at the end of the eighteenth century, in the *Pantheismusstreit*, which would influence Hegel, Goethe, Schleiermacher and other luminaries of the Romantic period.

Preface

I pass finally to the remaining part of the Ethics, which is about the way or the path that leads to freedom. In this part therefore I shall discuss the power of reason showing what reason itself can do in the face of the emotions. I shall then show what freedom of mind or blessedness is, and we shall see from this how much more effective a wise person is than an ignorant person. Not relevant here are the questions how and in what manner the intellect should be perfected and also the art by which the body is to be healed in order to perform its function properly. The latter belongs to medicine and the former to logic. Here then, as I said, I shall discuss only the power of the mind or of reason, and above all I shall show how much sovereignty it has over the emotions to restrain and govern them and what sort of sovereignty that is. We have already demonstrated above that we do not have absolute sovereignty over them. The Stoics however thought that they depended absolutely on our will and that we could have absolute sovereignty over them. But they were compelled by refractory experience rather than by their principles to admit that a good deal of practice and effort are also required to restrain and govern them. Someone tried to show this by instancing two dogs (if I remember correctly). One of the dogs was a house dog and the other was a hunting dog. In the end by habituation he was able to get the house dog used to go hunting, and the hunting dog conversely to stop chasing hares.

Descartes very much favors this view. For he took the position that the soul or mind is specifically united with a certain part of the brain, i.e. the so-called pineal gland, by means of which the mind senses all the motions aroused in the body as well as external objects and which the mind can move in various ways simply because it wills to. He declared that this gland is poised in the middle of the brain in such a way that it can be moved by the tiniest motion of the animal spirits. He then declared that this gland is poised in the middle of the brain in as many various ways as the various ways in which the animal spirits impact it. Moreover, there are as many various traces imprinted upon it as there are various external objects that drive the animal spirits themselves toward it. The result is that if subsequently the gland, by the will of the soul which moves it in different ways, is poised in one way or another as it was once poised by the motions of the spirits in one way or another, then the gland itself will drive and determine the animal spirits in the same way as they had previously been driven by the similar poise of the gland.

Moreover he declared that every single willing of the mind is united

by nature with a certain specific motion of the gland. For example if anyone has a will to look at a distant object, this will is going to cause the pupil to be dilated. However if he is thinking merely about dilating the pupil, it will not help to have a will to do that, because nature has not connected the motion of the gland which serves to drive spirits toward the optic nerve in a way that is suitable for dilating or contracting the pupil with the will to dilate or contract it but only with the will to view distant or close objects.

Finally he declared that although each and every motion of this gland seems to be connected by nature with particular thoughts of ours from the beginning of our lives, they can nevertheless be connected with others by habituation; this he endeavors to prove in *The Passions of the Soul*, part 1, article 50. He concludes from this that there is no soul so weak that it cannot, when properly directed, acquire absolute control over its passions. For as he defines them, they are perceptions or senses or disturbances of the soul, which are specially related to it, and which N. B. are produced, preserved and strengthened by some motion of the spirits (see *The Passions of the Soul*, part 1, article 27). But since we can connect any motion of the gland and consequently of the spirits with any willing, and since the determination of the will depends upon our abilities alone, it follows that if we determine our will by definite, firm judgments in accordance with which we wish to direct the actions of our life, and if we join to these judgments the motions of the passions which we wish to have, we shall acquire an absolute sovereignty over our passions.

This is the opinion of this illustrious man (as far as I gather it from his own words), but I would scarcely have believed that it had been put forward by so great a man, if it had been less clever. Surely I cannot properly express my bewilderment that a philosopher who had stated firmly that he deduced nothing except from self-evident principles, and affirmed nothing except what he perceived clearly and distinctly, and who had so often rebuked the scholastics because they attempted to explain obscure matters by means of occult qualities, should take up a hypothesis that is more occult than any occult quality. What, I ask, does he mean by the union of mind and body? What clear and distinct concept does he have, I ask, of the very close union of a thought with a certain tiny portion of quantity? I certainly wish he had explained this union through its proximate cause. But he had conceived the mind as so distinct from the body that he could not assign any special cause either to this union or to the mind itself but had to have recourse to the cause of the whole universe, i.e. to God.

Then I would very much like to know how many degrees of motion

the mind can attribute to that pineal gland and how much force it can deploy to keep it poised. For I don't know whether this gland is moved around more slowly or more swiftly by the mind than by the animal spirits, and whether the movements of the passions, which we have closely connected to firm judgments, may not in turn be disconnected from them by corporeal causes. It would follow from the latter that however firmly the mind may have set itself to face danger and may have joined motions of courage to this decision, yet despite this, when the danger is seen, the gland may be so suspended that the mind cannot think about anything except flight. And certainly, since there is no common measure between the will and the motion, there is also no comparison made between the power or strength of the mind and that of the body; and consequently the strength of the latter can in no way be determined by the strength of the former. Moreover not only is this gland not found to be situated in the middle of the brain in such a way that it can be moved around so easily and in so many ways, but also not all the nerves extend all the way to the cavities of the brain. Finally I omit everything he says about the will and its freedom, since I have more than sufficiently shown that these things are false.

Therefore because the power of the mind, as I showed above, is defined by understanding alone, we will determine purely by cognition of the mind the remedies for the emotions, remedies which I believe everyone knows by experience but does not accurately observe or distinctly see, and from that we will deduce everything that concerns its blessedness.

Axioms

1. If two contrary actions are aroused in one subject, a change will necessarily have to take place either in both of them or in one alone, until they cease to be contrary.
2. The power of an effect is defined by the power of its cause insofar as its essence is explained or defined through the essence of the cause itself.

This axiom is evident from 3p7.

Proposition 1

Just as thoughts and ideas of things are ordered and connected in the mind, so too affections of the body or images of things are precisely ordered and connected in the body.

Proof

The order and connection of ideas is the same (by 2p7) as the order and connection of things, and vice versa the order and connection of things is the same (by 2p6c and 2p7) as the order and connection of ideas. Therefore just as the order and connection of ideas in the mind happen in accordance with the order and connection of the affections of the body (by 2p18), so vice versa (by 3p2) the order and connection of affections of the body happen as these thoughts and the ideas of things are ordered and connected in the mind.

Proposition 2

If we disconnect a disturbance of the spirit, or emotion, from the thought of an external cause and connect it with other thoughts, then the love or hatred for the external cause, as well as the waverings of spirit arising from these emotions, will be destroyed.

Proof

What constitutes the form of love or hatred is joy or sadness accompanied by the idea of an external cause (by DOE6 and DOE7). Therefore when the cause is taken away, the form of love or hatred is taken away at the same time; and therefore these emotions and those arising from them are destroyed.

Proposition 3

An emotion which is a passion ceases to be a passion as soon as we form a clear and distinct idea of it.

Proof

An emotion which is a passion is a confused idea (by the general definition of the emotions). Therefore if we form a clear and distinct idea of an emotion itself, this idea will not be distinguished from the emotion itself insofar as it is related to the mind alone (by 2p21 with its scholium) by anything but reason; and thus (by 3p3) the emotion will cease to be a passion.

Corollary

Therefore the better we know an emotion, the more it is placed within our abilities and the less passive the mind is in relation to it.

Proposition 4

There is no affection of the body that we cannot form some clear and distinct concept of.

Proof

Things which are common to all can only be conceived adequately (by 2p38), and thus (by 2p12 and L2 following 2p13) there is no affection of the body that we cannot form some clear and distinct concept of.

Corollary

It follows from this that there is no emotion that we cannot form some clear and distinct concept of. For an emotion is the idea of an affection of the body (by the general definition of the emotions), and therefore (by 5p4) it must involve some clear and distinct concept.

Scholium

There is nothing from which some effect does not follow (by 1p36), and we understand clearly and distinctly whatever follows from an idea which is adequate in us (by 2p40). It follows that each person has the ability to understand clearly and distinctly himself and his emotions, if not absolutely, at least partly; and consequently to ensure that he is less acted on by them. One must therefore devote oneself above all to the task of getting to know each emotion, as far as possible, clearly and distinctly, so that from an emotion the mind may be determined to think those things that it clearly and distinctly perceives and in which it is fully content, and thus the emotion itself may be separated from the thought of an external cause and be connected with true thoughts. The upshot of this will be that not only love, hatred, etc. will be destroyed (by 5p2), but also that the appetites or desires which usually arise from such an emotion will be unable to be excessive (by 4p61). For one must note, above all, that it is one and the same appetite by which a human being is said both to act and to be acted on. For example, we have shown that human nature is so constituted, that everyone wants other people to live in conformance with his own character (see 3p31s). And this appetite in a person who is not led by reason is a passion; it is called ambition and it does not differ very much from pride. By contrast in a person who lives by the dictate of reason, it is an action or a virtue, and it is called piety (see 4p37s1 and 4p37, alternative proof). In this manner all appetites or desires are merely passions insofar as they arise from inadequate ideas; and they are accounted virtue when they are aroused or generated from adequate ideas. For all the desires by which we are determined to do some action can arise as much from adequate ideas as from inadequate ideas (see 4p59). And (to return to the point from which I digressed) no better remedy for the emotions that lies within our abilities can be devised than that which consists in a true cognition of them, since there is no other power of the mind available than that of thinking

and forming adequate ideas, as we have shown above (by 3p3).

Proposition 5

The emotion toward a thing which we imagine simply and not as necessary nor as possible nor as contingent, is, all other things being equal, the greatest of all.

Proof

An emotion toward a thing that we imagine to be free is greater than toward a necessary thing (by 3p49), and consequently still greater than the emotion toward a thing that we imagine as possible or contingent (by 4p11). But to imagine something as free is no other than to imagine the thing simply, in ignorance of the causes by which it has been determined to act (by our proofs in 2p35s). Therefore the emotion toward a thing that we simply imagine is, other things being equal, greater than toward a necessary, possible or contingent thing, and consequently it will be the greatest.

Proposition 6

Insofar as the mind understands all things as necessary, to that extent it has greater power over the emotions, or is less acted on by them.

Proof

The mind understands that all things are necessary (by 1p29) and are determined to exist and operate by an infinite nexus of causes (by 1p28); and therefore (by the previous proposition) it ensures to that extent that it is less acted on by the emotions arising from them and (by 3p48) it is less affected toward them.

Scholium

The more this cognition that things are necessary is concerned with particular things that we imagine quite distinctly and vividly, the greater the power of the mind over the emotions. Experience itself also testifies to this. For we see that sadness for the loss of some good thing that has perished is mitigated as soon as the person who lost it considers that that good thing could not have been saved in any case. Thus we also see that no one pities an infant because it does not know how to speak or walk or reason and because it lives for so many years as it were unconscious of itself. But if most people were born as adults and only one or two as infants, then everyone would pity every one of the infants, because then they would consider infancy itself not as a natural and necessary thing but as a fault or something sinful in nature; and we could give several other instances of this sort.

Proposition 7

Emotions arising from or aroused by reason, if we take time into account, are more powerful than those related to particular things which we regard as absent.

Proof

We do not regard a thing as absent because of the emotion by which we imagine it but because the body is affected by a different emotion which excludes the existence of the thing (by 2p17). Therefore an emotion related to a thing which we regard as absent is not of such a nature as to overcome all a person's other actions and power (on this see 4p6). To the contrary, it is of such a nature that it can only be restrained in some fashion by the emotions that exclude the existence of the external cause (by 4p9). But an emotion that arises from reason is necessarily related to the common properties of things; and we always regard these as present (for there can be nothing which excludes their present existence) and imagine them always in the same way (by 2p38). Therefore such an emotion always remains the same, and consequently (by 5a1) emotions which are contrary to it and which are not fostered by their own external causes will have to adapt themselves continually to it until they are no longer contrary, and to that extent an emotion arising from reason is the more powerful.

Proposition 8

The more concurrent and simultaneous causes by which an emotion is aroused, the greater it is.

Proof

Several causes simultaneously can do more than if they were fewer (by 3p7); and therefore (by 4p5) the more causes simultaneously by which an emotion is aroused, the stronger it is.

Scholium

This proposition is also evident from 5a2.

Proposition 9

An emotion related to several different causes which the mind regards at the same time as the emotion itself is less harmful, and we are less acted on by it, and therefore we are less affected toward each cause, than another equally great emotion which is related to only one or a small number of causes.

Proof

An emotion is only bad or harmful insofar as it hinders the mind from being able to think (by 4p26 and 4p27). Therefore an emotion which determines the mind to regard several objects at the same time is less harmful than another equally great emotion which keeps the mind so focused on one or a few objects that it cannot think of other things. That is the first point. Then, because the essence of the mind, i.e. (by 3p7) its power, consists in thought alone (by 2p11), the mind is less acted on by an emotion which determines it to regard several things at the same time than by an equally great emotion that keeps the mind occupied in regarding only one or a few objects. That is the second point. Finally (by 3p48) insofar as this emotion is related to several causes, it is also lesser in relation to each one.

Proposition 10

So long as we are not assailed by emotions that are contrary to our nature, we have the ability to order and connect the affections of the body in accordance with the order of the intellect.

Proof

Emotions that are contrary to our nature, i.e. (by 4p30) emotions that are bad, are bad insofar as they impede the mind from understanding (by 4p27). Therefore so long as we are not assailed by emotions that are contrary to our nature, for so long the power of the mind by which it endeavors to understand things (by 4p26) is not impeded, and therefore for so long it has the ability to form clear and distinct ideas and to deduce one idea from another (see 2p40s2 and 2p47s). Consequently (by 5p1) for so long we have the ability to order and connect the affections of the body in accordance with the order of the intellect.

Scholium

With this ability of rightly ordering and connecting the affections of the body we can ensure that we are not easily affected by bad emotions. For (by 5p7) greater force is required to restrain emotions which are ordered and connected in accordance with the order of the intellect than those that are uncertain and random. The best thing we can achieve therefore, so long as we do not have perfect cognition of our emotions, is to conceive a right manner of living or sure tenets of life and to commit them to memory and apply them constantly to particular situations that often meet us in life, so that they may have a broad effect on our imagination and always be at hand for us.

For example, we have included among the tenets of life (see 4p46 and 4p46s) the tenet that hatred is to be overcome by love or generosity

and not repaid with reciprocal hatred. In order that we may always have this precept of reason on hand when we need it, we must often think of and reflect on the common offenses people commit and by what means and in what way they are best forestalled by generosity. In this way we shall join an image of an offense to an image of this tenet and it will be always on hand for us (by 2p18) when an offense is committed against us. We should also have on hand an account of what is truly useful to us and also of the good that arises from mutual friendship and common society, as well as an understanding that the highest contentment of spirit arises from a right manner of living (by 4p52) and that human beings, like all other things, act from the necessity of nature. If we have all these things at hand, the offense or the hatred that an offense normally gives rise to, will occupy a very small part of our imagination and will easily be overcome. Or if the anger that normally arises from very serious offenses is not so easily overcome, it will still be overcome despite everything, although not without waverings of spirit, in a far shorter space of time than if we did not have these things premeditated in this way, as is evident from 5p6, 5p7 and 5p8. We must think in the same way about spiritedness in order to divest ourselves of fear; we must often review and imagine the common dangers of life and reflect how by presence of mind and fortitude they may best be averted and overcome.

Note however that in ordering our thoughts and imaginings we must always focus (by 4p63c and 3p59) on what is good in each thing, so that we may be determined always to act from an emotion of joy. For example, if anyone becomes conscious that he follows too much after glory, he should think about the right use of it and what is the purpose of pursuing it and by what means it can be acquired, and not about its abuse and the vanity and inconstancy of human beings, or other things of this sort which no one dwells on except from sickness of spirit. It is the most ambitious people who most afflict themselves with such thoughts, when they despair of achieving the kudos they are ambitious for; and while spewing out their anger, they try to give an appearance of wisdom. It is certain therefore that it is those who make the most clamor about the abuse of glory and the vanity of the world who are the most desirous of glory. This is not confined to ambitious people, but is common to all whom fortune turns against and who are powerless in spirit. A poor person who is also avaricious never stops talking about the misuse of money and the faults of the wealthy. He achieves nothing by this except to torment himself and show others that he has no equanimity in bearing either his own poverty or other people's wealth. So too men who have been badly treated by a girlfriend think of nothing but women's caprice and their deceitful spirits and all their

other stereotypical faults – all of which they immediately consign to oblivion as soon as the girlfriend takes them back. Anyone therefore who is eager to govern his emotions and appetites solely by the love of freedom, so far as he can, will strive to get to know the virtues and their causes and to fill his spirit with the gladness that arises from a true cognition of them. But he will not be at all eager to dwell on people's faults and disparage them and find gladness in a false appearance of freedom. Anyone who will diligently observe these things (for they are not difficult) and practice them, will in a short space of time surely be able for the most part to direct his actions by the sovereignty of reason.

Proposition 11

The more things an image is related to, the more frequent it is or the more often it is invigorated and the more it occupies the mind.

Proof

The more things an image or emotion is related to, the more causes there are which can arouse and foster it, and the mind (by hypothesis) regards all of them at the same time as a result of that emotion; and therefore because of that the emotion is more frequent or more often invigorated and (by 5p8) occupies the mind more.

Proposition 12

Images of things are more easily joined with images related to things we understand clearly and distinctly than with other things.

Proof

Things that we understand clearly and distinctly are either common properties of things or deduced from them (see the definition of reason in 2p40s2), and consequently they are aroused in us more often (by the previous proposition). Therefore it can more easily happen that we regard other things simultaneously with these rather than with other things, and consequently (by 2p18) that they are more easily joined with these than with other things.

Proposition 13

The more other things an image is joined with, the more often it is invigorated.

Proof

The more other things an image is joined with, the more causes there are (by 2p18) that can arouse it.

Proposition 14

The mind can ensure that all affections of the body or images of things are related to the idea of God.

Proof

There is no affection of the body which the mind cannot form a clear and distinct concept of (by 5p4); and therefore it can ensure (by 1p15) that they are all related to the idea of God.

Proposition 15

Anyone who understands himself and his emotions clearly and distinctly loves God, and all the more, the more he understands himself and his emotions.

Proof

Anyone who understands himself and his emotions clearly and distinctly is joyful (by 3p53), and this is accompanied by the idea of God (by the previous proposition); and therefore (by DOE6) he loves God, and (by the same reasoning) all the more, the more he understands himself and his emotions.

Proposition 16

This love for God must occupy his mind more than anything.

Proof

This love is joined with all the affections of the body (by 5p14) and is fostered by all of them (by 5p15); and therefore (by 5p11) it must occupy the mind more than anything.

Proposition 17

God is without passions, and is not affected by any emotion of joy or sadness.

Proof

All ideas, insofar as they are related to God, are true (by 2p32), i.e. (by 2def4) they are adequate; and therefore (by the general definition of the emotions) God is without passions. Then, God cannot pass either to a greater or to a lesser perfection (by 1p20c2); and therefore (by DOE2 and DOE3) he is not affected by any emotion of joy or sadness.

Corollary

Properly speaking, God does not love anyone or hate anyone. For (by 5p17) God is not affected by any emotion of joy or sadness, and consequently (by DOE6 and DOE7) he does not love or hate anyone either.

Proposition 18

No one can hate God.

Proof

The idea of God which is in us is adequate and perfect (by 2p46 and 2p47); and therefore insofar as we think of God, to that extent we are acting (by 3p3), and consequently (by 3p59) there can be no sadness accompanied by the idea of God, i.e. (by DOE7) no one can hate God.

Corollary

Love for God cannot be turned into hatred.

Scholium

But it may be objected that as we understand God to be the cause of all things, we are by that very fact considering God to be the cause of sadness. I reply that insofar as we understand the causes of sadness, to that extent (by 5p3) it does itself cease to be a passion, i.e. (by 3p59) to that extent it ceases to be sadness; and therefore insofar as we understand God to be the cause of sadness, to that extent we are joyful.

Proposition 19

He who loves God cannot endeavor that God love him in return.

Proof

If a person endeavored this, he would be desiring (by 5p17c) that God whom he loves not be God, and consequently (by 3p19) he would be desiring to be saddened, and this (by 3p28) is absurd. Therefore he who loves God, etc.

Proposition 20

This love for God cannot be tainted by emotions either of envy or jealousy, but the more people we imagine to be joined with God in the same bond of love, the more it is fostered.

Proof

This love for God is the highest good that we can seek by the dictate of reason (by 4p28). It is common to all human beings (by 4p36), and we desire everyone to enjoy it (by 4p37). Therefore (by DOE23) it cannot be tainted by the emotion of envy nor (by 5p18 and by the definition of jealousy, for which see 3p35s) by the emotion of jealousy either. To the contrary (by 3p31) the more people we imagine to enjoy it, the more it must be fostered.

Scholium

We can in this same way show that there is no emotion that is directly contrary to this love by which this love can be destroyed; and therefore we can conclude that this love for God is the most constant of all emotions, and cannot be destroyed, insofar as it is related to the body, except with the body itself. We shall see later what nature it has, insofar as it is related to the mind alone.

With this I have covered all the remedies for the emotions, or everything that the mind, considered in itself, can do in the face of the emotions. It is clear from all this that the power of the mind over the emotions consists:

First, in cognition of the emotions itself (see 5p4s).

Secondly, in the fact that it separates the emotions from the thought of an external cause which we imagine in a confused way (see 5p2 with the same 5p4s).

Thirdly, in the time, by which the affections related to things that we understand surpass those which are related to things that we conceive in a confused or mutilated fashion (see 5p7).

Fourthly, in the very many causes which foster the affections related to the common properties of things or to God (see 5p9 and 5p11).

Fifthly and finally, in the order by which the mind is able to order and connect its emotions with each other (see 5p10s as well as 5p12, 5p13 and 5p14).

But in order that this power of the mind over the emotions may be better understood, the first thing to note is that we call emotions

great when we compare one person's emotion with another's and see that one person is assailed by a particular emotion more than someone else, or when we compare one and the same person's emotions with each other and find that the same person is affected or moved by one emotion more than by another. For (by 4p5) the force of each emotion is defined by the power of the external cause compared with our own. The power of the mind however is defined by cognition alone, whereas its powerlessness, or passion, is estimated solely by privation of cognition, i.e. by that through which ideas are said to be inadequate. It follows from this that a mind is most acted on when inadequate ideas constitute its greatest part, so that it is distinguished more by being acted on than by acting. Conversely a mind acts the most when adequate ideas constitute its greatest part, so that, although there are as many inadequate ideas in the latter as in the former, it is still distinguished more by ideas that are related to human virtue than those that betray human powerlessness.

Then, we should note that sicknesses of the spirit and misfortune mostly have their origin in an excessive love for something that is subject to many changes and that we can never control. For no one is anxious or worried about anything but what he loves; and offense, suspicion, enmity, etc. arise only from a love for things which no one can in truth possess. We easily conceive from this therefore what clear and distinct cognition can do in the face of the emotions, especially the third kind of cognition (on which see 2p47s) whose foundation is the very cognition of God. That is, insofar as they are passions, if it does not absolutely take them away (see 5p3 with 5p4s), it at least ensures that they make up a very small part of the mind (see 5p14). Then, it generates love for an unchangeable and eternal thing (see 5p15) which we in truth possess (see 2p45) and which for that reason is tainted by none of the faults that there are in ordinary love, but can always be greater and greater (by 5p15) and occupy the greatest part of the mind (by 5p16) and have broad effects upon it.

And with this I have dealt with everything that concerns this present life. As I said at the beginning of this scholium, anyone will easily be able to see that in these few words I have covered all the remedies for the emotions, if he has paid attention to what we have said in this scholium and at the same time to the definitions of the mind and its emotions and finally to 3p1 and 3p3. It is now time therefore to move on to things that pertain to the duration of the mind without relation to the body.

Proposition 21

The mind can only imagine anything or recall past things so long as the body lasts.

Proof

The mind does not express the actual existence of its body nor does it conceive the affections of the body as actual except so long as the body lasts (by 2p8c). Consequently (by 2p26) it does not conceive any body as actually existing except so long as its own body lasts, and accordingly it cannot imagine anything (see the definition of imagination in 2p17s) or recall past things except so long as the body lasts (see the definition of memory in 2p18s).

Proposition 22

In God however there is necessarily an idea that expresses the essence of this or that human body from the vantage of eternity.

Proof

God is not only the cause of the existence of this or that human body but also of its essence (by 1p25), which must necessarily be conceived through the very essence of God (by 1a4) and by a certain eternal necessity (by 1p16), and this concept must necessarily be in God (by 2p3).

Proposition 23

The human mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body; but something of it remains, and that is eternal.

Proof

There is necessarily in God a concept or idea that expresses the essence of the human body (by the previous proposition), which for that reason is necessarily something that pertains to the essence of the human mind (by 2p13). But we attribute no duration that can be defined by time to the human mind, except insofar as it expresses the actual existence of the body, which is explained through duration and can be defined by time. That is to say (by 2p8c), we attribute duration to it only while the body lasts. However since, despite this, there is something that is conceived by a certain eternal necessity through the very essence of God (by the previous proposition), this something which pertains to the essence of the mind will necessarily be eternal.

Scholium

As we have said, this idea which expresses the essence of the body from the vantage of eternity is a certain mode of thinking that pertains to the essence of the mind and is necessarily eternal. Nevertheless it cannot be that we recall that we existed before the body, since there can be no traces of this in the body, and eternity cannot be defined by time and cannot have any relation to time. But nevertheless we sense [sentimus] and experience that we are eternal. For the mind no less senses the things that it conceives by understanding than the things which it has in memory. For the eyes of the mind with which it sees and observes things are the proofs themselves. Therefore although we do not recall that we existed before the body, we nevertheless sense that our mind, insofar as it involves the essence of the body from the vantage of eternity, is eternal, and as such its existence cannot be defined by time or explained through duration. Our mind therefore can only be said to endure and its existence can only be defined by a definite time, insofar as it involves the actual existence of the body, and to that extent only does it have the power of determining the existence of things in time and of conceiving them under duration.

Proposition 24

The more we understand particular things, the more we understand God.

Proof

This is evident from 1p25c.

Proposition 25

The mind's highest endeavor and its highest virtue is to understand things by the third kind of cognition.

Proof

The third kind of cognition proceeds from an adequate idea of certain attributes of God to an adequate cognition of the essence of things (see the definition of this in 2p40s2). The more we understand things in this way, the more (by the previous proposition) we understand God; and accordingly (by 4p28) the mind's highest virtue, i.e. (by 4def8) the mind's power or nature, or (by 3p7) its highest endeavor, is to understand things by the third kind of cognition.

Proposition 26

The more capable the mind is of understanding with the third kind of cognition, the more it desires to understand things by this same kind

of cognition.

Proof

This is obvious. For insofar as we conceive that the mind is capable of understanding things with this kind of cognition, to that extent we conceive that it is determined to understand things with the same kind of cognition, and consequently (by DOE1), the more capable the mind is for this, the more it desires it.

Proposition 27

From this third kind of cognition arises the highest contentment of spirit that there can be.

Proof

The highest virtue of the mind is to know God (by 4p28) or to understand things by the third kind of cognition (by 5p25); and this virtue is all the greater, the more the mind knows things by this kind of cognition (by 5p24). Therefore anyone who knows things by this kind of cognition passes to the highest human perfection, and consequently (by DOE2) is affected by the highest joy accompanied (by 2p43) by an idea of himself and his own virtue. Accordingly (by DOE25) from this kind of cognition arises the highest contentment there can be.

Proposition 28

The endeavor or desire to know things by the third kind of cognition cannot arise from the first kind of cognition, but it can arise from the second.

Proof

This proposition is self-evident. For whatever we understand clearly and distinctly, we understand either through itself or through another thing which is conceived through itself. That is, ideas that are clear and distinct in us or that are related to the third kind of cognition (see 2p40s2) cannot follow from mutilated and confused ideas, which (by the same scholium) are related to the first kind of cognition, but from adequate ideas, or (by the same scholium) from the second and third kinds of cognition. Accordingly (by DOE1) the desire to know things by the third kind of cognition cannot arise from the first kind but it can arise from the second.

Proposition 29

Whatever the mind understands from the vantage of eternity, it does not understand from its conceiving the actual present existence of the body but from conceiving the essence of the body from the vantage of eternity.

Proof

Insofar as the mind conceives the present existence of its body, to that extent it conceives a duration which can be determined by time, and to that extent only does it have the power to conceive things in relation to time (by 5p21 and 2p26). But eternity cannot be explained through duration (by 1def8 and its explanation). Therefore to that extent the mind does not have the ability to conceive things from the vantage of eternity. But it is of the nature of reason to conceive things from the vantage of eternity (by 2p44c2), and it also belongs to the nature of the mind to conceive the essence of the body from the vantage of eternity (by 5p23), and nothing but these two things belongs to the essence of the mind (by 2p13). Therefore this power of conceiving things from the vantage of eternity does not belong to the mind, except insofar as it conceives the essence of the body from the vantage of eternity.

Scholium

We conceive things as actual in two ways: either insofar as we conceive them to exist in relation to a certain time and place, or insofar as we conceive them to be contained in God and to follow from the necessity of the divine nature. But those that are conceived in the second way as true or real, we conceive from the vantage of eternity, and the ideas of them involve the eternal and infinite essence of God, as we showed by 2p45 (see also its scholium).

Proposition 30

Insofar as our mind knows itself and the body from the vantage of eternity, to that extent it necessarily has cognition of God and knows that it is in God and is conceived through God.

Proof

Eternity is the very essence of God insofar as this involves necessary existence (by 1def8). Therefore to conceive things from the vantage of eternity is to conceive things insofar as they are conceived through God's essence as real beings or insofar as through God's essence they involve existence. And therefore insofar as our mind conceives itself and the body from the vantage of eternity, to that extent it necessarily has cognition of God and knows, etc.

Proposition 31

The third kind of cognition depends on the mind as on a formal cause insofar as the mind itself is eternal.

Proof

The mind conceives nothing from the vantage of eternity except insofar as it conceives the essence of its body from the vantage of eternity (by 5p29), i.e. (by 5p21 and 5p23) except insofar as it is eternal. Therefore (by the previous proposition) insofar as it is eternal, it has cognition of God, and this cognition is necessarily adequate (by 2p46). Accordingly, insofar as the mind is eternal, it is capable of knowing all the things that can follow from this given cognition of God (by 2p40), i.e. it is capable of knowing things by the third kind of cognition (see the definition of this in 2p40s2). For this reason (by 3def1), insofar as the mind is eternal, it is the adequate or formal cause.

Scholium

Therefore the more proficient anyone is in this kind of cognition, the better he is conscious of himself and of God, i.e. the more perfect he is and the more blessed; this will become yet clearer in what follows. But though we are already certain that the mind is eternal insofar as it conceives things from the vantage of eternity, nevertheless we must here note the following. In order to explain more easily the things we want to show and to make them better understood, we will consider the mind as if it were only now beginning to be and were only now beginning to understand things from the vantage of eternity, as we have done so far. We may do this without any risk of error, provided we are careful not to draw any conclusions except from clear premises.

Proposition 32

Whatever we understand by the third kind of cognition, we find a pleasure in it which is accompanied by the idea of God as its cause.

Proof

From this kind of cognition arises the highest contentment of spirit there can be, i.e. (by DOE25) joy accompanied by the idea of oneself as its cause (by 5p27) and consequently (by 5p30) also by the idea of God as its cause.

Corollary

From the third kind of cognition the intellectual love of God necessarily arises. For there arises from this kind of cognition (by 5p32) a joy accompanied by the idea of God as cause, i.e. (by DOE6) love of God, not insofar as we imagine him as present (by 5p29) but insofar as we understand God to be eternal; this is what I call the intellectual love of God.

Proposition 33

The intellectual love of God, which arises from the third kind of cognition, is eternal.

Proof

The third kind of cognition (by 5p31 and 1a3) is eternal, and therefore (by the same 1a3) the love which arises from it is also necessarily eternal.

Scholium

Although this love for God has not had a beginning (by the previous proposition), it nevertheless has all the perfections of love, exactly as if it had arisen as we surmised in the corollary to the previous proposition. There is no difference here except that the mind has eternally had the same perfections that we just surmised, accompanied by the idea of God as eternal cause. But if joy consists in passing to a greater perfection, blessedness surely must consist in the mind's being endowed with perfection itself.

Proposition 34

The mind is subject to emotions that are related to passions only so long as the body lasts.

Proof

An imagination is an idea by which the mind regards a thing as present (see the definition of it in 2p17s), but it reveals the present constitution of a person's body more than the nature of the external thing (by 2p16c2). An emotion therefore (by the general definition of the emotions) is an imagination, insofar as it reveals the present constitution of the body, and therefore (by 5p21) the mind is subject to emotions that are related to passions only so long as the body lasts.

Corollary

It follows from this that no love but intellectual love is eternal.

Scholium

If we attend to the common opinion that people have, we shall see that they are conscious of the eternity of their own minds but confuse it with duration and attribute it to imagination or memory, which they believe remain after death.

Proposition 35

God loves himself with infinite intellectual love.

Proof

God is absolutely infinite (by 1def6), i.e. (by 2def6) God's nature enjoys infinite perfection accompanied (by 2p3) by the idea of itself, i.e. (by 1p11 and 1def1) by the idea of its own cause, and that is what in 5p32c we said intellectual love is.

Proposition 36

The intellectual love of the mind for God is the very love of God with which God loves himself, not insofar as he is infinite but insofar as he can be explained through the essence of the human mind considered from the vantage of eternity, i.e. the intellectual love of the mind for God is a part of the infinite love with which God loves himself.

Proof

This love which the mind has must be related to the mind's actions (by 5p32c and by 3p3); it is accordingly the action by which the mind thinks about itself, accompanied by the idea of God as cause (by 5p32 and its corollary), i.e. (by 1p25c and 2p11c) the action by which God, insofar as he can be explained through the human mind, thinks about himself with the accompanying idea of himself. And therefore (by the previous proposition) this love of the mind is a part of the infinite love with which God loves himself.

Corollary

It follows from this that insofar as God loves himself, he loves human beings, and consequently that the love of God for human beings and the mind's intellectual love for God are one and the same thing.

Scholium

We clearly understand from all this what our salvation or blessedness or freedom consists in, namely in a constant and eternal love for God or in the love of God for human beings. This love, or blessedness is called glory in the holy Scriptures, and appropriately so. For whether this love is related to God or to the mind, it can rightly be called

contentment of spirit, which in truth is not distinguished from glory (by DOE25 and DOE30). For insofar as it is related to God, it is (by 5p35) joy (if we may still use that word) accompanied by the idea of himself, as it is also insofar as it is related to the mind (by 5p27).

Then, the essence of our mind consists solely in cognition, whose beginning and foundation is God (by 1p15 and 2p47s), and from this it becomes quite clear to us how and in what manner our mind, with respect to both essence and existence, follows from the divine nature and constantly depends upon God. I thought it worthwhile to mention this here in order to show by this example how much more potent is the cognition of particular things which I have called intuitive cognition, or cognition of the third kind (see 2p40s2), and how much more effective it is than universal cognition which I called cognition of the second kind. For although I showed generally in the first part that all things (and consequently also the human mind) depend upon God in respect to both essence and existence, nevertheless although that proof is correctly deduced and beyond the possibility of doubt, it does not affect our minds so much as when the conclusion is drawn from the very essence of any particular thing which we say depends upon God.

Proposition 37

There is nothing in nature which is contrary to this intellectual love or which can take it away.

Proof

This intellectual love necessarily follows from the nature of the mind insofar as it is considered as eternal truth through the nature of God (by 5p33 and 5p29). If therefore there were any thing which was contrary to this love, it would be contrary to the truth, and consequently anything that could take away this love would make that which is true to be false, and this (as is self-evident) is absurd. Therefore there is nothing in nature, etc.

Scholium

The axiom of part four concerns particular things insofar as they are considered in relation to a certain time and place, and I think no one has any doubts about it.

Proposition 38

The more things the mind understands with the second and third kind of cognition, the less it is acted on by emotions that are bad and the less it fears death.

Proof

The essence of the mind consists in cognition (by 2p11). Therefore the more the mind knows with the second and third kind of cognition, the greater the part of it that remains (by 5p23 and 5p29), and consequently (by 5p37) the greater the part of it that is not touched by emotions that are contrary to our nature, i.e. (by 4p30) that are bad. Therefore the more things the mind understands with the second and third kind of cognition, the greater the part of it that continues unharmed, and consequently the less it is acted on by emotions, etc.

Scholium

From this we understand what I touched on in 4p39 and which I promised to explain in this part, namely that the greater the mind's clear and distinct cognition is, and the more the mind in consequence loves God, the less harmful death is. Then, because (by 5p27) the highest contentment there can be arises from the third kind of cognition, it follows that the human mind can be of such a nature that what of it we have shown to perish with the body (see 5p21) is of no importance in comparison with what of it remains. But I will discuss this more extensively shortly.

Proposition 39

Anyone who has a body that is capable of very many things has a mind whose greatest part is eternal.

Proof

Anyone who has a body capable of doing very many actions is least assailed by emotions that are bad (by 4p38), i.e. (by 4p30) by emotions that are contrary to our nature. Therefore (by 5p10) he has the ability to order and connect the affections of his body in accordance with the order of the intellect and consequently of ensuring (by 5p14) that all the affections of his body are related to the idea of God. The result of this will be (by 5p15) that he is affected by love for God, which (by 5p16) must occupy or constitute the greatest part of the mind; and accordingly (by 5p33) he has a mind whose greatest part is eternal.

Scholium

Because human bodies are capable of very many things, there is no doubt that they can be of such a nature as to be related to minds which have great cognition of themselves and of God, and whose greatest or most important part is eternal and therefore that they scarcely fear death. But to understand things more clearly, we must notice here that we live in continual change, and we are said to be more or less

happy as we change for better or for worse. An infant or a child who has passed into being a corpse is said to be unhappy, and conversely it is called happiness if we have been able to spend the whole course of our lives with a healthy mind in a healthy body. And in truth anyone who, like an infant or a child, has a body that is capable of very few things and is very much dependent on external causes, has a mind which, considered in itself alone, is barely conscious at all of itself or of God or of things. Conversely, anyone who has a body that is capable of very many things, has a mind which, considered solely in itself, is very conscious of itself and of God and of things. In this life therefore we primarily endeavor that the infant body develops into a different body, as far as its nature allows and is conducive to it, a body which is capable of very many things and is related to a mind that is very much conscious of itself and of God and of things, and this in such a way that all that is related to its memory or imagination will be of scarcely any importance in relation to its intellect, as I have already said in 5p38s.

Proposition 40

The more perfection each thing has, the more it acts, and the less it is acted on; and conversely, the more it acts, the more perfect it is.

Proof

The more perfect a thing is, the more reality it has (by 2def6), and consequently (by 3p3 with its scholium) the more it acts and the less it is acted on. This proof works in the same way in reverse order, from which it follows that conversely, a thing is the more perfect, the more it acts.

Corollary

It follows from this that the part of the mind that remains, however great it may be, is more perfect than the rest. For the eternal part of the mind (by 5p23 and 5p29) is the intellect, through which alone we are said to act (by 3p3). That part which we have shown to perish is the imagination itself (by 5p21) through which alone we are said to be acted on (by 3p3 and the general definition of the emotions). Therefore (by 5p40) the former part, however great it may be, is more perfect than the latter.

Scholium

These are the points that I set out to prove about the mind, insofar as it is considered without relation to the existence of the body. It is clear from this and at the same time clear from 1p21 and other

passages, that insofar as our mind understands, it is an eternal mode of thinking which is determined by another eternal mode of thinking, and this again by another, and so on ad infinitum; so that all of them together constitute the eternal and infinite intellect of God.

Proposition 41

Even if we did not know that our mind is eternal, we would still hold that piety and religion, which, as we showed in part four are related to spiritedness and generosity, are of the first importance.

Proof

The first and only foundation of virtue or of the manner of living rightly (by 4p22c and by 4p24) is to pursue what is useful to oneself. But in determining what things reason tells us are useful, we took no account of the eternity of the mind, which we have only now come to know in this fifth part. For even if at that time we did not know that the mind is eternal, we still held that those things that we showed to be related to spiritedness and generosity were of the first importance. Therefore even if we did not know this now, we would still hold that the same precepts of reason are of the first importance.

Scholium

The usual conviction of ordinary people seems to be different. For most people seem to believe that they are free insofar as they are allowed to obey their lust, and that they are giving up their right insofar as they are obliged to live by the precepts of divine law. Therefore they believe that piety and religion and absolutely everything related to fortitude of spirit are burdens that they hope to throw off after death and to receive a reward for their servitude, i.e. for their piety and religion. And it is not by this hope alone that they are induced to live by the precepts of the divine law insofar as their weakness and their powerless spirit allow, but also, and especially, by fear – the fear of being punished with cruel tortures after death. If human beings did not have this hope and this fear, but believed to the contrary that their minds perished with their bodies, and there was no possibility for the poor wretches, worn out with the burden of piety, to live longer, they would return to character and let lust run it all, and obey fortune rather than themselves. These things seem to me no less absurd than if someone, because he does not believe that he can feed his body with good foods into eternity, should prefer to stuff himself with poisons and deadly substances, or if because he sees that the mind is not eternal or immortal, he should choose to go mad and live without reason. These things are so absurd that they scarcely deserve to be mentioned.

Proposition 42

Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but virtue itself; and we do not enjoy it because we restrain lusts; on the contrary we are able to restrain lusts precisely because we enjoy it.

Proof

Blessedness consists in love for God (by 5p36 and its scholium), a love which arises from the third kind of cognition (by 5p32c). Therefore this love (by 3p59 and 3p3) must be related to the mind insofar as it acts; and accordingly (by 4def8) it is virtue itself. That is the first point.

Then, the more the mind enjoys this divine love or blessedness, the more it understands (by 5p32), i.e. (by 5p3c) the greater the power it has over its emotions and (by 5p38) the less it is acted on by emotions that are bad. Therefore because the mind enjoys this divine love or blessedness, it has the ability to restrain lusts. And because a person's power to restrain emotions lies in the intellect alone, no one enjoys blessedness because he has restrained his emotions; on the contrary the ability to restrain lusts arises from blessedness itself.

Scholium

With this I have completed everything I wanted to prove about the power of the mind over the emotions and about the freedom of the mind. It is clear from this how potent a wise person is and how much more effective he is than an ignorant person who is driven by lust alone. For apart from the fact that an ignorant person is agitated in many ways by external causes and never has true contentment of spirit, he also lives, we might say, ignorant of himself and of God and of things, and as soon as he ceases to be acted on, at the same time he also ceases to be. Conversely, a wise person, insofar as he is considered as such, is scarcely moved in spirit, but being conscious of himself and of God and of things by some eternal necessity, he never ceases to be, but always has possession of true contentment of spirit. Now if the way that I have shown to lead to this looks extremely arduous, it can nevertheless be found. It must certainly be arduous because it is so rarely found. For if salvation were easily available and could be found without great labor, how could it happen that nearly everybody ignores it? But all noble things are as difficult as they are rare.

THE END

Blaise Pascal,
Provincial Letters,
Letter V

Born of a Rouen tax collector, Blaise Pascal (1623-1662) was an important mathematician (developing probability theory), inventor (he invented the hydraulic press and the syringe, and was one of the first two inventors of the mechanical calculator), and physicist. After a mystical experience (the *nuit de feu*), he threw in his lot with the Jansenists of Port-Royal, who

strenuously objected to Catholic laxity as a response to Calvinist rigorism, advocating for a kind of Puritanical Catholicism. In his satirical *Provincial Letters* (an exemplary instance of French prose writing), Pascal takes up the great controversy between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, the latter being the shock troops of the Counter Reformation set in motion by the Council of Trent (1545-1563). To Pascal, Jesuit casuistry simply reconciled people to worldliness.

Letter V

Sir, According to my promise, I now send you the first outlines of the morals taught by those good fathers the Jesuits—those men distinguished for learning and sagacity, who are all under the guidance of divine wisdom—a surer guide than all philosophy. You imagine, perhaps, that I am in jest, but I am perfectly serious; or rather, they are so when they speak thus of themselves in their book entitled “The Image of the First Century.” I am only copying their own words, and may now give you the rest of the eulogy: “They are a society of men, or rather let us call them angels, predicted by Isaiah in these words, ‘Go, ye swift and ready angels.’” The prediction is as clear as day, is it not? “They have the spirit of eagles; they are a flock of phoenixes (a late author having demonstrated that there are a great many of these birds); they have changed the face of Christendom!” Of course, we must believe all this, since they have said it; and in one sense you will find the account amply verified by the sequel of this communication, in which I propose to treat of their maxims.

Determined to obtain the best possible information, I did not trust to the representations of our friend the Jansenist, but sought an interview with some of themselves. I found, however, that he told me nothing but the bare truth, and I am persuaded he is an honest man. Of this you may judge from the following account of these conferences.

In the conversation I had with the Jansenist, he told me so many strange things about these fathers, that I could with difficulty believe them, till he pointed them out to me in their writings; after which he left me nothing more to say in their defence, than that these might be the sentiments of some individuals only, which it was not fair to impute to the whole fraternity. And, indeed, I assured him that I knew some of them who were as severe as those whom he quoted to me were lax. This led him to explain to me the spirit of the Society, which is not known to every one; and you will perhaps have no objections to learn something about it.

“You imagine,” he began, “that it would tell considerably in their favor to show that some of their fathers are as friendly to Evangelical maxims as others are opposed to them; and you would conclude from that circumstance, that these loose opinions do not belong to the whole Society. That I grant you; for had such been the case, they would not have suffered persons among them holding sentiments so diametrically opposed to licentiousness. But as it is equally true that there are among them those who hold these licentious doctrines, you are bound also to conclude that the Spirit of the Society is not that of Christian

severity; for had such been the case, they would not have suffered persons among them holding sentiments so diametrically opposed to that severity.”

“And what, then,” I asked, “can be the design of the whole as a body? Perhaps they have no fixed principle, and every one is left to speak out at random whatever he thinks.”

“That cannot be,” returned my friend; “such an immense body could not subsist in such a hap-hazard sort of way, or without a soul to govern and regulate its movements; besides, it is one of their express regulations, that none shall print a page without the approval of their superiors.”

“But,” said I, “how can these same superiors give their consent to maxims so contradictory?”

“That is what you have yet to learn,” he replied. “Know, then, that their object is not the corruption of manners—that is not their design. But as little is it their sole aim to reform them—that would be bad policy. Their idea is briefly this: They have such a good opinion of themselves as to believe that it is useful, and in some sort essentially necessary to the good of religion, that their influence should extend everywhere, and that they should govern all consciences. And the Evangelical or severe maxims being best fitted for managing some sorts of people, they avail themselves of these when they find them favorable to their purpose. But as these maxims do not suit the views of the great bulk of people, they wave them in the case of such persons, in order to keep on good terms with all the world. Accordingly, having to deal with persons of all classes and of all different nations, they find it necessary to have casuists assorted to match this diversity.

“On this principle, you will easily see that if they had none but the looser sort of casuists, they would defeat their main design, which is to embrace all; for those that are truly pious are fond of a stricter discipline. But as there are not many of that stamp, they do not require many severe directors to guide them. They have a few for the select few; while whole multitudes of lax casuists are provided for the multitudes that prefer laxity. “It is in virtue of this ‘obliging and accommodating, conduct,’ as Father Petau calls it, that they may be said to stretch out a helping hand to all mankind. Should any person present himself before them, for example, fully resolved to make restitution of some ill-gotten gains, do not suppose that they would dissuade him from it. By no means; on the contrary, they will applaud and confirm him in such a holy resolution. But suppose another should come who wishes to be absolved without restitution, and it will be a

particularly hard case indeed, if they cannot furnish him with means of evading the duty, of one kind or another, the lawfulness of which they will be ready to guarantee.

“By this policy they keep all their friends, and defend themselves against all their foes; for, when charged with extreme laxity, they have nothing more to do than produce their austere directors, with some books which they have written on the severity of the Christian code of morals; and simple people, or those who never look below the surface of things, are quite satisfied with these proofs of the falsity of the accusation.

“Thus are they prepared for all sorts of persons, and so ready are they to suit the supply to the demand, that when they happen to be in any part of the world where the doctrine of a crucified God is accounted foolishness, they suppress the offence of the cross, and preach only a glorious and not a suffering Jesus Christ. This plan they followed in the Indies and in China, where they permitted Christians to practise idolatry itself, with the aid of the following ingenious contrivance: they made their converts conceal under their clothes an image of Jesus Christ, to which they taught them in their writings to apply mentally the worship paid publicly to the idol Chacim-Choan and their Keum-fuccum.

“Such is the manner in which they have spread themselves over the whole earth, aided by the *doctrine of probable opinions*, which is at once the source and the basis of all this licentiousness. You must get some of themselves to explain this doctrine to you. They make no secret of it, any more than of what you have already learned; with this difference only, that they conceal their carnal and worldly policy under the garb of divine and Christian prudence; as if the faith, and tradition its ally, were not always one and the same at all times and in all places; as if it were the part of the rule to bend in conformity to the subject which it was meant to regulate; and as if souls, to be purified from their pollutions, had only to corrupt the law of the Lord, in place of ‘the law of the Lord, which is clean and pure, converting the soul which lithe in sin,’ and bringing it into conformity with its salutary lessons!

“Go and see some of these worthy fathers, I beseech you, and I am confident that you will soon discover, in the laxity of their moral system, the explanation of their doctrine about grace. You will then see the Christian virtues exhibited in such a strange aspect, so completely stripped of the charity which is the life and soul of them—you will see so many crimes palliated and irregularities tolerated, that you will

no longer be surprised at their maintaining that 'all men have always enough of grace' to lead a pious life, in the sense in which they understand piety. Their morality being entirely Pagan, nature is quite competent to its observance. When we maintain the necessity of efficacious grace, we assign it another sort of virtue for its object. Its office is not to cure one vice by means of another; it is not merely to induce men to practise the external duties of religion: it aims at a virtue higher than that propounded by Pharisees, or the greatest sages of Heathenism. The law and reason are 'sufficient graces' for these purposes. But to disenthral the soul from the love of the world—to tear it from what it holds most dear—to make it die to itself—to lift it up and bind it wholly, only, and forever, to God—can be the work of none but an all-powerful hand. And it would be as absurd to affirm that we have the full power of achieving such objects, as it would be to allege that those virtues, devoid of the love of God, which these fathers confound with the virtues of Christianity, are beyond our power."

Such was the strain of my friend's discourse, which was delivered with much feeling; for he takes these sad disorders Q very much to heart. For my own part, I begat to entertain a high admiration of these fathers, simply on account of the ingenuity of their policy; and following his advice, I waited on a good casuist of the Society, one of my old acquaintances, with whom I now resolved purposely to renew my former intimacy. Having my instructions how to manage them, I had no great difficulty in getting him afloat. Retaining his old attachment, he 'received me immediately with a profusion of kindness; and after talking over some indifferent matters, I took occasion from the present season,¹ to learn something from him about fasting, and thus slip insensibly into the main subject. I told him, therefore, that I had difficulty in supporting the fast. He exhorted me to do violence to my inclinations; but as I continued to murmur, he took pity on me, and began to search out some ground for a dispensation. In fact he suggested a number of excuses for me, none of which happened to suit my case, till at length he bethought himself of asking me, whether I did not find it difficult to sleep without taking supper?

"Yes, my good father," said I; "and for that reason I am obliged often to take a refreshment at mid-day, and supper at night."

"I am extremely happy," he replied, "to have found out a way of relieving you without sin: go in peace—you are under no obligation to fast. However, I would not have you depend on my word: step this way to the library."

On going thither with him he took up a book, exclaiming, with great

rapture, "Here is the authority for you: and, by my conscience, such an authority! It is Escobar!"

"Who is Escobar?" I inquired.

"What! not know, Escobar" cried the monk; "the member of our Society who compiled this Moral Theology from twenty-four of our fathers, and on this founds an analogy, in his preface, between his book and 'that in the Apocalypse which was sealed with seven seals,' and states that 'Jesus presents it thus sealed to the four living creatures, Suarez, Vasquez, Molina, and Valencia, in presence of the four-and-twenty Jesuits who represent the four-and-twenty elders.'"

He read me, in fact, the whole of that allegory, which he pronounced to be admirably appropriate, and which conveyed to my mind a sublime idea of the excellence of the work. At length, having sought out the passage on fasting, "O here it is!" he said; "if a man cannot sleep without taking supper, is he bound to fast? Answer: By no means! Will that not satisfy you?"

"Not exactly," replied I; "for I might sustain the fast by taking my refreshment in the morning, and supping at night."

"Listen, then, to what follows; they have provided for all that: 'And what is to be said, if the person might make a shift with a refreshment in the morning and supping at night?'"

"That's my case exactly."

"Answer: Still he is not obliged to fast; because no person is obliged to change the order of his meals."

"A most excellent reason!" I exclaimed.

"But tell me, pray," continued the monk, "do you take much wine?"

"No, my dear father," I answered; "I cannot endure it."

"I merely put the question," returned he, "to let you know that you might, without breaking the fast, take a glass or so in the morning, or whenever you felt inclined for a drop; and that is always something in the way of supporting nature. Here is the decision: 'May one, without breaking the fast, drink wine at any hour he pleases, and even in a large quantity? Yes, he may: and a dram of hippo crass too.' I had no recollection of the hippo crass," said the monk; "I must take a note of that in my memorandum-book."

"He must be a nice man," this observed I.

“Oh! everybody likes him,” rejoined the father; “he has such delightful questions! Only observe this one in the same place, ‘If a man doubt whether he is twenty one years old, is he obliged to fast? No. But suppose I were to be twenty-one tonight an hour after midnight, and tomorrow were the fast, would I be obliged to fast tomorrow? No; for you were at liberty to eat as much as you pleased for an hour after midnight, not being till then fully twenty-one; and therefore having a right to break the fast day, you are not obliged to keep it.’”

“Well, that is vastly entertaining!” cried I.

“Oh,” rejoined the father, “it is impossible to tear one’s self away from the book: I spend whole days and nights in reading it; in fact, I do nothing else.”

The worthy monk, perceiving that I was interested, was quite delighted, and went on with his quotations. “Now,” said he, “for a taste of Filiutius, one of the four-and-twenty Jesuits: ‘Is a man who has exhausted himself any way—by going after a girl, for example, obliged to fast? By no means. But if he has exhausted himself expressly to procure a dispensation from fasting, will he be held obliged? He will not, even though he should have had that design.’ There now! would you have believed that?”

“Indeed, good father, I do not believe it yet,” said I. “Is it no sin for a man not to fast when he has it in his power? And is it allowable to court occasions of committing sin, or rather, are we not bound to shun them? That would be easy enough, surely.”

“Not always so,” he replied; “it depends.”

“Depends on what?” cried I.

“Oho!” rejoined the monk, “so you think that if a person experience some inconvenience in avoiding the occasions of sin, he is still bound to do so? Not so thinks Father Bruny. ‘Absolution,’ says he, ‘is not to be refused to such as continue in the proximate occasions of sin, if they are so situated that they cannot give them up without becoming the common talk of the world, or subjecting themselves to personal inconvenience.’”

“I am glad to hear it, father,” I remarked; “and now that we are not obliged to avoid the occasions of sin, nothing more remains but to say that we may deliberately court them.”

“Even that is occasionally permitted,” added he; “the celebrated casuist Basil Ponce has said so, and Father Bruny quotes his sentiment with approbation, in his *Treatise on Penance*, as follows: ‘We may

seek an occasion of sin directly and designedly, *primo et per se*—when our own or our neighbor’s spiritual or temporal advantage induces us to do so.”

“Truly,” said I, “it appears to be all a dream to me, when I hear grave divines talking in this manner! Come now, my dear father, tell me conscientiously, do you hold such a sentiment as that?”

“No, indeed,” said he, “I do not.”

“You are speaking, then, against your conscience,” continued I.

“Not at all,” he replied; “I was speaking on that point not according to my own conscience, but according to that of Ponce and Father Bruny, and them you may follow with the utmost safety, for I assure you that they are able men.”

“What, father! because they have put down these three lines in their books, will it therefore become allowable to court the occasions of sin? I always thought that we were bound to take the Scripture and the tradition of the Church as our only rule, and not your casuists.”

“Goodness!” cried the monk, “I declare you put me in mind of these Jansenists. Think you that Father Bruny and Basil Ponce are not able to render their opinion probable?”

“Probable won’t do for me,” said I; “I must have certainty.”

“I can easily see,” replied the good father, “that you know nothing about our doctrine of probable opinions. If you did, you would speak in another strain. Ah! my dear sir, I must really give you some instructions on this point; without knowing this, positively you can understand nothing at all. It is the foundation—the very A, B, C, of our whole moral philosophy.”

Glad to see him come to the point to which I had been drawing him on, I expressed my satisfaction, and requested him to explain what was meant by a probable opinion.

“That,” he replied, “our authors will answer better than I can do. The generality of them, and, among others, our four-and-twenty elders, describe it thus: ‘An opinion is called probable, when it is founded upon reasons of some consideration. Hence it may sometimes happen that a single very grave doctor may render an opinion probable.’ The reason is added: ‘For a man particularly given to study would not adhere to an opinion unless he was drawn to it by a good and sufficient reason.’”

“So it would appear,” I observed, with a smile, “that a single doctor may turn consciences round about and upside down as he pleases, and yet always land them in a safe position.”

“You must not laugh at it, sir,” returned the monk; “nor need you attempt to combat the doctrine. The Jansenists tried this; but they might have saved themselves the trouble—it is too firmly established. Hear Sanchez, one of the most famous of our fathers: ‘You may doubt, perhaps, whether the authority of a single good and learned doctor renders an opinion probable. I answer, that it does; and this is confirmed by Angeles, Sylvester, Navarre, Emanuel, Sa, etc. It is proved thus: A probable opinion is one that has a considerable foundation. Now the authority of a learned and pious man is entitled to very great consideration; because (mark the reason), if the testimony of such a man has great influence in convincing us that such and such an event occurred, say at Rome, for example, why should it not have the same weight in the case of a question in morals?’”

“An odd comparison this,” interrupted I, “between the concerns of the world and those of conscience!”

“Have a little patience,” rejoined the monk; “Sanchez answers that in the very next sentence: ‘Nor can I assent to the qualification made here by some writers, namely, that the authority of such a doctor, though sufficient in matters of human right, is not so in those of divine right. It is of vast weight in both cases.’”

“Well, father,” said I, frankly, “I really cannot admire that rule. Who can assure me, considering the freedom your doctors claim to examine everything by reason, that what appears safe to one may seem so to all the rest? The diversity of judgments is so great”

“You don’t understand it,” said he, interrupting me; “no doubt they are often of different sentiments, but what signifies that? Each renders his own opinion probable and safe. We all know well enough that they are far from being of the same mind; what is more, there is hardly an instance in which they ever agree. There are very few questions, indeed, in which you do not find the one saying Yes, and the other saying No. Still, in all these cases, each of the contrary opinions is probable. And hence Diana says on a certain subject: ‘Ponce and Sanchez hold opposite views of it; but, as they are both learned men, each renders his own opinion probable.’”

“But, father,” I remarked, “a person must be sadly embarrassed in choosing between them!”

“Not at all,” he rejoined; “he has only to follow the opinion which

suits him best.”

“What! if the other is more probable?”

“No Matter.”

“ And if the other is the safer?”

“No matter,” repeated the monk; “this is made quite plain by Emanuel Sa, of our Society, in his Aphorisms: ‘A person may do what he considers allowable according to a probable opinion, though the contrary may be the safer one. The opinion of a single grave doctor is all that is requisite.’”

“And if an opinion be at once the less probable and the less safe, is it allowable to follow it,” I asked, “even in the way of rejecting one which we believe to be more probable and safe?”

“Once more, I say Yes,” replied the monk. “Hear what Filiutius, that great Jesuit of Rome, says: ‘It is allowable to follow the less probable opinion, even though it be the less safe one. That is the common judgment of modern authors.’ Is not that quite clear?”

“Well, reverend father,” said I, “you have given us elbow-room, at all events! Thanks to your probable opinions, we have got liberty of conscience with a witness! And are you casuists allowed the same latitude in giving your responses?”

“O yes,” said he, “we answer just as we please; or rather, I should say, just as it may please those who ask our advice. Here are our rules, taken from Fathers Layman, Vasquez, Sanchez, and the four-and-twenty worthies, in the words of Layman: ‘A doctor, on being consulted, may give an advice, not only probable according to his own opinion, but contrary to his opinion, provided this judgment happens to be more favorable or more agreeable to the person that consults him—*Si forte haec illi favorabilior*. Nay, I go further, and say, that there would be nothing unreasonable in his giving those who consult him a judgment held to be probable by some learned person, even though he should be satisfied in his own mind that it is absolutely false.’”

“Well, seriously, father,” I said, “your doctrine is a most uncommonly comfortable one! Only think of being allowed to answer Yes or No, just as you please! It is impossible to prize such a privilege too highly. I now know the advantage of the contrary opinions of your doctors. One of them always serves your turn, and the other never gives you any annoyance. If you do not find your account on the one side, you fall back on the other, and always land in perfect safety.”

“That is quite true,” he replied; “and accordingly, we may always say with Diana, on his finding that Father Bruny was on his side, while Father Lugo was against him: *Saepe, premente deo, fert deus alter opem*. If one god presses us hard, another delivers us.”

“I understand you,” resumed I; “but a practical difficulty has just occurred to me, which is this, that supposing a person to have consulted one of your doctors, and obtained from him a pretty liberal opinion, there is some danger of his getting into a scrape by meeting a confessor who takes a different view of the matter, and refuses him absolution unless he recant the sentiment of the casuist. Have you not provided for such a case as that, father?”

“Can you doubt it?” he replied. “We have bound them, sir, to absolve their penitents who act according to probable opinions, under the pain of mortal sin, to secure their compliance. ‘When the penitent,’ says Father Bruny, ‘follows a probable opinion, the confessor is bound to absolve him, though his opinion should differ from that of his penitent.’”

“But he does not say it would be a mortal sin not to absolve him,” said I.

“How hasty you are!” rejoined the monk; “listen to what follows; he has expressly decided that, ‘to refuse absolution to a penitent who acts according to a probable opinion, is a sin which is in its nature mortal.’ And to settle that point, he cites the most illustrious of our fathers—Suarez, Vasquez, and Sanchez.”

“My dear sir,” said I, “that is a most prudent regulation. I see nothing to fear now. No confessor can dare to be refractory after this. Indeed, I was not aware that you had the power of issuing your orders on pain of damnation. I thought that your skill had been confirmed to the taking away of sins; I had no idea that it extended to the introduction of new ones. But from what I now see, you are omnipotent.”

“That is not a correct way of speaking,” rejoined the father. “We do not introduce sins; we only pay attention to them. I have had occasion to remark, two or three times during our conversation, that you are no great Scholastic.”

“Be that as it may, father, you have at least answered my difficulty. But I have another to suggest. How do you manage when the Fathers of the Church happen to differ from any of your casuists?”

“You really know very little of the subject,” he replied. “The Fathers were good enough for the morality of their own times; but they lived

too far back for that of the present age, which is no longer regulated by them, but by the modern casuists. On this Father Cellot, following the famous Reginald, remarks: 'In questions of morals, the modern casuists are to be preferred to the ancient fathers, though those lived nearer to the times of the apostles.' And following out this maxim, Diana thus decides: 'Are beneficiaries bound to restore their revenue when guilty of misappropriation of it? The ancients would say Yes, but the moderns say No; let us, therefore, adhere to the latter opinion, which relieves from the obligation of restitution.'

"Delightful words these, and most comfortable they must be to a great many people!" I observed.

"We leave the fathers," resumed the monk, "to those who deal with Positive Divinity.' As for us, who are the directors of conscience, we read very little of them, and quote only the modern casuists. There is Diana, for instance, a most voluminous writer; he has prefixed to his works a list of his authorities, which amount to two hundred and ninety six, and the most ancient of them is only about eighty years old."

"It would appear, then," I remarked, "that all these have come into the world since the date of your Society?"

"Thereabouts," he replied.

"That is to say, dear father, on your advent. St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and all the rest, in so far as morals are concerned, disappeared from the stage. Would you be so kind as let me know the names, at least, of those modern authors who have succeeded them?"

"A most able and renowned class of men they are," replied the monk. "Their names are, Villalobos, Conink, Llamas, Achoker, Dealkozer, Dellacruz, Vera-Cruz, Ugolin, Tambourin, Fernandez, Martinez, Saurez, Henriquez, Vasquez, Lopez, Gomez, Sanchez, de Vechis, de Grassis, de Grassalis, de Pitigianis, de Graphaeis, Squilanti, Bizozeri, Barcola, de Bobadilla, Simancha, Perez de Lara, Aldretta, Lorca, de Scarcia, Quaaranta, Scophra, Pedrezza, Cabrezza, Bisbe, Dias, de Clavasio, Villagut, Adam a Manden, Iribane Binsfeld, Volfangi a Vorberg, Vosthery, Strevesdoerf."

"O my dear father!" cried I, quite alarmed, "were all these people Christians?"

"How! Christians!" returned the casuist; "did I not tell you that these are the only writers by whom we now govern Christendom?"

Deeply affected as I was by this announcement, I concealed my emotion from the monk, and only asked him if all these authors were Jesuits?

“No,” said he; “but that is of little consequence; they have said a number of good things for all that. It is true the greater part of these same good things are extracted or copied from our authors, but we do not stand on ceremony with them on that score, more especially as they are in the constant habit of quoting our authors with applause. When Diana, for example, who does not belong to our Society, speaks of Vasquez, he calls him ‘that phoenix of genius;’ and he declares more than once, ‘that Vasquez alone is to him worth all the rest of men put together’ *instar omnibus*. Accordingly, our fathers often make use of this good Diana; and if you understand our doctrine of probability, you will see that this is no small help in its way. In fact, we are anxious that others besides the Jesuits would render their opinions probable, to prevent people from ascribing them all to us; for you will observe, that when any author, whoever he may be, advances a probable opinion, we are entitled, by the doctrine of probability, to adopt it if we please; and yet, if the author do not belong to our fraternity, we are not responsible for its soundness.”

“I understand all that,” said I. “It is easy to see that all are welcome that come your way, except the ancient fathers; you are masters of the field, and have only to walk the course. But I foresee three or four serious difficulties and powerful barriers which will oppose your career.”

“And what are these?” cried the monk, looking quite alarmed.

“They are, the Holy Scriptures,” I replied, “the popes, and the councils, whom you cannot gainsay, and who are all in the way of the Gospel.”

“Is that all!” he exclaimed; “I declare you put me in a fright. Do you imagine that we would overlook such an obvious scruple as that, or that we have not provided against it? A good idea, forsooth, to suppose that we would contradict Scripture, popes, and councils! I must convince you of your mistake; for I should be sorry you should go away with an impression that we are deficient in our respect to these authorities. You have doubtless taken up this notion from some of the opinions of our fathers, which are apparently at variance with their decisions, though in reality they are not. But to illustrate the harmony between them would require more leisure than we have at present; and as I would not like you to retain a bad impression of us, if you agree to meet with me tomorrow, I shall clear it all up then.”

Thus ended our interview, and thus shall end my present communication, which has been long enough, besides, for one letter. I am sure you will be satisfied with it, in the prospect of what is forthcoming.

I am, etc.

Voltaire,
Twenty-fifth Letter

No other person exemplifies the Enlightenment more than does Voltaire, *nom de plume* of François-Marie Arouet (1694-1778). His father was a lawyer serving as a minor treasury official, and his mother belonged to the minor nobility. Voltaire tirelessly opposed regnant power structures, especially the Catholic Church (himself being a deist), and he fought for civil rights. First published in 1733, when Voltaire was already famous as a playwright and poet, the satirical *Philosophical Letters* (or the *Letters upon the English Nation*) was a bestseller based on his time in England. In the Twenty-Fifth of these letters, Voltaire resists the pessimism of Pascal's *Pensées*. Reading Pascal and Voltaire together, we are confronted by the possible inhumanities of both worldliness and religiosity.

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTEROn Mr. Pascal's *Pensees*

I send you the critical notes on Pascal's *Pensees* that I made a long time ago. Pray do not compare me with Hezekiah, who wanted to burn all of Solomon's books. I respect Pascal's genius and eloquence, but the more I respect them, the more I am persuaded that he himself would have corrected many of those *Pensees* that he wrote down haphazardly, intending to examine them later; and it is while I am admiring his genius that I challenge some of his ideas.

It seems to me on the whole that the spirit in which M. Pascal wrote these *Pensees* was to show man in an odious light. He is determined to paint us all as wicked and miserable. He attacks human nature much as he attacked the Jesuits: he imputes to human nature that which is true only for some men; he eloquently insults the human race. I dare to take humanity's part against this sublime misanthrope. I dare to affirm that we are neither so wicked nor so miserable as he claims. More, I am quite persuaded that if, in the book that he intended to write, he had followed the plan that appears in the *Pensees*, he would have written a book full of eloquent illogicalities and admirably deduced inaccuracies. I even believe that all those books that have recently been made to support Christianity are more capable of offending than of edifying. Do those authors pretend to know more than Jesus Christ and the apostles? That is like trying to support an oak with a fence of reeds; one can clear away those useless reeds with no risk of harming the tree.

I have carefully chosen some of Pascal's thoughts; I put my responses below them. It is for you to decide whether I am wrong or right.

I. The grandeur and the misery of man are so visible that true religion must necessarily teach us that there is in him some great principle of grandeur, and at the same time some great principle of misery. For true religion must know our nature in depth, which is to say that it must know about all its greatness and all its misery, and the reasons for each of them. Further, true religion must explain for us these astonishing contradictions.

This kind of reasoning seems false and dangerous, for the fables of Prometheus and Pandora, Plato's androgynous figures, and the dogmas of the Siamese account for these apparent contradictions equally well. Christianity will not be less true if one refrains from drawing such specious conclusions, which serve only to advertise one's wit.

Christianity teaches only simplicity, forbearance, charity: reduce it to

metaphysics and it becomes a source of error.

II. Examine this question in all the world's religions, and see whether any other than Christianity can explain it satisfactorily.

Might it be the one that the philosophers taught, which offers as its sole good that good that is within us? Is that true virtue? Have they found the cure for our ills? Does one cure the arrogance of man by making him the equal of God? And those who compare us to the beasts, and who offer earthly pleasure for our highest good, have they provided a remedy for our lust?

The philosophers did not teach religion; it is not their philosophy that must be challenged. No philosopher ever claimed to be inspired by God, for then he would have ceased to be a philosopher and have become a prophet. The issue is not whether Jesus Christ is greater than Aristotle; it is to demonstrate that the religion of Jesus Christ is the true one, and that those of Mohammed, the pagans, and all the others, are false.

III. And nevertheless, absent this most incomprehensible mystery, we are incomprehensible to ourselves. The tangled nature of our condition derives its twists and turns in the abyss of original sin, so that man without this mystery is more incomprehensible than the mystery is itself incomprehensible to man.

Is Absent this incomprehensible mystery man is incomprehensible a reasoned statement? Why the desire to go beyond what Scripture says? Is there not some arrogance in believing that Scripture requires some support, and that philosophical ideas can provide it?

How would M. Pascal have replied to a man who might have said to him: "I know that the mystery of original sin is a matter of my faith and not of my reason. I perfectly understand what man is, without added mysteries. I see that he comes into the world like other animals; that a mother's birth-pangs are worse if she is frail; that sometimes women and female animals die in childbirth; that there are sometimes misformed children who live deprived of one or more of the senses, or without the ability to think; that those whose nature is best developed are those that have the liveliest emotions; that self-esteem is the same in all men, and is as necessary to them as the five senses; that this self-esteem was given to us by God that we might preserve ourselves, and that He has given us religion to control this self-esteem; that our ideas are correct or meaningless, murky or clear to the degree that our organs are more or less strong, more or less acute, and to the extent that we have stronger or weaker emotions; that we depend completely

on the air that surrounds us, the food that we eat, and that in all of this there is nothing contradictory. Man is not a puzzle, as you imagine in order to have the pleasure of unriddling it. Man seems to be in his proper place in nature, superior to the animals that he resembles in body; inferior to other beings that he no doubt resembles by his ability to think. He is like all that we see, a mixture of bad and good, of pleasure and pain. He has received emotions to make him act, and reason by which to govern his actions. If man were perfect, he would be God; these imagined contrarieties, which you call contradictions, are the necessary elements that make up man, who is what he should be.

IV. Let us take notice of our acts; let us observe ourselves and see whether we do not find living examples of these two natures.

Could so many contradictions appear in a simple being?

This double nature of man is so apparent that some have thought we have two souls, because a simple subject seems to them incapable of such striking and sudden changes, of unbounded presumption and a terrible despondency of the heart.

Our different desires are not contradictions in nature, and man is not a simple being. He is made up of an innumerable number of organs. If one of these organs is the least bit changed, it must change all the impressions of his brain, and the animal must then have new thoughts and new desires. It is very true that we are at times overcome with sorrow, and at times swollen with pride, and this must be so when we find ourselves in different situations. An animal caressed and nourished by its master, and another whose throat is cut slowly and neatly in order to dissect it, are subject to very different emotions; we are the same, and the differences within us so little contradict one another that it would be contradictory if they did not exist.

The fools who have said that we have two souls could as well have said, for the same reason, that we have thirty or forty, for a man in the heat of passion often has thirty or forty different ideas about the same matter, and must necessarily have them as different aspects of the matter present themselves.

This so-called doubleness of man is as absurd an idea as it is metaphysical. I could as well say that the dog that bites and caresses has a double nature; that so does the hen that takes such care of her chicks and then abandons them so completely as not to recognize them; that a mirror that shows different objects at the same time is doubled; that the tree that is now leafy, now bare, is doubled. I admit that man

is incomprehensible, but so is all of nature, and there are no more apparent contradictions in man than there in all the rest of the world.

V. Not to wager that God exists is to wager that he does not exist. Which wager will you take? Let us weigh the gain and loss that come with adopting the belief that God exists. If you win, you win all; if you lose, you lose nothing. Wager that He exists, then, without hesitation.-Yes, I must wager; but perhaps I wager too much.-Let us see: since there is equal risk of winning and losing, even if you might win but two lives in exchange for one, you could still win.

Clearly it is false to say, "Not to wager that God exists is to wager that He does not exist," for someone who doubts and wishes to learn is clearly not wagering one way or the other.

Moreover, this entry seems a trifle indecent and childish; this idea of a wager, of loss and gain, ill befits the seriousness of the subject.

And more, my desire to believe a thing is not a proof that this thing exists. I will give you, you might say, the whole world, if I believe you are right. I hope then, with all my heart, that you are right, but until you have proved this, I cannot believe you.

Begin, one might say to M. Pascal, by convincing my reason. I would benefit, no doubt, if there were a god; but if in your doctrine God has come but for so few people, if the number of the elect is frighteningly small, if I can do nothing for myself, tell me, pray, how I should benefit by believing you? Would I not do better to be persuaded of the contrary? How dare you show me infinite happiness to which only one man in a million has the right to aspire? If you wish to convince me, do so differently, and do not at times talk of games of chance, of wagers, of heads and tails, and at other times frighten me by strewing thorns in the path that I wish to take, and must. Your reasoning would but create atheists, if the voice of nature did not cry out that there is a god with as much strength as these subtleties have weakness.

VI. Seeing the blindness and the misery of man, and those astonishing contrarities that his nature reveals, and seeing all of nature dumb and man without light, abandoned to himself and as if lost in this little corner of the universe, not knowing who put him there, what he was put there to do, what he will become when he dies, I become terrified like a man who has been taken in his sleep to a dreadful desert island, and who awakens not knowing where he is³ and having no way to escape; and seeing all that I wonder how one could fail to despair in such a miserable condition.

While reading this reflection, I receive a letter from one of my friends

who lives in a far distant country. Here is what he writes:

“I am here as you left me, neither happier nor sadder, neither richer nor poorer, enjoying perfect health, having everything that makes life pleasant, without love, avarice, ambition, and envy; and as long as these conditions continue, I shall dare to call myself a happy man.”

There are many men as happy as he. It is with men as it is with animals. This dog sleeps and eats with its mistress; that one turns a spit and is just as content; another goes mad and is killed. As for me, when I look at Paris or London, I see no reason whatever to feel the despair that M. Pascal describes. I see a city that does not in the least resemble a desert island but is inhabited, opulent, well ordered, where men are as happy as human nature will permit. What wise man would be ready to hang himself because he does not know how to see God face to face, and because his reason cannot untangle the mystery of the Trinity? One might as well despair because one does not have four feet and two wings.

Why make us terrified of our own nature? Our life is not as miserable as some would have us think. To look at the universe as a prison cell, and all men as criminals who will be executed, is the belief of a fanatic. To believe that the world is a place of delights in which one will have only pleasure is the daydream of a sybarite. To believe that the earth, men, and animals are what Providence intended them to be, is, I think, to be a wise man.

VII. (The Jews believe) that God will not forever leave the other nations in darkness; that a redeemer will come for all; that they are in the world to proclaim his coming; that they were created precisely to be the heralds of this great coming and to call all the nations to unite with them in awaiting this redeemer.

The Jews have always expected a redeemer, but their redeemer is for them, not for us. They await a Messiah who will make the Jews masters of the Christians, and we hope that the Messiah will one day unite Jews and Christians; in this respect they believe exactly the opposite of what we believe.

VIII. The law by which this people is governed is the oldest law of the world as well as the most perfect, and the only one that a State has obeyed without interruption. This is what Philo the Jew shows in various places, as does Josephus in *Against Apion*, where he admirably shows that it is so old that the very word law was unknown to antiquity for more than a thousand years after it was instituted, so that Homer, who writes of so many nations, never used the word.

And it is easy to judge the perfection of this law simply by reading it, wherein one sees that it has provided for so many circumstances with such wisdom, equity, and judgment that the most ancient Greek and Roman legislators, having some knowledge of it, borrowed its central precepts: this is evident in those laws that they called The Law of the Twelve Tables and in other proofs that Josephus presents.

It is quite untrue that the law of the Jews is the oldest of laws, since before [the days of] Moses, their legislator, they lived in Egypt, the country the most famous in all the world for its wise laws.

It is quite untrue that the word “law” was not known until after Homer’s day: he speaks of the laws of Minos; the word “law” is found in Hesiod; and even if the word “law” were not found either in Hesiod or in Homer,⁴ that would prove nothing. There were kings and judges, therefore there were laws.

It is also very untrue that the Greeks and the Romans took their laws from the Jews; this could not have happened at the beginning of their republics, for at that time they could not have been acquainted with the Jews; nor could it have happened in the era of their greatness, for then they held these barbarians in a contempt known to all the world.

IX. This people is also remarkable for their loyalty. They keep lovingly and faithfully the book in which Moses declares that they have always been unfaithful to God; and that he knows they will become yet more so after his death; but that he calls heaven and earth as witnesses against them that he has warned them sufficiently; that at last God, angry with them, will scatter them among all the people of the earth; that as they have angered Him by worshipping gods that were not their gods, so will he anger them by calling on a people that was not His own people. And yet this book that insults them in so many ways is one that they cling to at the risk of their lives. Such loyalty has no counterpart in the world nor its root in nature.

There are examples of such loyalty everywhere, and it has its root in nature alone. The pride of each Jew is invested in the belief that it is not his detestable behavior, his ignorance of the arts, his coarseness that has condemned him, but that it is God’s wrath that punishes him. He believes with some satisfaction that only miracles could defeat him, and his nation, which God chastises, is His beloved.

Let a preacher mount the pulpit and say to the French: “You are miserable creatures who have neither courage nor manners; you were beaten at Hochstaedt and at Ramillies-⁵ because you did not know how to defend yourselves”: he would be stoned. But were he to say: “You

are Catholics beloved by God; your terrible sins irritated the Eternal, who gave you up to the heretics at Hochstaedt and at Ramillies; but when you returned to the Lord, he blessed your courage at Denain": these words would make him beloved by the congregation.

X. If there is a God, we must love only Him and not his creatures.

We must most tenderly love creatures; we must love our nation, our wife, our father, our children; and it is so necessary to love them that God makes us love them despite ourselves. To believe otherwise serves only to produce uncouth logicians.

XI. We are born wicked, for each person cares only for himself. This is against all order. We must care for all. And that inclination toward oneself is the beginning of all disorder in war, in government, in economy, etc.

This is in accord with all order. It is as impossible for a society to be formed and to persist without self-esteem as it is to create children without desire, to think of feeding oneself without appetite, etc. It is self-esteem that allows us to love others; it is by our common needs that we are useful to the human race; this is the foundation of all commerce; it is the unbreakable bond between men. Without this not one art would have been invented, nor a society of ten people formed; it is this self-esteem, which each animal received from nature, that warns us to respect others. Law controls this love of self, and religion perfects it. It is certainly true that God could have made creatures that care solely for the good of others. In this case, merchants would have gone to the Indies out of charity, and the mason would cut stones to please his neighbor. But God made things differently. Let us not condemn the instinct that He gives us, and let us use it as He commands.

XII. (The hidden meaning of the prophecies) could not induce error, and there was but one nation so carnal as to misunderstand it.

For when blessings are abundantly promised, what save their greed prevented them from recognizing true blessings, and made them assume that blessings meant the riches of this world?

In truth, would even the cleverest people of the earth have understood this differently? They were slaves of the Romans; they were waiting for a redeemer who would make them victorious and who would make Jerusalem respected throughout the world. How, even with all their reason and insight, could they have recognized in Jesus, poor and hung on the cross, this conqueror and king? How could those to whom the Decalogue had not mentioned the immortality of the soul have

imagined a heavenly Jerusalem when they heard the name of their capital? Without some greater insight, how could a people so attached to its law have recognized in the prophecies, which were not part of their law, a god hidden in the form of a circumcised Jew, who by his new religion destroyed and made abominable both circumcision and the Sabbath, sacred foundations of Jewish law? Once again, let us adore God without trying to penetrate the obscurity of His mysteries.

XIII. The time of the first coming of Jesus Christ is predicted. The time of the second is not, for the first had to be hidden whereas the second will be dazzling and so manifest that even its enemies will recognize it.

The time of the second coming of Jesus Christ was predicted even more clearly than that of the first coming. M. Pascal had apparently forgotten that Jesus Christ, in the twenty-first chapter of Luke, said explicitly, "When you see Jerusalem surrounded by an army, know that the desolation is near ... Jerusalem will be trodden underfoot, and there will be signs in the sun and the moon and the stars; the waves of the sea will make a great noise ... The powers of the heavens shall be shaken; and then they will see the son of man, who will come in a cloud with great power and majesty."

Is this not the explicit prediction of the second coming? But, if this has not yet happened, it is not for us to dare interrogate Providence.

XIV. The Messiah, according to carnal Jews, is to be a great earthly prince. According to carnal Christians, he came to dispense us from loving God, and to give us sacraments that will accomplish everything without our effort. Neither of these is the true Christian or Jewish religion.

This section is more a satiric gibe than a Christian reflection. We see here that he is attacking the Jesuits. But in truth, did any Jesuit ever say that Jesus Christ has come to dispense us from loving God? The dispute about loving God is only a dispute about words, like most other scientific quarrels that have caused such lively hatred and such appalling harm.

There is yet another defect in this section. It assumes that awaiting the Messiah was a matter of Jewish doctrine. It was simply a consoling idea current throughout this nation. The Jews hoped for a redeemer. But they were not commanded to believe this as an article of faith. All their religion was set forth in the books of the Law. The Jews never considered the prophets as legislators.

XV. To examine the prophecies, one must understand them. For if one believes that they have only one meaning, it is certain that the Messiah has not come; but if they have two meanings, it is certain that he has come in the person of Jesus Christ.

The Christian religion is so true that it does not need dubious proofs; now, if something could shake the foundations of this holy and reasonable religion, it is this statement by M. Pascal. He insists that everything in Scripture has two meanings; but someone who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever could say to him: "He who gives two meanings to what he says intends to deceive men; and this duplicity is always punished by the law. How then could you without blushing accept in God those things that one punishes and detests in man? What am I saying? With what scorn and indignation do you not treat the oracles of pagans because they had two meanings! Might one not rather say that the prophecies that directly concern Jesus Christ have but one meaning, like those of Daniel, Micah, and others? Might one not even say that, even had we no knowledge of the prophecies, religion would be no less assured?"

XVI. The infinite distance between body and soul is a figure of the infinitely more infinite distance between souls and holy love, which is supernatural.

One might suspect that M. Pascal would not have used this nonsense in his work if he had had the time to write it.

XVII. The most obvious weaknesses are strengths for those who well understand things. For example, the two genealogies of Saint Matthew and Saint Luke: it is obvious that they were not made by collusion.

Should the editors of Pascal's *Pensees* have printed this thought, of which the exposition alone is perhaps capable of injuring religion? What is the use of saying that these genealogies, these fundamental elements of the Christian religion, contradict each other, without describing the ways in which they can be reconciled? One must give an antidote together with the poison. What would one think of an attorney who said: My client contradicts himself, but this weakness is a strength for those who can well understand such things?

XVIII. Then let no one continue to reproach us for this lack of clarity, since we freely admit it; but let them recognize the truth of religion, even in its obscurity, by what little light we do have, and in our lack of concern for understanding it.

What strange signs of truth does Pascal bring us! What other signs

would falsehood propose? What! Would it be enough, if one wanted to be believed, to say: I am obscure, I am incomprehensible! It would be wiser to present only the illumination of faith, instead of the shadows of erudition.

XIX. If there were but one religion, God would be all too apparent.

What! You say that if there were but one religion God would be all too apparent! Eh! Do you forget that you say, on each page, that one day there will be but one religion? According to you, God will thus be all too apparent.

XX. I say that the Jewish religion consisted in none of these things, save only in the love of God and that God disapproved of all the other things.

What! Did God disapprove of everything that he himself so carefully, and in so much detail, commanded the Jews to do? Is it not more accurate to say that the law of Moses consisted both of love and of ritual? Reducing all to love of God would perhaps smack less of a love of God and more of the hatred that all Jansenists bear toward their neighbors the Molinists.⁷

XXI. The most important thing in life is the choice of a profession; chance governs the matter; custom makes one a mason, soldier, roofer.

What else makes soldier, masons, and all manual laborers, if not what we call chance and custom? The only work one chooses for oneself is the work of the intellect, but it is quite natural and reasonable that custom should determine the work that most people do.

XXII. If each one examines his thoughts, he will find himself always preoccupied by the past and the future. We scarcely think of the present; and if we do think about it, it is only to gain some insight so that we can plan the future. The present is never our goal; the past and the present are our means and only the future is our goal.

Rather than complaining, we must thank the creator of nature for having given us the instinct that unceasingly points us toward the future. Man's most precious treasure is this hope that softens our woes and paints our future pleasures in the colors of our present pleasures. If men were so unfortunate as to think only of the present, no one would sow grain, nor build, nor plant, nor provide for anything: all would lack for everything in the midst of this illusory enjoyment. Could a mind like M. Pascal's give itself to a more foolish adage than this one?

Nature has established that each man should enjoy the present, eating, making children, listening to beautiful sounds, using his abilities to think and to feel; and that, putting these aside even while he is in the midst of them, he should also think of tomorrow, without which he would perish miserably today.

XXIII. But when I looked more closely, I found that man's reluctance to rest, and to reside within himself, comes from a most effective cause, that is to say from the natural misery of our feeble and mortal condition, a condition so miserable that nothing can console us if nothing prevents us from thinking of it and when we consider only ourselves.

This phrase consider only ourselves means nothing.

What could a man be who does not act, and who is presumed to contemplate himself? Not only do I say that such a man is an imbecile, useless to society, but also that such a man could not exist; for what would such a man contemplate, his body, his feet, his hands, his five senses? Either he would be an idiot or else he would be using all these things. Would he simply contemplate his ability to think? But he cannot contemplate this ability without using it. Either he will think of nothing, or he will think of ideas that he has already had, or he will invent new ones; now, he can only have ideas that come from outside him. Thus he is necessarily preoccupied either by his senses or by his ideas; thus he is either maddened or an idiot.

Once again, it is impossible for human nature to stay in this imagined stupefaction; it is ridiculous to think it could be; it is insane to aspire to it. Man is born for action as sparks fly upward and a stone drops. Not to be active and not to exist are the same thing for mankind.⁹ The sole difference is in the activity, gentle or tumultuous, dangerous or useful.

XXIV. Man has a secret instinct that provokes him to look outside himself for diversion and work, that comes from his awareness of his continual misery; and he has another secret instinct, the vestiges of the greatness of his first condition, which makes him recognize that there is no happiness save in rest.

This secret instinct, being the first principle and the necessary foundation of society, comes rather from God's kindness. This instinct, and not the awareness of our misery, is the source of our happiness. I do not know what our first parents did in the earthly paradise, but if each of them had thought only of himself, the existence of the human race would have been much at risk. Is it not absurd to think that

they had perfect senses, that is, perfect ability to act, and had them only for contemplative purposes? And is it not foolish for wise heads to imagine that laziness is an emblem of greatness, and that action cheapens our nature?

XXV. This is why, when Cineas told Pyrrhus,⁷ who intended to enjoy leisure with his friends once he had conquered a great part of the world, that he would do better to increase his well-being by enjoying his leisure now rather than by seeking it in so arduous a way, he gave advice full of difficulties, and that was scarcely more reasonable than the plans of the ambitious young man. Both believed that man, had he but himself and his possessions, could be content with out filling the emptiness of his heart with imaginary hopes, which is false. Pyrrhus could not have been happy, either before or after having conquered the world.

The example of Cineas is fine for the satires of [Boileau] but not for a philosophical book. A wise king can be happy at home; and since Pyrrhus is portrayed as a madman, the example proves nothing for the rest of humanity.

XXVI. We must recognize that man is so miserable that he would be bored even without any external cause, by the very nature of his condition.

On the contrary, man in this respect is fortunate, and we owe much to the author of nature who has made us bored with inaction, thus forcing us to be useful to our neighbors and ourselves.

XXVII. How does it happen that this man, who recently lost his only son and who, burdened with lawsuits and quarrels, was so distressed this morning, thinks no more of these things now? Do not be surprised: he is intent on seeing where a stag, which his dogs have been chasing for six hours, will emerge. That is all a man needs, however full of sorrow he may be. If one can persuade him to engage in some diversion, he will be happy as long as he does so.

This man does very well: dissipation is a better cure for sorrow than quinine is for fever; then let us not accuse nature, which is always ready to rescue us.

XXVIII. Imagine a number of men in chains, all condemned to death, some of whom are slaughtered each day in full view of the others; those who remain see their own condition in the fate of their fellows, and, looking at one another with anguish and without hope, await their turn. This is the image of the human condition.

This is assuredly an improper comparison; miserable men in chains, slaughtered one after another, are miserable not only because they suffer, but also because they experience what the other men do not. Man's natural fate is neither to be in chains nor to be slaughtered; but all men are made like animals and plants, to grow, to live for a certain time, to reproduce themselves, and to die. In a satire one may present man in a bad light as much as one wants; yet if one will but use his reason, he will admit that of all the animals man is the most perfect, the most fortunate, and the one that lives longest. Then instead of wondering at and complaining about misfortune and the shortness of life, we should wonder at and rejoice in our happiness and its duration. Simply reasoning as a philosopher, I dare to say that there is much pride and arrogance in suggesting that because of our nature we ought to be better than we are.

XXIX. Wise pagans who said there is but one God were persecuted; the Jew hated, and the Christians even more so.

At times they were persecuted, as would be today a man who came to preach the worship of one god, independent of accepted ritual. Socrates was not condemned for saying, there is but one God, but for having opposed the formal religion of his country, and for having ineptly made powerful enemies. As for the Jews, they were hated not because they believed in only one god, but because they foolishly hated the other nations; because they were barbarians who massacred their conquered enemies without pity; because this vile people, superstitious, ignorant, deprived of arts and commerce, scorned the more civilized nations.

As for the Christians, the pagans hated them because they tried to destroy both religion and the Empire, in which at last they succeeded; just as the Protestants became masters in those countries where they had long been hated, persecuted, and massacred.

XXX. Montaigne's defects are great. He uses filthy and improper words. That is worthless. His opinions on suicide and on death are horrible.' i

Montaigne writes as a philosopher, not as a Christian; he is simply stating the pro and the con of suicide. Philosophically speaking, how does a man who can no longer serve society do harm by leaving it? An old man has the [kidney stones] and suffers unbearable pains because of it; someone says to him, "If you are not cut you will die; if you agree to be cut you might continue to mumble, drool, and drag through life for another year, a burden to yourself and to others." I imagine that the fellow would then choose to be no longer a burden to others; this

is more or less the case that Montaigne describes.

XXXI. How many stars have the telescopes revealed to us that did not exist for earlier philosophers? People boldly attacked the Bible because it speaks in so many places of the great number of stars. There are but one thousand and twenty-two, said they; we know that.

It is certain that in discussing the physical world Holy Writ has always expressed itself in the language of its time; thus it asserts that the earth stands still, that the sun moves, etc. It did not state that the stars are innumerable because of refined astronomy, but because this was the common opinion. In fact, although our eyes can detect only a thousand and twenty-two stars, when we stare at the heavens our dazzled eyes seem to see an infinity of them. The Bible, then, expresses popular assumptions, for it was not given to us in order to make astronomers of us; and it is quite likely that God did not reveal to Habakkuk, to Baruch, or to Micah that one day an Englishman named Flamsteed² would put into his catalogue more than seven thousand stars observed by the telescope.

XXXII. Is it courageous for a dying man, in his weakness and agony, to defy an all-powerful and eternal God?

Such a thing has never happened, and only if he were out of his head could he say, "I believe in a god, and I defy him."

XXXIII. I gladly believe the stories whose witnesses let themselves be slaughtered.

The difficulty is not simply to know whether one will believe witnesses who died to uphold their beliefs, as many fanatics have done, but also to know whether indeed these witnesses died for this reason, whether their testimony has been preserved, whether they lived in the countries where they are said to have died. Why is it that Josephus, born in the time of Christ's death, Josephus the enemy of Herod, Josephus so indifferent to Judaism, did not say one word about it? This is what M. Pascal ought to have successfully explained, as have so many eloquent writers since his day.

XXXIV. The two extremes of the sciences meet. One of them is pure natural ignorance, in which all men find themselves at birth; the other extreme is the one reached by those great souls who, having examined all that man can know, discover that they know nothing and find themselves again in the ignorance from whence they departed.

This reflection is mere sophistry, and its falseness lies in the word ignorance, which one can understand in two ways. He who knows not

how to read and write is ignorant; but a mathematician, who may not know the hidden principles of nature, is not at the point of ignorance from which he departed when he began to learn to read. M. Newton did not know how man can move his arm when he wishes to, but he was not less learned about all other things. He who knows not Hebrew but who knows Latin is learned by comparison with him who knows only French.

XXXV. Being happy does not consist in being delighted by diversions, for they come from somewhere else and outside; thus happiness is dependent and subject to being disturbed by the thousand accidents that make afflictions inevitable.

He who has pleasure is happy at that moment, and this pleasure can only come from without. Only external objects can give us sensations and ideas, just as we can only nourish our bodies by ingesting foreign substances that are changed into our own.

XXXVI. Great genius, and its absence, are condemned as folly. Only mediocrity is considered good.

Not great genius but excess of vivacity and volubility is condemned as folly. Great genius means great judgment, great precision, great breadth of knowledge, all of which are diametrically different from madness.

Great absence of intellect means a defect of imagination, a lack of ideas; this is not madness but stupidity. Madness is a disorder of the organs that prompts one to see too many things too quickly, or that excessively and violently concentrates the imagination on a single object. Nor is it mediocrity that is considered good, but rather the rejection of the two extremes; this is the golden mean, not mediocrity.

XXXVII. If our condition were truly happy, we would not need to distract ourselves from thinking about it.

Our condition is precisely to think about external things, with which we have a necessary relationship. It is false to think that one can distract a person from thinking about the human condition, for no matter what he thinks about, he thinks of something necessarily linked to the human condition; and, once again, beware: to think of oneself apart from natural things means thinking about nothing, truly about nothing.

Far from hindering a man from thinking about his condition, we talk to him of nothing but his good qualities. We speak to a learned man

about his reputation and his knowledge, to a prince about what befits his grandeur, and to everyone we speak of pleasure.

XXXVIII. Great men and lesser ones are subject to the same accidents, annoyances, and passions. But the former are at the top of the wheel, the others closer to the center and thus less upset by the same dislocations.

It is false that lesser men are less upset than great ones; on the contrary, their despair is greater because they have fewer resources. Of one hundred men who kill themselves in London, ninety-nine are of low condition, and scarcely one of the upper class. The image of the wheel is ingenious and misleading.

XXXIX. Men are not taught to be honorable, although they are taught everything else, and yet they take pride only in that. Thus, they take pride in knowing the only thing that they have not learned.

Men are taught to be honorable, and without that, few would become such. Let your son as a child take whatever comes to hand, and at fifteen he will be a highwayman. Praise him for telling a lie, and he will bear false witness; encourage his desires, and he will surely be debauched. Men are taught everything-virtue, religion.

XL. What a stupid project Montaigne undertook to paint himself! Not as an aside, forgetting his tenets, as all men do, but intentionally revealing himself in the light of his own principles; for, saying stupid things by chance or carelessly is a common mistake, but deliberately to report such stupid things is intolerable.

What a charming project is Montaigne's-to depict himself naively as he has done! For he depicts human nature itself; and how feeble of Nicole,¹³ of Malebranche, of Pascal, to attempt to disparage Montaigne.

XLI. When I reflect on the reason that we put so much trust in so many imposters who say that they have remedies, even to the point of putting our lives in their hands, it seems to me that the reason for this is that true remedies do exist; for it does not seem possible that there would be so many false remedies, and that they could be believed, if there were no true ones. If there had never been such true remedies, if all evils had been incurable, men could not possibly believe that they could concoct cures, and it is even more impossible that others would have trusted those who boasted of having them. Similarly, if a man boasted of being able to prevent death, no one would believe him, because there is no instance of such a thing. But numbers of real cures have been found and recognized even by the

wisest of men, and this fact has shaped our belief. The existence of remedies cannot be generally denied since some have been shown to be effective; thus the people, who cannot distinguish which of them are true, believe them all. Likewise, people believe false theories of the moon's influences because some of them, such as the tides, are true.

And it seems to me equally evident that there are so many false claims of miracles, revelations, enchantments, because some are real.

It seems to me that human nature does not need the truth in order to fall into falsehood. Men mistakenly claimed a thousand influences of the moon before imagining even the least relationship between the moon and the tides. The first man who was ill easily believed the first charlatan. No one has seen a werewolf or a sorcerer, and many have believed in them. No one has witnessed the transmutation of metals, and many have been ruined by their belief in the philosopher's stone. Did the Romans, the Greeks, all the pagans believe in the false miracles with which they were inundated only because they had witnessed some that were true?

XLII. The harbormaster governs those who are aboard a ship, but where do we find an equivalent for our moral code?

In this one maxim, acknowledged by all nations:

“Do not do to the other what you would not have done to yourself.”

XLIII. *Ferox gees nllam esse vitam sine armis putat.* They prefer death to peace; the others prefer death to war. Any opinion can be preferred to life, the love of which is so strong and so natural.

Tacitus said this of the Catalans, but there have never been any of whom one has said or could say, “They prefer death to war.”

XLIV. The more intelligence one has, the more one recognizes originality in men. Ordinary people see no differences among them.

There are very few truly original men; almost all govern themselves, think, and feel as a result of custom and education. Nothing is so unusual as a mind that walks a new path; but in this crowd of men who march together, each has a slightly different way of proceeding, which a sharp eye will recognize.

XLV. There are thus two kinds of minds: one that sees the consequences of first principles clearly and deeply, and that is the just mind, and one that understands many different principles without confusing them, and this is the geometer's mind.

Nowadays, I believe, we might call the geometer's mind the methodical and reasoning mind.

XLVI. It is easier to bear death when one does not think about it than it is to think about death when one is not in peril.

One cannot say that a man bears death easily or with difficulty when he is not thinking about it. Who feels nothing bears nothing.

XLVII. We believe that all men conceive of and are aware of objects in the same way; but we believe this quite arbitrarily, even though we have no proof of it. I clearly see that people use the same words in the same circumstances, and that each time two men see snow, for instance, they both express the sight of the object using the same words, saying that snow is white; and from this conformity of expression we derive a strong assumption of a conformity of ideas; but this is not perfectly convincing even if there is reason to wager that it is true.

One should not use whiteness as proof. White, which is a mixture of all rays of light, shines brilliantly, eventually dazzles, and has the same effect on all eyes; but one might say that perhaps other colors are not seen the same way by all eyes.

XLVIII. All our reasoning in the end yields to feelings.

Our reasoning gives way to feelings in matters of taste, not in matters of science.

XLIX. Those who judge a work by rules are, with respect to others, like those who have a watch compared to those who do not have one. One says, "We have been here for two hours," another says, "It has only been three quarters of an hour." I look at my watch: I say to the first, "You are bored," and to the second, "Time goes quickly for you."

In matters of taste, music, poetry, painting, taste takes the place of the watch, and someone who judges only by rules judges badly.

L. Caesar was too old, in my opinion, to go off and entertain himself by conquering the world. This entertainment was good for Alexander; he was a young man whom it was difficult to stop; but Caesar should have been more mature.

Ordinarily we assume that Alexander and Caesar left home with the intention of conquering the world, but it was not that way at all: Alexander succeeded Philip as the commander of Greece, and had been charged with the legitimate task of taking vengeance for the injuries

inflicted by the king of Persia upon the Greeks; he fought their common enemy and continued his conquests as far as India because the kingdom of Darius extended to India; just as the Duke of Marlborough would have come as far as Lyon had it not been for Marshal de Villars.'⁵

As for Caesar, he was one of the most prominent men of the Republic. He quarreled with Pompey as the Jansenists quarreled with the Molinists; the question was who would exterminate the other. One single battle, in which barely ten thousand men were killed, decided everything.

Indeed, M. Pascal's reflections may be altogether false. Caesar's maturity was necessary to cope with so many intrigues; and it is astonishing that Alexander, at his age, should have renounced pleasure to undertake so difficult a war.

LI. It is amusing to think that there are men in this world—for example, robbers and so on—who, having rejected all the laws of God and nature, have made their own laws that they obey most meticulously.

It is even more useful than amusing to think this, for it proves that no human society can survive without laws for a single day.

LII. Man is neither an angel nor a beast; the misery is that whoever wishes to play the angel becomes a beast.

Whoever wants to destroy the passions, rather than governing them, wants to play the angel.

LIII. A horse does not seek to have its companion admire him; when they race we see some kind of emulation in them, but it is not significant; for, once in the stable, the heaviest and the least shapely does not give up his hay to the others. Men are not like this: their ability does not satisfy them, and they are not content unless they gain some advantage from it over the others.

The most ungainly man does not surrender his bread to others; but the stronger takes it from the weaker; and it is with animals as it is with men: the large eat the small.

LIV. If man were to begin by studying himself he would see how incapable he is of going beyond himself. How can a part know the whole? He might hope perhaps to know the parts to which he has some resemblance. But all the parts of the world have so much connection and involvement with one another that I believe it impossible to know one thing unless one knows the others, and the whole.

Man must not be discouraged from seeking what is useful for him, simply because he cannot know everything.

We know many things that are true; we have sought out many useful inventions. Let us comfort ourselves even if we do not know the connections between a spider and the rings of Saturn, and continue to examine what is in our grasp.

LV. If lightning fell on low places, poets and those who know how to think only about such matters would be at a loss for proofs.

A comparison is not a proof either in poetry or in prose: in poetry it is a kind of embellishment, and in prose it serves to clarify and to make matters more vivid. Poets who have compared the misfortunes of the great with the lightning that strikes mountains would construct different comparisons if different things happened.

LVI. It is this mixture of spirit and body that has caused almost all philosophers to confuse ideas, and to attribute to the body what pertains only to the spirit, and to spirit what can only apply to the body.

If we knew what spirit is, we could complain about the fact that philosophers have attributed to it what does not belong to it, but we know neither spirit nor body. We have no knowledge of one, and we have only imperfect knowledge of the other, thus we cannot know what are their limits.

LVII. As people say poetic beauty, they should also speak of geometric beauty and medicinal beauty. But we do not say this; and the reason is that we know the objects of geometry or medicine very well, but we do not know what makes up the harmony that is the object of poetry. We do not understand the natural model that we must imitate; and lacking such knowledge we have invented bizarre terms: golden age, the wonder of the age, deadly laurel, magnificent star, etc., and we call this jargon poetic beauty. But someone imagining a woman clothed in these terms would see a pretty girl all covered with mirrors and chains of brass.

This is quite false: one should not say geometric beauty or medicinal beauty, because a theorem and a purgative do not give a pleasant impression, and one uses the word beauty only for things that charm the senses, like music, painting, eloquence, poetry, symmetrical architecture, etc.

M. Pascal's reason is equally false. We know very well what is the object of poetry: it is to paint with strength, precision, delicacy, and

harmony; poetry is harmonious eloquence. M. Pascal must have had very little taste to say that deadly laurel, magnificent star, and other foolishness is poetic beauty; and it must be that the editors of these *Pensees* were people little versed in literature if they printed a comment so unworthy of its illustrious author.

I do not send you my other comments on M. Pascal's *Pensees*, which would require much too much discussion. It is enough to have tried to point out a few of this great genius's mistakes of inattention; it is a consolation for a mind as limited as mine to be persuaded that the greatest of men make mistakes like the rest of us.

Benjamin Franklin,
*The Autobiography of
Benjamin Franklin*

Among the Founding Fathers and as a force in the American Enlightenment, Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790) stands in the first circle. He was a scientist of immense range and brilliance: his studies of electricity advanced physics; he helped shape the field of demography, charted the Gulf Stream, was an early supporter of the wave theory of light, etc. He was a consequential inventor, his inventions including the lightning rod, bifocals, glass harmonica, the medical catheter, and the odometer. He was an inimitable founder of organizations and systems that vitalized the body politic: Philadelphia's first public library and its first fire department, the University of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society for scientists; he obtained a charter for America's first hospital; he was essential in the development of a national communications network in the form of the postal system.

Born in Boston, he ran away to Philadelphia at 17 and became a newspaperman, printer, and publisher. He was a self-made man, exemplifying American social mobility through frugality and industriousness (and "networking"). As the first U.S. ambassador to France, Franklin proved indispensable in negotiating an alliance with that nation in 1777, without which American independence could not have been secured. From 1785 to 1788, he served as governor of Pennsylvania. During his life, Franklin moved from being a small slaveholder to abolitionism, evincing the effects of increasing enlightenment. The *Autobiography* provides some specificity to the republican call for virtue in the citizenry.

Part Two

Letter from Mr. Abel James, with Notes of my Life (received in Paris).

“My DEAR AND HONORED FRIEND: I have often been desirous of writing to thee, but could not be reconciled to the thought, that the letter might fall into the hands of the British, lest some printer or busybody should publish some part of the contents, and give our friend pain, and myself censure.

“Some time since there fell into my hands, to my great joy, about twenty-three sheets in thy own handwriting, containing an account of the parentage and life of thyself, directed to thy son, ending in the year 1730, with which there were notes, likewise in thy writing; a copy of which I inclose, in hopes it may be a means, if thou continued it up to a later period, that the first and latter part may be put together; and if it is not yet continued, I hope thee will not delay it. Life is uncertain, as the preacher tells us; and what will the world say if kind, humane, and benevolent Ben Franklin should leave his friends and the world deprived of so pleasing and profitable a work; a work which would be useful and entertaining not only to a few, but to millions? The influence writings under that class have on the minds of youth is very great, and has nowhere appeared to me so plain, as in our public friend’s journals. It almost insensibly leads the youth into the resolution of endeavoring to become as good and eminent as the journalist. Should thine, for instance, when published (and I think it could not fail of it), lead the youth to equal the industry and temperance of thy early youth, what a blessing with that class would such a work be! I know of no character living, nor many of them put together, who has so much in his power as thyself to promote a greater spirit of industry and early attention to business, frugality, and temperance with the American youth. Not that I think the work would have no other merit and use in the world, far from it; but the first is of such vast importance that I know nothing that can equal it.”

The foregoing letter and the minutes accompanying it being shown to a friend, I received from him the following: Letter from Mr. Benjamin Vaughan. ”PARIS, January 31, 1783

“My DEAREST SIR: When I had read over your sheets of minutes of the principal incidents of your life, recovered for you by your Quaker acquaintance, I told you I would send you a letter expressing my reasons why I thought it would be useful to complete and publish it as he desired. Various concerns have for some time past prevented this letter being written, and I do not know whether it was worth any expectation; happening to be at leisure, however, at present, I shall

by writing, at least, interest and instruct myself; but as the terms I am inclined to use may tend to offend a person of your manners, I shall only tell you how I would address any other person, who was as good and as great as yourself, but less diffident. I would say to him, Sir, I solicit the history of your life from the following motives: Your history is so remarkable, that if you do not give it, somebody else will certainly give it; and perhaps so as nearly to do as much harm, as your own management of the thing might do good. It will moreover present a table of the internal circumstances of your country, which will very much tend to invite to it settlers of virtuous and manly minds. And considering the eagerness with which such information is sought by them, and the extent of your reputation, I do not know of a more efficacious advertisement than your biography would give. All that has happened to you is also connected with the detail of the manners and situation of a rising people; and in this respect I do not think that the writings of Caesar and Tacitus can be more interesting to a true judge of human nature and society. But these, sir, are small reasons, in my opinion, compared with the chance which your life will give for the forming of future great men; and in conjunction with your Art of Virtue (which you design to publish) of improving the features of private character, and consequently of aiding all happiness, both public and domestic. The two works I allude to, sir, will in particular give a noble rule and example of self-education. School and other education constantly proceed upon false principles, and show a clumsy apparatus pointed at a false mark; but your apparatus is simple, and the mark a true one; and while parents and young persons are left destitute of other just means of estimating and becoming prepared for a reasonable course in life, your discovery that the thing is in many a man's private power, will be invaluable! Influence upon the private character, late in life, is not only an influence late in life, but a weak influence. It is in youth that we plant our chief habits and prejudices; it is in youth that we take our party as to profession, pursuits and matrimony. In youth, therefore, the tum is given; in youth the education even of the next generation is given; in youth the private and public character is determined; and the term of life extending but from youth to age, life ought to begin well from youth, and more especially before we take our party as to our principal objects. But your biography will not merely teach self-education, but the education of a wise man; and the wisest man will receive lights and improve his progress, by seeing detailed the conduct of another wise man. And why are weaker men to be deprived of such helps, when we see our race has been blundering on in the dark, almost without a guide in this particular, from the farthest trace of time? Show then, sir, how much is to be done, both to sons

and fathers; and invite all wise men to become like yourself, and other men to become wise. When we see how cruel statesmen and warriors can be to the human race, and how absurd distinguished men can be to their acquaintance, it will be instructive to observe the instances multiply of pacific, acquiescing manners; and to find how compatible it is to be great and domestic, enviable and yet good-humored.

“The little private incidents which you will also have to relate, will have considerable use, as we want, above all things, rules of prudence in ordinary affairs; and it will be curious to see how you have acted in these. It will be so far a sort of key to life, and explain many things that all men ought to have once explained to them, to give them a chance of becoming wise by foresight. The nearest thing to having experience of one’s own, is to have other people’s affairs brought before us in a shape that is interesting; this is sure to happen from your pen; our affairs and management will have an air of simplicity or importance that will not fail to strike; and I am convinced you have conducted them with as much originality as if you had been conducting discussions in politics or philosophy; and what more worthy of experiments and system (its importance and its errors considered) than human life?

“Some men have been virtuous blindly, others have speculated fantastically, and others have been shrewd to bad purposes; but you, sir, I am sure, will give under your hand, nothing but what is at the same moment, wise, practical and good. Your account of yourself (for I suppose the parallel I am drawing for Dr. Franklin, will hold not only in point of character, but of private history) will show that you are ashamed of no origin; a thing the more important, as you prove how little necessary all origin is to happiness, virtue, or greatness. As no end likewise happens without a means, so we shall find, sir, that even you yourself framed a plan by which you became considerable; but at the same time we may see that though the event is flattering, the means are as simple as wisdom could make them; that is, depending upon nature, virtue, thought and habit. Another thing demonstrated will be the propriety of every man’s waiting for his time for appearing upon the stage of the world. Our sensations being very much fixed to the moment, we are apt to forget that more moments are to follow the first, and consequently that man should arrange his conduct so as to suit the whole of a life. Your attribution appears to have been applied to your life, and the passing moments of it have been enlivened with content and enjoyment, instead of being tormented with foolish impatience or regrets. Such a conduct is easy for those who make virtue and themselves in countenance by examples of other truly great men, of whom patience is so often the characteristic. Your Quaker

correspondent, sir (for here again I will suppose the subject of my letter resembling Dr. Franklin), praised your frugality, diligence and temperance, which he considered as a pattern for all youth; but it is singular that he should have forgotten your modesty and your disinterestedness, without which you never could have waited for your advancement, or found your situation in the mean time comfortable; which is a strong lesson to show the poverty of glory and the importance of regulating our minds. If this correspondent had known the nature of your reputation as well as I do, he would have said, Your former writings and measures would secure attention to your Biography, and Art of Virtue; and your Biography and Art of Virtue, in return, would secure attention to them. This is an advantage attendant upon a various character, and which brings all that belongs to it into greater play; and it is the more useful, as perhaps more persons are at a loss for the means of improving their minds and characters, than they are for the time or the inclination to do it. But there is one concluding reflection, sir, that will shew the use of your life as a mere piece of biography. This style of writing seems a little gone out of vogue, and yet it is a very useful one; and your specimen of it may be particularly serviceable, as it will make a subject of comparison with the lives of various public cut-throats and intriguers, and with absurd monastic self-tormentors or vain literary triflers. If it encourages more writings of the same kind with your own, and induces more men to spend lives fit to be written, it will be worth all Plutarch's Lives put together. But being tired of figuring to myself a character of which every feature suits only one man in the world, without giving him the praise of it, I shall end my letter, my dear Dr. Franklin, with a personal application to your proper self. I am earnestly desirous, then, my dear sir, that you should let the world into the traits of your genuine character, as civil broils may otherwise tend to disguise or traduce it. Considering your great age, the caution of your character, and your peculiar style of thinking, it is not likely that any one besides yourself can be sufficiently master of the facts of your life, or the intentions of your mind. Besides all this, the immense revolution of the present period, will necessarily turn our attention towards the author of it, and when virtuous principles have been pretended in it, it will be highly important to shew that such have really influenced; and, as your own character will be the principal one to receive a scrutiny, it is proper (even for its effects upon your vast and rising country, as well as upon England and upon Europe) that it should stand respectable and eternal. For the furtherance of human happiness, I have always maintained that it is necessary to prove that man is not even at present a vicious and detestable animal; and still more to prove that

good management may greatly amend him; and it is for much the same reason, that I am anxious to see the opinion established, that there are fair characters existing among the individuals of the race; for the moment that all men, without exception, shall be conceived abandoned, good people will cease efforts deemed to be hopeless, and perhaps think of taking their share in the scramble of life, or at least of making it comfortable principally for themselves. Take then, my dear sir, this work most speedily into hand: shew yourself good as you are good; temperate as you are temperate; and above all things, prove yourself as one, who from your infancy have loved justice, liberty and concord, in a way that has made it natural and consistent for you to have acted, as we have seen you act in the last seventeen years of your life. Let Englishmen be made not only to respect, but even to love you. When they think well of individuals in your native country, they will go nearer to thinking well of your country; and when your countrymen see themselves well thought of by Englishmen, they will go nearer to thinking well of England. Extend your views even further; do not stop at those who speak the English tongue, but after having settled so many points in nature and politics, think of bettering the whole race of men. As I have not read any part of the life in question, but know only the character that lived it, I write somewhat at hazard. I am sure, however, that the life and the treatise I allude to (on the Art of Virtue) will necessarily fulfil the chief of my expectations; and still more so if you take up the measure of suiting these performances to the several views above stated. Should they even prove unsuccessful in all that a sanguine admirer of yours hopes from them, you will at least have framed pieces to interest the human mind; and whoever gives a feeling of pleasure that is innocent to man, has added so much to the fair side of a life otherwise too much darkened by anxiety and too much injured by pain. In the hope, therefore, that you will listen to the prayer addressed to you in this letter, I beg to subscribe myself, my dearest sir, etc., etc.,

“Signed, BENJ. VAUGHAN.”

**Continuation of the Account of my Life, begun at Passy,
near Paris, 1784.**

It is some time since I receiv'd the above letters, but I have been too busy till now to think of complying with the request they contain. It might, too, be much better done if I were at home among my papers, which would aid my memory, and help to ascertain dates; but my return being uncertain, and having just now a little leisure, I will endeavor to recollect and write what I can; if I live to get home, it may there be corrected and improv'd.

Not having any copy here of what is already written, I know not whether an account is given of the means I used to establish the Philadelphia public library, which, from a small beginning, is now become so considerable, though I remember to have come down to near the time of that transaction (1730). I will therefore begin here with an account of it, which may be struck out if found to have been already given.

At the time I establish'd myself in Pennsylvania, there was not a good bookseller's shop in any of the colonies to the southward of Boston. In New York and Philadelphia the printers were indeed stationers; they sold only paper, etc., almanacs, ballads, and a few common school-books. Those who lov'd reading were oblig'd to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the alehouse, where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I propos'd that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as he wish'd to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us.

Finding the advantage of this little collection, I propos' d to render the benefit from books more common, by commencing a public subscription library. I drew a sketch of the plan and rules that would be necessary, and got a skilful conveyancer, Mr. Charles Brockden, to put the whole in form of articles of agreement to be subscribed, by which each subscriber engag'd to pay a certain sum down for the first purchase of books, and an annual contribution for increasing them. So few were the readers at that time in Philadelphia, and the majority of us so poor, that I was not able, with great industry, to find more than fifty persons, mostly young tradesmen, willing to pay down for this purpose forty shillings each, and ten shillings per annum. On this little fund we began. The books were imported; the library was opened one day in the week for lending to the subscribers, on their promissory notes to pay double the value if not duly returned. The institution soon manifested its utility, was imitated by other towns, and in other provinces. The libraries were augmented by donations; reading became fashionable; and our people, having no publick amusements to divert their attention from study, became better acquainted with books, and in a few years were observ'd by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people of the same rank generally are in other countries.

When we were about to sign the above-mentioned articles, which were to be binding on us, our heirs, etc., for fifty years, Mr. Brockden, the

scrivener, said to us, "You are young men, but it is scarcely probable that any of you will live to see the expiration of the term fix'd in the instrument." A number of us, however, are yet living; but the instrument was after a few years rendered null by a charter that incorporated and gave perpetuity to the company.

The objections and reluctances I met with in soliciting the subscriptions, made me soon feel the impropriety of presenting one's self as the proposer of any useful project, that might be suppos'd to raise one's reputation in the smallest degree above that of one's neighbors, when one has need of their assistance to accomplish that project. I therefore put myself as much as I could out of sight, and stated it as a scheme of a number of friends, who had requested me to go about and propose it to such as they thought lovers of reading. In this way my affair went on more smoothly, and I ever after practis'd it on such occasions; and, from my frequent successes, can heartily recommend it. The present little sacrifice of your vanity will afterwards be amply repaid. If it remains a while uncertain to whom the merit belongs, some one more vain than yourself will be encouraged to claim it, and then even envy will be disposed to do you justice by plucking those assumed feathers, and restoring them to their right owner.

This library afforded me the means of improvement by constant study, for which I set apart an hour or two each day, and thus repair'd in some degree the loss of the learned education my father once intended for me. Reading was the only amusement I allow'd myself. I spent no time in taverns, games, or frolicks of any kind; and my industry in my business continu'd as indefatigable as it was necessary. I was indebted for my printing-house; I had a young family coming on to be educated, and I had to contend with for business two printers, who were established in the place before me. My circumstances, however, grew daily easier. My original habits of frugality continuing, and my father having, among his instructions to me when a boy, frequently repeated a proverb of Solomon, "Seest thou a man diligent in his calling, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men," I from thence considered industry as a means of obtaining wealth and distinction, which encourag'd me, tho' I did not think that I should ever literally stand before kings, which, however, has since happened; for I have stood before five, and even had the honor of sitting down with one, the King of Denmark, to dinner.

We have an English proverb that says, "He that would thrive, must ask his wife." It was lucky for me that I had one as much dispos'd to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing

old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being call'd one morning to breakfast, I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserv'd a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and China in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increas'd, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

I had been religiously educated as a Presbyterian; and tho' some of the dogmas of that persuasion, such as the eternal decrees of God, election, reprobation, etc., appeared to me unintelligible, others doubtful, and I early absented myself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being my studying day, I never was without some religious principles. I never doubted, for instance, the existence of the Deity; that he made the world, and govern'd it by his Providence; that the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to man; that our souls are immortal; and that all crime will be punished, and virtue rewarded, either here or hereafter. These I esteem'd the essentials of every religion; and, being to be found in all the religions we had in our country, I respected them all, tho' with different degrees of respect, as I found them more or less mix'd with other articles, which, without any tendency to inspire, promote, or confirm morality, serv'd principally to divide us, and make us unfriendly to one another. This respect to all, with an opinion that the worst had some good effects, induc'd me to avoid all discourse that might tend to lessen the good opinion another might have of his own religion; and as our province increas'd in people, and new places of worship were continually wanted, and generally erected by voluntary contribution, might be the sect, was never refused. my mite for such purpose, whatever be the sect, was never refused.

Tho' I seldom attended any public worship, I had still an opinion of its propriety, and of its utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only Presbyterian minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He us'd to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to atter'd his administrations, and I was now and then prevail'd on to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been in my opinion a good preacher, perhaps

I might have continued, notwithstanding the occasion I had for the Sunday's leisure in my course of study; but his discourses were chiefly either polemic arguments, or explications of the peculiar doctrines of our sect, and were all to me very dull, uninteresting, and unedifying, since not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, their aim seeming to be rather to make us Presbyterians than good citizens.

At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praise, think on these things." And I imagin'd, in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss of having some morality. But he confin'd himself to five points only, as meant by the apostle, viz.: 1. Keeping holy the Sabbath day. 2. Diligent in reading the holy Scriptures. 3. Attending duly the public Being worship. 4. Partaking of the Sacrament. 5. Paying a due respect to God's ministers. These might be all good things; but, as they were not the kind of good things that I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting with them from any other, was disgusted, and attended his preaching no more. I had some years before compos'd a little Liturgy, or form of prayer, for my own private use (viz., in 1728), entitled, Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion. I return'd to the use of this, and went no more to the public assemblies. My conduct might be blameable, but I leave it, without attempting further to excuse it; my present purpose being to relate facts, and not to make apologies for them.

It was about this time I wish'd to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into. As I knew, or thought I knew, what was right and wrong, I did not see why I might not always do the one and avoid the other. But I soon found I had undertaken a task of more difficulty than I had imagined. While my care was employ'd in guarding against one fault, had imagined. While my care was employ'd in I was often surprised by another; habit took the advantage of inattention; inclination was sometimes too strong for reason. I concluded, at length, that the mere speculative conviction that it was our interest to be completely virtuous, was not sufficient to prevent our slipping; and that the contrary habits must be broken, and good ones acquired and established, before we can have any dependence on a steady, uniform rectitude of conduct. For this purpose I therefore contrived the following method.

In the various enumerations of the moral virtues I had met with in my reading, I found the catalogue more or less numerous, as different writers included more or fewer ideas under the same name. Temper-

ance, for example, was by some confined to eating and drinking, while by others it was extended to mean the moderating every other pleasure, appetite, inclination, or passion, bodily or mental, even to our avarice and ambition. I propos'd to myself, for the sake of clearness, to use rather more names, with fewer ideas annex'd to each, than a few names with more ideas; and I included under thirteen names of virtues all that at that time occur'd to me as necessary or desirable, and annexed to each a short precept; which fully express'd the extent I gave to its meaning.

These names of virtues, with their precepts, were:

1. TEMPERANCE.

Eat not to dullness; drink not to elevation.

2. SILENCE.

Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

3. ORDER.

Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

4. RESOLUTION.

Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

5. FRUGALITY.

Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; i. e., waste nothing.

6. INDUSTRY.

Lose no time; be always employ'd in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

7. SINCERITY.

Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

8. JUSTICE.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

9. MODERATION.

Avoid extreams; forbear resenting injuries so much as you think they deserve.

10. CLEANLINESS.

Tolerate no uncleanness in body, cloaths, or habitation.

11. TRANQUILLITY.

Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

12. CHASTITY.

Rarely use venery but for health or offspring, never to dulness, weakness, or the injury of your own or another's peace or reputation.

13. HUMILITY.

Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

My intention being to acquire the habitude of all these virtues, I judg'd it would be we I not to distract my attention by attempting the whole at once, but to fix it on one of them at a time; and, when I should be master of that, then to proceed to another, and so on, till I should have gone thro' the thirteen; and, as the previous acquisition of some might facilitate the acquisition of certain others, I arrang'd them with that view, as they stand above. Temperance first, as it tends to procure that coolness and clearness of head, which is so necessary where constant vigilance was to be kept up, and guard maintained against the unremitting attraction of ancient habits, and the force. of perpetual temptations. This being acquir'd and establish'd, Silence would be more easy; and my desire being to gain knowledge at the same time that I improv'd in virtue, and considering that in conversation it was obtain'd rather by the use of the ears than of the tongue, and therefore wishing to break a habit I was getting into of prattling, punning, and joking, which only made me acceptable to trifling company, I gave Silence the second place. This and the next, Order, I expected would allow me more time for attending to my project and my studies. Resolution, once become habitual, would keep me firm in my endeavors to obtain all the subsequent virtues; Frugality and Industry freeing me from my remaining debt, and producing affluence and independence, would make more easy the practice of Sincerity and Justice, etc., etc. Conceiving then, that, agreeably to the advice of Pythagoras in his Golden Verses, daily examination would be necessary, I contrived the following method for conducting that examination.

I made a little book, in which I allotted a page for each of the virtues. I rul'd each page with red ink, so as to have seven columns, one for each day of the week, marking each column with a letter for the day. I cross'd these columns with thirteen red lines, marking the beginning of each line with the first letter of one of the virtues, on which line, and in its proper column, I might mark, by a little black spot, every fault I found upon examination to have been committed respecting that virtue upon that day.

Form of the pages.

TEMPERANCE.
EAT NOT TO DULNESS;
DRINK NOT TO ELEVATION.

letters	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
T.							
S.	*	*		*		*	
O.	**	*	*		*	*	*
R.			*			*	
F.		*			*		
I.			*				
S.							
J. '							
M.							
C.							
T.							
C.							
H.							

I determined to give a week's strict attention to each of the virtues successively. Thus, in the first week, my great guard was to avoid every the least offence against Temperance, leaving the other virtues to their ordinary chance, only marking every evening the faults of the day. Thus, if in the first week I could keep my first line, marked T, clear of spots, I suppos'd the habit of that virtue so much strengthen'd, and its opposite weaken'd, that I might venture extending my attention to include the next, and for the following week keep both lines clear of spots. Proceeding thus to the last, I could go thro' a course compleat in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year. And like him who, having a garden to weed, does not attempt to eradicate all the bad herbs at once, which would exceed his reach and his strength, but works on one of the beds at a time, and, having accomplish'd the first, proceeds to a second, so I should have, I hoped, the encouraging pleasure of seeing on my pages the progress I made in virtue, by clearing successively my lines of their spots, till in the end, by a number of courses, I should be happy in viewing a clean book, after a thirteen weeks' daily examination.

This my little book had for its motto these lines from Addison's Cato:

“Here will I hold. If there's a power above us (And that there is, all nature cries aloud Thro' all her works), He must delight in virtue; And that which he delights in must be happy.”

Another from Cicero,

“O vitre Philosophia dux! O virtutum indagatrix expultrixque vitiorum! Unus dies, bene et ex preceptis tuis actus, peccanti immortalitati est anteponeendus.” [O Philosophy, our guide through life! Investigator of virtues and expeller of vices! One day spent well and in accordance with your precepts is to be preferred to a sinful immortality.]

Another from the Proverbs of Solomon, speaking of wisdom or virtue:

“Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” iii. 16, 17.

And conceiving God to be the fountain of wisdom, I thought it right and necessary to solicit his assistance for obtaining it; to this end I formed the following little prayer, which was prefixed to my tables of examination, for daily use.

“O powerful Goodness/ bountiful Father/ merciful Guide/ Increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest. Strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my /rind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual fa'vours to me.”

I used also sometimes a little prayer which I took from Thomson's Poems, viz.:

“Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme! O teach me what is good; teach me Thyself! Save me from folly, vanity, and vice, From every low pursuit; and fill my soul With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure; Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!”

The precept of Order requiring that every part of my business should have its allotted time, one page in my little book contain'd the following scheme of employment for the twenty-four hours of a natural day.

	5	
THE MORNING		Rise, wash, and address Powerful
Question. What good shall I do	6	Goodness! Contrive day's business
This day?		and take the resolution of the day;
	7	prosecute the present study, and breakfast
<hr/>		
	8	
	9	Work
	10	
	11	
<hr/>		
NOON	12	Read, or overlook my accounts, and dine.
	1	
<hr/>		
	2	
	3	Work
	4	
	5	
<hr/>		
EVENING.	6	Put things in their places Supper.
Question. What have I done	7	Music or diversion, or conversation.
today?	8	Examination of the day.
	9	
<hr/>		
	10	
	11	
	12	
	1	
NIGHT.	2	Sleep.
	3	
	4	

I enter'd upon the execution of this plan for self-examination, and continu'd it with occasional intermissions for some time. I was surpris'd to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagin'd; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish. To avoid the trouble of renewing now and then my little book, which, by scraping out the marks on the paper of old faults to make room for new ones in a new course, became full of holes, I transferr'd my tables and precepts to the ivory leaves of a memorandum book, on which the lines were drawn with red ink, that made a durable stain, and on those lines I mark'd my faults with a blacklead pencil, which marks I could easily wipe out with a wet sponge. After a while I went thro' one course only in a year, and afterward only one in several years, till at length I omitted them entirely, being employ'd in voyages and business abroad, with a multiplicity of affairs that interfered; but I always carried my little book with me.

My scheme of ORDER gave me the most trouble; and I found that, tho' it might be practicable where a man's business was such as to

leave him the disposition of his time, that of a journeyman printer, for instance, it was not possible to be exactly observed by a master, who must mix with the world, and often receive people of business at their own hours. Order, too, with regard to places for things, papers, etc., I found extremely difficult to acquire. I had not been early accustomed to it, and, having an exceeding good memory, I was not so sensible of the inconvenience attending want of method. This article, therefore, cost me so much painful attention, and my faults in it vexed me so much, and I made so little progress in amendment, and had such frequent relapses, that I was almost ready to give up the attempt, and content myself with a faulty character in that respect, like the man who, in buying an ax of a smith, my neighbour, desired to have the whole of its surface as bright as the edge. The smith consented to grind it bright for him if he would turn the wheel; he turn'd, while the smith press'd the broad face of the ax hard and heavily on the stone, which made the turning of it very fatiguing. The man came every now and then from the wheel to see how the work went on, and at length would take his ax as it was, without farther grinding. "No," said the smith, "turn on, turn on; we shall have it bright by-and by; as yet, it is only speckled." "Yes," says the man, "but I think I like a speckled ax best." And I believe this may have been the case with many, who, having, for want of some such means as I employ'd, found the difficulty of obtaining good and breaking bad habits in other points of vice and virtue, have given up the struggle, and concluded that "a speckled ax was best;" for something, that pretended to be reason, was every now and then suggesting to me that such extream nicety as I exacted of myself might be a kind of foppery in morals, which, if it were known, would make me ridiculous; that a perfect character might be attended with the inconvenience of being envied and hated; and that a benevolent man should allow a few faults in himself, to keep his friends in countenance.

In truth, I found myself incorrigible with respect to Order; and now I am grown old, and my memory bad, I feel very sensibly the want of it. But, on the whole, tho' I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was, by the endeavour, a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it; as those who aim at perfect writing by imitating the engraved copies, tho' they never reach the wish'd-for excellence of those copies, their hand is mended by the endeavor, and is tolerable while it continues fair and legible.

It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestor ow'd the constant felicity

of his life, down to his 79th year, in which this is written. What reverses may attend the remainder is in the hand of Providence; but, if they arrive, the reflection on past happiness enjoy'd ought to help his bearing them with more resignation. To Temperance he ascribes his long-continued health, and what is still left to him of a good constitution; to Industry and Frugality, the early easiness of his circumstances and acquisition of his fortune, with all that knowledge that enabled him to be a useful citizen, and obtained for him some degree of reputation among the learned; to Sincerity and Justice, the confidence of his country, and the honorable employments it conferred upon him; and to the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, even in the imperfect state he was able to acquire them, all that evenness of temper, and that cheerfulness in conversation, which makes his company still sought for, and agreeable even to his younger acquaintance. I hope, therefore, that some of my descendants may follow the example and reap the benefit.

It will be remark'd that, tho' my scheme was not wholly without religion, there was in it no mark of any of the distinguishing tenets of any particular sect. I had purposely avoided them; for, being fully persuaded of the utility and excellency of my method, and that it might be serviceable to people in all religions, and intending some time or other to publish it, I would not have any thing in it that should prejudice any one, of any sect, against it. I purposed writing a little comment on each virtue, in which I would have shown the advantages of possessing it, and the mischiefs attending its opposite vice; and I should have called my book THE ART OF VIRTUE,* because it would have shown the means and manner of obtaining virtue, which would have distinguished it from the mere exhortation to be good, that does not instruct and indicate the means, but is like the apostle's man of verbal charity, who only without showing to the naked and hungry how or where they might get clothes or victuals, exhorted them to be fed and clothed. -James ii. 15, 16.

But it so happened that my intention of writing and publishing this comment was never fulfilled. I did, indeed, from time to time, put down short hints of the sentiments, reasonings, etc., to be made use of in it, some of which I have still by me; but the necessary close attention to private business in the earlier part of my life, and public business since, have occasioned my postponing it; for, it being connected in my mind with a great and extensive project, that required the whole man to execute, and which an unforeseen succession of employments prevented my attending to, it has hitherto remain'd unfinished.

In this piece it was my design to explain and enforce this doctrine, that

vicious actions are not hurtful because they are forbidden, but forbidden because they are hurtful, the nature of man alone considered; that it was, therefore, every one's interest to be virtuous who wish'd to be happy even in this world; and I should, from this circumstance (there being always in the world a number of rich merchants, nobility, states, and princes, who have need of honest instruments for the management of their affairs, and such being so rare), have endeavored to convince young persons that no qualities were so likely to make a poor man's fortune as those of probity and integrity .

My list of virtues contain'd at first but twelve; but a Quaker friend having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride show'd itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right when discussing any point, but was overbearing, and rather insolent, of which he convinc'd me by mentioning several instances; I determined endeavouring to cure myself, if I could, of this vice or folly among the rest, and I added Humility to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word.

I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the reality of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the appearance of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbid myself, agreeably to the old laws of our Junto, the use of every word or expression in the language that import a fix'd opinion, such as certainly, undoubtedly, etc., and I adopted, instead of them, I conceive, I apprehend, or I imagine a thing to be so or so; or it so appears to me at present. When another asserted something that I thought an error, I deny'd myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there appear'd or seem'd to me some difference, etc. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engag'd in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I propos'd my opinions procur'd them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevail'd with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length so easy, and so habitual to me, that perhaps for these fifty years past no one has ever heard a dogmatical expression escape me. And to this habit (after my character of integrity) I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens when I proposed new institutions, or alterations in the

old, and so much influence in public councils when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my points.

In reality, there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Disguise it, struggle with it, beat it down, stifle it, mortify it as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself; you will see it, perhaps, often in this history; for, even if I could conceive that I had compleatly overcome it, I should probably be proud of my humility.

[Thus far written at Passy, 1784.]

Jean-Jacques Rousseau,
Emile

No other philosopher's biography is perhaps as well-known as that of Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), who made his own life the subject of a number of his writings, including his great autobiographical work, the *Confessions*. Born in Calvinist Geneva, Rousseau was raised by his father, a clockmaker, who cared for learning and had Rousseau read classical Greek and Roman literature. Rousseau eventually left Geneva in 1728, fleeing to adjoining Savoy. There at the age of sixteen he met Françoise-Louise de Warens, a woman who would become his benefactor and mistress, and under whose influence he would (temporarily) become a Catholic.

Rousseau's literary breakthrough came in 1750 with the publication of his winning entry in an essay competition organized by the Academy of Dijon on the theme, "Whether the progress of the sciences and of letters has tended to corrupt or to elevate morals?"

In his response, Rousseau challenged the Enlightenment with a spirited return to the Greeks and Romans: "What will become of virtue if riches are to be acquired at any cost? The politicians of the ancient world spoke constantly of morals and virtue; ours speak of nothing but commerce and money." This was a clarion call that would lead to Romanticism. In 1762 both *On the Social Contract* (his most famous work) and *Emile* (Rousseau called it one of his three principal works) were published. *Emile, or On Education*, part-treatise, part-novel, outlines a process of education that would prevent humans from being corrupted by society and instead nurture their natural virtues and goodness.

PROFESSION OF FAITH OF THE SAVOYARD VICAR

My child, do not expect either learned speeches or profound reasonings from me. I am not a great philosopher, and I care little to be one. But I sometimes have good sense, and I always love the truth. I do not want to argue with you or even attempt to convince you. It is enough for me to reveal to you what I think in the simplicity of my heart. Consult yours during my speech. This is all I ask of you. If I am mistaken, it is in good faith. That is enough for my error not to be imputed to crime. If you were to be similarly mistaken, there would be little evil in that. Reason is common to us, and we have the same interest in listening to it. If I think well, why would you not think as do I?

I was born poor and a peasant, destined by my station to cultivate the earth. But it was thought to be a finer thing for me to learn to earn my bread in the priest's trade, and the means were found to permit me to study. Certainly neither my parents nor I thought very much of seeking what was good, true, and useful, but rather we thought of what had to be known in order to be ordained. I learned what I was supposed to learn; I said what I was supposed to say. I committed myself as I was supposed to, and I was made a priest. But it was not long before I sensed that in obliging myself not to be a man I had promised more than I could keep.

We are told that conscience is the work of prejudices. Nevertheless I know by my experience that conscience persists in following the order of nature against all the laws of men. We may very well be forbidden this or that, but remorse always reproaches us feebly for what well-ordered nature permits us, and all the more so for what it prescribes to us. Oh, good young man, nature has as yet said nothing to your senses! May you live a long time in the happy state in which its voice is that of innocence. Remember that nature is offended even more when one anticipates it than when one combats it. One must begin by learning how to resist in order to know when one can give in without its being a crime.

From my youth on I have respected marriage as the first and the holiest institution of nature. Having taken away my right to submit myself to it, I resolved not to profane it; for in spite of my classes and studies, I had always led a uniform and simple life, and I had preserved all the clarity of the original understanding in my mind. The maxims of the world had not obscured it, and my poverty removed me from the temptations dictated by the sophisms of vice.

This resolve was precisely what destroyed me. My respect for the bed

of others left my faults exposed. The scandal had to be expiated. Arrested, interdicted, driven out, I was far more the victim of my scruples than of my incontinence; and I had occasion to understand, from the reproaches with which my disgrace was accompanied, that often one need only aggravate the fault to escape the punishment.

A few such experiences lead a reflective mind a long way. Seeing the ideas that I had of the just, the decent, and all the duties of man overturned by gloomy observations, I lost each day one of the opinions I had received. Since those opinions that remained were no longer sufficient to constitute together a self-sustaining body, I felt the obviousness of the principles gradually becoming dimmer in my mind. And finally reduced to no longer knowing what to think, I reached the same point where you are, with the difference that my incredulity, the late fruit of a riper age, had been more painfully formed and ought to have been more difficult to destroy.

I was in that frame of mind of uncertainty and doubt that Descartes demands for the quest for truth. This state is hardly made to last. It is disturbing and painful. It is only the self-interest of vice or laziness of soul which leaves us in it. My heart was not sufficiently corrupted to enjoy myself in it, and nothing preserves the habit of reflection better than being more content with oneself than with one's fortune.

I meditated therefore on the sad fate of mortals, floating on this sea of human opinions without rudder or compass and delivered to their stormy passions without any other guide than an inexperienced pilot who is ignorant of his route and knows neither where he is coming from nor where he is going. I said to myself, "I love the truth, I seek it and cannot recognize it. Let it be revealed to me, and I shall remain made to adore it?"

Although I have often experienced greater evils, I have never led a life so constantly disagreeable as during those times of perplexity and anxiety, when I ceaselessly wandered from doubt to doubt and brought back from my long meditations only uncertainty, obscurity, and contradictions about the cause of my being and the principle of my duties.

How can one systematically and in good faith be a skeptic? I cannot understand it. These skeptic philosophers either do not exist or are the unhappiest of men. Doubt about the things it is important for us to know is too violent a state for the human mind, which does not hold out in this state for long. It decides in spite of itself one way or the other and prefers to be deceived rather than to believe nothing.

What doubled my confusion was that I was born in a church which

decides everything and permits no doubt; therefore, the rejection of a single point made me reject all the rest, and the impossibility of accepting so many absurd decisions also detached me from those which were not absurd. By being told "Believe everything," I was prevented from believing anything, and I no longer knew where to stop.

I consulted the philosophers. I leafed through their books. I examined their various opinions. I found them all to be proud, assertive, dogmatic (even in their pretended skepticism), ignorant of nothing, proving nothing, mocking one another; and this last point, which was common to all, appeared to me the only one about which they are all right. Triumphant when they attack, they are without force in defending themselves. If you ponder their reasoning, they turn out to be good only at destructive criticism. If you count votes, each is reduced to his own. They agree only to dispute. Listening to them was not the means of getting out of my uncertainty.

I comprehended that the insufficiency of the human mind is the first cause of this prodigious diversity of sentiments and that pride is the second. We do not have the measurements of this immense machine; we cannot calculate its relations; we know neither its first laws nor its final cause. We do not know ourselves; we know neither our nature nor our active principle. We hardly know if man is a simple or a compound being. Impenetrable mysteries surround us on all sides; they are above the region accessible to the senses. We believe we possess intelligence for piercing these mysteries, but all we have is imagination. Through this imaginary world each blazes a trail he believes to be good. None can know whether his leads to the goal. Nevertheless we want to penetrate everything, to know everything. The only thing we do not know is how to be ignorant of what we cannot know. We would rather decide at random and believe what is not than admit that none of us can see what is. We are a small part of a great whole whose limits escape us and whose Author delivers us to our mad disputes; but we are vain enough to want to decide what this whole is in itself and what we are in relation to it.

If the philosophers were in a position to discover the truth, who among them would take an interest in it? Each knows well that his system is no better founded than the others. But he maintains it because it is his. There is not a single one of them who, if he came to know the true and the false, would not prefer the lie he has found to the truth discovered by another. Where is the philosopher who would not gladly deceive mankind for his own glory? Where is the one who in the secrecy of his heart sets himself any other goal than that of distinguishing himself? Provided that he raises himself above the vulgar, provided

that he dims the brilliance of his competitors, what more does he ask? The essential thing is to think differently from others. Among believers he is an atheist; among atheists he would be a believer.

The first fruit I drew from these reflections was to learn to limit my researches to what was immediately related to my interest, to leave myself in a profound ignorance of all the rest, and to worry myself to the point of doubt only about things it was important for me to know.

I understood further that the philosophers, far from delivering me from my useless doubts, would only cause those which tormented me to multiply and would resolve none of them. Therefore, I took another guide, and I said to myself, "Let us consult the inner light; it will lead me astray less than they lead me astray; or at least my error will be my own, and I will deprave myself less in following my own illusions than in yielding to their lies."

Then, going over in my mind the various opinions which had one by one drawn me along since my birth, I saw that although none of them was evident enough to produce conviction immediately, they had various degrees of verisimilitude, and inner assent was given or refused to them in differing measure. On the basis of this first observation, I compared all these different ideas in the silence of the prejudices, and I found that the first and most common was also the simplest and most reasonable, and that the only thing that prevented it from gaining all the votes was that it had not been proposed last. Imagine all your ancient and modern philosophers having first exhausted their bizarre systems of forces, chances, fatality, necessity, atoms, an animate world, living matter, and materialism of every kind; and after them all the illustrious Clarke - enlightening the world, proclaiming at last the Being of beings and the Dispenser of things. With what universal admiration, with what unanimous applause would this new system have been received — this new system so great, so consoling, so sublime, so fit to lift up the soul and to give a foundation to virtue, and at the same time so striking, so luminous, so simple, and, it seems to me, presenting fewer incomprehensible things to the human mind than the absurdities it finds in any other system! I said to myself, "Insoluble objections are common to all systems because man's mind is too limited to resolve them. They do not therefore constitute a proof against any one in particular. But what a difference in direct proofs! Must not the only one which explains everything be preferred, if it contains no more difficulties than the others?"

Therefore, taking the love of the truth as my whole philosophy, and as my whole method an easy and simple rule that exempts me from the

vain subtlety of arguments, I pick up again on the basis of this rule the examination of the knowledge that interests me. I am resolved to accept as evident all knowledge to which in the sincerity of my heart I cannot refuse my consent; to accept as true all that which appears to me to have a necessary connection with this first knowledge; and to leave all the rest in uncertainty without rejecting it or accepting it and without tormenting myself to clarify it if it leads to nothing useful for practice.

But who am I? What right have I to judge things, and what determines my judgments? If they are swept along, forced by the impressions I receive, I tire myself out in vain with these researches; they will or will not be made on their own without my mixing in to direct them. Thus my glance must first be turned toward myself in order to know the instrument I wish to use and how far I can trust its use.

I exist, and I have senses by which I am affected. This is the first truth that strikes me and to which I am forced to acquiesce. Do I have a particular sentiment of my existence, or do I sense it only through my sensations? This is my first doubt, which it is for the present impossible for me to resolve; for as I am continually affected by sensations, whether immediately or by memory, how can I know whether the sentiment of the I is something outside these same sensations and whether it can be independent of them?

My sensations take place in me, since they make me sense my existence; but their cause is external to me, since they affect me without my having anything to do with it, and I have nothing to do with producing or annihilating them. Therefore, I clearly conceive that my sensation, which is in me, and its cause or its object, which is outside of me, are not the same thing.

Thus, not only do I exist, but there exist other beings — the objects of my sensations; and even if these objects were only ideas, it is still true that these ideas are not me.

Now, all that I sense outside of me and which acts on my senses, I call matter; and all the portions of matter which I conceive to be joined together in individual beings, I call bodies. Thus all the disputes of idealists and materialists signify nothing to me. Their distinctions concerning the appearance and reality of bodies are chimeras.

Already I am as sure of the universe's existence as of my own. Next, I reflect on the objects of my sensations; and, finding in myself the faculty of comparing them, I sense myself endowed with an active force which I did not before know I had.

To perceive is to sense; to compare is to judge. Judging and sensing are not the same thing. By sensation, objects are presented to me separated, isolated, such as they are in nature. By comparison I move them, I transport them, and, so to speak, I superimpose them on one another in order to pronounce on their difference or their likeness and generally on all their relations. According to me, the distinctive faculty of the active or intelligent being is to be able to give a sense to the word is. I seek in vain in the purely sensitive being for this intelligent force which superimposes and which then pronounces; I am not able to see it in its nature. This passive being will sense each object separately, or it will even sense the total object formed by the two; but, having no force to bend them back on one another, it will never compare them, it will not judge them.

To see two objects at once is not to see their relations or to judge their differences. To perceive several objects as separate from one another is not to number them. I can at the same instant have the idea of a large stick and of a small stick without comparing them and without judging that one is smaller than the other, just as I can see my entire hand at once without making the count of my fingers. These comparative ideas, larger and smaller, just like the numerical ideas of one, two, etc., certainly do not belong to the sensations, although my mind produces them only on the occasion of my sensations.

We are told that the sensitive being distinguishes the sensations from one another by the differences among these very sensations. This requires explication. When the sensations are different, the sensitive being distinguishes them by their differences. When they are similar, it distinguishes them because it senses them as separate from one another. Otherwise, how in a simultaneous sensation would the sensitive being distinguish two equal objects? It would necessarily have to confound these two objects and take them to be the same, especially in a system in which it is claimed that the sensations representing extension are not extended.

When the two sensations to be compared are perceived, their impression is made, each object is sensed, the two are sensed; but, for all that, their relation is not yet sensed. If the judgment of this relation were only a sensation and came to me solely from the object, my judgments would never deceive me, since it is never false that I sense what I sense.

Why is it, then, that I am deceived about the relation of these two sticks, especially if they are not parallel? Why do I say, for example, that the small stick is a third of the large one, whereas it is only a quarter? Why is the image, which is the sensation, not conformable

to its model, which is the object? It is because I am active when I judge, because the operation which compares is faulty, and because my understanding, which judges the relations, mixes its errors in with the truth of the sensations, which reveal only the objects.

Add to that a reflection I am sure will strike you when you have thought about it. It is that if we were purely passive in the use of our senses, there would be no communication among them. It would be impossible for us to know that the body we touch and the object we see are the same. Either we would never sense anything outside of us, or there would be five sensible substances for us whose identity we would have no means of perceiving.

Let this or that name be given to this force of my mind which brings together and compares my sensations; let it be called attention, meditation, reflection, or whatever one wishes. It is still true that it is in me and not in things, that it is I alone who produce it, although I produce it only on the occasion of the impression made on me by objects.

Without being master of sensing or not sensing, I am the master of giving more or less examination to what I sense.

Therefore, I am not simply a sensitive and passive being but an active and intelligent being; and whatever philosophy may say about it, I shall dare to pretend to the honor of thinking. I know only that truth is in things and not in the mind which judges them, and that the less of myself I put in the judgments I make, the more sure I am of approaching the truth. Thus my rule of yielding to sentiment more than to reason is confirmed by reason itself.

Having, so to speak, made certain of myself, I begin to look outside of myself, and I consider myself with a sort of shudder, cast out and lost in this vast universe, as if drowned in the immensity of beings, without knowing anything about what they are either in themselves or in relation to me. I study them, I observe them, and the first object which presents itself to me for comparison with them is myself.

Everything I perceive with the senses is matter; and I deduce all the essential properties of matter from the sensible qualities that make me perceive it and are inseparable from it. I see it now in motion and now at rest, from which I infer that neither rest nor motion is essential to it. But motion, since it is an action, is the effect of a cause of which rest is only the absence. Therefore, when nothing acts on matter, it does not move; and by the very fact that it is neutral to rest and to motion, its natural state is to be at rest.

I perceive in bodies two sorts of motion — communicated motion and spontaneous or voluntary motion. In the first the cause of motion is external to the body moved; and in the second it is within it. I do not conclude from this that the movement of a watch, for example, is spontaneous; for if nothing external to the spring acted on it, it would not strain to straighten itself out and would not pull the chain. For the same reason neither would I grant spontaneity to fluids or to fire itself, which causes their fluidity.

You will ask me if the motions of animals are spontaneous. I shall tell you that I know nothing about it, but analogy supports the affirmative. You will ask me again how I know that there are spontaneous motions. I shall tell you that I know it because I sense it. I want to move my arm, and I move it without this movement's having another immediate cause than my will. It would be vain to try to use reason to destroy this sentiment in me. It is stronger than any evidence. One might just as well try to prove to me that I do not exist.

If there were no spontaneity in the actions of men or in anything which takes place on earth, one would only be more at a loss to imagine the first cause of all motion. As for me, I sense myself to be so persuaded that the natural state of matter is to be at rest and that by itself it has no force for acting, that when I see a body in motion, I judge immediately either that it is an animate body or that this motion has been communicated to it. My mind rejects all acquiescence to the idea of unorganized matter moving itself or producing some action.

Meanwhile, this visible universe is matter, scattered and dead matter which as a whole has nothing in it of the union, the organization, or the sentiment common to the parts of an animate body, since it is certain that we do not sense ourselves as parts of a sentient whole. This same universe is in motion; and in its motion, which is regular, uniform, and subjected to constant laws, it contains nothing of that liberty appearing in the spontaneous motions of man and the animals. The world therefore is not a large animal that moves itself. Therefore there is some cause of its motions external to it, one which I do not perceive. But inner persuasion makes this cause so evident to my senses that I cannot see the sun rotate without imagining a force that pushes it; or if the earth turns, I believe I sense a hand that makes it turn.

If I have to accept general laws whose essential relations with matter I do not perceive, how does that help me? These laws, not being real beings or substances, must have some other foundation which is unknown to me. Experience and observation have enabled us to know

the laws of motion; these laws determine the effects without showing the causes. They do not suffice to explain the system of the world and the movement of the universe. Descartes formed heaven and earth with dice, but he was not able to give the first push to these dice or to put his centrifugal force in action without the aid of a rotary motion. Newton discovered the law of attraction, but attraction alone would soon reduce the universe to an immobile mass. To this law he had to add a projectile force in order to make the celestial bodies describe curves. Let Descartes tell us what physical law made his vortices turn. Let Newton show us the hand which launched the planets on the tangent of their orbits.

The first causes of motion are not in matter. It receives motion and communicates it, but it does not produce it. The more I observe the action and the reaction of the forces of nature acting on one another, the more I find that one must always go back from effects to effects to some will as first cause; for to suppose an infinite regress of causes is to suppose no cause at all. In a word, every motion not produced by another can come only from a spontaneous, voluntary action. Inanimate bodies act only by motion, and there is no true action without will. This is my first principle. I believe therefore that a will moves the universe and animates nature. This is my first dogma, or my first article of faith.

How does a will produce a physical and corporeal action? I do not know, but I experience within myself that it does so. I want to act, and I act. I want to move my body, and my body moves. But that an inanimate body at rest should succeed in moving itself or in producing motion — that is incomprehensible and without example. The will is known to me by its acts, not by its nature. I know this will as a cause of motion; but to conceive of matter as productive of motion is clearly to conceive of an effect without a cause; it is to conceive of absolutely nothing.

It is no more possible for me to conceive of how my will moves my body than it is to conceive of how my sensations affect my soul. I do not even know why one of these mysteries has appeared more explicable than the other. As for me, whether it is when I am passive or when I am active, the means of uniting the two substances appears absolutely incomprehensible. It is quite strange to begin from this very incomprehensibility in order to confound the two substances, as if operations of such different natures were better explained in a single subject than in two.

It is true that the dogma I have just established is obscure, but still

it makes sense and contains nothing repugnant to reason or to observation. Can one say as much of materialism? Is it not clear that if motion were essential to matter, it would be inseparable from it and would always be in it in the same degree? Always the same in each portion of matter, it would be incommunicable, it could not increase or decrease, and one could not even conceive of matter at rest. When someone tells me that motion is not essential but necessary to matter, he is trying to lead me astray with words which would be easier to refute if they contained a bit more sense; for either the motion of matter comes to it from itself and is then essential to it, or if it comes to it from an external cause, it is necessary to matter only insofar as the cause of motion acts on it. We are back with the first difficulty.

General and abstract ideas are the source of men's greatest errors. The jargon of metaphysics has never led us to discover a single truth, and it has filled philosophy with absurdities of which one is ashamed as soon as one has stripped them of their big words. Tell me, my friend, whether someone who talks to you about a blind force spread throughout the whole of nature brings any veritable idea to your mind? People believe that they say something with those vague words universal force and necessary motion, and they say nothing at all. The idea of motion is nothing other than the idea of transport from one place to another. There is no motion without some direction, for an individual being could not move in all directions at once. In what direction, then, does matter necessarily move? Does all the matter in a body have a uniform motion, or does each atom have its own movement? According to the former idea, the whole universe ought to form a solid and indivisible mass. According to the latter, it ought to form only a scattered and incoherent fluid without it ever being possible for two atoms to join. What direction will this common movement of all matter take? Will it be in a straight line, up, down, right, or left? If each molecule of matter has its particular direction, what will be the causes of all these directions and all these differences? If each atom or molecule of matter only turns around its own center, nothing would ever leave its place, and there would not be any communicated motion. Moreover, this circular motion would have to be determined in some direction. To give matter abstract motion is to speak words signifying nothing; and to give it a determinate motion is to suppose a cause determining it. The more I multiply particular forces, the more I have new causes to explain without ever finding any common agent directing them. Far from being able to imagine any order in the fortuitous concurrence of elements, I am not even able to imagine their conflict, and the chaos of the universe is more inconceivable to me than is its harmony. I comprehend that the mechanism of the world may not be intelligible

to the human mind, but as soon as a man meddles with explaining it, he ought to say things men understand.

If moved matter shows me a will, matter moved according to certain laws shows me an intelligence. This is my second article of faith. To act, to compare, and to choose are operations of an active and thinking being. Therefore this being exists. "Where do you see him existing?" you are going to say to me. Not only in the heavens which turn, not only in the star which gives us light, not only in myself, but in the ewe which grazes, in the bird which flies, in the stone which falls, in the leaf carried by the wind.

I judge that there is an order in the world although I do not know its end; to judge that there is this order it suffices for me to compare the parts in themselves, to study their concurrences and their relations, to note their harmony. I do not know why the universe exists, but that does not prevent me from seeing how it is modified, or from perceiving the intimate correspondence by which the beings that compose it lend each other mutual assistance. I am like a man who saw a watch opened for the first time and, although he did not know the machine's use and had not seen the dial, was not prevented from admiring the work. "I do not know," he would say, "what the whole is good for, but I do see that each piece is made for the others; I admire the workman in the details of his work; and I am quite sure that all these wheels are moving in harmony only for a common end which it is impossible for me to perceive."

Let us compare the particular ends, the means, the ordered relations of every kind. Then let us listen to our inner sentiment. What healthy mind can turn aside its testimony; to which unprejudiced eyes does the sensible order not proclaim a supreme intelligence; and how many sophisms must be piled up before it is impossible to recognize the harmony of the beings and the admirable concurrences of each piece in the preservation of the others? They can talk to me all they want about combination and chance. Of what use is it to you to reduce me to silence if you cannot lead me to persuasion, and how will you take away from me the involuntary sentiment that always gives you the lie in spite of myself? If organized bodies were combined fortuitously in countless ways before taking on constant forms, if at the outset there were formed stomachs without mouths, feet without heads, hands without arms, imperfect organs of every kind which have perished for want of being able to preserve themselves, why do none of these unformed attempts strike our glance any longer, why did nature finally prescribe laws to itself to which it was not subjected at the outset? I should not, I agree, be surprised that a thing happens, if it is possible and the

difficulty of its occurrence is compensated for by the number of throws of the dice. Nevertheless, if someone were to come to me and say that print thrown around at random had produced the Aeneid all in order, I would not deign to take a step to verify the lie. "You forget," I shall be told, "the number of throws." But how many of those throws must I assume in order to make the combination credible? As for me, seeing only a single throw, I can give odds of infinity to one that what it produced is not the result of chance. Consider also that combination and chance will never result in anything but products of the same nature as the elements that are combined; that organization and life will not result from a throw of atoms; and that a chemist combining mixtures will not make them feel and think in his crucible.

I was surprised, and almost scandalized, at reading Nieuventit . How could that man have wanted to compose a book detailing the wonders of nature that show the wisdom of its Author? His book could be as big as the world without his having exhausted his subject; and as soon as one wishes to enter into the details, the greatest wonder — the harmony and accord of the whole — is overlooked. The generation of living and organized bodies is by itself an abyss for the human mind. The insurmountable barrier that nature set between the various species, so that they would not be confounded, shows its intentions with the utmost clarity. It was not satisfied with establishing order. It took certain measures so that nothing could disturb that order.

There is not a being in the universe that cannot in some respect be regarded as the common center around which all the others are ordered, in such a way that they are all reciprocally ends and means relative to one another. The mind is confused and gets lost in this infinity of relations, not a single one of which is either confused or lost in the crowd. How many absurd suppositions are needed to deduce all this harmony from the blind mechanism of matter moved fortuitously! Those who deny the unity of intention manifested in the relations of all the parts of this great whole can try to cover their nonsense with abstractions, coordinations, general principles, and symbolic terms. Whatever they do, it is impossible for me to conceive of a system of beings so constantly ordered without conceiving of an intelligence which orders it. I do not have it within me to believe that passive and dead matter could have produced living and sensing beings, that a blind fatality could have produced intelligent beings, that what does not think could have produced thinking beings.

I believe therefore that the world is governed by a powerful and wise will. I see it or, rather, I sense it; and that is something important for me to know. But is this same world eternal or created? Is there

a single principle of things? Or, are there two or many of them, and what is their nature? I know nothing about all this, and what does it matter to me? As soon as this knowledge has something to do with my interests, I shall make an effort to acquire it. Until then I renounce idle questions which may agitate my amour-propre but are useless for my conduct and are beyond my reason.

Always remember that I am not teaching my sentiment; I am revealing it. Whether matter is eternal or created, whether there is or is not a passive principle, it is in any event certain that the whole is one and proclaims a single intelligence; for I see nothing which is not ordered according to the same system and does not contribute to the same end — namely, the preservation of the whole in its established order. This Being which wills and is powerful, this Being active in itself, this Being, whatever it may be, which moves the universe and orders all things, I call God. I join to this name the ideas of intelligence, power, and will which I have brought together, and that of goodness which is their necessary consequence. But I do not as a result know better the Being to which I have given them; it is hidden equally from my senses and from my understanding. The more I think about it, the more I am confused. I know very certainly that it exists, and that it exists by itself. I know that my existence is subordinated to its existence, and that all things known to me are in absolutely the same situation. I perceive God everywhere in His works. I sense Him in me; I see Him all around me. But as soon as I want to contemplate Him in Himself, as soon as I want to find out where He is, what He is, what His substance is, He escapes me, and my clouded mind no longer perceives anything.

Suffused with the sense of my inadequacy, I shall never reason about the nature of God without being forced to by the sentiment of His relations with me. These reasonings are always rash; a wise man ought to yield to them only with trembling and with certainty that he is not made to plumb their depths; for what is most insulting to the divinity is not thinking not at all about it but thinking badly about it.

After having discovered those attributes of the divinity by which I know its existence, I return to myself and I try to learn what rank I occupy in the order of things that the divinity governs and I can examine. I find myself by my species incontestably in the first rank; for by my will and by the instruments in my power for executing it, I have more force for acting on all the bodies surrounding me, for yielding to or eluding their actions as I please, than any of them has for acting on me against my will by physical impulsion alone; and by

my intelligence I am the only one that has a view of the whole. What being here on earth besides man is able to observe all the others, to measure, calculate, and foresee their movements and their effects, and to join, so to speak, the sentiment of common existence to that of its individual existence? What is there so ridiculous about thinking that everything is made for me, if I am the only one who is able to relate everything to himself?

It is true, then, that man is the king of the earth he inhabits; for not only does he tame all the animals, not only does his industry put the elements at his disposition, but he alone on earth knows how to do so, and he also appropriates to himself, by means of contemplation, the very stars he cannot approach. Show me another animal on earth who knows how to make use of fire and who knows how to wonder at the sun. What! I can observe and know the beings and their relations, I can sense what order, beauty, and virtue are, I can contemplate the universe and raise myself up to the hand which governs it, I can love the good and do it, and I would compare myself to the brutes? Abject soul, it is your gloomy philosophy which makes you similar to them. Or, rather, you want in vain to debase yourself. Your genius bears witness against your principles, your beneficent heart gives the lie to your doctrine, and the very abuse of your faculties proves their excellence in spite of you.

As for me — I who have no system to maintain, I, a simple and true man who is carried away by the fury of no party and does not aspire to the honor of being chief of a sect, I who am content with the place in which God has put me, I see nothing, except for Him, that is better than my species. And if I had to choose my place in the order of beings, what more could I choose than to be a man?

The effect of this reflection is less to make me proud than to touch me; for this state is not of my choice, and it was not due to the merit of a being who did not yet exist. Can I see myself thus distinguished without congratulating myself on filling this honorable post and without blessing the hand which placed me in it? From my first return to myself there is born in my heart a sentiment of gratitude and benediction for the Author of my species; and from this sentiment my first homage to the beneficent divinity. I adore the supreme power, and I am moved by its benefactions. I do not need to be taught this worship; it is dictated to me by nature itself. Is it not a natural consequence of self-love to honor what protects us and to love what wishes us well?

But when next I seek to know my individual place in my species, and I consider its various ranks and the men who fill them, what happens to

me? What a spectacle! Where is the order I had observed? The picture of nature had presented me with only harmony and proportion; that of mankind presents me with only confusion and disorder! Concert reigns among the elements, and men are in chaos! The animals are happy; their king alone is miserable! O wisdom, where are your laws? O providence, is it thus that you rule the world? Beneficent Being, what has become of your power? I see evil on earth.

Would you believe, my good friend, that from these gloomy reflections and these apparent contradictions there were formed in my mind the sublime ideas of the soul which had not until then resulted from my researches? In meditating on the nature of man, I believed I discovered in it two distinct principles; one of which raised him to the study of eternal truths, to the love of justice and moral beauty, and to the regions of the intellectual world whose contemplation is the wise man's delight; while the other took him basely into himself, subjected him to the empire of the senses and to the passions which are their ministers, and by means of these hindered all that the sentiment of the former inspired in him. In sensing myself carried away and caught up in the combat of these two contrary motions, I said to myself, "No, man is not one. I want and I do not want; I sense myself enslaved and free at the same time. I see the good, I love it, and I do the bad. I am active when I listen to reason, passive when my passions carry me away; and my worst torment, when I succumb, is to sense that I could have resisted."

Young man, listen with confidence; I shall always be of good faith. If conscience is the work of the prejudices, I am doubtless wrong, and there is no demonstrable morality. But if to prefer oneself to everything is an inclination natural to man, and if nevertheless the first sentiment of justice is innate in the human heart, let him who regards man as a simple being overcome these contradictions, and I shall no longer acknowledge more than one substance.

You will note that by this word substance I understand in general being that is endowed with some primary quality, abstracting from all particular or secondary modifications. Therefore, if all the primary qualities known to us can be joined in the same being, one ought to admit only one substance; but if some are mutually exclusive, there are as many diverse substances as there are such possible exclusions. You will reflect on that; as for me, whatever Locke says about it, I need only know that matter is extended and divisible in order to be sure that it cannot think. And for all that any philosopher who comes to tell me that trees sense and rocks think may entangle me in his subtle arguments, I can see in him only a sophist speaking in bad faith who

prefers to attribute sentiment to rocks than to grant a soul to man.

Let us suppose a deaf man who denies the existence of sounds because they have never struck his ear. By means of a hidden stringed instrument, I make another stringed instrument that I have placed before his eyes sound in unison with it. The deaf man sees the string vibrate. I say to him, "It is sound which causes that." "Not at all," he answers. "The cause of the string's vibration is in it. It is a quality common to all bodies to vibrate thus." "Then show me," I respond, "this vibration in other bodies or, at least, its cause in this string." "I cannot," replies the deaf man, "but because I cannot conceive how this string vibrates, why must I go and explain that by your sounds, of which I do not have the slightest idea? That is to explain an obscure fact by a cause still more obscure. Either make your sounds accessible to my senses, or I say that they do not exist."

The more I reflect on thought and on the nature of the human mind, the more I find that the reasoning of materialists resembles that of this deaf man. They are indeed deaf to the inner voice crying out to them in a tone difficult not to recognize. A machine does not think; there is neither motion nor figure which produces reflection. Something in you seeks to break the bonds constraining it. Space is not your measure; the whole universe is not big enough for you. Your sentiments, your desires, your uneasiness, even your pride have another principle than this narrow body in which you sense yourself enchained.

No material being is active by itself, and I am. One may very well argue with me about this; but I sense it, and this sentiment that speaks to me is stronger than the reason combating it. I have a body on which other bodies act and which acts on them. This reciprocal action is not doubtful. But my will is independent of my senses; I consent or I resist; I succumb or I conquer; and I sense perfectly within myself when I do what I wanted to do or when all I am doing is giving way to my passions. I always have the power to will, I do not always have the force to execute. When I abandon myself to temptations, I act according to the impulsion of external objects. When I reproach myself for this weakness, I listen only to my will. I am enslaved because of my vices and free because of my remorse. The sentiment of my freedom is effaced in me only when I become depraved and finally prevent the voice of the soul from being raised against the law of the body.

I know will only by the sentiment of my own will, and understanding is no better known to me. When I am asked what the cause is which determines my will, I ask in turn what the cause is which determines my judgment; for it is clear that these two causes are only one; and if

one clearly understands that man is active in his judgments, and that his understanding is only the power of comparing and judging, one will see that his freedom is only a similar power or one derived from the former. One chooses the good as he has judged the true; if he judges wrong, he chooses badly. What, then, is the cause which determines his will? It is his judgment. And what is the cause which determines his judgment? It is his intelligent faculty, it is his power of judging; the determining cause is in himself. Beyond this I understand nothing more.

Doubtless, I am not free not to want my own good; I am not free to want what is bad for me. But it is in this precisely that my freedom consists — my being able to will only what is suitable to me, or what I deem to be such, without anything external to me determining me. Does it follow that I am not my own master, because I am not the master of being somebody else than me?

The principle of every action is in the will of a free being. One cannot go back beyond that. It is not the word freedom which means nothing; it is the word necessity. To suppose some act, some effect, which does not derive from an active principle is truly to suppose effects without cause; it is to fall into a vicious circle. Either there is no first impulse, or every first impulse has no prior cause; and there is no true will without freedom. Man is therefore free in his actions and as such is animated by an immaterial substance. This is my third article of faith. From these three you will easily deduce all the others without my continuing to count them out.

If man is active and free, he acts on his own. All that he does freely does not enter into the ordered system of providence and cannot be imputed to it. Providence does not will the evil a man does in abusing the freedom it gives him; but it does not prevent him from doing it, whether because this evil, coming from a being so weak, is nothing in its eyes, or because it could not prevent it without hindering his freedom and doing a greater evil by degrading his nature. It has made him free in order that by choice he do not evil but good. It has put him in a position to make this choice by using well the faculties with which it has endowed him. But it has limited his strength to such an extent that the abuse of the freedom it reserves for him cannot disturb the general order. The evil that man does falls back on him without changing anything in the system of the world, without preventing the human species from preserving itself in spite of itself. To complain about God's not preventing man from doing evil is to complain about His having given him an excellent nature, about His having put in man's actions the morality which ennobles them, about His having

given him the right to virtue. The supreme enjoyment is in satisfaction with oneself; it is in order to deserve this satisfaction that we are placed on earth and endowed with freedom, that we are tempted by the passions and restrained by conscience. What more could divine power itself do for us? Could it make our nature contradictory and give the reward for having done well to him who did not have the power to do evil? What! To prevent man from being wicked, was it necessary to limit him to instinct and make him a beast? No, God of my soul, I shall never reproach You for having made him in Your image, so that I can be free, good, and happy like You!

It is the abuse of our faculties which makes us unhappy and wicked. Our sorrows, our cares, and our sufferings come to us from ourselves. Moral evil is incontestably our own work, and physical evil would be nothing without our vices, which have made us sense it. Is it not for preserving ourselves that nature makes us sense our needs? Is not the pain of the body a sign that the machine is out of order and a warning to look after it? Death ... Do not the wicked poison their lives and ours? Who would want to live always? Death is the remedy for the evils you do to yourselves; nature did not want you to suffer forever. How few ills there are to which the man living in primitive simplicity is subject! He lives almost without diseases as well as passions and neither foresees nor senses death. When he senses it, his miseries make it desirable to him; from then on it is no longer an evil for him. If we were satisfied to be what we are, we would not have to lament our fate. But to seek an imaginary well-being, we give ourselves countless real ills. Whoever does not know how to endure a bit of suffering ought to expect to suffer much. When someone has ruined his constitution by a disorderly life, he wants to restore it with remedies. To the evil he senses, he adds the evil he fears. Foresight of death makes it horrible and accelerates it. The more he wants to flee it, the more he senses it, and he dies of terror throughout his whole life, while blaming nature for evils which he has made for himself by offending it.

Man, seek the author of evil no longer. It is yourself. No evil exists other than that which you do or suffer, and both come to you from yourself. General evil can exist only in disorder, and I see in the system of the world an unfailling order. Particular evil exists only in the sentiment of the suffering being, and man did not receive this sentiment from nature: he gave it to himself. Pain has little hold over someone who, having reflected little, possesses neither memory nor foresight. Take away our fatal progress, take away our errors and our vices, take away the work of man, and everything is good.

Where everything is good, nothing is unjust. Justice is inseparable

from goodness. Now, goodness is the necessary effect of a power without limit and of the self-love essential to every being aware of itself. The existence of Him who is omnipotent is, so to speak, coextensive with the existence of the beings. To produce and to preserve are the perpetual acts of power. He does not act on what is not. God is not the God of the dead. He could not be destructive and wicked without hurting Himself. He who can do everything can want only what is good. Therefore, the supremely good Being, because He is supremely powerful, ought also to be supremely just. Otherwise He would contradict Himself; for the love of order which produces order is called goodness; and the love of order which preserves order is called justice.

God, it is said, owes His creatures nothing. I believe He owes them all He promises them in giving them being. Now, to give them the idea of a good and to make them feel the need of it is to promise it to them. The more I return within myself, and the more I consult myself, the more I see these words written in my soul: Be just and you will be happy. That simply is not so, however, considering the present state of things: the wicked man prospers, and the just man remains oppressed. Also, see what indignation is kindled in us when this expectation is frustrated! Conscience is aroused and complains about its Author. It cries out to Him in moaning, "Thou hast deceived me!"

"I have deceived you, rash man! And who told you so? Is your soul annihilated? Have you ceased to exist? O Brutus! O my son! Do not soil your noble life by ending it. Do not leave your hope and your glory with your body on the field of Philippi. Why do you say, 'Virtue is nothing,' when you are going to enjoy the reward for yours? You are going to die, you think. No, you are going to live, and it is then that I shall keep all the promises I have made you."

From the complaints of impatient mortals, one would say that God owes them the recompense before they have deserved it, and that He is obliged to pay their virtue in advance. O, let us be good in the first place, and then we shall be happy. Let us not demand the prize before the victory nor the wage before the work. It is not at the starting block, said Plutarch, that the victors in our sacred games are crowned; it is after they have gone around the track .

If the soul is immaterial, it can survive the body; and if it survives the body, providence is justified. If I had no proof of the immateriality of the soul other than the triumph of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that alone would prevent me from doubting it. So shocking a dissonance in the universal harmony would make me seek to resolve it. I would say to myself, "Everything does not end with

life for us; everything returns to order at death.” There would in truth be the quandary of wondering where man is when everything which can be sensed about him is destroyed. But this question is no longer a difficulty for me as soon as I have acknowledged two substances. It is very simple to see that, since during my corporeal life I perceive nothing except by my senses, what is not subject to them escapes me. When the union of body and soul is broken, I conceive that the former can be dissolved while the latter can be preserved. Why would the destruction of the one entail the destruction of the other? On the contrary, since they are of such different natures, they were in a violent condition during their union; and when this union ceases, they both return to their natural condition. The active and living substance regains all the strength that it used in moving the passive and dead substance. Alas! I sense it only too much by my vices: man lives only halfway during his life, and the life of the soul begins only with the death of the body.

But what is this life, and is the soul immortal by its nature? My limited understanding conceives nothing without limits. All that is called infinite escapes me. What can I deny and affirm, what argument can I make about that which I cannot conceive? I believe that the soul survives the body long enough for the maintenance of order. Who knows whether that is long enough for it to last forever? However, whereas I can conceive how the body wears out and is destroyed by the division of its parts, I cannot conceive of a similar destruction of the thinking being; and, not imagining how it can die, I presume that it does not die. Since this presumption consoles me and contains nothing unreasonable, why would I be afraid of yielding to it?

I sense my soul. I know it by sentiment and by thought. Without knowing what its essence is, I know that it exists. I cannot reason about ideas I do not have. What I know surely is that the identity of the I is prolonged only by memory, and that in order to be actually the same I must remember having been. Now, after my death I could not recall what I was during my life unless I also recalled what I felt, and consequently what I did; and I do not doubt that this memory will one day cause the felicity of the good and the torment of the wicked. Here on earth countless ardent passions absorb the inner sentiment and lead remorse astray. The humiliation and the disgrace attracted by the practice of the virtues prevent all their charms from being felt. But when, after being delivered from the illusions given us by the body and the senses, we will enjoy the contemplation of the Supreme Being and the eternal truths of which He is the source; when the beauty of the order will strike all the powers of our soul; when we are solely

occupied with comparing what we have done with what we ought to have done — then the voice of conscience will regain its strength and its empire. It is then that the pure delight born of satisfaction with oneself and the bitter regret at having debased oneself will distinguish by inexhaustible sentiments the fate that each has prepared for himself. Do not ask me, my good friend, whether there will be other sources of happiness and suffering. I do not know; and those I imagine are enough to console me for this life and to make me hope for another. I do not say that the good will be recompensed, for what good can an excellent being attain other than to exist according to its nature? But I do say that they will be happy, because their Author, the Author of all justice, having created them as sensitive beings did not create them to suffer; and since they did not abuse their freedom on earth, they did not fail to attain their destiny due to their own fault. Nevertheless they suffered in this life; therefore they will be compensated in another. This sentiment is founded less on the merit of man than on the notion of goodness which seems to me inseparable from the divine essence. I am only supposing that the laws of order are observed and that God is constant to Himself.

Do not ask me whether the torments of the wicked will be eternal. I do not know that either and do not have the vain curiosity to clarify useless questions. What difference does it make to me what will become of the wicked? I take little interest in their fate. However, I have difficulty in believing that they are condemned to endless torments. If supreme justice does take vengeance, it does so beginning in this life. O nations, you and your errors are its ministers. Supreme justice employs the evils that you do to yourselves to punish the crimes which brought on those evils. It is in your insatiable hearts, eaten away by envy, avarice, and ambition, that the avenging passions punish your heinous crimes in the bosom of your false prosperity. What need is there to look for hell in the other life? It begins in this one in the hearts of the wicked.

Where our perishable needs end, where our senseless desires cease, our passions and our crimes ought also to cease. To what perversity would pure spirits be susceptible? Needing nothing, why would they be wicked? If they are deprived of our coarse senses, and all their happiness is in the contemplation of the beings, they would be able to will only the good; and can anyone who ceases to be wicked be miserable forever? This is what I am inclined to believe without making an effort to come to a decision about it. O clement and good Being, whatever Your decrees are, I worship them! If You punish the wicked, I annihilate my weak reason before Your justice. But if the remorse

of these unfortunates is to be extinguished in time, if their ills are to end, and if the same place awaits us all equally one day, I praise You for it. Is not the wicked man my brother? How many times have I been tempted to be like him? If, when he is delivered from his misery, he also loses the malignity accompanying it, let him be happy as I am. Far from arousing my jealousy, his happiness will only add to mine.

In this way, contemplating God in His works and studying Him by those of His attributes which it matters for me to know, I have succeeded in extending and increasing by degrees the initially imperfect and limited idea I had of this immense Being. But if this idea has become nobler and greater, it is also less proportionate to human reason. As my mind approaches the eternal light, its brilliance dazzles and confuses me, and I am forced to abandon all the terrestrial notions which helped me to imagine it. God is no longer corporeal and sensible. The supreme intelligence which rules the world is no longer the world itself. I lift and fatigue my mind in vain to conceive His essence. When I think that it is what gives life and activity to the living and active substance that rules animate bodies, when I hear it said that my soul is spiritual and that God is a spirit, I am indignant about this debasement of the divine essence. As if God and my soul were of the same nature! As if God were not the only absolute being, the only one that is truly active, sensing, thinking, willing by itself, and from which we get thought, sentiment, activity, will, freedom, and being. We are free only because He wants us to be, and His inexplicable substance is to our souls what our souls are to our bodies. I know nothing about whether He created matter, bodies, minds, and the world. The idea of creation confuses me and is out of my reach. I believe it insofar as I can conceive it. But I do know that He formed the universe and all that exists, that He made everything, ordered everything. God is doubtless eternal; but can my mind embrace the idea of eternity? Why fob myself off with words unrelated to an idea? What I do conceive is that He exists before things, that He will exist as long as they subsist, and that He would exist even after that, if all were to end one day. That a being which I cannot conceive of gives existence to other beings is only obscure and incomprehensible; but that being and nothingness turn themselves into one another on their own is a palpable contradiction, a clear absurdity.

God is intelligent, but in what way? Man is intelligent when he reasons, and the supreme intelligence does not need to reason. For it there are neither premises nor conclusions; there are not even propositions. It is purely intuitive; it sees equally everything which is and everything which can be. For it all truths are only a single idea, as all

places are a single point, and all times a single moment. Human power acts by means; divine power acts by itself. God can because He wills. His will causes His power. God is good; nothing is more manifest. But goodness in man is the love of his fellows, and the goodness of God is the love of order; for it is by order that He maintains what exists and links each part with the whole. God is just, I am convinced of it; it is a consequence of His goodness. The injustice of men is their work and not His. Moral disorder, which gives witness against providence in the eyes of the philosophers, only serves to demonstrate it in mine. But mans justice is to give each what belongs to him, and God's justice is to ask from each for an accounting of what He gave him.

If I have just discovered successively these attributes of which I have no absolute idea, I have done so by compulsory inferences, by the good use of my reason. But I affirm them without understanding them, and at bottom that is to affirm nothing. I may very well tell myself, "God is thus; I sense it, I prove it to myself." I cannot conceive any the better how God can be thus.

Finally, the more effort I make to contemplate His infinite essence, the less I can conceive it. But it is; that is enough for me. The less I can conceive it, the more I worship it. I humble myself and say to Him, "Being of beings, I am because You are; it is to lift myself up to my source to meditate on You ceaselessly. The worthiest use of my reason is for it to annihilate itself before You. It is my rapture of mind, it is the charm of my weakness to feel myself overwhelmed by Your greatness."

After having thus deduced the principal truths that it mattered for me to know from the impression of sensible objects and from the inner sentiment that leads me to judge of causes according to my natural lights, I still must investigate what manner of conduct I ought to draw from these truths and what rules I ought to prescribe for myself in order to fulfill my destiny on earth according to the intention of Him who put me there. In continuing to follow my method, I do not draw these rules from the principles of a high philosophy, but find them written by nature with ineffaceable characters in the depth of my heart. I have only to consult myself about what I want to do. Everything I sense to be good is good; everything I sense to be bad is bad. The best of all casuists is the conscience; and it is only when one haggles with it that one has recourse to the subtleties of reasoning. The first of all cares is the care for oneself. Nevertheless how many times does the inner voice tell us that, in doing our good at another's expense, we do wrong! We believe we are following the impulse of nature, but we are resisting it. In listening to what it says to our

senses, we despise what it says to our hearts; the active being obeys, the passive being commands. Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body. Is it surprising that these two languages often are contradictory? And then which should be listened to? Too often reason deceives us. We have acquired only too much right to challenge it. But conscience never deceives; it is man's true guide. It is to the soul what instinct is to the body; he who follows conscience obeys nature and does not fear being led astray. This point is important [continued my benefactor, seeing that I was going to interrupt him]. Allow me to tarry a bit to clarify it.

All the morality of our actions is in the judgment we ourselves make of them. If it is true that the good is good, it must be so in the depths of our hearts as it is in our works, and the primary reward for justice is to sense that one practices it. If moral goodness is in conformity with our nature, man could be healthy of spirit or well constituted only to the extent that he is good. If it is not and man is naturally wicked, he cannot cease to be so without being corrupted, and goodness in him is only a vice contrary to nature. If he were made to do harm to his kind, as a wolf is made to slaughter his prey, a humane man would be an animal as depraved as a pitying wolf, and only virtue would leave us with remorse.

Let us return to ourselves, my young friend! Let us examine, all personal interest aside, where our inclinations lead us. Which spectacle gratifies us more — that of others' torments or that of their happiness? Which is sweeter to do and leaves us with a more agreeable impression after having done it — a beneficent act or a wicked act? In whom do you take an interest in your theaters? Is it in heinous crimes that you take pleasure? Is it to their authors when they are punished that you give your tears? It is said that we are indifferent to everything outside of our interest; but, all to the contrary, the sweetness of friendship and of humanity consoles us in our suffering; even in our pleasures we would be too alone, too miserable, if we had no one with whom to share them. If there is nothing moral in the heart of man, what is the source of these transports of admiration for heroic actions, these raptures of love for great souls? What relation does this enthusiasm for virtue have to our private interest? Why would I want to be Cato, who disembowels himself, rather than Caesar triumphant? Take this love of the beautiful from our hearts, and you take all the charm from life. He whose vile passions have stifled these delicious sentiments in his narrow soul, and who, by dint of self-centeredness, succeeds in loving only himself, has no more transports. His icy heart no longer palpitates with joy; a sweet tenderness never moistens his

eyes; he has no more joy in anything. This unfortunate man no longer feels, no longer lives. He is already dead.

But however numerous the wicked are on the earth, there are few of these cadaverous souls who have become insensitive, except where their own interest is at stake, to everything which is just and good. Iniquity pleases only to the extent one profits from it; in all the rest one wants the innocent to be protected. One sees some act of violence and injustice in the street or on the road. Instantly an emotion of anger and indignation is aroused in the depths of the heart, and it leads us to take up the defense of the oppressed; but a more powerful duty restrains us, and the laws take from us the right of protecting innocence. On the other hand, if some act of clemency or generosity strikes our eyes, what admiration, what love it inspires in us! Who does not say to himself, "I would like to have done the same"? It is surely of very little importance to us that a man was wicked or just two thousand years ago; nevertheless, we take an interest in ancient history just as if it all had taken place in our day. What do Catiline's crimes do to me? Am I afraid of being his victim? Why, then, am I as horrified by him as if he were my contemporary? We do not hate the wicked only because they do us harm, but because they are wicked. Not only do we want to be happy; we also wish for the happiness of others. And when this happiness does not come at the expense of our own, it increases it. Finally, in spite of oneself, one pities the unfortunate; when we are witness to their ills, we suffer from them. The most perverse are unable to lose this inclination entirely. Often it puts them in contradiction with themselves. The robber who plunders passers-by still covers the nakedness of the poor, and the most ferocious killer supports a fainting man.

We speak of the cry of remorse which in secret punishes hidden crimes and so often brings them to light. Alas, who of us has never heard this importunate voice? We speak from experience, and we would like to stifle this tyrannical sentiment that gives us so much torment. Let us obey nature. We shall know with what gentleness it reigns, and what charm one finds, after having hearkened to it, in giving favorable testimony on our own behalf. The wicked man fears and flees himself. He cheers himself up by rushing outside of himself. His restless eyes rove around him and seek an object that is entertaining to him. Without bitter satire, without insulting banter, he would always be sad. The mocking laugh is his only pleasure. By contrast, the serenity of the just man is internal. His is not a malignant laugh but a joyous one; he bears its source in himself. He is as gay alone as in the midst of a circle. He does not draw his contentment from those

who come near him; he communicates it to them.

Cast your eyes on all the nations of the world, go through all the histories. Among so many inhuman and bizarre cults, among this prodigious diversity of morals and characters, you will find everywhere the same ideas of justice and decency, everywhere the same notions of good and bad. Ancient paganism gave birth to abominable gods who would have been punished on earth as villains and who presented a picture of supreme happiness consisting only of heinous crimes to commit and passions to satisfy. But vice, armed with a sacred authority, descended in vain from the eternal abode; moral instinct repulsed it from the heart of human beings. While celebrating Jupiter's debauches, they admired Xenocrates' continence. The chaste Lucretia worshiped the lewd Venus. The intrepid Roman sacrificed to fear. He invoked the god who mutilated his father, and he himself died without a murmur at his own father's hand. The most contemptible divinities were served by the greatest men. The holy voice of nature, stronger than that of the gods, made itself respected on earth and seemed to relegate crime, along with the guilty, to heaven.

There is in the depths of souls, then, an innate principle of justice and virtue according to which, in spite of our own maxims, we judge our actions and those of others as good or bad. It is to this principle that I give the name conscience.

But at this word I hear the clamor of those who are allegedly wise rising on all sides: errors of childhood, prejudices of education, they all cry in a chorus. Nothing exists in the human mind other than what is introduced by experience, and we judge a thing on no ground other than that of acquired ideas. They go farther. They dare to reject this evident and universal accord of all nations. And in the face of this striking uniformity in men's judgment, they go and look in the shadows for some obscure example known to them alone — as if all the inclinations of nature were annihilated by the depravity of a single people, and the species were no longer anything as soon as there are monsters. But what is the use of the torments to which the skeptic Montaigne subjects himself in order to unearth in some corner of the world a custom opposed to the notions of justice? Of what use is it to him to give to the most suspect travelers the authority he refuses to give to the most celebrated writers? - Will some uncertain and bizarre practices, based on local causes unknown to us, destroy the general induction drawn from the concurrence of all peoples, who disagree about everything else and agree on this point alone? O Montaigne, you who pride yourself on frankness and truth, be sincere and true, if a philosopher can be, and tell me whether there is some country on

earth where it is a crime to keep one's faith, to be clement, beneficent, and generous, where the good man is contemptible and the perfidious one honored?

It is said that everyone contributes to the public good for his own interest. But what then is the source of the just man's contributing to it to his prejudice? What is going to one's death for one's interest? No doubt, no one acts for anything other than for his good; but if there is not a moral good which must be taken into account, one will never explain by private interest anything but the action of the wicked. It is not even likely that anyone will attempt to go farther. This would be too abominable a philosophy — one which is embarrassed by virtuous actions, which could get around the difficulty only by fabricating base intentions and motives without virtue, which would be forced to vilify Socrates and calumniate Regulus. If ever such doctrines could spring up among us, the voice of nature as well as that of reason would immediately be raised against them and would never leave a single one of their partisans the excuse that he is of good faith.

It is not my design here to enter into metaphysical discussions which are out of my reach and yours, and which, at bottom, lead to nothing. I have already told you that I wanted not to philosophize with you but to help you consult your heart. Were all the philosophers to prove that I am wrong, if you sense that I am right, I do not wish for more.

For that purpose I need only to make you distinguish our acquired ideas from our natural sentiments; for we sense before knowing, and since we do not learn to want what is good for us and to flee what is bad for us but rather get this will from nature, by that very fact love of the good and hatred of the bad are as natural as the love of ourselves. The acts of the conscience are not judgments but sentiments. Although all our ideas come to us from outside, the sentiments evaluating them are within us, and it is by them alone that we know the compatibility or incompatibility between us and the things we ought to seek or flee.

To exist, for us, is to sense; our sensibility is incontestably anterior to our intelligence, and we had sentiments before ideas. Whatever the cause of our being, it has provided for our preservation by giving us sentiments suitable to our nature, and it could not be denied that these, at least, are innate. These sentiments, as far as the individual is concerned, are the love of self, the fear of pain, the horror of death, the desire of well-being. But if, as cannot be doubted, man is by his nature sociable, or at least made to become so, he can be so only by means of other innate sentiments relative to his species; for if we consider only physical need, it ought certainly to disperse men instead

of bringing them together. It is from the moral system formed by this double relation to oneself and to one's fellows that the impulse of conscience is born. To know the good is not to love it; man does not have innate knowledge of it, but as soon as his reason makes him know it, his conscience leads him to love it. It is this sentiment which is innate.

Thus I do not believe, my friend, that it is impossible to explain, by the consequences of our nature, the immediate principle of the conscience independently of reason itself. And were that impossible, it would moreover not be necessary; for, those who deny this principle, admitted and recognized by all mankind, do not prove that it does not exist but are satisfied with affirming that it does not; so when we affirm that it does exist, we are just as well founded as they are, and we have in addition the inner witness and the voice of conscience, which testifies on its own behalf. If the first glimmers of judgment dazzle us and at first make a blur of objects in our sight, let us wait for our weak eyes to open up again and steady themselves, and soon we shall see these same objects again in the light of reason as nature first showed them to us. Or, rather, let us be more simple and less vain. Let us limit ourselves to the first sentiments that we find in ourselves, since study always leads us back to them when it has not led us astray.

Conscience, conscience! Divine instinct, immortal and celestial voice, certain guide of a being that is ignorant and limited but intelligent and free; infallible judge of good and bad which makes man like unto God; it is you who make the excellence of his nature and the morality of his actions. Without you I sense nothing in me that raises me above the beasts, other than the sad privilege of leading myself astray from error to error with the aid of an understanding without rule and a reason without principle.

Thank heaven, we are delivered from all that terrifying apparatus of philosophy. We can be men without being scholars. Dispensed from consuming our life in the study of morality, we have at less expense a more certain guide in this immense maze of human opinions. But it is not enough that this guide exists; one must know how to recognize it and to follow it. If it speaks to all hearts, then why are there so few of them who hear it? Well, this is because it speaks to us in nature's language, which everything has made us forget. Conscience is timid; it likes refuge and peace. The world and noise scare it; the prejudices from which they claim it is born are its cruelest enemies. It flees or keeps quiet before them. Their noisy voices stifle its voice and prevent it from making itself heard. Fanaticism dares to counterfeit it and to dictate crime in its name. It finally gives up as a result of being

dismissed. It no longer speaks to us. It no longer responds to us. And after such long contempt for it, to recall it costs as much as banishing it did.

How many times in my researches have I grown weary as a result of the coldness I felt within me! How many times have sadness and boredom, spreading their poison over my first meditations, made them unbearable for me! My arid heart provided only a languid and lukewarm zeal to the love of truth. I said to myself, "Why torment myself in seeking what is not? Moral good is only a chimera. There is nothing good but the pleasures of the senses." O, when one has once lost the taste for the pleasures of the soul, how difficult it is to regain it! How much more difficult gaining it is when one has never had it! If there existed a man miserable enough to be unable to recall anything he had done in all his life which made him satisfied with himself and glad to have lived, that man would be incapable of ever knowing himself; and for want of feeling the goodness suitable to his nature, he would necessarily remain wicked and be eternally unhappy. But do you believe there is a single man on the whole earth deprived enough never to have yielded in his heart to the temptation of doing good? This temptation is so natural and so sweet that it is impossible always to resist it, and the memory of the pleasure that it once produced suffices to recall it constantly. Unfortunately it is at first hard to satisfy. One has countless reasons to reject the inclination of one's heart. False prudence confines it within the limits of the human I; countless efforts of courage are needed to dare to cross those limits. To enjoy doing good is the reward for having done good, and this reward is obtained only after having deserved it. Nothing is more lovable than virtue, but one must possess it to find it so. Virtue is similar to Proteus in the fable : when one wants to embrace it, it at first takes on countless terrifying forms and finally reveals itself in its own form only to those who did not let go.

Constantly caught up in the combat between my natural sentiments, which spoke for the common interest, and my reason, which related everything to me, I would have drifted all my life in this continual alternation — doing the bad, loving the good, always in contradiction with myself — if new lights had not illuminated my heart, and if the truth, which settled my opinions, had not also made my conduct certain and put me in agreement with myself. For all that one might want to establish virtue by reason alone, what solid base can one give it? Virtue, they say, is the love of order. But can and should this love win out in me over that of my own well-being? Let them give me a clear and sufficient reason for preferring it. At bottom, their alleged

principle is a pure play on words; for I say that vice is the love of order, taken in a different sense. There is some moral order wherever there is sentiment and intelligence. The difference is that the good man orders himself in relation to the whole, and the wicked one orders the whole in relation to himself. The latter makes himself the center of all things; the former measures his radius and keeps to the circumference. Then he is ordered in relation to the common center, which is God, and in relation to all the concentric circles, which are the creatures. If the divinity does not exist, it is only the wicked man who reasons, and the good man is nothing but a fool.

O my child! May you one day sense what a weight one is relieved of when, after having exhausted the vanity of human opinions and tasted the bitterness of the passions, one finally finds so near to oneself the road of wisdom, the reward of this life's labors, and the source of the happiness of which one has despaired. All the duties of the natural law, which were almost erased from my heart by the injustice of men, are recalled to it in the name of the eternal justice which imposes them on me and sees me fulfill them. I no longer sense that I am anything but the work and the instrument of the great Being who wants what is good, who does it, and who will do what is good for me through the conjunction of my will and His and through the good use of my liberty. I acquiesce in the order that this Being establishes, sure that one day I myself will enjoy this order and find my felicity in it; for what felicity is sweeter than sensing that one is ordered in a system in which everything is good? Subject to pain, I bear it with patience in thinking that it is fleeting and that it comes from a body that does not belong to me. If I do a good deed without a witness, I know that it is seen, and I make a record for the other life of my conduct in this one. In suffering an injustice, I say to myself, "The just Being who rules everything will certainly know how to compensate me for it." The needs of my body and the miseries of my life make the idea of death more bearable for me. They will be so many fewer bonds to break when it is necessary to leave everything.

Why is my soul subjected to my senses and chained to this body which enslaves it and interferes with it? I know nothing about it. Did I take part in God's decrees? But I can, without temerity, form modest conjectures. I tell myself: "If man's mind had remained free and pure, what merit would he gain from loving and following the order which he saw established and which he would have no interest in troubling? He would be happy, it is true. But his happiness would be lacking the most sublime degree, the glory of virtue and the good witness of oneself. He would be only like the angels, and doubtless the virtuous

man will be more than they are. He is united to a mortal body by a bond no less powerful than incomprehensible. The care for this body's preservation incites the soul to relate everything to the body and gives it an interest contrary to the general order, which the soul is nevertheless capable of seeing and loving. It is then that the good use of the soul's liberty becomes both its merit and its recompense, and that it prepares itself an incorruptible happiness in combating its terrestrial passions and maintaining itself in its first will."

If, even in the state of abasement which we are in during this life, all our first inclinations are legitimate, and if all our vices come to us from ourselves, why do we complain of being subjugated by them? Why do we reproach the Author of things for the evils we do to ourselves and the enemies we arm against ourselves? Ah, let us not corrupt man! He will always be good without difficulty and always be happy without remorse! The guilty who say they are forced to crime are as dishonest as they are wicked. How is it they do not see that the weakness of which they complain is their own work; that their first depravity comes from their own will; that by willing to yield to their temptations, they finally yield to them in spite of themselves and make them irresistible? It is doubtless no longer in their power not to be wicked and weak; but not becoming so was in their power. Oh how easily we would remain masters of ourselves and of our passions — even during this life — if when our habits were not yet acquired, when our mind was beginning to open, we knew how to occupy it with the objects that it ought to know in order to evaluate those which it does not know; if we sincerely wanted to enlighten ourselves — not to be conspicuous in others' eyes, but to be good and wise according to our nature, to make ourselves happy in practicing our duties! This study appears boring and painful to us because we think about it only when we are already corrupted by vice, already given over to our passions. We settle our judgments and our esteem before knowing good and bad, and then, in relating everything to this false measure, we give to nothing its just value.

There is an age when the heart is still free, but ardent, restless, avid for the happiness it does not know; it seeks it with a curiosity born of incertitude and, deceived by the senses, finally settles on a vain image of happiness and believes it has found it where it is not. These illusions have lasted too long for me. Alas, I recognized them too late and have been unable to destroy them completely. They will last as long as this mortal body which causes them. At least, although they may very well seduce me, they no longer deceive me. I know them for what they are; in following them, I despise them. Far from seeing them as the object of my happiness, I see them as its obstacle. I aspire

to the moment when, after being delivered from the shackles of the body, I shall be me without contradiction or division and shall need only myself in order to be happy. While waiting, I am already happy in this life because I take little account of all its ills, because I regard it as almost foreign to my being, and because all the true good that I can get out of it depends on me.

To raise myself beforehand as much as possible to this condition of happiness, strength, and freedom, I practice sublime contemplations. I meditate on the order of the universe, not in order to explain it by vain systems but to admire it constantly, to worship the wise Author who makes himself felt in it. I converse with Him; I fill all my faculties with His divine essence; I am moved by His benefactions; I bless Him for his gifts. But I do not pray to Him. What would I ask of Him? That He change the course of things for me, that He perform miracles in my favor? I who ought to love, above all, the order established by His wisdom and maintained by His providence, would I want this order to be disturbed for me? No, this rash wish would deserve to be punished rather than fulfilled. Nor do I ask Him for the power to do good. Why ask Him for what He has given me? Did He not give me conscience for loving the good, reason for knowing it, and liberty for choosing it? If I do the bad, I have no excuse. I do it because I want to. To ask Him to change my will is to ask Him what He asks of me. It is to want Him to do my work while I collect the wages for it. Not to be contented with my condition is to want no longer to be a man, it is to want something other than what is, it is to want disorder and evil. Source of justice and truth, God, clement and good, in my confidence in You, the supreme wish of my heart is that Your will be done! In joining my will to Yours, I do what you do; I acquiesce in Your goodness; I believe that I share beforehand in the supreme felicity which is its reward.

As I justly distrust myself, the only thing that I ask of Him, or rather that I expect of His justice, is to correct my error if I am led astray and if this error is dangerous to me. The fact that I act in good faith does not mean I believe myself infallible. Those of my opinions which seem truest to me are perhaps so many lies; for what man does not hold on to his opinions, and how many men agree about everything? The illusion deceiving me may very well come from myself; it is He alone who can cure me of it. I have done what I could to attain the truth, but its source is too elevated. If the strength for going farther is lacking to me, of what can I be guilty? It is up to the truth to come nearer.

The good priest had spoken with vehemence. He was moved, and

so was I. I believed I was hearing the divine Orpheus sing the first hymns and teaching men the worship of the gods. Nevertheless I saw a multitude of objections to make to him. I did not make any of them, because they were less solid than disconcerting, and persuasiveness was on his side. To the extent that he spoke to me according to his conscience, mine seemed to confirm what he had told me.

The sentiments you have just expounded to me, I said to him, appear more novel in what you admit you do not know than in what you say you believe. I see in them pretty nearly the theism or the natural religion that the Christians pretend to confound with atheism or irreligiousness, which is the directly contrary doctrine. But in the present condition of my faith I have to ascend rather than descend in order to adopt your opinions, and I find it difficult to remain precisely at the point where you are without being as wise as you. In order to be at least as sincere as you, I want to take counsel with myself. Following your example, I ought to be guided by the inner sentiment. You yourself have taught me that, after one has long imposed silence on it, to recall it is not the business of a moment. I will carry your discourse with me in my heart. I must meditate on it. If after taking careful counsel with myself, I remain as convinced of it as you are, you will be my final apostle, and I shall be your proselyte unto death. Continue, however, to instruct me. You have only told me half of what I must know. Speak to me of revelation, of the scriptures, of those obscure dogmas through which I have been wandering since childhood, without being able either to conceive or to believe them and without knowing how I could either accept or reject them.

Yes, my child, he said, embracing me, I shall finish telling you what I think. I do not want to open my heart to you halfway. But the desire you give evidence of was necessary to authorize my having no reserve with you. I have told you nothing up to now which I did not believe could be useful to you and of which I was not profoundly persuaded. The examination which remains to be made is very different. I see in it only perplexity, mystery, and obscurity. I bring to it only uncertainty and distrust. I decide only in trembling, and I tell you my doubts rather than my opinions. If your sentiments were more stable, I would hesitate to expound mine to you. But in your present condition you will profit from thinking as I do. Moreover, attribute to my discourse only the authority of reason. I do not know whether I am in error. It is difficult in discussion not to adopt an assertive tone sometimes. But remember that all my assertions here are only reasons for doubt. Seek the truth yourself. As for me, I promise you only good faith.

You see in my exposition only natural religion. It is very strange

that any other is needed! How shall I know this necessity? What can I be guilty of in serving God according to the understanding He gives to my mind and the sentiments He inspires in my heart? What purity of morality, what dogma useful to man and honorable to his Author can I derive from a positive doctrine which I cannot derive without it from the good use of my faculties? Show me what one can add, for the glory of God, for the good of society, and for my own advantage, to the duties of the natural law, and what virtue you produce from a new form of worship that is not a result of mine? The greatest ideas of the divinity come to us from reason alone. View the spectacle of nature; hear the inner voice. Has God not told everything to our eyes, to our conscience, to our judgment? What more will men tell us? Their revelations have only the effect of degrading God by giving Him human passions. I see that particular dogmas, far from clarifying the notions of the great Being, confuse them; that far from ennobling them, they debase them; that to the inconceivable mysteries surrounding the great Being they add absurd contradictions; that they make man proud, intolerant, and cruel; that, instead of establishing peace on earth, they bring sword and fire to it. I ask myself what good all this does, without knowing what to answer. I see in it only the crimes of men and the miseries of mankind.

I am told that a revelation was needed to teach men the way God wanted to be served. They present as proof the diversity of bizarre forms of worship which have been instituted, and do not see that this very diversity comes from the fancifulness of revelations. As soon as peoples took it into their heads to make God speak, each made Him speak in its own way and made Him say what it wanted. If one had listened only to what God says to the heart of man, there would never have been more than one religion on earth.

There had to be uniformity of worship. Very well. But was this point so important that the whole apparatus of divine power was needed to establish it? Let us not confuse the ceremony of religion with religion itself. The worship God asks for is that of the heart. And that worship, when it is sincere, is always uniform. One must be possessed of a mad vanity indeed to imagine that God takes so great an interest in the form of the priest's costume, in the order of the words he pronounces, in the gestures he makes at the altar, and in all his genuflexions. Ah, my friend, remain upright! You will always be near enough to the earth. God wants to be revered in spirit and in truth. This is the duty of all religions, all countries, all men. As to the external worship, if it must be uniform for the sake of good order, that is purely a question of public policy; no revelation is needed for that.

I did not begin with all these reflections. I was carried along by the prejudices of education and by that dangerous amour-propre which always wants to carry man above his sphere, and, unable to raise my feeble conceptions up to the great Being, I made an effort to lower Him down to my level. I reduced the infinite distance He has put in the relations between His nature and mine. I wanted more immediate communications, more particular instructions; not content with making God like man, I wanted supernatural understanding in order that I myself would be privileged among my fellows, I wanted an exclusive form of worship; I wanted God to have said to me what He had not said to others, or what others had not understood in the same way as I did.

Regarding the point at which I had arrived as the common point from which all believers start in order to arrive at a more enlightened form of worship, I found nothing in natural religion but the elements of every religion. I considered this diversity of sects which reign on earth, and which accuse each other of lying and error. I asked, "Which is the right one?" Each answered, "It is mine." Each said, "I and my partisans alone think rightly; all the others are in error." "And how do you know that your sect is the right one?" "Because God said so." "And who told you that God said so?" "My pastor, who certainly knows. My pastor told me this is what to believe, and this is what I believe. He assures me that all those who say something other than he does are lying, and I do not listen to them."

What, I thought, is the truth not one, and can what is true for me be false for you? If the methods of the man who follows the right road and of the man who goes astray are the same, what merit or what fault belongs to one of these men more than the other? Their choice is the effect of chance; to blame them for it is iniquitous. It is to reward or punish them for being born in this or in that country. To dare to say that God judges us in this way is to insult His justice.

Either all religions are good and agreeable to God; or if there is one which He prescribes to men and punishes them for refusing to recognize, He has given it certain and manifest signs so that it is distinguished and known as the only true one. These signs exist in all times and all places, equally to be grasped by all men, great and small, learned and ignorant, Europeans, Indians, Africans, savages. If there were a religion on earth outside of whose worship there was only eternal suffering, and if in some place in the world a single mortal of good faith had not been struck by its obviousness, the God of that religion would be the most iniquitous and cruel of tyrants.

Are we, then, sincerely seeking the truth? Let us grant nothing to the right of birth and to the authority of fathers and pastors, but let us recall for the examination of conscience and reason all that they have taught us from our youth. They may very well cry out, "Subject your reason." He who deceives me can say as much. I need reasons for subjecting my reason.

All the theology that I can acquire on my own from the inspection of the universe and by the good use of my faculties is limited to what I have explained to you previously. To know more one must have recourse to extraordinary means. These means could not be the authority of men; for since no man belongs to a different species from me, all that a man knows naturally I too can know, and another man can be mistaken as well as I. When I believe what he says, it is not because he says it but because he proves it. Therefore the testimony of men is at bottom only that of my own reason and adds nothing to the natural means God gave me for knowing the truth.

Apostle of the truth, what then have you to tell me of which I do not remain the judge? "God Himself has spoken. Hear His revelation." That is something else. God has spoken! That is surely a great statement. To whom has He spoken? "He has spoken to men." Why, then, did I hear nothing about it? "He has directed other men to give you His word." I understand: it is men who are going to tell me what God has said. I should have preferred to have heard God Himself. It would have cost Him nothing more, and I would have been sheltered from seduction. "He gives you a guarantee in making manifest the mission of his messengers." How is that? "By miracles." And where are these miracles? "In books." And who wrote these books? "Men." And who saw these miracles? "Men who attest to them." What! Always human testimony? Always men who report to me what other men have reported! So many men between God and me! Nevertheless let us see, examine, compare, verify. Oh, if God had deigned to relieve me of all this labor, would I have served him any less heartily?

Consider, my friend, in what a horrible discussion I am now engaged, what immense erudition I need to go back to the most remote antiquity—to examine, weigh, and compare the prophecies, the revelations, the facts, all the monuments of faith put forth in every country of the world, to fix times, places, authors, occasions! What critical precision is necessary for me to distinguish the authentic documents from the forged ones; to compare the objections to the responses, the translations to the originals; to judge of the impartiality of witnesses, of their good sense, of their understanding; to know whether anything has been suppressed, anything added, anything transposed, changed,

falsified; to resolve the contradictions which remain; to judge what weight should be given to the silence of adversaries concerning facts alleged against them; whether these allegations were known to them; whether they took them seriously enough to deign to respond; whether books were common enough for ours to reach them; whether we have been of good enough faith to allow their books to circulate among us and to let remain their strongest objections just as they made them.

Once all these monuments are recognized as incontestable, one must next move on to the proofs of their authors' mission. One must have a good knowledge of all of the following: the laws of probability and the likelihood of events, in order to judge which predictions cannot be fulfilled without a miracle; the particular genius of the original languages, in order to distinguish what is prediction in these languages and what is only figure of speech; which facts belong to the order of nature and which other facts do not, so as to be able to say to what extent a skillful man can fascinate the eyes of simple people and can amaze even enlightened ones; how to discern to which species a miracle ought to belong and what authenticity it ought to have — not only for it to be believed, but for it to be a punishable offense to doubt it; how to compare the proof of true and false miracles and how to find certain rules for discerning them; and, finally, how to explain why God chose, for attesting to His word, means which themselves have so great a need of attestation, as though He were playing on men's credulity and intentionally avoiding the true means of persuading them.

Let us suppose that the divine Majesty were to deign to lower itself sufficiently to make a man the organ of its sacred will. Is it reasonable, is it just to demand that all of mankind obey the voice of this minister without making him known to it as such? Is there equity in providing this minister as his only credentials some special signs given to a few obscure people, signs of which all the rest of men will never know anything except by hearsay? In every country in the world, if one were to accept the truth of all the miracles which the people and the simple folk say they have seen, every sect would be the right one; there would be more miracles than natural events, and the greatest of all miracles would be if there were not miracles wherever fanatics are persecuted. It is the unalterable order of nature which best shows the Supreme Being. If many exceptions took place, I would no longer know what to think; and as for me, I believe too much in God to believe in so many miracles that are so little worthy of Him.

Let a man come and use this language with us: "Mortals, I announce the will of the Most High to you. Recognize in my voice Him who sends me. I order the sun to change its course, the stars to form another

arrangement, the mountains to become level, the waters to rise up, the earth to change its aspect." At these marvels who will not instantly recognize the Master of nature? It does not obey impostors. Their miracles are worked at crossroads, in deserts, within the confines of a room; it is there that they have an easy time with a small number of spectators already disposed to believe everything. Who will dare to tell me how many eyewitnesses are needed in order to make a miracle worthy of faith? If your miracles, which are performed to prove your doctrine, themselves need to be proved, of what use are they? You might as well perform none.

The most important examination of the proclaimed doctrine remains. For since those who say that God performs miracles on earth also claim that the Devil sometimes imitates them, we are no farther advanced than before, even with the best-attested miracles; and since the magicians of Pharaoh dared, in the very presence of Moses, to produce the same signs he did by God's express order, why would they not in his absence have claimed, with the same credentials, the same authority? Thus, after the doctrine has been proved by the miracle, the miracle has to be proved by the doctrine, for fear of taking the Demon's work for God's work. What do you think of this vicious circle?

Doctrine coming from God ought to bear the sacred character of the divinity. Not only should it clarify for us the confused ideas which reasoning draws in our mind, but it should also propound a form of worship, a morality, and maxims that are suitable to the attributes with which we conceive His essence on our own. If it taught us only things that are absurd and without reason, if it inspired in us only sentiments of aversion for our fellows and terror for ourselves, if it depicted for us only a god who is angry, jealous, vengeful, partisan, one who hates men, a god of war and battles always ready to destroy and strike down, always speaking of torments and suffering, and boasting of punishing even the innocent, my heart would not be attracted toward this terrible god, and I would take care not to give up the natural religion for this one. For you surely see that one must necessarily choose. Your God is not ours, I would say to its sectarians. He who begins by choosing a single people for Himself and proscribing the rest of mankind is not the common Father of men. He who destines the great majority of His creatures to eternal torment is not the clement and good God my reason has shown me.

With respect to dogmas, my reason tells me that they ought to be clear, luminous, and striking by their obviousness. If natural religion is insufficient, this is due to the obscurity in which it leaves the great truths it teaches us. It is for revelation to teach us these truths in a

manner evident to man's mind, to put them within his reach, to make him conceive them in order that he may believe them. Faith is given certainty and solidity by the understanding. The best of all religions is infallibly the clearest. He who burdens the worship he teaches me with mysteries and contradictions teaches me thereby to distrust it. The God I worship is not a god of shadows. He did not endow me with an understanding in order to forbid me its use. To tell me to subject my reason is to insult its Author. The minister of the truth does not tyrannize my reason; he enlightens it.

We have set aside all human authority, and without it I cannot see how one man can convince another by preaching an unreasonable doctrine to him. Let us have these two men confront each other for a moment and find out what they can say to one another, using that harshness of language which is usual for the two parties.

THE INSPIRED MAN Reason teaches you that the whole is greater than its part, but I teach you on behalf of God that it is the part which is greater than the whole.

THE REASONER And who are you to dare tell me that God contradicts Himself, and whom would I prefer to believe — Him who teaches me eternal truths by reason, or you who proclaim an absurdity on His behalf?

THE INSPIRED MAN Me, for my instruction is more positive, and I am going to prove invincibly that it is He Who sends me.

THE REASONER How? You will prove to me that it is God who sends you to testify against Him? And what kind of proof will you use to convince me that it is more certain that God speaks to me by your mouth than by the understanding He gave me?

THE INSPIRED MAN The understanding He gave you! Small and vain man! As if you were the first impious person led astray by his reason corrupted by sin!

THE REASONER Nor would you, man of God, be the first imposter who gave his arrogance as proof of his mission.

THE INSPIRED MAN What! Do philosophers, too, indulge in insults?

THE REASONER Sometimes, when saints set the example for them.

THE INSPIRED MAN Oh, I have the right to. I speak on God's behalf.

THE REASONER It would be well to show me your credentials before making use of your privileges.

THE INSPIRED MAN My credentials are authentic. The earth and the heavens will testify for me. Follow my reasonings carefully, I beg you.

THE REASONER Your reasonings! You are not thinking. To teach me that my reason deceives me, is that not to refute what it has said in your favor? Whoever wants to impugn reason should convince others without making use of it. For let us suppose that you have convinced me by reasoning; how will I know whether it is not my reason, corrupted by sin, which makes me acquiesce to what you tell me? Moreover, what proof, what demonstration will you ever be able to use that is more evident than the axiom it is supposed to destroy? It is just as believable that a good syllogism is a lie as it is that the part is greater than the whole.

THE INSPIRED MAN What a difference! My proofs are irrefutable. They belong to a supernatural order.

THE REASONER Supernatural! What does that word mean? I do not understand it.

THE INSPIRED MAN Changes in the order of nature, prophecies, miracles, wonders of every sort.

THE REASONER Wonders, miracles! I have never seen anything of the kind.

THE INSPIRED MAN Others have seen it for you. Crowds of witnesses, the testimony of peoples . . .

THE REASONER Is the testimony of peoples of a supernatural order?

THE INSPIRED MAN No, but when it is unanimous, it is incontestable.

THE REASONER There is nothing more incontestable than the principles of reason, and an absurdity cannot be made authoritative by the testimony of men. Once again, let us see supernatural proofs, for the attestation of mankind is not such a proof.

THE INSPIRED MAN O hardened heart! Grace does not speak to you.

THE REASONER It is not my fault, for, according to you, one must have already received grace to be able to ask for it. Therefore, begin

to speak to me in place of it.

THE INSPIRED MAN Ah, that is what I am doing, and you do not hear me. But what do you say of prophecies?

THE REASONER I say, in the first place, that I have no more heard prophecies than I have seen miracles. I say, moreover, that no prophecy could be an authority for me.

THE INSPIRED MAN Henchman of the Demon! And why are prophecies not an authority for you?

THE REASONER Because for them to be an authority three things would be required whose coincidence is impossible: that is, that I was witness to the prophecy, that I was witness to the event, and that it was demonstrated to me that this event could not have tallied fortuitously with the prophecy. For even if a prophecy were more precise, more clear, and more luminous than an axiom of geometry, the clarity of a prediction made at random does not make its fulfillment impossible; and therefore when that fulfillment does take place, it is not a strict proof of anything about him who predicted it.

See, then, what your alleged supernatural proofs, your miracles and prophecies come down to: a belief in all this on the faith of others, and a subjection of the authority of God, speaking to my reason, to the authority of men. If the eternal truths which my mind conceives could be impaired, there would no longer be any kind of certainty for me, and far from being sure that you speak to me on behalf of God, I would not even be sure that He exists.

There are many difficulties here, my child, and these are not all. Among so many diverse religions which mutually proscribe and exclude one another, a single one is the right one, if indeed there is a right one. In order to recognize it, it is not sufficient to examine one of them; they must all be examined, and in any matter whatsoever one must not condemn without hearing. The objections must be compared to the proofs; it must be known what each objects to in the others, and what it responds to their objections against itself. The more a sentiment appears to us to have been demonstrated, the more we ought to try to find out the basis for so many men's not finding it so. One would have to be quite simple to believe that it suffices to hear the learned men of one's own party to inform oneself of the arguments of the opposing party. Where are the theologians who pride themselves on good faith? Where are those who, in order to refute the arguments of their adversaries, do not begin by weakening them? Each shines in his own party; but one who in the midst of his own

people is proud of his proofs would cut a very foolish figure with these same proofs among people of another party. Do you want to inform yourself from books? What erudition must be acquired, how many languages must be learned, how many libraries must be gone through, what an immense amount of reading must be done! Who will guide me in the choice? It will be difficult to find in one country the best books of the opposing party, and even more so those of all the parties. If one were to find them, they would soon be refuted. The absent party is always wrong, and poor arguments spoken with assurance easily efface good ones expounded with contempt. Moreover, there is often nothing which is more deceptive than books, and which renders less faithfully the sentiments of those who wrote them. If you had wanted to judge the Catholic faith on the basis of Bossuet's book, you would have discovered that you were wide of the mark after having lived among us. You would have seen that the doctrine used to respond to the Protestants is not the one taught to the people, and that Bossuet's book bears little resemblance to the instructions of the sermon. In order to judge a religion well, it is necessary not to study it in the books of its sectarians, but to go and learn it amongst them. That is very different. Each religion has its traditions, its views, its customs, and its prejudices which constitute the spirit of its belief and must also be considered for it to be judged.

How many great peoples print no books and do not read ours! How can they judge our opinions? How can we judge theirs? We scoff at them, they despise us; and if our travelers ridicule them, they need only travel among us to return the favor. In what country are there not sensible people, people of good faith, decent people, friends of the truth who, in order to profess it, would need only to know it? However, each sees the truth in his own worship and finds absurd the worship of other nations. Therefore, either these foreign forms of worship are not as extravagant as they seem to us, or the reason we find in our own proves nothing.

We have three principal religions in Europe. One accepts a single revelation, the second accepts two, the third accepts three. Each detests and curses the other two, accusing them of being blind, hard-hearted, opinionated, and dishonest. What impartial man will dare to judge among them if he has not carefully weighed their proofs, carefully listened to their arguments? The religion which accepts only one revelation is the oldest and appears to be the most certain. The one which accepts three is the most modern and appears to be the most consistent. The one which accepts two and rejects the third may very well be the best, but it certainly has all the prejudices against it. The

inconsistency leaps to the eyes.

In the three revelations the sacred books are written in languages unknown to the people who follow them. The Jews no longer understand Hebrew; the Christians understand neither Hebrew nor Greek; neither the Turks nor the Persians understand Arabic, and the modern Arabs themselves no longer speak the language of Mohammed. Is this not a simple way of instructing men — always speaking to them in a language they do not understand? These books are translated, it will be said. A fine answer! Who will assure me that these books are faithfully translated, that it is even possible that they be? And if God has gone so far as to speak to men, why must He need an interpreter?

I shall never be able to conceive that what every man is obliged to know is confined to books, and that someone who does not have access to these books, or to those who understand them, is punished for an ignorance which is involuntary. Always books! What a mania. Because Europe is full of books, Europeans regard them as indispensable, without thinking that in three-quarters of the earth they have never been seen. Were not all books written by men? Why, then, would man need them to know his duties, and what means had he of knowing them before these books were written? Either he will learn these duties by himself, or he is excused from knowing them.

Our Catholics make a great to-do about the authority of the Church; but what do they gain by that, if they need as great an apparatus of proofs to establish this authority as other sects need for establishing their doctrine directly? The Church decides that the Church has the right to decide. Is that not an authority based on good proofs? Step outside of that, and you return to all our discussions.

Do you know many Christians who have taken the effort to examine with care what Judaism alleges against them? If some individuals have seen something of this, it is in the books of Christians. A good way of informing oneself about their adversaries' arguments! But what is there to do? If someone dared to publish among us books in which Judaism were openly favored, we would punish the author, the publisher, the bookseller. This is a convenient and sure policy for always being right. There is a pleasure in refuting people who do not dare to speak.

Those among us who have access to conversation with Jews are not much farther advanced. These unfortunates feel themselves to be at our mercy. The tyranny practiced against them makes them fearful. They know how little troubled Christian charity is by injustice and cruelty. What will they dare to say without laying themselves open

to our accusing them of blasphemy? Greed gives us zeal, and they are too rich not to be wrong. The most learned, the most enlightened among them are always the most circumspect. You will convert some miserable fellow, who is paid to calumniate his sect. You will put words into the mouths of some vile old-clothes dealers, who will yield in order to flatter you. You will triumph over their ignorance or their cowardice, while their learned men will smile in silence at your ineptitude. But do you believe that in places where they feel secure you would win out over them so cheaply? At the Sorbonne it is as clear as day that the predictions about the Messiah relate to Jesus Christ. Among the Amsterdam rabbis it is just as clear that they do not have the least relation to Jesus. I shall never believe that I have seriously heard the arguments of the Jews until they have a free state, schools, and universities, where they can speak and dispute without risk. Only then will we be able to know what they have to say.

At Constantinople the Turks state their arguments, but we do not dare to state our own. There it is our turn to crawl. If the Turks demand from us the same respect for Mohammed that we demand for Jesus Christ from the Jews, who do not believe in him any more than we believe in Mohammed, are the Turks wrong? Are we right? According to what equitable principle shall we resolve this question?

Two-thirds of mankind are neither Jews nor Mohammedans nor Christians, and how many million men have never heard of Moses, Jesus Christ, or Mohammed? This is denied; it is maintained that our missionaries go everywhere. That is easily said. But do they go into the still unknown heart of Africa, where no European has ever penetrated up to now? Do they go to deepest Tartary, to follow on horseback the wandering hordes who are never approached by a foreigner, and who, far from having heard of the Pope, hardly even know of the Grand Lama? Do they go into the immense continents of America, where whole nations still do not know that peoples from another world have set foot in theirs? Do they go to Japan, from which their maneuvers got them thrown out forever, and where their predecessors are known to the generations now being born only as guileful intriguers who came with a hypocritical zeal to take hold of the empire by stealth? Do they go into the harems of the princes of Asia to proclaim the Gospel to thousands of poor slaves? What have the women of this part of the world done to prevent any missionary from preaching the faith to them? Will they all go to hell for having been recluses?

Even if it were true that the Gospel has been proclaimed everywhere on earth, what would be gained by it? Surely on the eve of the day that the first missionary arrived in some country, someone died there who

was not able to hear him. Now tell me what we are going to do with that person? If there were only a single man in the whole universe who had never been preached to about Jesus Christ, the objection would be as strong for that single man as for a quarter of mankind.

Even if the ministers of the Gospel have made themselves heard by distant peoples, what have they told them which could reasonably be accepted on their word and which did not demand the most exact verification? You proclaim to me a God born and dead two thousand years ago at the other end of the world in some little town, and you tell me that whoever has not believed in this mystery will be damned. These are very strange things to believe so quickly on the sole authority of a man whom I do not know! Why did your god make these events take place so far from me, if he wanted me to be under an obligation to be informed of them? Is it a crime not to know what takes place at the antipodes? Can I divine that there were a Hebrew people and a city of Jerusalem in another hemisphere? I might as well be obliged to know what is happening on the moon! You say that you come to teach this to me. But why did you not come to teach it to my father, or why do you damn this good old man for never having known anything about it? Ought he to be eternally punished for your laziness, he who was so good and beneficent, and who sought only the truth? Be of good faith; then put yourself in my place. See if I ought to believe on your testimony alone all the unbelievable things you tell me and to reconcile so many injustices with the just God whom you proclaim to me. I beg you, let me go and see this distant country where so many marvels take place that are unheard of in this one. Let me go and find out why the inhabitants of this Jerusalem treated God like a thief. They did not, you say, recognize him as god? What shall I do then, I who have never even heard Him mentioned except by you? You add that they were punished, dispersed, oppressed, enslaved, that none of them comes near that city anymore. Surely they well deserved all that. But what do today's inhabitants say of the deicide committed by their predecessors? They deny it; they, too, do not recognize God as God. The children of the others, then, might as well have been left there.

What! In the very city where God died, neither the old nor the new inhabitants acknowledged him, and you want me to acknowledge him, me who was born two thousand years after and two thousand leagues away? Do you not see that before I put faith in this book which you call sacred, and of which I understand nothing, I must be informed by people other than you when and by whom it was written, how it was preserved, how it was transmitted to you, what arguments are given

by those in your country who reject it, although they know as well as you all that you teach me? You are well aware that I must necessarily go to Europe, Asia, and Palestine and examine everything for myself. I would have to be mad to listen to you prior to that time.

Not only does this discourse appear reasonable to me, but I maintain that every man in his senses ought to speak thus in a similar case and dismiss without more ado the missionary who is in a hurry to instruct and baptize him before verification of the proofs. Now, I maintain that there is no revelation against which the same objections do not have as much strength as, or more strength than, against Christianity. From this it follows that if there is only one true religion and every man is obliged to follow it under penalty of damnation, one's life must be spent in studying them all, in going deeper into them, in comparing them, in roaming around the country where each is established. No one is exempt from the first duty of man; no one has a right to rely on the judgment of others. The artisan who lives only by his work, the laborer who does not know how to read, the delicate and timid maiden, the invalid who can hardly leave his bed — all without exception must study, meditate, engage in disputation, travel, roam the world. There will no longer be any stable and settled people; the whole earth will be covered only with pilgrims going at great expense and with continuous hardships to verify, to compare, and to examine for themselves the various forms of worship that people observe. Then it will be goodbye to the trades, the arts, the humane sciences, and all the civil occupations. There can no longer be any other study than that of religion. He who has enjoyed the most robust health, best employed his time, best used his reason, and lived the most years will hardly know what to think in his old age; and it will be a great deal if he learns before his death in what worship he ought to have lived.

Do you want to modify this method and give the least hold to the authority of men? At that moment you surrender everything to it. And if the son of a Christian does well in following his father's religion without a profound and impartial examination, why would the son of a Turk do wrong in similarly following his father's religion? I defy all the intolerant people in the world to answer this question in a manner satisfactory to a sensible man.

Pressed by these arguments, some would prefer to make God unjust and to punish the innocent for their father's sin rather than to renounce their barbarous dogma. Others get out of it by obligingly sending an angel to instruct whoever, despite living in invincible ignorance, has lived morally. What a fine invention that angel is! Not content with subjecting us to their contrivances, they make it neces-

sary for God Himself to use them.

You see, my son, to what absurdity pride and intolerance lead, when each man is so sure of his position and believes he is right to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. All my researches have been sincere — I take as my witness that God of peace Whom I adore and Whom I proclaim to you. But when I saw that these researches were and always would be unsuccessful, and that I was being swallowed up in an ocean without shores, I retraced my steps and restricted my faith to my primary notions. I have never been able to believe that God commanded me, under penalty of going to hell, to be so learned. I therefore closed all the books. There is one open to all eyes: it is the book of nature. It is from this great and sublime book that I learn to serve and worship its divine Author. No one can be excused for not reading it, because it speaks to all men a language that is intelligible to all minds. Let us assume that I was born on a desert island, that I have not seen any man other than myself, that I have never learned what took place in olden times in some corner of the world; nonetheless, if I exercise my reason, if I cultivate it, if I make good use of my God-given faculties which require no intermediary, I would learn of myself to know Him, to love Him, to love His works, to want the good that He wants, and to fulfill all my duties on earth in order to please Him. What more will all the learning of men teach me?

If I were a better reasoner or better educated, perhaps I would sense the truth of revelation, its utility for those who are fortunate enough to acknowledge it. But if I see in its favor proofs I cannot combat, I also see against it objections I cannot resolve. There are so many solid reasons for and against that I do not know what to decide, and I neither accept nor reject it. I reject only the obligation to acknowledge it, because this alleged obligation is incompatible with God's justice and because, far from removing the obstacles to salvation, it would have multiplied them and made them insurmountable for the greater part of mankind. With this exception I remain in respectful doubt about this point. I am not so presumptuous as to believe myself infallible. Other men have been able to achieve certainty about what seems uncertain to me. I reason for myself and not for them. I neither blame them nor imitate them. Their judgment may be better than mine, but it is not my fault that it is not mine.

I also admit that the majesty of the Scriptures amazes me, and that the holiness of the Gospel speaks to my heart. Look at the books of the philosophers with all their pomp. How petty they are next to this one! Can it be that a book at the same time so sublime and so simple is the work of men? Can it be that he whose history it

presents is only a man himself? Is his the tone of an enthusiast or an ambitious sectarian? What gentleness, what purity in his morals! What touching grace in his teachings! What elevation in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his speeches! What presence of mind, what finesse, and what exactness in his responses! What a dominion over his passions! Where is the man, where is the sage who knows how to act, to suffer, and to die without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato depicts his imaginary just man, covered with all the opprobrium of crime and worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he depicts Jesus Christ feature for feature. The resemblance is so striking that all the Fathers have sensed it; it is impossible to be deceived about it. What prejudices, what blindness one must have to dare to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary? What a distance from one to the other! Socrates, dying without pain and without ignominy, easily sticks to his character to the end; and if this easy death had not honored his life, one would doubt whether Socrates, for all his intelligence, were anything but a sophist. He invented morality, it is said. Others before him put it into practice; all he did was to say what they had done; all he did was to draw the lesson from their examples. Aristides was just before Socrates said what justice is. Leonidas died for his country before Socrates had made it a duty to love the fatherland. Sparta was sober before Socrates had praised sobriety. Before he had defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where did Jesus find among his own people that elevated and pure morality of which he alone gave the lessons and the example? From the womb of the most furious fanaticism was heard the highest wisdom, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues lent honor to the vilest of all peoples. The death of Socrates, philosophizing tranquilly with his friends, is the sweetest one could desire; that of Jesus, expiring in torment, insulted, jeered at, cursed by a whole people, is the most horrible one could fear. Socrates, taking the poisoned cup, blesses the man who gives it to him and who is crying. Jesus, in the midst of a frightful torture, prays for his relentless executioners. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a wise man, the life and death of Jesus are those of a god. Shall we say that the story of the Gospel was wantonly contrived? My friend, it is not thus that one contrives; the facts about Socrates, which no one doubts, are less well attested than those about Jesus Christ. At bottom, this is to push back the difficulty without doing away with it. It would be more inconceivable that many men in agreement had fabricated this book than that a single one provided its subject. Never would Jewish authors have found either this tone or this morality; and the Gospel has characteristics of truth that are so great, so striking, so perfectly inimitable that its contriver would

be more amazing than its hero. With all that, this same Gospel is full of unbelievable things, of things repugnant to reason and impossible for any sensible man to conceive or to accept! What is to be done amidst all these contradictions? One ought always to be modest and circumspect, my child — to respect in silence what one can neither reject nor understand, and to humble oneself before the great Being who alone knows the truth.

This is the involuntary skepticism in which I have remained. But this skepticism is in no way painful for me, because it does not extend to the points essential to practice and because I am quite decided on the principles of all my duties. I serve God in the simplicity of my heart. I seek to know only what is important for my conduct. As for the dogmas which have an influence neither on actions nor on morality, and about which so many men torment themselves, I do not trouble myself about them at all. I regard all the particular religions as so many salutary institutions which prescribe in each country a uniform manner of honoring God by public worship. These religions can all have their justifications in the climate, the government, the genius of the people, or some other local cause which makes one preferable to another according to the time and place. I believe them all to be right as long as one serves God suitably. The essential worship is that of the heart. God does not reject its homage, if it is sincere, in whatever form it is offered to Him. I have been called — in the form of worship which I profess — to the service of the Church, and I perform with all possible exactness the tasks prescribed to me. My conscience would reproach me for voluntarily failing to do so on any point. You know that after a long interdict I obtained, through M. de Mellarede's influence, permission to resume my functions in order to help me to live. Formerly I said the Mass with the lightness with which one eventually treats the most serious things when one does them too often. But since adopting my new principles, I celebrate it with more veneration. I am filled with the majesty of the Supreme Being, with His presence, and with the insufficiency of the human mind, which has so little conception of what relates to its Author. Bearing in mind that I bring to Him the prayers of the people in a prescribed form, I carefully follow all the rites, I recite attentively, I take care never to omit either the least word or the least ceremony. When I approach the moment of the consecration, I collect myself so as to perform it in the frame of mind that the Church and the grandeur of the sacrament demand. I try to annihilate my reason before the supreme intelligence. I say to myself: "Who are you to measure infinite power?" I pronounce the sacramental words with respect, and I put into them all the faith within my power. Whatever may be the case

in regard to this inconceivable mystery, I have no fear that I shall be punished on Judgment Day for having profaned it in my heart.

I have been honored with a sacred ministry, although in the lowest rank, and I shall never do or say anything to make myself unworthy of fulfilling its sublime duties. I shall always preach virtue to men; I shall always exhort them to do good; and insofar as I am able, I shall set them a good example. I shall not fail to make religion lovable to them; I shall not fail to strengthen their faith in the truly useful dogmas every man is obliged to believe. But God forbid that I ever preach the cruel dogma of intolerance to them, that I ever bring them to detest their neighbor, to say to other men, "You will be damned." Were I in a more noticeable rank, this reservation could cause me trouble. But I am too unimportant to have much to fear, and I can hardly fall lower than I now am. Whatever happens, I shall never blaspheme divine justice and shall never lie about the Holy Spirit.

It has long been my ambition to have the honor of being a parish priest. I still have this ambition, but I no longer hope for its fulfillment. My good friend, I find nothing so fine as being a parish priest. A good parish priest is a minister of goodness, just as a good magistrate is a minister of justice. A parish priest never has to do harm. If he cannot always accomplish the good by himself, he is always in a fitting position to encourage it, and he often obtains it if he knows how to make himself respected. O if I could ever serve some poor parish of good people in our mountains, I would be happy, for it seems to me that I would be the cause of my parishioners' happiness. I would not make them rich, but I would share their poverty. I would remove from them the stigma and the contempt they suffer, more unbearable than indigence. I would make them love concord and equality, which often banish poverty and always make it bearable. When they saw that I was in no way better off than they and nevertheless lived in contentment, they would learn how to be consoled for their fate and how to live in contentment like me. When instructing them, I would be less attached to the spirit of the Church than to the spirit of the Gospel, in which the dogma is simple and the morality sublime, and in which one sees few religious practices and many works of charity. Before teaching them what must be done, I would always make an effort to practice it, so that they would clearly see that I believe all that I say to them. If I had Protestants in my neighborhood or in my parish, I would not distinguish them at all from my true parishioners in everything connected with Christian charity. I would bring them all to love one another without distinction and to regard one another as brothers, to respect all religions, and to live in peace, with each

observing his own. I think that to urge someone to leave the religion in which he was born is to urge him to do evil, and consequently is to do evil oneself. While waiting for greater enlightenment, let us protect public order. In every country let us respect the laws, let us not disturb the worship they prescribe; let us not lead the citizens to disobedience. For we do not know with certainty whether it is a good thing for them to abandon their opinions in exchange for others, and we are very certain that it is an evil thing to disobey the laws.

My young friend, I have just recited to you with my own mouth my profession of faith such as God reads it in my heart. You are the first to whom I have told it. You are perhaps the only one to whom I shall ever tell it. So long as there remains some sound belief among men, one must not disturb peaceful souls or alarm the faith of simple people with difficulties which they cannot resolve and which upset them without enlightening them. But once everything is shaken, one ought to preserve the trunk at the expense of the branches. Consciences which are agitated, uncertain, almost extinguished, and in the condition in which I have seen yours, need to be reinforced and awakened; and in order to put them back on the foundation of eternal truths, it is necessary to complete the job of ripping out the shaky pillars to which they think they are still attached.

You are at the critical age when the mind opens to certitude, when the heart receives its form and its character, and when one's whole life, whether for good or for bad, is determined. Later the substance is hardened, and new impressions no longer leave a mark. Young man, receive the stamp of truth on your still flexible soul. If I were more sure of myself, I would have taken a dogmatic and decisive tone with you. But I am a man; I am ignorant and subject to error. What could I do? I have opened my heart to you without reserve. What I hold to be sure, I have told to you as being sure. I have told you my doubts as doubts, my opinions as opinions. I have told you my reasons for doubting and for believing. Now it is for you to judge. You have taken your time. This caution is wise and makes me think well of you. Begin by putting your conscience in a condition where it wishes to be enlightened. Be sincere with yourself. Make your own those of my sentiments which have persuaded you. Reject the rest. You are not yet depraved enough by vice to be in danger of choosing badly. I would suggest our conferring about it, but as soon as people engage in disputation, they get heated. Vanity and obstinacy get mixed up with it; good faith is no longer present. My friend, never engage in disputation, for one enlightens neither oneself nor others by it. As for me, it is only after many years of meditation that I

have made my decision. I am sticking to it; my conscience is tranquil, my heart is contented. If I wanted to start over again with a new examination of my sentiments, I would not bring to it a purer love of the truth, and my mind, which has already become less active, would be less in a condition to know it. I shall stay as I am, lest the taste for contemplation gradually become an idle passion and make me lukewarm about the exercise of my duties, and lest I fall back into my former Pyrrhonism, without recovering the strength to get out of it. More than half of my life is past; I have left only the time I need for turning the rest of it to account and for effacing my errors by my virtues. If I am deceived, it is in spite of myself. He who reads in the depth of my heart well knows that I do not like my blindness. In my powerlessness to escape from it by my own lights, the only means that remains to me for getting out of it is a good life; and if God can bring forth children for Abraham from the very stones, every man has a right to hope for enlightenment when he makes himself worthy of it.

If my reflections lead you to think as I do, if my sentiments are also yours and we have the same profession of faith, here is the advice I give you. No longer expose your life to the temptations of poverty and despair; no longer spend it loitering ignominiously at the mercy of foreigners; and stop eating the vile bread of charity. Go back to your own country, return to the religion of your fathers, follow it in the sincerity of your heart, and never leave it again. It is very simple and very holy. I believe that of all the religions on earth it is the one which has the purest morality and which is most satisfactory to reason. As to the expenses of the trip, don't worry; they will be provided for. And do not fear the shame of a humiliating return. One ought to blush at making a mistake and not at correcting it. You are still at an age when everything can be pardoned, but when one no longer sins with impunity. If you wish to listen to your conscience, countless vain obstacles will disappear at its voice. You will sense that in the uncertainty in which we dwell, it is an inexcusable presumption to profess a religion other than that in which we were born, and a falseness not to practice sincerely the religion which we profess. For if we go astray, we deprive ourselves of a great excuse at the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. Will He not pardon the error on which we were weaned sooner than the error we dared to choose ourselves?

My son, keep your soul in a condition where it always desires that there be a God, and you shall never doubt it. What is more, whatever decision you may make, bear in mind that the true duties of religion are independent of the institutions of men; that a just heart is the true temple of the divinity; that in every country and in every sect the

sum of the law is to love God above everything and one's neighbor as oneself; that no religion is exempt from the duties of morality; that nothing is truly essential other than these duties; that inner worship is the first of these duties; and that without faith no true virtue exists.

Flee those who sow dispiriting doctrines in men's hearts under the pretext of explaining nature. Their apparent skepticism is a hundred times more assertive and more dogmatic than the decided tone of their adversaries. Under the haughty pretext that they alone are enlightened, true, and of good faith, they imperiously subject us to their peremptory decisions and claim to give us as the true principles of things the unintelligible systems they have built in their imaginations. Moreover, by overturning, destroying, and trampling on all that men respect, they deprive the afflicted of the last consolation of their misery, and the powerful and the rich of the only brake on their passions. They tear out from the depths of our hearts remorse for crime and hope of virtue, and yet boast that they are the benefactors of mankind. They say that the truth is never harmful to men. I believe it as much as they do, and in my opinion this is a great proof that what they teach is not the truth.

Good young man, be sincere and true without pride. Know how to be ignorant. You will deceive neither yourself nor others. If ever you have cultivated your talents and they put you in a position to speak to men, never speak to them except according to your conscience, without worrying whether they will applaud you. The abuse of learning produces incredulity. Every learned man disdains the common sentiment; each wants to have his own. Proud philosophy leads to freethinking as blind devoutness leads to fanaticism. Avoid these extremes. Always remain firm in the path of truth (or what in the simplicity of your heart appears to you to be the truth), without ever turning away from it out of vanity or weakness. Dare to acknowledge God among the philosophers; dare to preach humanity to the intolerant. You will perhaps be the only member of your party, but you will have within yourself a witness which will enable you to do without the witness of men. Whether they love you or hate you, whether they read or despise your writings, it does not matter: speak the truth; do the good. What does matter for man is to fulfill his duties on earth, and it is in forgetting oneself that one works for oneself. My child, private interest deceives us. It is only the hope of the just which never deceives .

I have transcribed this writing not as a rule for the sentiments that one ought to follow in religious matters, but as an example of the way one can reason with one's pupil in order not to diverge from the method I have tried to establish. So long as one concedes nothing to

the authority of men or to the prejudices of the country in which one was born, the light of reason alone cannot, in the education founded by nature, lead us any farther than natural religion. This is what I limit myself to with my Emile. If he must have another religion, I no longer have the right to be his guide in that. It is up to him alone to choose it.

We work in collaboration with nature, and while it forms the physical man, we try to form the moral man. But we do not make the same progress. The body is already robust and strong while the soul is still languorous and weak, and no matter what human art does, temperament always precedes reason. Up to now we have given all our care to restraining the former and arousing the latter, in order that man may as much as possible always be one. In developing his nature, we have sidetracked its nascent sensibility; we have regulated it by cultivating reason. The intellectual objects moderated the impression of the objects of sense. In going back to the principle of things we have protected him from the empire of the senses. It was simple to rise from the study of nature to the quest for its Author.

When we have gotten there, what new holds we have given ourselves over our pupil. How many new means we have for speaking to his heart! It is only then that he finds his true interest in being good, in doing good far from the sight of men and without being forced by the laws, in being just between God and himself, in fulfilling his duty, even at the expense of his life, and in carrying virtue in his heart. He does this not only for the love of order, to which each of us always prefers love of self, but for the love of the Author of his being — a love which is confounded with that same love of self — and, finally, for the enjoyment of that durable happiness which the repose of a good conscience and the contemplation of this Supreme Being promise him in the other life after he has spent this one well. Abandon this, and I no longer see anything but injustice, hypocrisy, and lying among men. Private interest, which in case of conflict necessarily prevails over everything.

Immanuel Kant,
Essays

Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) was born in Königsberg in what was then the Kingdom of Prussia (where he would also die), the fourth of nine children of a poor harness-maker. His parents were sincere pietists, pietism being a reform movement within the Lutheran Church emphasizing biblical doctrine, personal piety, and earnest Christian living. It also emphasized the sovereignty of conscience, and that would have a lasting effect on Kant's moral thinking. At 45, he was finally appointed a full professor (of logic and metaphysics) at the University of Königsberg, which shifted him from his earlier focus on mathematics and physics. His major works are the three great critiques: *The Critique of Pure Reason* (1781, revised 1787) on metaphysics and epistemology (presenting transcendental idealism as the reconciliation of rationalism and empiricism), *The Critique of Practical Reason* (1788) on ethics, and *The Critique of Judgment* (1790) on aesthetics and teleology.

Prussia was an enlightened state under Frederick the Great, but when Frederick William II became king in 1786, his minister Wöllner attempted to end religious toleration with regard to the enlighteners.

Kant responded with *Religion within the Limits of Reason Alone* (1793), an essential text in the development of liberal Protestantism.

Profoundly influenced by Rousseau, Kant was a committed Enlightenment thinker who nevertheless moved European thought towards Romanticism. He summed up the impulse of his thinking, "Two things fill the heart with ever-increasing wonder and awe, the more often and more steadily we meditate upon them: the starry heavens above me and the moral law within me."

What is Enlightenment?

Enlightenment is man's emergence from his self-imposed immaturity. Immaturity is the inability to use one's understanding without guidance from another. This immaturity is self-imposed when its cause lies not in lack of understanding, but in lack of resolve and courage to use it without guidance from another. Sapere Aude! "Have courage to use your own understanding!"—that is the motto of enlightenment.

Laziness and cowardice are the reasons why so great a proportion of men, long after nature has released them from alien guidance (*naturaliter maiorennnes*), nonetheless gladly remain in lifelong immaturity, and why it is so easy for others to establish themselves as their guardians. It is so easy to be immature. If I have a book to serve as my understanding, a pastor to serve as my conscience, a physician to determine my diet for me, and so on, I need not exert myself at all. I need not think, if only I can pay: others will readily undertake the irksome work for me. The guardians who have so benevolently taken over the supervision of men have carefully seen to it that the far greatest part of them (including the entire fair sex) regard taking the step to maturity as very dangerous, not to mention difficult. Having first made their domestic livestock dumb, and having carefully made sure that these docile creatures will not take a single step without the go-cart to which they are harnessed, these guardians then show them the danger that threatens them, should they attempt to walk alone. Now this danger is not actually so great, for after falling a few times they would in the end certainly learn to walk; but an example of this kind makes men timid and usually frightens them out of all further attempts.

Thus, it is difficult for any individual man to work himself out of the immaturity that has all but become his nature. He has even become fond of this state and for the time being is actually incapable of using his own understanding, for no one has ever allowed him to attempt it. Rules and formulas, those mechanical aids to the rational use, or rather misuse, of his natural gifts, are the shackles of a permanent immaturity. Whoever threw them off would still make only an uncertain leap over the smallest ditch, since he is unaccustomed to this kind of free movement. Consequently, only a few have succeeded, by cultivating their own minds, in freeing themselves from immaturity and pursuing a secure course.

But that the public should enlighten itself is more likely; indeed, if it is only allowed freedom, enlightenment is almost inevitable. For even among the entrenched guardians of the great masses a few will always

think for themselves, a few who, after having themselves thrown off the yoke of immaturity, will spread the spirit of a rational appreciation for both their own worth and for each person's calling to think for himself. But it should be particularly noted that if a public that was first placed in this yoke by the guardians is suitably aroused by some of those who are altogether incapable of enlightenment, it may force the guardians themselves to remain under the yoke—so pernicious is it to instill prejudices, for they finally take revenge upon their originators, or on their descendants. Thus a public can only attain enlightenment slowly. Perhaps a revolution can overthrow autocratic despotism and profiteering or power-grabbing oppression, but it can never truly reform a manner of thinking; instead, new prejudices, just like the old ones they replace, will serve as a leash for the great unthinking mass.

Nothing is required for this enlightenment, however, except freedom; and the freedom in question is the least harmful of all, namely, the freedom to use reason *publicly* in all matters. But on all sides I hear: “*Do not argue!*” The officer says, “Do not argue, drill!” The taxman says, “Do not argue, pay!” The pastor says, “Do not argue, believe!” (Only one ruler in the world says, “*Argue* as much as you want and about what you want, *but obey!*”) In this we have [examples of] pervasive restrictions on freedom. But which restriction hinders enlightenment and which does not, but instead actually advances it? I reply: The *public* use of one's reason must always be free, and it alone can bring about enlightenment among mankind; the *private* use of reason may, however, often be very narrowly restricted, without otherwise hindering the progress of enlightenment. By the public use of one's own reason I understand the use that anyone as a scholar makes of reason before the entire *literate world*. I call the private use of reason that which a person may make in a civic post or office that has been entrusted to him. Now in many affairs conducted in the interests of a community, a certain mechanism is required by means of which some of its members must conduct themselves in an entirely passive manner so that through an artificial unanimity the government may guide them toward public ends, or at least prevent them from destroying such ends. Here one certainly must not argue, instead one must obey. However, insofar as this part of the machine also regards himself as a member of the community as a whole, or even of the world community, and as a consequence addresses the public in the role of a scholar, in the proper sense of that term, he can most certainly argue, without thereby harming the affairs for which as a passive member he is partly responsible. Thus it would be disastrous if an officer on duty who was given a command by his superior were to question the appropriateness or utility of the order. He must obey. But as a scholar he

cannot be justly constrained from making comments about errors in military service, or from placing them before the public for its judgment. The citizen cannot refuse to pay the taxes imposed on him; indeed, impertinent criticism of such levies, when they should be paid by him, can be punished as a scandal (since it can lead to widespread insubordination). But the same person does not act contrary to civic duty when, as a scholar, he publicly expresses his thoughts regarding the impropriety or even injustice of such taxes. Likewise a pastor is bound to instruct his catecumens and congregation in accordance with the symbol of the church he serves, for he was appointed on that condition. But as a scholar he has complete freedom, indeed even the calling, to impart to the public all of his carefully considered and well-intentioned thoughts concerning mistaken aspects of that symbol, as well as his suggestions for the better arrangement of religious and church matters. Nothing in this can weigh on his conscience. What he teaches in consequence of his office as a servant of the church he sets out as something with regard to which he has no discretion to teach in accord with his own lights; rather, he offers it under the direction and in the name of another. He will say, "Our church teaches this or that and these are the demonstrations it uses." He thereby extracts for his congregation all practical uses from precepts to which he would not himself subscribe with complete conviction, but whose presentation he can nonetheless undertake, since it is not entirely impossible that truth lies hidden in them, and, in any case, nothing contrary to the very nature of religion is to be found in them. If he believed he could find anything of the latter sort in them, he could not in good conscience serve in his position; he would have to resign. Thus an appointed teacher's use of his reason for the sake of his congregation is merely *private*, because, however large the congregation is, this use is always only domestic; in this regard, as a priest, he is not free and cannot be such because he is acting under instructions from someone else. By contrast, the cleric—as a scholar who speaks through his writings to the public as such, i.e., the world—enjoys in this *public use* of reason an unrestricted freedom to use his own rational capacities and to speak his own mind. For that the (spiritual) guardians of a people should themselves be immature is an absurdity that would insure the perpetuation of absurdities.

But would a society of pastors, perhaps a church assembly or venerable presbytery (as those among the Dutch call themselves), not be justified in binding itself by oath to a certain unalterable symbol in order to secure a constant guardianship over each of its members and through them over the people, and this for all time: I say that this is wholly impossible. Such a contract, whose intention is to preclude

forever all further enlightenment of the human race, is absolutely null and void, even if it should be ratified by the supreme power, by parliaments, and by the most solemn peace treaties. One age cannot bind itself, and thus conspire, to place a succeeding one in a condition whereby it would be impossible for the later age to expand its knowledge (particularly where it is so very important), to rid itself of errors, and generally to increase its enlightenment. That would be a crime against human nature, whose essential destiny lies precisely in such progress; subsequent generations are thus completely justified in dismissing such agreements as unauthorized and criminal. The criterion of everything that can be agreed upon as a law by a people lies in this question: Can a people impose such a law on itself? Now it might be possible, in anticipation of a better state of affairs, to introduce a provisional order for a specific, short time, all the while giving all citizens, especially clergy, in their role as scholars, the freedom to comment publicly, i.e., in writing, on the present institution's shortcomings. The provisional order might last until insight into the nature of these matters had become so widespread and obvious that the combined (if not unanimous) voices of the populace could propose to the crown that it take under its protection those congregations that, in accord with their newly gained insight, had organized themselves under altered religious institutions, but without interfering with those wishing to allow matters to remain as before. However, it is absolutely forbidden that they unite into a religious organization that nobody may for the duration of a man's lifetime publicly question, for so doing would deny, render fruitless, and make detrimental to succeeding generations an era in man's progress toward improvement. A man may put off enlightenment with regard to what he ought to know, though only for a short time and for his own person; but to renounce it for himself, or, even more, for subsequent generations, is to violate and trample man's divine rights underfoot. And what a people may not decree for itself may still less be imposed on it by a monarch, for his lawgiving authority rests on his unification of the people's collective will in his own. If he only sees to it that all genuine or purported improvement is consonant with civil order, he can allow his subjects to do what they find necessary to their spiritual well-being, which is not his affair. However, he must prevent anyone from forcibly interfering with another's working as best he can to determine and promote his well-being. It detracts from his own majesty when he interferes in these matters, since the writings in which his subjects attempt to clarify their insights lend value to his conception of governance. This holds whether he acts from his own highest insight—whereby he calls upon himself the reproach, "*Caesar non est supra grammaticos.*"—as

well as, indeed even more, when he despoils his highest authority by supporting the spiritual despotism of some tyrants in his state over his other subjects.

If it is now asked, “Do we presently live in an *enlightened* age?” the answer is, “No, but we do live in an age of *enlightenment*.” As matters now stand, a great deal is still lacking in order for men as a whole to be, or even to put themselves into a position to be able without external guidance to apply understanding confidently to religious issues. But we do have clear indications that the way is now being opened for men to proceed freely in this direction and that the obstacles to general enlightenment—to their release from their self-imposed immaturity—are gradually diminishing. In this regard, this age is the age of enlightenment, the century of Frederick.

A prince who does not find it beneath him to say that he takes it to be his *duty* to prescribe nothing, but rather to allow men complete freedom in religious matters—who thereby renounces the arrogant title of *tolerance*—is himself enlightened and deserves to be praised by a grateful present and by posterity as the first, at least where the government is concerned, to release the human race from immaturity and to leave everyone free to use his own reason in all matters of conscience. Under his rule, venerable pastors, in their role as scholars and without prejudice to their official duties, may freely and openly set out for the world’s scrutiny their judgments and views, even where these occasionally differ from the accepted symbol. Still greater freedom is afforded to those who are not restricted by an official post. This spirit of freedom is expanding even where it must struggle against the external obstacles of governments that misunderstand their own function. Such governments are illuminated by the example that the existence of freedom need not give cause for the least concern regarding public order and harmony in the commonwealth. If only they refrain from inventing artifices to keep themselves in it, men will gradually raise themselves from barbarism.

I have focused on religious matters in setting out my main point concerning enlightenment, i.e., man’s emergence from self-imposed immaturity, first because our rulers have no interest in assuming the role of their subjects’ guardians with respect to the arts and sciences, and secondly because that form of immaturity is both the most pernicious and disgraceful of all. But the manner of thinking of a head of state who favors religious enlightenment goes even further, for he realizes that there is no danger to his legislation in allowing his subjects to use reason *publicly* and to set before the world their thoughts concerning better formulations of his laws, even if this involves frank criticism of

legislation currently in effect. We have before us a shining example, with respect to which no monarch surpasses the one whom we honor.

But only a ruler who is himself enlightened and has no dread of shadows, yet who likewise has a well-disciplined, numerous army to guarantee public peace, can say what no republic may dare, namely: “*Argue as much as you want and about what you want, but obey!*” Here as elsewhere, when things are considered in broad perspective, a strange, unexpected pattern in human affairs reveals itself, one in which almost everything is paradoxical. A greater degree of civil freedom seems advantageous to a people’s *spiritual* freedom; yet the former established impassable boundaries for the latter; conversely, a lesser degree of civil freedom provides enough room for all fully to expand their abilities. Thus, once nature has removed the hard shell from this kernel for which she has most fondly cared, namely, the inclination to and vocation for free *thinking*, the kernel gradually reacts on a people’s mentality (whereby they become increasingly able to *act freely*), and it finally even influences the principles of government, [42] which finds that it can profit by treating men, *who are now more than machines*, in accord with their dignity.

Idea for a Universal History with a Cosmopolitan Intent

Whatever concept one may form of *freedom of the will* in a metaphysical context, its appearances, human actions, like all other natural events, are certainly determined [*bestimmt*] in conformity with universal natural laws. History—which concerns itself with providing a narrative of these appearances, regardless of how deeply hidden their causes may be—allows us to hope that if we examine *the play of the human will's freedom in the large*, we can discover its course to conform to rules [*regelmässig*] as well as to hope that what strikes us as complicated and unpredictable in the single individual may in the history of the entire species be discovered to be the steady progress and slow development of its original capacities. Since the free wills of men seem to have so great an influence on marriage, the births consequent to it, and death, it appears that they are not subject to any rule by which one can in advance determine their number; and yet the annual charts that large countries make of them show that they occur in conformity with natural laws as invariable as those [governing] the unpredictable weather, whose particular changes we cannot determine in advance, but which in the large do not fail to support a uniform and uninterrupted pattern in the growth of plants, in the flow of rivers, and in other natural events. Individual men and even entire peoples give little thought to the fact that while each according to his own ways pursues his own end—often at cross purposes with each other—they unconsciously proceed toward an unknown natural end, as if following a guiding thread; and they work to promote an end they would set little store by, even if they were aware of it.

Since in their endeavors men proceed neither merely instinctually, like animals, nor yet according to a fixed plan, like rational citizens of the world, it appears that no systematic [*planmässig*] *history of man* is possible (as perhaps it might be with bees or beavers).³ One cannot resist a certain [feeling of] indignation when one sees men's actions placed on the great stage of the world and finds that, despite some individuals' seeming wisdom, in the large everything is finally woven together from folly and childish vanity and often even childish malice and destructiveness. In the end, one does not know what concept one should have of a species so taken with its own superiority. Here, since the philosopher cannot assume that in the great human drama mankind has a rational *end of its own*, his only point of departure is to try to discover whether there is some *natural objective* in this senseless course of human affairs, from which it may be possible to produce a history of creatures who proceed without a plan of their own but in conformity with some definite plan of nature's. We want

to see if we can succeed in finding a guiding thread for such a history, and we will leave it to nature to produce the man who is in a position to write it. In this way she produced a Kepler, who in an unexpected way subjected the eccentric paths of the planets to definite laws, and a Newton, who explained these laws by means of a universal natural cause.

First Thesis

All of a creature's natural capacities are destined to develop completely and in conformity with their end. This is confirmed in all animals, both by external and internal, analytical observation. In the teleological theory of nature, an organ that is not intended to be used, an organization that does not achieve its end, is a contradiction. If we stray from that fundamental principle, we no longer have a lawful but an aimlessly playing nature and hopeless chance takes the place of reason's guiding thread.

Second Thesis

In man (as the sole rational creature on earth) those natural capacities directed toward the use of his reason are to be completely developed only in the species, not in the individual. Reason in a creature is a faculty to extend the rules and objectives of the use of all of its powers far beyond natural instinct, and it knows no limits to its projects. However, reason itself does not operate on instinct, but requires trial, practice, and instruction in order gradually to progress from one stage of insight to another. Therefore, each individual man would have to live excessively long if he were to make complete use of all his natural capacities; or if nature has given him only a short lease on life (as is actually the case), she requires a perhaps incalculable sequence of generations, each passing its enlightenment on to the next, to bring its seeds in our species to the stage of development that completely fulfills nature's objective. And the goal of his efforts must be that point in time, at least among the ideas of men, since the natural capacities must otherwise be regarded as in large part purposeless and vain. In that case all practical principles would have to be given up, and nature, whose wisdom serves as a fundamental principle in judging all other arrangements, would in the sole case of man have to be suspected of childish play.

Third Thesis

Nature has willed that man, entirely by himself, produce everything that goes beyond the mechanical organization of his animal existence and partake in no other happiness or perfection than what he himself,

independently of instinct, can secure through his own reason. Nature does nothing unnecessary and is not prodigal in the use of means to her ends [*Zwecken*]. Since she gave man reason and the freedom of will based on it, this is a clear indication of her objective [*Absicht*] as regards his makeup [*Ausstattung*]. Specifically, he should not be led by instinct, nor be provided for and instructed by ready-made knowledge; instead, he should produce everything from himself. Provision for his diet, his clothing, his bodily safety and defense (for which he was given neither the bull's horns, the lion's claws, nor the dog's teeth, but only hands), all amusements that can make life pleasant, even his insight and prudence, indeed, the goodness of his will—all of these should be entirely of his own making. Nature seems here to have taken delight in the greatest frugality and to have calculated her animal endowments so closely—so precisely to the most pressing needs of a primitive existence—that she seems to have willed that if man should ever work himself up from the grossest barbarity to the highest level of sophistication, to inner perfection in his way of thinking and thereby to happiness (as far as it is possible on earth), he alone would have the entire credit for it and would have only himself to thank; it is as if she aimed more at his rational *self-esteem* than at his well-being. For along this course of human affairs a whole host of hardships awaits man. But it appears that nature is utterly unconcerned that man live well, only that he bring himself to the point where his conduct makes him worthy of life and well-being. What will always seem strange about this is that earlier generations appear to carry out their laborious tasks only for the sake of later ones, to prepare for later generations a step from which they in turn can raise still higher the building that nature had in view—that only the most recent generations should have the good fortune to live in the building on which a long sequence of their forefathers (though certainly without any intention of their own) worked, without being able themselves to partake of the prosperity they prepared the way for. But no matter how puzzling this is, it is nonetheless equally as necessary once one assumes that one species of animal should have reason and that as a class of rational beings—each member of which dies, while the species is immortal—it is destined to develop its capacities to perfection.

Fourth Thesis

*The means that nature uses to bring about the development of all of man's capacities is the **antagonism** among them in society, as far as in the end this antagonism is the cause of law-governed order in society.* In this context, I understand antagonism to mean men's *unsocial sociability*, i.e., their tendency to enter into society, combined, however,

with a thoroughgoing resistance that constantly threatens to sunder this society. This capacity for social existence is clearly embedded in human nature. Man has a propensity for *living in society*, for in that state he feels himself to be more than man, i.e., feels himself to be more than the development of his natural capacities. He also has, however, a great tendency to isolate himself, for he finds in himself the unsociable characteristic of wanting everything to go according to his own desires, and he therefore anticipates resistance everywhere, just as he knows about himself that for his part he tends to resist others. Now this resistance awakens all of man's powers, brings him to overcome his tendency towards laziness, and, driven by his desire for honor, power, or property, to secure status among his fellows, whom he neither *suffers*, nor *withdraws* from. In this way, the first true steps from barbarism to culture, in which the unique social worth of man consists, now occur, all man's talents are gradually developed, his taste is cultured, and through progressive enlightenment he begins to establish a way of thinking that can in time transform the crude natural capacity for moral discrimination into definite practical principles and thus transform a *pathologically* enforced agreement into a society and, finally, into a moral whole. Without those characteristics of unsociability—which are in themselves quite unworthy of being loved and from which arises the resistance that every man must necessarily encounter in pursuing his self-seeking pretensions—man would live as an Arcadian shepherd, in perfect concord, contentment, and mutual love, and all talents would lie eternally dormant in their seed; men docile as the sheep they tend would hardly invest their existence with any worth greater than that of cattle; and as to the purpose behind man's creation, his rational nature, there would remain a void. Thus, thanks be to nature for the incompatibility, for the distasteful, competitive vanity, for the insatiable desire to possess and also to rule. Without them, all of humanity's excellent natural capacities would have lain eternally dormant. Man wills concord; but nature better knows what is good for the species: she wills discord. He wills to live comfortably and pleasantly; but nature wills that he should be plunged from laziness and inactive comfort into work and hardship, so that he will in turn seek by his own cleverness to pull himself up from them. The natural impulse to do this—the sources of unsociability and of thoroughgoing resistance that give rise to so much evil but also drive men anew toward further exertions of their powers, consequently to diverse development of their natural capacities—indicates the design of a wise creator, not the hand of a malicious spirit who fiddled with the creator's masterful arrangement or enviously spoiled it.

Fifth Thesis

*The greatest problem for the human species, whose solution nature compels it to seek, is to achieve a universal **civil society** administered in accord with the right.* Since it is only in society—and, indeed, only in one that combines the greatest freedom, and thus a thoroughgoing antagonism among its members, with a precise determination and protection of the boundaries of this freedom, so that it can coexist with the freedom of others—since it is only in such a society that nature’s highest objective, namely, the highest attainable development of mankind’s capacities, can be achieved, nature also wills that mankind should itself accomplish this, as well as all the other goals that constitute mankind’s vocation. Thus must there be a society in which one will find the highest possible degree of *freedom under external laws* combined with irresistible power, i.e., a perfectly *rightful civil constitution*, whose attainment is the supreme task nature has set for the human species; for only by solving and completing it can nature fulfill her other objectives with our species. Necessity compels men, who are otherwise so deeply enamoured with unrestricted freedom, to enter into this state of coercion; and indeed, they are forced to do so by the greatest need of all, namely, the one that men themselves bring about, for their propensities do not allow them to coexist for very long in wild freedom. But once in a refuge such as civil society furnishes, these same propensities have the most salutary effect. It is just as with trees in a forest, which need each other, for in seeking to take the air and sunlight from the others, each obtains a beautiful, straight shape, while those that grow in freedom and separate from one another branch out randomly, and are stunted, bent, and twisted. All the culture and art that adorn mankind, as well as the most beautiful social order, are fruits of unsociableness that is forced to discipline itself and thus through an imposed art to develop nature’s seed completely.

Sixth Thesis

This problem is both the hardest and the last to be solved by the human species. The difficulty that the mere idea of this task places before us is this: Man is an *animal that*, if he lives among other members of his species, *has need of a master*. For he certainly abuses his freedom in relation to his equals, and although as a rational creature he desires a law that establishes boundaries for everyone’s freedom, his selfish animal propensities induce him to except himself from them wherever he can. He thus requires a *master* who will break his self-will and force him to obey a universally valid will, whereby everyone can be free. Where is he to find this master? Nowhere but from among the human species. But even he is an animal who requires a master. Thus, begin

wherever he will, it is not to be seen how he can obtain a guarantor [*Oberhaupt*] of public justice who will himself be just, whether he seek it in a single person or in a group of several selected for the role. For each of them will abuse his freedom if he has no one above him to apply force in accord with laws. The supreme guarantor [*Oberhaupt*] should be just *in himself* and still be a *man*. This is therefore the hardest task of all; indeed, its perfect solution is impossible; from such warped wood as is man made, nothing straight can be fashioned. Nature only enjoins us to the approximation of this idea. That it is also the last task to be solved also follows from this: it requires the correct concept of the nature of a possible constitution, great experience during much of the world's course, and above all else a good will prepared to accept that constitution; but it is hard to find three factors such as these together all at once; when it happens, it will only be very late, and after many futile attempts.

Seventh Thesis

*The problem of establishing a perfect civil constitution depends on the problem of law-governed **external relations among nations** and cannot be solved unless the latter is.* What use is it to work for a law-governed civil constitution among individual men, i.e., for the organization of a commonwealth? The same unsociability that forces men to do so in turn causes every commonwealth to adopt for itself, i.e., as a nation in relation to nations, an unrestricted freedom in its external relations; consequently, one commonwealth must anticipate from others the same evil that oppressed individual men, forcing them to enter into a law-governed civil state. Nature has thus once more used human quarrelsomeness, men's inevitable *antagonism*, even in the large societies and political bodies that are created through it, as a means for discovering a state of calm and security. That is, through wars, through excessive and never remitting preparation for war, through the resultant distress that every nation must, even during times of peace, feel within itself, they are driven to make some initial, imperfect attempts; finally, after much devastation, upheaval, and even complete exhaustion of their inner powers, they are driven to take the step that reason could have suggested, even without so much sad experience, namely, to leave the lawless state of savagery and enter into a federation of peoples. In such a league, every nation, even the smallest, can expect to have security and rights, not by virtue of its own might or its own declarations regarding what is right, but from this great federation of peoples (*Foedus Amphictyonium*) alone, from a united might, and from decisions made by the united will in accord with laws. However fanciful this idea may seem

to be—and it was laughed at as such when advanced by an Abbé St. Pierre or a Rousseau (perhaps because they believed its realization was too near)—it is nonetheless the inevitable outcome of the distress that men cause one another, distress that must force nations to just the same decision (however hard it may be for them) to which savage men were so unhappily forced, namely, to give up their brutal freedom and to seek calm and security in a law-governed constitution. All wars are accordingly so many attempts (though not as man's intention, but as nature's objective) to bring about new relations among nations; by the destruction, or at least the dismemberment of old relations, wars cause new bodies to be formed, bodies, however, that themselves will in turn not be able to maintain themselves, either internally or in relation to one another, and must undergo similar revolutions, until finally—partially through the best possible internal organization of the civil constitution, partially through common external agreement and legislation—a state similar to a civil commonwealth is established and can maintain itself *automatically*.

[Here three questions arise for our consideration:] Should one expect that by virtue of some *Epicurean* confluence of efficient causes nations, like minute particles of matter randomly colliding with one another, should experiment with all sorts of organizations that will be destroyed by new collisions, until they finally chance upon an organization that works, one that can maintain its form (an occurrence that is not very likely to happen)? Or should one instead assume that here nature follows a regular course in leading our species by degrees from the lower stages of animality to the highest stages of humanity, imposing on man an art that is nonetheless his own, and, through this seemingly chaotic arrangement, developing those original natural capacities in a thoroughly law-governed way? Or may one sooner conclude that on the whole all of men's actions and reactions will result in nothing, at least nothing intelligent, that matters will remain as they have always been, and that one cannot say in advance whether or not the strife that is so natural to our species is preparing us for a hell of evils, however civilized our state may be, since this state itself and all previous cultural progress will, perhaps, once more be ravaged by barbarism (a fate that under the rule of blind chance, which is, in fact, one with lawless freedom, man cannot resist, unless one assumes that he secretly follows the guiding thread of nature's wisdom)? These three questions come roughly to this: is it truly rational to assume that nature is purposive in its parts but purposeless as a whole? What the lawless state did to savages—namely, hold back all of our species' natural capacities until the evil that this placed them under compelled them to leave this state and enter into a civil constitution, in which all those

seeds can be developed—barbarous freedom will also do to already established nations. To wit: by expending all of the commonwealth's powers on arming itself against others, by the devastation caused by war, and, still more, by maintaining themselves in constant readiness for war, they hamper progress toward full development of man's natural capacities; however, the evil that arises from this also forces our species to introduce into the intrinsically healthy mutual opposition among states—an opposition that arises from their freedom—a law of equilibrium and an associated power to enforce it and, consequently, a cosmopolitan state in which the security of nations is publicly acknowledged; this state is not totally lacking in *dangers*, so mankind's powers may not slumber, but it is also not lacking in a principle of equality in their mutual action and reaction, so they do not destroy one another. Before this last step (the federation of nations) can be taken—and it is no more than halfway in mankind's formation—human nature must endure the harshest of evils, which pass in disguise as external well-being; and as long as we have not reached this last stage to which our species has still to climb Rousseau was not so far from right in preferring the state of savages. We are, to a high degree, *cultivated* beyond bearing by all manner of social convention and propriety. But we are a long way from being able to regard ourselves as *moral*. For the idea of morality belongs to culture; and yet using this idea only in reference to semblances of morality, e.g., love of honor and outward propriety, constitutes mere civilization. So long, however, as nations expend all their energies on their vain and violent designs, thus continuously inhibiting their citizens' plodding efforts to shape internally their way of thinking [*Denkungsart*], even withholding all support for it, no progress of this sort is to be expected, because the formation of citizens requires a long process of preparation in every commonwealth. All good that is not grafted onto a morally-good character is nothing but illusion and glistering misery. The human race will likely remain in this state until, in the way I have described, it has worked itself out of this chaotic state of national relations.

Eighth Thesis

*One can regard the history of the human species, in the large, as the realization of a hidden plan of nature to bring about an internally, and **for this purpose**, also an externally perfect national constitution, as the sole state in which all of humanity's natural capacities can be developed.* This thesis is a consequence of the foregoing one. One sees that philosophy also has its chiliastic vision, but one whose occurrence can be promoted by its idea [*Idee*], though only from afar, and it is thus anything but fanciful. The issue, then, is whether experience can

uncover something like a course leading to this objective of nature's [*Naturabsicht*]. I say, it reveals a *little of it*; for its cycle appears to require so long a time to complete that the small part of it through which mankind has until now passed allows one to determine the shape of its course and the relations of its parts to the whole with just as little certainty as we can determine, from all previous astronomical observation, the path of the sun and its entire host of satellites through the vast system of fixed stars; nonetheless, based on the premise that the universe has a systematic structure, and from the little that man has observed, we can justifiably conclude that such a cycle actually exists. Furthermore, human nature is so constituted as to be incapable of indifference toward even the most distant epoch through which our species must go, if only it can be expected with certainty. This is especially so in the present case, where it appears that we can by our own rational organization hasten this happy time for posterity. For this reason its faintest signs of approach will be very important to us. Nations now stand in such contrived [*künstlich*] relations to one another that none can stand any weakening of its internal culture without losing power and influence in relation to the others; thus, at least the preservation, if not the progress of this end of nature's [culture] is fairly well assured by these nations' ambitious designs. Furthermore, civil freedom can no longer be so easily infringed without suffering after effects in all areas of endeavor, especially trade, in which event a nation's power in its foreign relations will diminish. But this freedom is gradually expanding. If one hinders the citizen from pursuing his well-being in whatever ways consistent with the freedom of others he chooses, one hampers the liveliness of enterprise generally and, along with it, the power of the whole. Therefore, restrictions on personal activities will be increasingly abolished and general freedom of religion will be granted; enlightenment will thus gradually arise, though folly and caprice will sometimes slip in; it arises as a great good that must save the human race from even the self-seeking expansionary schemes of their rulers, if the latter just understand what is to their own advantage. This enlightenment, however, and with it a certain inclination of the heart that the enlightened man cannot fail to have toward a good that he fully understands, must gradually ascend to the thrones and even influence principles of government. Although, for example, our world rulers presently have no money left over for public educational institutions, or for anything that pertains to what is best in the world—since everything is already allocated in advance for future war—they will yet find it to their own advantage at least not to hinder their people's albeit weak and slow, personal efforts in this work. In the end, even war gradually becomes not only a very

artificial undertaking, so uncertain for both sides in its outcome, but also a very dubious one, given the aftermath that the nation suffers by way of an evergrowing burden of debt (a new invention) whose repayment becomes inconceivable. At the same time, the effect that any national upheaval has on all the other nations of our continent, where they are all so closely linked by trade, is so noticeable that these other nations feel compelled, though without legal authority to do so, to offer themselves as arbiters, and thus they indirectly prepare the way for the great body politic [*Staatskörper*] of the future, a body politic for which antiquity provides no example. Although this body politic presently exists only in very rough outline, a feeling seems nonetheless to be already stirring among all its members who have an interest in the preservation of the whole, and this gives rise to the hope that, finally, after many revolutions of reform, nature's supreme objective—a universal *cosmopolitan state*, the womb in which all of the human species' original capacities will be developed—will at last come to be realized.

Ninth Thesis

A philosophical attempt to work out a universal history of the world in accord with a plan of nature that aims at a perfect civic union of the human species must be regarded as possible and even as helpful to this objective of nature's. It is, indeed, a strange and for all appearances absurd scheme to want to write a history based on an idea of how the course of the world must go if it is to approach a certain rational goal; it seems that such an attitude can only result in a *romance*. If one may nonetheless assume that nature does not proceed without a plan and a final objective, even in the play of human freedom, this idea can still be useful; and while we are too shortsighted to penetrate to the hidden mechanism of her workings, this idea may still serve as a guiding thread for presenting an otherwise planless *aggregate* of human actions as a system, at least in the large. For if one begins with Greek history—the one through which all other more ancient or contemporaneous histories have been preserved or at least authenticated; if one follows the influence of the Greeks on the formation and malformation of the body politic of the *Roman* people, who engulfed the Greek nation, and the influence of the Romans on the *barbarians*, who in their turn destroyed the Romans, up to our own time; and if, as episodes, one adds to this the national histories of other peoples, inasmuch as knowledge of them has bit by bit come to us from these enlightened nations; one will discover a course of improvement conforming to rules in the constitutions of the nations on our continent (which will in all likelihood eventually give laws to all others). By (focusing everywhere

only on civil constitutions and their laws and on the relations among nations—since by virtue of the good they contained they served over long periods of time to elevate and glorify peoples (and along with them the arts and sciences) who were yet in turn overthrown by their inherent deficiencies, always leaving behind a seed of enlightenment that developed more with each revolution, preparing for a succeeding and still higher stage of improvement—one will, I believe, discover a guiding thread that can serve not only to clarify the thoroughly confused play of human affairs, or to aid in the political art of prophesying future changes in and among nations (a use that has already been made of human history, even when it has been regarded as the incoherent product of ungoverned freedom). It will also clear the way for (what, without presupposing a plan of nature, one cannot reasonably hope for) a comforting view of the future, one in which we represent from afar how the human species finally works its way up to that state where all the seeds nature has planted in it can be developed fully and in which the species' vocation here on earth can be fulfilled. Such a *justification* of nature—or, better, of *providence*—is no unimportant motive for adopting a particular perspective in observing the world. For what use is it to laud and recommend observing the majesty and wisdom of creation in the nonrational realm of nature, if that part of the great theatre of supreme wisdom that contains the purpose of all the rest—the history of the human race—should remain an endless reproach to it, the sight of which compels us against our wills to turn our eyes away from it and, since we despair of ever finding a perfectly rational objective in it, brings us to the point of hoping for that end only in another world?

It would be a misunderstanding of my point of view to [believe] that I want this idea of a world history that is to a certain extent led by an *a priori* guiding thread to take the place of *history* as such, whose composition is wholly *empirical*. This idea is only a reflection of what a philosophical mind (which must above all be well versed in history) could attempt to do from another perspective. Besides, the otherwise laudable detail with which men now record the history of their times naturally causes everyone concern as to how after several centuries our distant descendants will come to grips with the burden of history that we shall leave to them. Without doubt they will treasure the history of the most ancient times, whose documents will have long since vanished, but they will treasure them only from the standpoint of what interests them, namely, what peoples and governments have done to contribute to or to impair the objective of cosmopolitanism. To make note of this in order to direct the ambitions of national leaders and their servants to the only means by which they can be honorably

remembered even in the most distant future: that can provide some *small* motivation for attempting such a philosophical history.

Germaine de Staël,
*The Influence of the
Passions on the
Happiness of
Individuals and Nations*

Intimately experiencing the before and after of the French Revolution, Germaine de Staël (1766-1817)—as a novelist, historian, literary critic, political philosopher—helped pivot Enlightenment towards Romanticism (as did Rousseau and Kant). She grew up amid luminaries of Enlightenment Paris in the important salon her mother established before the Revolution. She popularized the term “Romanticism,” though her resistance to Napoleon marks her as someone not fully belonging to the Romantics. She was, in fact, a political liberal, indeed having a long partnership, and affair, with the great political philosopher Benjamin Constant.

Germaine’s father was the Swiss Jacques Necker, celebrated finance minister to Louis XVI. She became Madame de Staël marrying a man who would become the Swedish ambassador to France—a marriage of convenience. Her first lover was Bishop Talleyrand, the foremost diplomat in Europe for decades. Exiled from Paris by Napoleon, she traveled all over Europe (the poet and critic August Schlegel was a traveling companion), eventually repairing to Château Coppet on Lake Geneva, where she established a glittering salon, whose visitors included Byron. [Some comments on the 1802 epistolary novel *Delphine* are in order. The persona of Talleyrand is presented in the character of Mme. de Vernon (who addresses Delphine in our selection), whose scheming secures for her own daughter (Mathilde) the man Delphine loves (Léonce). With her broken heart, Delphine finds refuge in a convent, controlled by Léonce’s spiritually warped aunt, Mme. de Ternan.]

Introduction

What a time I have picked to write a treatise on the happiness of individuals and nations! Have I really done this right in my middle of a disastrous crisis touching everyone's destiny, when lightning is striking the valleys and high places alike? at a time when being alive is enough to drag one into universal commotion? a time when peace is disturbed even in the grave's embrace, when the dead are judged anew, and the urns dedicated to them by the people are being thrown out of the temple in which political factions had thought to immortalize them?

Yes: I have done this now, when the human race has risen up out of hope or the need for happiness—in this century when we have been led to reflect more deeply than ever before on the nature of individual and political happiness, on the way to achieve it, on its limitations, on the rocks separating us from such a goal. I would have been ashamed if I had been capable of writing this work during the two terrible years of the Reign of Terror in France; if I had been able to imagine any plan, or foresee any result to that horrible melange of human atrocities! Perhaps the next generation will examine the cause and effect of those two years; but we, the contemporaries and compatriots of the victims sacrificed in those days of blood, how could we have been able to generalize ideas, meditate on abstractions, separate ourselves for a moment from our impressions so as to analyze them then? No—even today, the rational mind cannot come anywhere near that incommensurable time. To judge those events—whatever words one uses to designate them—is to make them reenter the order of existing ideas, ideas for which there already were words or expressions. At that horrible image, all the impulses of your soul are born anew: you shudder, you are on fire, you want to fight, you wish you were dead; but your thinking mind still cannot grasp any of these memories, because the sensations created by them absorb every other faculty. I will therefore try to assemble some impartial observations about government without referring to this monstrous time, using some of the other main events of the French Revolution and the history of all nations. If these reflections lead me to agree with the first principles of France's republican constitution, I ask that even now—even amid the furors of partisan spirit tearing apart France, and through France the rest of the world—the reader should be able to imagine that enthusiasm for certain ideas is not mutually exclusive with contempt for certain men, and that hope for the future may be reconcilable with hatred for the past. Then, even though the heart is forever torn by its wounds, the mind can still, after a while, rise to general meditations.

We must now consider the nature of the great questions determining man's destiny, not merely their relation to the misfortunes which have accompanied them. Or at least we must find out if these misfortunes are essential to the institutions people are trying to establish in France, or if the effects of the revolution are really different from the effects of the constitution. Finally, we must have enough confidence in the elevation of our own souls to have no fear of being suspected of indifference about crime because we are examining ideas. It is with the same independence of mind that I have tried to paint the effects of the passions of man on his personal happiness in part I of this work. I do not know why it should be more difficult to be impartial about politics than about morality; the passions certainly have as much influence on life's outcome as politics, but nevertheless in the quiet of retreat, people talk reasonably about the feelings they have experienced. I would think it should be no more painful to talk philosophically about the advantages and disadvantages of republics and monarchies than to analyze precisely ambition, love, or any other passion which has determined your existence. In both parts of this work, I have tried to use only my mind, and to disengage it from every momentary impression: we will see if I have succeeded.

The real obstacle to individual and political happiness is the impulsive force of the passions, sweeping man away quite independently of own will. Without the passions, government would be as simple a machine as any lever the force of which is proportional to the weight it has to lift, and man's destiny would be evenly balanced between his desires and the possibility of satisfying them. I will therefore only consider morality and politics from the point of view of the difficulties posed to them by the passions. Dispassionate characters spontaneously place themselves in the most suitable position, which is almost always the one chance has pointed out to them—or if they alter it in any way, they do so only with whatever offers itself. Let us leave them, then, in their happy calm; they do not need us; their happiness seems as varied as the different fates destiny has allotted them, but the base of this happiness is always the assurance of never being disturbed or dominated by any force stronger than the self. The existence of these impassible beings is no doubt subject to material accidents which overturn fortunes, destroy health, etc., like that of all men; but such sorrows are delayed or prevented by positive calculations rather than by emotional or moral thoughts. The happiness of passionate characters however is completely dependent on what is going on within them; they are therefore the only ones to whom the reflections one can awaken in their souls can offer any solace. Their natural tendency to be carried away makes them vulnerable to the cruelest misfortunes, so they are more in need

of a system whose only aim is the avoidance of pain. And passionate characters are the only ones who, through various points of resemblance, can all be the object of the same general consideration. Other people live one by one, without analogy and without variety; their existence is monotonous, though each of them may have a different goal; there are as many tints as individuals, without a single real color in sight. [. . .]

Before going any further, we may need a definition of happiness. Happiness, as people wish for it, is the union of all contrary things. For individuals it is hope without fear, activity without anxiety, glory without calumny, love without inconstancy, imagination to embellish our possessions in our own eyes and fade the memory of what we have lost; the intoxication of moral nature, the good side of all conditions, talents, and pleasures without their accompanying evils. For nations happiness would also be a reconciliation of republican liberty with monarchical calm, the emulation of talents with the silence of factions, a military spirit abroad and respect for laws at home. Happiness, as man imagines it, is the impossible in every genre. Happiness as one can get it, the happiness on which man's reflection and will can act, is obtained only through a study of the best ways to avoid the greatest sorrows. This book is intended to seek that goal. [. . .]

I believe it would be a good thing to discuss on a purely abstract level some issues which have been caught up by contrary passions. By looking at the truth away from individual men and these times, we come to a demonstration more readily applicable to current circumstances. No matter how general the point of view from which one has discussed these great questions, however, it seems impossible not to end by specifying their relationship to France and the rest of Europe. Everything invites France to remain a republic; everything commands Europe not to follow her example. One of the most intelligent books of our time, by Benjamin Constant, has discussed the question of the current situation in France. Two sentimental motives strike me with particular force: would anyone want to suffer a new revolution to overthrow the one which established the republic? and should the courage of so many armies and the blood of so many heroes have been wasted in the name of a chimera, whose only memorial would be the crimes it has cost?

France must persist in her great experiment: its danger is past, its hope is still to come. But can we inspire enough horror of revolution in the rest of Europe? Foreign philosophers will never be persuaded by the vehement declarations of the intolerant fanatics who detest the principles of the French constitution, show themselves the enemies of

any liberal idea, and make it a crime to love even the idea of a republic as if the scoundrels who polluted France could dishonor the cult of a Cato, a Brutus, a Sidney. But let Europe listen to the friends of liberty, the friends of the French Republic who hastened to adopt it as soon as they could do so without crime, as soon as it did not have to be paid for in blood. There now exists no monarchical government so abusive that a single day of revolution would not without more tears than all the evils the revolution was trying to correct. To want a revolution is to abandon both innocent and guilty to death; to condemn our dearest beloved, perhaps! and it is impossible to get oneself whatever one wanted at such a horrible price. In this dreadful movement, no man finishes what he began; no one can flatter himself that he directs an impulse which has been taken over by the nature of things. The Englishman who wanted to go down the waterfall of the Rhine at Schaffouse in a rowboat was not so crazy as the ambitious man who thinks he can steer his way through a whole revolution. Let us in France fight, win, suffer, die, in our affections, in our dearest inclinations—and be born again, perhaps, for the surprise and admiration of the world. But let a century pass on our destinies. Then you will know if we have acquired the true science of human happiness; if the old man was right all along, or if the young man did better with his property, the future. Alas! aren't you glad that a whole nation has put itself in the avant-garde of the human race to confront prejudices, and try to keep our principles? You, the contemporary generation, wait—keep away from barred and death sentences for a while. No duty can require such sacrifices., on the contrary, every duty makes it a law to avoid them.

I hope I will be forgiven for having been carried away beyond my subject—but who can be alive at this time, who can write, without feeling and thinking about the French Revolution? [. . .]

Whatever people think of my plan for this book, my only goal is plainly to struggle against unhappiness in all its forms, to study the thoughts, feelings, and institutions which make men unhappy and to try to discover the reflection, the impulse, the combination, which could diminish something of the intensity of the soul's torments. The image of misfortune in any shape pursues and overwhelms me. Alas! I have so often experienced suffering that an inexpressible wave of tenderness and painful anxiety comes over me when I think about the unhappiness of everyone and anyone; about the inevitable afflictions and torments of the imagination; the downfall of the honest, and even the remorse of the guilty; the heart's wounds, the most touching of all, and the regrets one blushes for without feeling them any the less; about ev-

everything that makes tears flow, those tears the ancients collected in a sacred urn because of their great respect for human unhappiness. Oh! It is not enough to swear that within the limits of one's existence, no matter how one has been wronged, one will never voluntarily be the cause of pain or give up the chance of soothing it. Beyond that, one has to try and see if some shadow of talent, some ability to meditate could find the voice with which melancholy gently moves the heart, or help discover a philosophical height beyond the reach of wounding blows. Finally, if time and study could teach us how to give political principles enough evidence so that they would stop being the object of two religions and a most bloodthirsty frenzy, it seems as if we would have offered a thorough examination of the way man's destiny is abandoned to the power of unhappiness.

On the Love of Glory

Love of glory is the most commanding of all the passions to which the human heart is susceptible. Traces of its impulses can be found in the primitive nature of man, but this is a feeling that reaches its real strength only in the midst of society. An emotion must absorb all the soul's affections to deserve the name of passion; the soul's pains and pleasures must be all related to the full development of its powers.

Next to the sublime kind of virtue that makes us look in our own consciences to find motives and aims for our conduct, love of glory is the most beautiful of the principles capable of moving our souls. I am giving the world "glory" its rightful greatness by not separating it from the real value of the actions it designates. In fact, genuine glory can never be acquired through relative celebrity. We always appeal to the universe and posterity to confirm the award of so august a crown; nothing but genius or virtue can keep it for long. When I think about ambition I will discuss the ephemeral success which imitates or reminds us of glory, but now I want to think about glory itself, which is truly great and just; and in order to judge the influence it has on happiness I will not shrink from showing it in all its alluring brilliance.

An honest, worthy lover of glory proposes a remarkable bargain to the human race. He says: "I will devote my talents to serving you; my ruling passion will keep arousing me to make an ever-increasing number of men enjoy the fruits of my labors. Nations and peoples I have never heard of will be entitled to the rewards of my insomnia; every thinking creature will be my kin. Free from the confines of individual feelings, I will measure my happiness only by the extent of my good deeds. All I ask of you in return for such devotion is this: that you celebrate it. Make fame acquit your gratitude. Virtue is

capable of taking pleasure in herself—I admit that—but I am in need of you to give me the reward I need to fuse the glory of my name with the merit of my actions.” This contract is so frank! So simple! How can it be that no nation has ever happened to live up to it, and that only genius ever fulfills its side of the bargain?

It is certainly an intoxicating pleasure to fill the universe with your name, existing so far above yourself that you can fool yourself about the extent and length of your life, and believe you possess some few of the metaphysical attributes of infinity. Your soul fills with pride and gratification as it grows accustomed to feeling that all the thoughts of a large number of men are concentrated on you—that you exist in the presence of their hope—that any meditation of your mind may influence the fate of many—that great events are happening within you, demanding, in the name of the populace counting on your brilliance, the keenest possible attention to your own ideas. The crowd’s applause arouses the soul by inspiring reflections as well as arousing commotion; youth is swept away with hope and set afire with emulation by all the lively forms glory takes. The paths leading to this great end are filled with delights; the occupations imposed by the desire to succeed are pleasurable in themselves; and the happiest part of the career of success is often the sequence of interests which precede it, taking an active hold on life.

Literary glory is subject to very different conditions from the glory of action. Literary glory may borrow something from solitary pleasures and participate in their rewards, but it cannot embody all the signs of the great passion glory; it is not the same as the dominating genius that sows, reaps, and crowns itself in a single instant, instantly determining through its sweeping eloquence or victorious courage the fate of centuries and empires. Nor is literary glory the omnipotent emotion that commands others by inspiring identical wishes in them, taking for the present all the pleasures of the future. Active genius is excused from waiting for the belated justice time drags in its wake; it makes its glory march ahead like the pillar of fire that lighted the way for the Israelites. The celebrity gained from writing rarely comes in one’s own lifetime—and even when one is fortunate enough to obtain that advantage, a literary career does not have the same instantaneous effects and blazing brilliance; it cannot give the same total feeling of physical and moral strength, guarantee the exercise of all one’s abilities, or intoxicate one with the certainty of one’s own strength. We have to concentrate on the highest peak of happiness attained by love of glory if we are to be accurate judges of the obstacles and misfortunes it brings with it. [. . .]

On Vanity

You may well ask if vanity is a passion; the inadequacy of its object would make anyone have his doubts. If you observe the violence of the impulses vanity inspires, however, you will see the characteristic signs of the passions, and you will recognize their concomitant miseries in the servile way this feeling makes you dependent on the circle of those around you. Love of glory is based on the noblest elements in man's nature; ambition comes from the most positive side of human relations; but vanity fastens onto things which have no real value to oneself or other people, to specious advantage and passing effects. It lives on the leftovers of the other two passions. Sometimes it reinforces their power; man can reach his utmost limits through its strength and its weakness. More usually, however, those who experience it find that it overwhelms everything else within them. The agonies of this passion are very little known, because those who feel them, keep it a secret. As this is a sentiment everyone has agreed to despise, no one ever admits to the memories or fears it involves. [. . .]

This passion, great only in the pain it causes, and worthy of being treated on a par with the others only for that reason, reaches its full development in the emotional fluctuation of women. In women everything is either love or vanity. Whenever women want to have wider or more brilliant relationships than the relationships arising from the gentle affections they may inspire in those around them, they are laying claim to the triumphs of vanity. The same efforts which can earn glory and power for men almost never get anything for women except ephemeral applause and a reputation for intrigue—a kind of triumph which springs from vanity, a sentiment in proportion to their strengths and their destiny. It is in women, then, that we should examine vanity.

Some women put their vanity into advantages that have nothing to do with them personally, such as birth, rank, and fortune. It would be hard to show less feeling for the dignity of one's sex. The origin of all women is divine, because they owe their power to the gifts of nature: by concentrating on pride and ambition, they make everything magical about their charms disappear. As the credit women gain by this is invariably limited and fleeting, it earns them none of the respect that comes with great power. The successes women do win are characteristic of the triumphs of vanity, presupposing neither esteem nor respect for whoever is granted them. Women thus arouse antagonistic feelings in people who only meant to love them. There is a genuine absurdity clinging to women's efforts, the kind of absurdity that comes from a contrast with the essence of things. Whenever women oppose the plans and ambitions of men, they excite the acute resentment inspired by

unforeseen obstacles. If they meddle in political affairs while they are young, modesty must be the loser; if they are old, the revulsion they inspire as women harms their claims as humans. The face of a woman is always a help or a hindrance in her life story, whatever the strength or range of her mind, however important the things which concern her. Men have wanted it to be this way. And the more determined men are to judge a woman according to the advantages or faults of her sex, the more they hate seeing her embrace a destiny contrary to her nature.

These reflections are in not intended to turn women away from any kind of serious occupation, obviously, but rather to lead them away from the misfortune of taking themselves as the object of their own efforts. If the role they play in public come from their attachment for the man in control—if sentiment alone opinions and prompts their actions—they are not leaving the path nature has laid out for them. They love, they are women. When they abandon themselves to an active personality, however, when they try to make everything that happens revolve around themselves, thinking about events in relation to their own influence and individual interests, they are hardly worth even the ephemeral applause which constitutes vanity's triumphs. Women are almost never honored by any sort of pretensions. Even intellectual distinctions, which might seem to offer them a wider career, often just earn them an existence on the level of vanity. The reason for this ruling, fair or unfair, is that men see no kind of general utility in encouraging the successes of women in this career, and praise that is not based on utility can never be deep, or lasting, or universal. Chance provides a few exceptions; if there are a few souls carried away by their talent or their character, they may escape the common law—a few laurels may someday crown them. Even so, these women cannot escape the inevitable unhappiness which invariably clings to their destiny.

With every kind of personal ambition, women's happiness is the loser. When women are trying to please simply in order to be loved, when this sweet hope is the only motive for their actions, they are concerned with perfecting themselves rather than showing themselves, with molding their minds for one man's happiness rather than for universal admiration. Once they aspire to celebrity, though, their attempts and successes both alienate the sentiment that necessarily determines their life's fate under one name or another. A woman cannot exist by herself alone. Even glory does not give her enough support. The insurmountable weakness of her nature and her situation in the social order have placed her in a daily dependency from which even immortal genius would not be enough to rescue her. In any case, nothing eradicates the distinguishing characteristics of women's nature. A woman who

devoted herself to the solution of Euclid's problems would still want the happiness connected with the feelings we inspire and experience. Whenever women follow a career which puts them at a distance from these feelings, their painful regrets or ridiculous pretensions prove that nothing can compensate them for the destiny for which their souls were created. A famous woman's brilliant triumphs might seem to offer her lover some pleasurable sensations of pride, but such enthusiasm will probably not outlast an attraction based on the most trivial advantages. The criticism that always follows praise destroys the illusion through which all women need to be seen. Imagination can create or beautify an unknown object with its fantasies, but it has no more to offer anyone who has been judged by the whole of society. Real worth still remains, but love is much more taken by what it gives than by what it receives. Man delights in the superiority of his own nature; like Pygmalion, he bows down only to his own work.

In the end, if the brilliance of a woman's reputation attracts any homage in her wake, it is thanks to a feeling quite foreign to love—a feeling that looks like love, but which is a kind of means of access to the rising power one wants to flatter. People approach a woman of distinction like a man in a position of power: the language is different, but the motive is the same. Her admirers may mutually excite each other, intoxicated by the coincidence of tributes surrounding the woman they are concentrating on; but they are dependent on one another for this emotion. The first to leave could detach the ones who are still there, and the woman who is apparently the object of all their thoughts soon realizes that she is only keeping each of these men by the example of them all.

What feelings of jealousy and hatred are focused on a woman's great success! Envy's innumerable ways of persecuting her cause so much grief! Most women are against her, whether out of competitiveness, stupidity, or principle. Whatever a woman's talents may be, they always arouse anxiety in other women. Women deprived of intellectual distinctions can find a thousand ways to attack them when it is a woman who possesses them. A pretty creature who manages to thwart such distinction flatters herself that she is setting off her own advantages. A woman who considers herself remarkable because of the prudence and moderation of her mind, and who wants to look as if she has rejected things she never understood in the first place, never having had two ideas in her head in her life, can step out of her usual sterility to point out a thousand absurdities in a woman whose mind is giving the conversation life and variety. Mothers of families, who believe with some justice that the triumphs of even genuine wit are not

in accordance with women's destiny, take pleasure in watching attacks on those women who have obtained any such success.

As for a woman who has achieved real superiority, and might therefore think herself beyond the reach of hatred, capable of using her mind to raise herself to the destiny of the most famous men: she could never achieve their characteristic calm and determination. Imagination would always be her most important faculty: her talent might gain from this, but her soul would be too deeply disturbed. Fantasies would upset her feelings, illusions mislead her actions. Her mind may deserve some glory for giving her writings the accuracy of reason; but the combination of great talents and passionate imagination deceives us about personal relationships, however enlightening about general conclusions it may be. Sensitive, humble women are the perfect example of that bizarre union of truth and error which distributes oracles to the universe and neglects the simplest advice for oneself. If we examine the small number of women with any real claim to glory, we see that their nature has always made this effort at the expense of their happiness. After singing the sweetest teachings of morality and philosophy, Sappho flung herself from the rock of Leucadia; after conquering the enemies of England, Elizabeth died a victim to her passion for the Earl of Essex. Before women begin a glorious career, whether aimed at Caesar's throne or the crown of literary genius, they must realize that to gain this glory they have to renounce the happiness and peace of the destiny of their sex—and to renounce the happiness and peace of the destiny of their sex—and that in this career there are very few fates which are worth the most obscure life of a beloved wife and happy mother.

So far I have been evaluating the brilliance of great fame; what shall I say of all those pretensions to petty literary triumphs for which so many women's feelings and duties are neglected? Absorbed in this interest, these women renounce the distinguishing characteristic of their sex even more thoroughly than the female warriors of the age of chivalry: it is far better to share the dangers of those we love in combat than to drag ourselves through the battles of self-love, forcing sentiment to do homage to vanity and drawing from the eternal well to satisfy fleeting impulses and limited desires.

A more natural pretension, closer to the hope of being loved, is the disturbance that makes women experience a need to please through the charm of their faces; this offers a striking picture of the torments of vanity.

Look at a woman in the middle of a ballroom, wanting to be thought

the prettiest and terrified of failure. The pleasure which is the nominal occasion for the gathering simply does not exist for her. There is no moment when she can enjoy this pleasure, for there is no moment free from her obsession and the efforts she makes to hide it. She watches the glances, the slightest signs of other people's opinion, with the attention of a moralist and the anxiety of a social climber. She may be trying to hide the torment of her mind from everyone's eyes, but her travail is apparent in her affected gaiety at her rival's triumph, the turbulence of the conversation she insists on having while her rival is being applauded—in short, the superfluity of her efforts. Grace, the ultimate charm of beauty, develops only in the serenity of natural self-confidence; anxiety and constraint deprive us of whatever advantages we may have. One's face changes with the contractions of self-love. People are not slow to notice it, and the pain of this discovery only increases the evil one is trying to remedy. Pain multiplies pain, and one's goal recedes through the action of desire itself. This picture may look like a child's story, but presents an adult's sorrows, the impulses which lead to despair and make us hate life; it is so true that our interests increase according to the intensity of the attention we pay them! and the sensations we experience come from the character receiving the sensation rather than from the object transmitting it!

Well, after this ballroom tableau illuminating vanity with some very frivolous pretensions, we will observe the full development of vanity in the greatest event to disturb the human race: the French Revolution. This emotion, so petty in its goal and motives that we might well have hesitated to place it as a passion, was one of the causes of the greatest shock ever to shake the universe. I can scarcely call vanity an impulse which carried twenty-four million men to reject the privileges of two hundred thousand: that is the revolt of reason—that is nature seeking its own level. I will not even say that the resistance of the nobility to the revolution was caused by vanity: the Reign of Terror brought down persecutions and misfortunes which no longer permit us to recall the past. But within the internal process of the Revolution, we can indeed observe the rule of vanity in the craving for ephemeral applause—the need to create an effect—that native French passion, understood only very vaguely by foreigners. Many opinions were dictated by a craving to surpass the orator who had just spoken, and to ensure that one was applauded after him. The mere introduction of spectators to the room where debates were going on was enough to change the direction of public affairs in France. In the beginning, people conceded nothing to applause except a sentence here and there. Before long, however, they were giving up principles, proposing decrees, even approving of crimes, to get that applause. In a reciprocal and disastrous reaction,

everything done to please the crowd made its judgments even wilder, and this wilder judgment then demanded new sacrifices. The primary reason for the consecration of barbaric decrees was not to satisfy feelings of hatred and fury, but to make the tribunes clap their hands. This noise intoxicated the orators and threw them into the same condition as savages are thrown by alcohol. The spectators themselves, who were applauding, were eager to create an effect on their neighbors by such signs of approval, and delighted in influencing their representatives. There is no doubt that the rule of fear followed the emulation of vanity, but it is vanity that created this power which destroyed all the spontaneous pulses of men for some time. Very soon after the Reign of Terror ended, it was clear that vanity was born anew. The most unimportant people were boasting of having been listed among the banished. Most of the Frenchmen one meets nowadays either claim to have played a leading role or assure one that nothing would have happened in France at all if people had believed the advice they gave somewhere, sometime, somehow. We are now surrounded by men who all call themselves the center of that immense whirlwind—men who would each have saved France single-handed from its misfortunes if they had been named to the highest government positions, but who all, by the same token, refuse to have any trust in superiority or recognize the influence of genius or virtue.

Does vanity help or hinder the maintenance of liberty in a great nation? This important question should be asked of those who think about philosophy and public affairs. In the beginning it certainly presents a real obstacle to the establishment of any new government; it is enough for a constitution to have been made by certain men for other men to refuse to adopt it. As happened after the session of the Constitutive Assembly, the innovators have to be banished for the institutions to be adopted; all the same, institutions die if they are not defended by their authors. Envy, glorified by the name of mistrust, destroys emulation, banishes brilliance, detests the combination of power and virtue, tries to divide them to oppose them to each other, and creates the power of crime, as the only power which degrades its possessor.

However, it may be possible for vanity to be useful in the maintenance of free institutions if it is the general temper of a nation at a time when lengthy misfortunes have beaten the passions down, when we need laws so much that we think of people only as they relate to the legal power entrusted to them. Vanity makes the rule of any one man hated, so it supports the constitutional laws which make the most powerful men soon return to private life. It generally supports

what the laws want, because law is an abstract authority shared by everyone and giving glory to no one. Vanity is the enemy of ambition; it enjoys overthrowing what it cannot get for itself. Vanity gives rise to disseminated pretensions in all classes and in all individuals. This puts an end to the power of glory, as bits of straw keep back the sea from the coasts of Holland. In the end, the vanity of all throws such obstacles and annoyances into the public career of each that a time will come when there will no longer exist in France the main disadvantage of republics—the need they create to play a role. Hatred, envy, suspicion, every child of vanity will make people permanently sick of ambition for public office and public affairs. No one will go near them except through love of country and devotion to humanity, generous and philosophical feelings which make men as imperturbable as the laws they are charged to carry out. This hope may be only a chimera, but I truly believe that vanity is willing to submit to laws as a way of avoiding the personal brilliance of proper names, and that it may be able to preserve a free and populous nation with an established constitution from the danger of having any one man as its usurper.

On Philosophy

I believe that philosophy, most exalted in its nature, could be a useful and possible source of help for passionate souls. We must place ourselves above ourselves in order to control ourselves and above others in order to expect nothing of them. Weary of trying in vain to secure happiness, the last illusion, we must resolve ourselves to abandon it; it will take all learn to conceive of life passively, to suffer its uniform flow, to make up for everything by thinking, to find in our thoughts the only events which depend on neither fate nor men. As soon as we have told ourselves that happiness is unobtainable, we are a good deal closer to reaching something like it, just as men whose fortunes have toppled are comfortable only after they have admitted to themselves that they are ruined. Once we have sacrificed our hopes, everything coming in on their account is an unexpected asset, possessed without forebodings of anxiety.

There are a thousand fragmentary delights in existence, none coming from a single source but all offering different pleasures to anyone with a soul at peace and ready to savor them; while a grand passion absorbs them all, refusing even to let us be aware of their existence.

The lover can see nothing but her footsteps; there no longer are flowers in any garden through which she has strolled. At the sight of villages surrounded by every gift of nature, the ambitious man wants to know if the governor of this district has a good reputation, or if the peasants

living in it can elect a deputy. External objects represent only one idea in the eyes of the passionate man, because they are judged by only one feeling. The philosopher has, by a great act of courage, freed his thoughts from the yoke of passion: he now no longer focuses them on a single object, and enjoys the pleasant impressions each of his ideas can provide for him in turn and individually.

What would really lead us to think of life as a voyage is that there never seems to be any preordained place to rest. Just try to fix your life to the absolute power of one idea or one feeling—it all turns into obstacles or misfortunes at every step. But if you let your life drift at the trying to find pleasure in each day without making it contribute to the whole happiness of all destiny—then it all comes easily. When the events of our lives are not heralded by burning desires or followed by bitter regrets, we are able to find enough happiness in the isolated pleasures aimlessly distributed by chance.

Youth could perhaps be devoted to the long odds of the passions if it were the only stage of man's existence, but the moment when age demands a new way of life is a transition which can be suffered painlessly only by the philosopher. We could enjoy some happiness at any age if our faculties and the desires to which they give birth were always in tune with our fate; but our faculties and our desires do not die simultaneously. Time often degrades our destiny without weakening our faculties, or weakens our faculties without deadening our desire. The soul's activity outlives the means of exercising it; desires last longer than the goods they make us crave. The pain of destruction is experienced with all the 'force of existence—it is like being present at one's own funeral, violently attached to this sad and lengthy spectacle, renewing the torture of Mezentius, linking life and death together.

On seizing control over the soul, philosophy certainly makes it place much less value on everything it possesses and hopes for. The passions inflate all the values to a much higher level; once this moderate price scale has been fixed, however, it lasts throughout the ages of life. Each moment is sufficient unto itself; one stage does not anticipate the next; the storms of passion do not confuse or hurry them. The years and everything they bring with them follow along peacefully according to the intention of nature, and man takes part in the calm of the order of the universe.

As I have said, anyone can enter the career of the passions if he is willing to put suicide on his list of resolutions; he can devote his life to this career, if he feels capable of ending that life as soon as a bolt of lightning overthrows the object of his prayers and efforts. But we

have a sort of instinct of preservation, closer to physical nature than moral sentiment, even when every instant of life brings new pain with it. Can we run the almost certain risk of a misery which will make us hate living, and a spiritual disposition which will make us afraid to end it? Not that there is any charm left to life in such a situation—but one has to assemble all one's motives for misery together at one time to conquer the indivisible idea of death. Unhappiness is spread over the length and breadth of one's days, whereas the terror inspired by suicide concentrates itself entirely in a single instant; and in order to kill oneself one would have to embrace the tableau of one's misfortunes and the spectacle of one's end with the intensity of a single feeling and a single idea.

But nothing is so horrifying as the possibility of existing simply because we do not know how to die. Such is the fate that may be lying in wait for all grand passions, however—and this nightmare is quit enough to make us love the power of philosophy for maintaining man on the level of life, without making him any too attached to it but also without making him hate it.

Philosophy is not insensitivity. The kind of philosophy offering the help I recommend here may decrease the effect of acute pain, but it also demands great strength of soul and mind. Insensitivity is not the result of a victory, but an ingrained habit. Philosophy is affected by its origin: invariably born of profound reflection and frequently inspired by a need to resist the passions, it requires superior qualities and provides an enjoyment of one's own faculties unknown to the insensitive man. Such a man is more suited to the world than the philosopher; he has no fear of society's turmoil disturbing the peace he enjoys. The secluded philosopher, owing this peace to the work of his own mind, enjoys his own pleasure in himself.

The self-possession acquired through meditation offers a satisfaction which is completely different from the pleasures of the man interested in his own personal self. The selfish man needs other people; he is demanding; he suffers every wound impatiently; he is dominated by his egoism, and if that feeling were capable of energy it would bear all the characteristic marks of a great passion; but the happiness a philosopher finds in self-possession is the feeling that gives real independence.

In a kind of pleasurable abstraction, we rise some distance above ourselves, watching ourselves think and live. We have no desire to control any event, so we think of all events as modifications of our being, exercising its faculties and hastening the process of its perfectibility in one way or another. We are now placing ourselves in relation to our own

consciousness, instead of to fate. Renouncing any influence over men and destiny, we take more pleasure in the action of the power we have kept for ourselves, in our self-control; and every day we make some discovery or change in this, the only property over which we believe we have any rights or influence.

For this kind of occupation one needs solitude and if it is true that the philosopher finds a means of enjoyment in solitude, he must be the happy man. Not only is living alone the best of conditions, because the most independent, but it also provides a satisfaction which is the touchstone of happiness: its source is so intimate and so deep-seated that even when one really possesses it, reflection always brings one closer to the certainty of experiencing it.

Solitude is an extremely dangerous situation for people whose souls are disturbed by great passions. Nature invites us to this repose; it seems man's immediate destiny; its enjoyment would seem to come before the need of society, especially after we have been living in society for any length of time; but this repose is a torture for the man dominated by a great passion. The calm all around him contrasts with his inner agitation, and only increases the pain of it. The way to try to weaken a great passion is through distraction. There is no point in starting a war with man-to-man combat; one must already have acted upon oneself before taking the risk of living alone.

Passionate characters are not at all afraid of solitude—far from that, they crave it, which is the proof that it nourishes their passion instead of destroying it. Troubled by depressing feelings, the soul is convinced that it can soothe its pain by paying more attention to it. The first instants when the heart is abandoned to reverie are delightful; but this pleasure consumes it very quickly. One may have put some distance between one's imagination and the source of the blaze, but the imagination has remained the same, and it pushes every opportunity for anxiety to the limit. In its isolation the imagination surrounds itself with chimeras; in silence and retreat, never touched by the real world, it gives an equal importance to everything it invents. It wants to escape the present, and gives itself to the future, which is much better suited to it and much more likely to disturb it. Its ruling idea has been left behind by events, and diversifies in a thousand different ways through the workings of the mind; one's brain is on fire and one's reason becomes weaker than ever. In the end solitude frightens the unhappy man, who believes his pain to be eternal. The peace all around him becomes an insult to the turmoil in his soul; the sameness of the days does not even offer him any change of misery. The violence of such misfortune in the heart of retreat is one more proof of the dis-

astrous influence of the passions, which put a distance between us and everything simple and easy. Their origin may be in man's nature, but they constantly struggle against his real goal.

Solitude is the most important asset of the philosopher, however. His reflections and resolutions may abandon him in the middle of society, and his most deeply held general principles yield to particular impressions. This is when self-government demands the surest hand. In retirement, the philosopher relates only to the pastoral setting around him; his soul is in harmony with the peaceful sensations inspired by this setting, and uses them to think and live. People hardly ever come to philosophy without having first made some attempt at obtaining goods closer to youth's fantasies, and in renouncing them the soul creates its happiness out of a sort of unexpectedly pleasant melancholy, toward which everything seems to tend sooner or later. There is such an analogy between this moral disposition and the sights and happenings of the countryside that it is tempting to think Providence intended everyone to achieve it, and everything to coincide in inspiring it in us as soon as we reach the time of life when the soul is weary of working on behalf of its own fate, tired even of hope, with no ambition but the absence of pain. All nature seems to lend itself to the feelings men experience then. The sound of the wind, the burst of thunderstorms, a summer evening, winter's hoar-frost—these contradictory motions and tableaux produce similar impressions, and give rise to the soul's sweet melancholy, man's true feeling, the result of his destiny, and the only disposition of his heart which allows meditation its full action and all its power.

Conclusion

[. . .] In writing this work, where I pursue the passions as destructive to happiness and hope to provide resources for keeping life going without their help, it is myself too that I have been trying to persuade. I have written to find myself, through so many sorrows, to free my faculties from the slavery of feelings, to elevate myself to a kind of abstraction that will let me observe the pain of my own soul, to examine in my own impressions the movements of moral nature, and to generalize the experience provided by thought. Since complete abstraction is impossible, I tried to see if meditating on the very things that concern us would not lead to the same result—if the phantom did not vanish faster when we approach it than when we distance ourselves from it. I tried to discover whether the painful sharpness of personal experience was not blunted a little if we placed ourselves in the vast tableau of destinies, where everyone is lost in his century, the century lost in time, and time lost in the incomprehensible. I tried it, and I

am not sure I succeeded in this first attempt to try my doctrine out on myself. Am I the best person, then, to affirm its power? Alas! as reflection comes closer to everything that makes up the human character, we lose ourselves in vacant melancholy. Political institutions and social relationships offer almost certain ways to happiness or sadness, but the depths of the soul are so hard to sound! Sometimes superstition keeps us from thinking and feeling, upsets our ideas, moves all our impulses contrary to their natural direction, and somehow bonds us to our unhappiness itself, if it is caused by a sacrifice, or can become the object of one. At other times, blazing, frenzied passion cannot bear any obstacle or accept the most minor deprivation, but disdains the future, pursuing each instant as the only instant, and awakens only at the end or in the abyss. What an inexplicable phenomenon is man's spiritual existence! If we compare it to matter, all the attributes of which are complete and in accord, it still seems only on the eve of its own creation, in the chaos of the day before. [. . .]

Lord Byron,
Childe Harold's
Pilgrimage

George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron, (1788-1824), born with a clubfoot, became a peer of the British realm. He harbored political ambitions, giving his maiden speech in the House of Lords in 1812, a liberal dissent against the Frame-Breaking Act, which made it a capital crime to engage in Luddite sabotage. But he became a poetic celebrity that same year with the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, a kind of travelogue based on his grand tour, which (due to the Napoleonic Wars) had to concentrate on Mediterranean lands.

Byron married in 1815. A daughter, Ada, was born, but the marriage fell apart the next year. Dogged by rumors of incest with his half-sister, he left England never to return. Within the Percy and Mary Shelley circle in Switzerland, he wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which begins with an apostrophe to his daughter and traces his path from England. In Venice, he effectively founded the field of Armenology. Byron was drawn into the struggle for Greek independence from the Ottoman Empire, using his personal fortune to fund the effort. He died before he could lead an assault on the Turkish fortress at Lepanto. Byron's sexuality was polymorphous, and involved the monstrosity of pederasty. Some of this can be attributed to sexual abuse he suffered as a child, but there is also the mystery of iniquity ensnaring each of us. Discussions about "cancel culture" might make us aware of how flawed each of us is, in ways we cannot begin to suspect. This would be a properly "liberally" minded approach, all the more necessary for those in earnest about the "liberal" project of emancipation.

Canto the Third

Afin que cette application vous forçât à penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps. –Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, 7th September 1776.

[“. . . so that this diligence will force you to think of other things. There is in truth no remedy but that, and time.” – Letter from the King of Prussia (Frederick the Great) to D'Alembert]

I

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted, – not as now we part,
But with a hope. –
Awaking with a start,
The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life, – where not a flower appears.

IV

Since my young days of passion – joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness – so it fling
Forgetfulness around me – it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpair'd though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

VI

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with the spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

VII

Yet must I think wildly: – I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time can not abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII

Something too much of this: but now 'tis past
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

IX

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood: but he fill'd again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

X

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

XI

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor seek
To wear it? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Not feel the heart can never all grow old?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?
Harold, once more within the vortex, roll'd
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond prime.

XII

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man; with whom he held
Little in common; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was quell'd
In youth by his own thoughts; still uncompell'd,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;
Proud though in desolation; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII

Where rose the mountains, there to him were friends;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

XIV

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite:
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home:
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume,
Which, though 'twere wild, – as on the plunder'd wreck,
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck, –
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore to check.

XVII

Stop! – for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be; –
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo;
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!
In 'pride of place' here last the eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
Ambition's life and labours all were vain;
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's broken chain.

XIX

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters; – but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make One submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
And servile knees to thrones? No; prove before ye praise!

XX

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with hot tears
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

XXII

Did ye not hear it? – No; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet –
But, hark! – that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is – it is – the cannon's opening roar!

XXIII

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips – 'the foe! they come! they come!'

XXVI

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes: –
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

XXVII

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, – alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope shall moulder cold and low.

XXVIII

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, – the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse, – friend, foe, – in one red burial blent!

XXIX

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when shower'd
The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
They reach'd no nobler breast than thine, young, gallant Howard!

XXX

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.

XXXI

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honour'd but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII

They mourn, but smile at length; and smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:

XXXIII

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

XXXIV

There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison, – a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches; for it were
As nothing did we die; but Life will suit
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste: Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life, – say, would he name threescore?

XXXV

The Psalmist number'd out the years of man:
They are enough; and if thy tale be true,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo!
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say –
'Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day!'
And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been;
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the scene!

XXXVII

Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII

Oh, more or less than man – in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye; –
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon him piled.

XL

Sager than in thy fortunes: for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show That just habitual scorn,
which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

XLI

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had help'd to brave the shock;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.

XLII

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

XLIV

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigotted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow.
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

XLVI

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine
And chieffless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.

XLVII

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the cranny wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

XLVIII

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have?
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.

XLIX

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L

But thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict, – then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream? – that it should Lethe be.

LI

A thousand battles have assail'd thy banks,
But these and half their fame have pass'd away,
And Slaughter heap'd on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glass'd with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they seem.

LII

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,
Yet not insensibly to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fiercer far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient trace.

LIII

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath wean'd it from all worldlings: thus he felt,
For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV

And he had learn'd to love, – I know not why,
For this in such as him seems strange of mood, –
The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
To change like this, a mind so far imbued
With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
But thus it was; and though in solitude
Small power the nipp'd affections have to grow,
In him this glow'd when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
Had stood the test of mortal enmities
Still undivided, and cemented more
By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
But this was firm, and from a foreign shore
Well to that heart might his these absent greetings pour!

1

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew'd a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

2

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, –
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

3

I send the lilies given to me;
Though long before thy hand they touch,
I know that they must wither'd be,
But yet reject them not as such;
For I have cherish'd them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gather'd by the Rhine,
And offer'd from my heart to thine!

4

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round:
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;

Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine!

LVI

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's – but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career, –
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

LVIII

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroy'd what War could never blight
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain –
On which the iron shower for years had pour'd in vain.

LIX

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;

And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

LX

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scene like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise – more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, – the glories of old days,

LXI

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near them fall.

LXII

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls,
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche – the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.

LXIII

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain, –
Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument; – the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.

LXIV

While Waterloo with Cannae's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.

LXVI

And there – oh! sweet and sacred be the name! –
Julia – the daughter, the devoted – gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was just,
And then she died on him she could not save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.

LXVII

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
And names that must not wither, though the earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay,
The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
And from its immortality look forth
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

LXVIII

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue:
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me in their fold.

LXIX

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are strong.

LXX

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And colour things to come with hues of Night;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be.

LXXI

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake; –
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to inflict or bear?

LXXII

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshy chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being cling.

LXXIV

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm, –
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm?
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each spot?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal lot?

LXXV

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forgo
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glow?

LXXVI

But this is not my theme; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while – a passing guest,
Where he became a being, – whose desire
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

LXXVIII

His love was passion's essence – as a tree
On fire by lightning; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

LXXIX

This breathed itself to life in Julie, this
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss
Which every morn his fever'd lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devouring heat;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.

LXXX

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was phrenzied, – wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was phrenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

LXXXI

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
Those oracles which set the world in flame,
Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
Did he not this for France? which lay before
Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?
Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
Till by the voice of him and his compeers
Roused up too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

LXXXII

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions – things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd,
As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

LXXXIII

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

LXXXIV

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear
Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour
Which shall atone for years; none need despair:
It came, it cometh, and will come, – the power
To punish or forgive – in one we shall be slower.

LXXXXV

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

LXXXVI

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

LXXXVII

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LXXXVIII

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires, – 'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

LXXXIX

All heaven and earth are still – though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep: –
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt,
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty; – 'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

XCI

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

XCII

Thy sky is changed! – and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

XCIII

And this is in the night: Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, –
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, – and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

XCIV

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted;
Though in their souls, which thus each other thwarted,
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom and then departed:
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters, – war within themselves to wage.

XCV

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightnings, – as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

XCVI

Sky, mountain, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, – if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

XCVII

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, – could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe – into one word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb –
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

XCIX

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

C

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, –
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light, – so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,
His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

CI

All things are here of him; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

CII

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colour'd things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life; the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

CIII

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from those,
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 'twas the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne.

CV

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads
A path to perpetuity of fame:
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more than smile.

CVI

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various, – gay, grave, sage, or wild, –
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: But his own
Breathed most in ridicule, – which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone, –
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

CVII

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony, – that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII

Yet, peace be with their ashes, – for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge, – far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made,
Known unto all, – or hope and dread allay'd
By slumber, on one pillow, – in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd:
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX

But let me quit man's works, again to read,
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end.
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of air.

CX

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still,
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renew'd with no kind auspices: – to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be, – and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught –
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal, –
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul: – No matter, – it is taught.

CXII

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile, –
The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth, – but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone, – remember'd or forgot.

CXIII

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee, –
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, – nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV

I have not loved the world, nor the world me, –
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things, – hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, or weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem, –
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

CXV

My daughter! with thy name this song begun –
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end –
I see thee not, – I hear thee not, – but none
Can be so wrapt in thee: thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend
And reach into thy heart, – when mine is cold, –
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI

To aid thy mind's development, – to watch
Thy dawn of little joys, – to sit and see
Almost thy very growth, – to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects, – wonders yet to thee!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss, –
This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,
I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
With desolation, – and a broken claim:
Though the grave closed between us, – 'twere the same,
I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain
My blood from out thy being were an aim,
And an attainment, – all would be in vain, –
Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life retain.

CXVIII

The child of love, – though born in bitterness
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
These were the elements, – and thine no less
As yet such are around thee, – but thy fire
Shall be more temper'd and thy hope far higher.
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!

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