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BOHN'S EXTRA VOLUME.

THE WORKS

OF

FRANCIS RABELAIS.

VOL. II.

BOHN'S EXTRA VOLUME.

RABELAIS, although ranking as a classic in every European language, and admitted into almost every general library, is too exceptionable in language to suit the purer taste of the present day, and is therefore published (like Grammont) in the *extra volume* series of the *Standard Library*. The best of the existing translations have been used, and a few notes added from a copy annotated by the celebrated John Wilkes.

TESTIMONIA.

"If Rabelais surpasses all other writers in obscenity, it should be remarked that there is in his licentiousness nothing of that feverish pleasure in contemplating human nature on its most disgusting side, which is so much a characteristic of Swift." . . . "Here we take leave of an author who is without a parallel in the history of literature; an author who is the literary parent of many authors, since without him we should probably never have known a Swift or a Sterne, or, in fact, any of the regular humorists; an author, who, for the union of heavy learning with the most miraculous powers of imagination, is, perhaps, without a competitor."—*For. Quarterly, No.* 62.

"Beyond a doubt Rabelais was among the deepest, as well as boldest thinkers of his age. His buffoonery was not merely Brutus's rough stick, which contained a rod of gold; it was necessary as an amulet against the monks and legates. Never was there a more plausible, and seldom, I am persuaded, a less appropriate line, than the thousand times quoted

'Rabelais laughing in his easy chair'

of Mr. Pope. The caricature of his filth and zanyism shew how fully he both knew and felt the danger in which he stood. I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais' works, which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth, and nothing but the truth. I class Rabelais with the great creative minds of the world, Shakspeare, Dante, Cervantes, &c."—*Coleridge.*

"The most celebrated, and certainly the most brilliant performance in the path of fiction that belongs to this age, is that of Rabelais. Few books are less likely to obtain the praise of a rigorous critic, but few have more the stamp of originality, or shew a more redundant fertility, always of language, and sometimes of imagination. His reading is large, but always rendered subservient to ridicule; he is never serious in a single page, and seems to have had little other aim, in his first two volumes, than to pour out the exuberance of his animal gaiety."—*Hallam's Literature of Europe.*

"Rabelais is one of the world's master-minds; he belongs to those who have perpetual dominion, and rule us from their urns. His invention is inexhaustible, his opulence of diction wonderful, and his learning ever ready to illustrate and enforce whatever his genius may devise; while for wit and humour he has but one equal in literature."—*Athenæum.*

"Rabelais brightens up to view as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it, for I find hatred an unjust preference."—*Walpole.*

The English version of Rabelais, by Urquhart, and Motteux, may be considered as one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation.—*Tytler.*

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RABELAIS.

BOOK III.—*Continued.*

TREATING OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

CHAPTER XIV.

Panurge's dream, with the interpretation thereof.

At seven o'clock of the next following morning, Panurge did not fail to present himself before Pantagruel, in whose chamber were at that time Epistemon, Friar John of the Funnels, Ponocrates, Eudemon, Carpalim, and others, to whom, at the entry of Panurge, Pantagruel said, Lo, here cometh our dreamer. That word, quoth Epistemon, in ancient times cost very much, and was dearly sold to the children of Jacob. Then said Panurge, I have been plunged into my dumps so deeply, as if I had been lodged with Gaffer Noddy-cap. Dreamed indeed I have, and that right lustily; but I could take along with me no more thereof, that I did truly understand; save only, that I in my vision had a pretty, fair, young, gallant, handsome woman, who no less lovingly and kindly treated and entertained me, hugged, cherished, cockered, dandled, and made much of me, as if I had been another neat dilli-darling minion, like Adonis. Never was man more glad than I was then, my joy at that time was incomparable. She flattered me, tickled me, stroked me, groped me, frizzled me, curled me, kissed me, embraced me, laid her hands about my neck, and now and then made jestingly, pretty little horns above my forehead. I told her in the like disport, as I did play the fool with her, that she should rather place and fix them in a little below mine eyes, that I might see the better what I should stick at with them: for, being

so situated, Momus[1] then would find no fault therewith, as he did once with the position of the horns of bulls. The wanton, toying girl, notwithstanding any remonstrance of mine to the contrary, did always drive and thrust them further in: yet thereby, which to me seemed wonderful, she did not do me any hurt at all. A little after, though I know not how, I thought I was transformed into a tabor, and she into a chough, or madge-howlet.

My sleeping there being interrupted, I awaked in a start, angry, displeased, perplexed, chafing, and very wroth. There have you a large platter-full of dreams, make thereupon good cheer, and, if you please spare not to interpret them according to the understanding which you have in them. Come, Carpalim,[2] let us to breakfast. To my sense and meaning, quoth Pantagruel, if I have skill or knowledge in the art of divination by dreams, your wife will not really, and to the outward appearance of the world, plant, or set horns, and stick them fast in your forehead, after a visible manner, as satyrs use to wear and carry them; but she will be so far from preserving herself loyal in the discharge and observance of a conjugal duty, that, on the contrary she will violate her plighted faith, break her marriage oath, infringe all matrimonial ties, prostitute her body to the dalliance of other men, and so make you a cuckold. This point is clearly and manifestly explained and expounded by Artemidorus,[3] just as I have related it. Nor will there be any metamorphosis, or transmutation made of you into a drum, or tabor, but you will surely be as soundly beaten as ever was tabor at a merry wedding. Nor yet will she be changed into a chough, but will steal from you, chiefly in the night, as is the nature of that thievish bird. Hereby may you perceive your dreams to be in every jot conform and agreeable to the Virgilian lots. A cuckold you will be, beaten and robbed. Then cried out

[1] *Momus.*] See Aristotle, De Partibus Animalium, and Lucian's Nigrinus.

[2] *Carpalim.*] It is in some editions, Monsieur Master Carpalim. He might be some counsellor of a sovereign or supreme court.

[3] *Expounded by Artemidorus.*] "Memini me apud Artemidorum antiquum auctorem legisse, eum qui somniârit arietem ad se venire, futurum esse ut ejus uxor mœchetur," says the Scaligerana, at the word *cornard*, i. e. cuckold. Which is tantamount to the note made by the Abbot Guyet, in the margin of his Rabelais here, that Artemidorus says, who dreams of horns will be a cuckold.

Father John with a loud voice. He tells the truth; upon my conscience, thou wilt be a cuckold, an honest one, I warrant thee. O the brave horns that will be borne by thee! Ha, ha, ha! Our good Master de Cornibus.[4] God save thee and shield thee! Wilt thou be pleased to preach but two words of a sermon to us, I will go through the parish-church to gather up alms for the poor.

You are, quoth Panurge, very far mistaken in your interpretation; for the matter is quite contrary to the sense thereof. My dream presageth, that I shall by marriage be stored with plenty of all manner of goods,—the hornifying of me showing that I will possess a cornucopia, that Amalthæan horn, which is called the horn of abundance, whereof the fruition did still portend the wealth of the enjoyer. You possibly will say, that they are rather like to be satyr's horns; for you of these did make some mention. *Amen, Amen, Fiat, fiatur, ad differentiam papæ.*[5] Thus shall I have my touch-her-homo still ready. My staff of love,[6] semipiternally in a good case, will, satyr-like, be

[4] *Our good Master de Cornibus*] Not de Cornelius, as Sir T. U. has it. It is the Latin name of a Franciscan friar, otherwise called Peter Cornu, or Corne. He was doctor of Paris, and contemporary with Rabelais, who, for what he says of this man, did not deserve, any more than Joachim de Bellay (who likewise speaks of him in his Petromachia) to be called a libertine, as they both are by Moreri upon this account (at the word *cornu*). This Mr. Horne died at Paris in 1542, and the same year came out a collection of epitaphs upon him, one of which runs thus,

Must we, alas! O doctor optime,
Must we lose you hisce temporibus?
In our great necessity, doctor egregie,
You do leave us plenos mœroribus.

See more in Naudæus and la Caille.

[5] *Fiat fiatur ad differentiam Papæ.*] This in the former translation runs *fiat, siat,* which is all wrong. *Siat* is no word at all; neither should it be *fiat* twice; but *fiatur,* after the first *fiat.* Because, as M. Duchat observes, Panurge at first says *fiat,* a word used by the pope at the bottom of such petitions as he vouchsafes to give a favourable answer to. But then Rabelais corrects himself, out of pure respectfulness, and says *fiatur,* in the Macaronic style. Merlin Coccaye Macaronic. 4. "Supplicat ut præstum, præstum vindicta fiatur."

[6] *My staff of love, &c.*] *Le virolet en poinct.* My lance couched. *Virolet* (though it signifies many things, and among the rest a man's peace-maker) has all the air of a small lance, and may not improperly be derived from *veru* (a spit in Latin) or *verou,* a small dart in the Languedochian dialect.

never toiled out; a thing which all men wish for, and send up their prayers to that purpose, but such a thing as nevertheless is granted but to few. Hence doth it follow by a consequence as clear as the sunbeams, that I will never be in the danger of being made a cuckold, for the defect hereof is *Causa sine qua non;* yea, the sole cause, as many think, of making husbands cuckolds. What makes poor scoundrel rogues to beg, I pray you? Is it not because they have not enough at home wherewith to fill their bellies and their pokes. What is it makes the wolves to leave the woods? Is it not the want of flesh meat? What maketh women whores? You understand me well enough. And herein may I very well submit my opinion to the judgment of learned lawyers, presidents, counsellors, advocates, procurers, attorneys, and other glossers and commentators on the venerable rubric, *De frigidis et maleficiatis.* You are, in truth, sir, as it seems to me, (excuse my boldness, if I have transgressed,) in a most palpable and absurd error, to attribute my horns to cuckoldry. Diana wears them on her head after the manner of a crescent. Is she a cucquean for that? How the devil can she be cuckolded, who never yet was married? Speak somewhat more correctly, I beseech you, lest she, being offended, furnish you with a pair of horns, shapen by the pattern of those which she made for Actæon. The goodly Bacchus also carries horns,—Pan, Jupiter Hammon, with a great many others. Are they all cuckolds? If Jove be a cuckold, Juno is a whore. This follows by the figure metalepsis; as to call a child in the presence of his father and mother, a bastard,[7] or whore's son, is tacitly and underboard, no less than if he had said openly, the father is a cuckold, and his wife a punk. Let our discourse come nearer to the purpose. The horns that my wife did make me are horns of abundance, planted and grafted in my head for the increase and shooting up of all good things. This will I affirm for truth, upon my word, and pawn my faith and credit both upon it. As for the rest, I will be no less joyful, frolic, glad, cheerful, merry, jolly, and gamesome, than a well-bended tabor in the hands of a good drummer at a nuptial feast, still making a noise, still rolling, still buz-

[7] *A bastard.*] *Avoistre:* an old French word for a child got in *avouterie* (as Chaucer calls it) i. e. adultery.

zing and cracking. Believe me, sir, in that consisteth none of my least good fortunes. And my wife will be jocund, feat, compt, neat, quaint, dainty, trim, tricked up, brisk, smirk, and smug, even as a pretty little Cornish chough. Who will not believe this, let hell or the gallows be the burden of his Christmas carol.

I remark, quoth Pantagruel, the last point or particle which you did speak of, and, having seriously conferred it with the first, find that at the beginning you were delighted with the sweetness of your dream; but in the end and final closure of it you startingly awaked, and on a sudden were forthwith vexed in choler, and annoyed. Yea, quoth Panurge, the reason of that was, because I had fasted too long. Flatter not yourself, quoth Pantagruel; all will go to ruin. Know for a certain truth, that every sleep that endeth with a starting, and leaves the person irksome, grieved, and fretting, doth either signify a present evil, or otherwise presageth and portendeth a future imminent mishap. To signify an evil, that is to say, to show some sickness hardly curable, a kind of pestilentious or malignant bile, botch, or sore, lying and lurking hid, occult, and latent within the very centre of the body, which many times doth by the means of sleep, whose nature is to reinforce and strengthen the faculty and virtue of concoction, begin according to the theorems of physic to declare itself, and moves toward the outward superfices. At this sad stirring is the sleeper's rest and ease disturbed and broken, whereof the first feeling and stinging smart admonisheth, that he must patiently endure great pain and trouble, and thereunto provide some remedy: as when we say proverbially, to incense hornets, move a stinking puddle, and to awake a sleeping lion, instead of these more usual expressions, and of a more familiar and plain meaning, to provoke angry persons, to make a thing the worse by meddling with it, and to irritate a testy choleric man when he is at quiet. On the other part, to presage or foretel an evil, especially in what concerneth the exploits of the soul, in matter of somnial divinations, is as much as to say as that it giveth us to understand, that some dismal fortune or mischance is destinated and prepared for us, which shortly will not fail to come to pass. A clear and evident example hereof is to be found in the dream and dreadful awaking of

Hecuba, as likewise in that of Euridice, the wife of Orpheus. neither of which was no sooner finished, saith Ennius, but that incontinently thereafter they awaked in a start, and were affrighted horribly. Thereupon these accidents ensued; Hecuba had her husband Priamus, together with her children, slain before her eyes, and saw then the destruction of her country; and Euridice died speedily thereafter in a most miserable manner. Æneas, dreaming that he spoke to Hector a little after his decease, did on a sudden on a great start, awake, and was afraid. Now hereupon did follow this event; Troy that same night was spoiled, sacked, and burnt. At another time the same Æneas, dreaming that he saw his familiar Genii and Penates, in a ghastly fright and astonishment awaked, of which terror and amazement the issue was, that the very next day subsequent, by a most horrible tempest on the sea, he was like to have perished, and been cast away. Moreover, Turnus being prompted, instigated, and stirred up by the fantastic vision of an infernal fury, to enter into a bloody war against Æneas, awaked in a start much troubled and disquieted in spirit, in sequel whereof, after many notable and famous routs, defeats, and discomfitures in open field, he came at last to be killed in a single combat by the said Æneas. A thousand other instances I could afford, if it were needful, of this matter. Whilst I relate these stories of Æneas, remark the saying of Fabius Pictor, who faithfully averred, That nothing had at any time befallen unto, was done, or enterprised by him, whereof he had not previously had notice, and before-hand foreseen it to the full, by sure predictions altogether founded on the oracles of somnial divination. To this there is no want of pregnant reasons, no more than of examples. For if repose and rest in sleeping be a special gift and favour of the gods, as is maintained by the philosophers, and by the poet attested[8] in these lines,

> Then sleep, that heavenly gift, came to refresh
> Of human labourers the wearied flesh;

such a gift or benefit can never finish or terminate in wrath and indignation, without portending some unlucky fate, and most disastrous fortune to ensue. Otherwise it were a

[8] *Attested.*] Virg. Æneid ii.

> "Tempus erat quo prima quies, mortalibus ægris
> Incipit, et dono divûm gratissima serpit."

molestation, and not an ease; a scourge, and not a gift; at least, not proceeding from the gods above, but from the infernal devils our enemies, according to the common vulgar saying.

Suppose the lord, father, or master of a family, sitting at a very sumptuous dinner, furnished with all manner of good cheer, and having at his entry to the table his appetite sharp set upon his victuals, whereof there was great plenty, should be seen rise in a start, and on a sudden fling out of his chair, abandoning his meat, frighted, appalled, and in a horrid terror, who should not know the cause hereof would wonder, and be astonished exceedingly. But what? he heard his male servants cry, Fire, fire, fire, fire! his serving maids and women yell, Stop thief, stop thief! and all his children shout as loud as ever they could, Murder, O murder, murder! Then was it not high time for him to leave his banqueting, for application of a remedy in haste, and to give speedy order for succouring of his distressed household? Truly, I remember, that the Cabalists and Massorets, interpreters of the sacred Scriptures, in treating how with verity one might judge of evangelical apparitions, (because oftentimes the angel of Satan is disguised and transfigured into an angel of light,) said, That the difference of these two mainly did consist in this. The favourable and comforting angel useth in his appearance unto man at first to terrify and hugely affright him, but in the end he bringeth consolation, leaveth the person who hath seen him, joyful, well pleased, fully content, and satisfied. On the other side, the angel of perdition, that wicked, devilish, and malignant spirit, at his appearance unto any person, in the beginning cheereth up the heart of his beholder, but at last forsakes him, and leaves him troubled, angry, and perplexed.

CHAPTER XV.

Panurge's excuse and exposition of the monastic mystery concerning powdered beef.

THE Lord save those who see, and do not hear! quoth Panurge. I see you well enough, but know not what it is that you have said. The hunger-starved belly wanteth ears. For lack of victuals, before God, I roar, bray, yell, and fume,

as in a furious madness. I have performed too hard a task to-day, an extraordinary work indeed. He shall be craftier, and do far greater wonders than ever did Mr. Mush, who shall be able any more this year to bring me on the stage of preparation for a dreaming verdict. Fie! not to sup at all, that is the devil. Pox take that fashion! Come, Friar John, let us go break our fast; for if I hit on such a round refection in the morning, as will serve thoroughly to fill the mill-hopper and hogs-hide of my stomach, and furnish it with meat and drink sufficient, then at a pinch, as in the case of some extreme necessity which presseth, I could make a shift that day to forbear dining. But not to sup! A plague rot that base custom, which is an error offensive to nature. That lady made the day for exercise, to travel, work, wait on, and labour in each his negotiation and employment; and, that we may with the more fervency and ardour prosecute our business, she sets before us a clear burning candle, to wit, the sun's resplendency; and at night, when she begins to take the light from us, she thereby tacitly implies no less, than if she would have spoken thus unto us: My lads and lasses, all of you are good and honest folks, you have wrought well to-day, toiled and turmoiled enough,—the night approacheth,—therefore cast off these moiling cares of yours, desist from all your swinking painful labours, and set your minds how to refresh your bodies in the renewing of their vigour with good bread, choice wine, and store of wholesome meats; then may you take some sport and recreation, and after that lie down and rest yourselves, that you may strongly, nimbly, lustily, and with the more alacrity to-morrow attend on your affairs as formerly.

Falconers in like manner, when they have fed their hawks, will not suffer them to fly on a full gorge, but let them on a perch abide a little, that they may rouse, bait, tower, and soar the better. That good pope, who was the first institutor of fasting, understood this well enough; for he ordained that our fast should reach but to the hour of noon; all the remainder of that day was at our disposure, freely to eat and feed at any time thereof. In ancient times there were but few that dined, as you would say, some churchmen, monks, and canons, for they have little other occupation. Each day is a festival unto them, who diligently heed the claustral

proverb, *De missa ad mensam.* They do not use to linger and defer their sitting down and placing of themselves at table, only so long as they have a mind in waiting for the coming of the abbot; so they fell to without ceremony, terms, or conditions; and every body supped, unless it were some vain, conceited, dreaming dotard. Hence was a supper called cæna, which showeth that it is common to all sorts of people. Thou knowest it well, Friar John. Come, let us go, my dear friend, in the name of all the devils of the infernal regions, let us go. The gnawings of my stomach in this rage of hunger are so tearing, that they make it bark like a mastiff. Let us throw some bread and beef into his throat to pacify him, as once the sibyl did to Cerberus. Thou likest best monastical brewess, the prime, the flower of the pot. I am for the solid, principal verb that comes after—the good brown loaf, always accompanied with a round slice of the Nine-lecture-powdered labourer. I know thy meaning, answered Friar John; this metaphor is extracted out of the Claustral kettle. The labourer is the ox, that hath wrought and done the labour; after the fashion of nine lectures, that is to say, most exquisitely well and thoroughly boiled. These holy religious fathers, by a certain cabalistic institution of the ancients, not written, but carefully by tradition conveyed from hand to hand, rising betimes to go to morning prayers, were wont to flourish that their matutinal devotion with some certain notable preambles before their entry into the church, viz., They dunged in the dungeries, pissed in the pisseries, spit in the spitteries, melodiously coughed in the cougheries, and doted in their doteries, that to the divine service they might not bring any thing that was unclean or foul. These things thus done, they very zealously made their repair to the Holy Chapel, for so was in their canting language termed the convent kitchen, where they with no small earnestness had care that the beef pot should be put on the crook for the breakfast of the religious brothers of our Lord and Saviour; and the fire they would kindle under the pot themselves. Now, the matins, consisting of nine lessons, were so incumbent on them, that they must have risen the earlier for the more expedite dispatching of them all. The sooner that they rose, the sharper was their appetite, and the barkings of

their stomachs, and the gnawings increased in the like proportion, and consequently made these godly men thrice more a hungered and a thirst, than when their matins were hemmed over only with three lessons. The more betimes they rose, by the said cabal, the sooner was the beef pot put on; the longer that the beef was on the fire, the better it was boiled; the more it boiled, it was the tenderer; the tenderer that it was, the less it troubled the teeth, delighted more the palate, less charged the stomach,[1] and nourished our good religious men the more substantially; which is the only end and prime intention of the first founders, as appears by this, That they eat, not to live, but live to eat, and in this world have nothing but their life. Let us go, Panurge.

Now have I understood thee, quoth Panurge, my plushcod friar, my caballine and claustral ballock. I freely quit the costs, interest, and charges, seeing you have so egregiously commented upon the most especial chapter of the culinary and monastic cabal. Come along, my Carpalim, and you, Friar John, my leather-dresser. Good morrow to you all, my good lords: I have dreamed enough to drink. Let us go. Panurge had no sooner done speaking, than Epistemon with a loud voice said these words. It is a very ordinary and common thing amongst men to conceive, foresee, know, and presage the misfortune, bad luck, or disaster of another; but to have the understanding, providence, knowledge, and prediction of a man's own mishap, is very scarce, and rare to be found any where. This is exceeding judiciously and prudently deciphered by Æsop in his Apologues, who there affirmeth, That every man in the world carrieth about his neck a wallet, in the fore-bag whereof are contained the faults and mischances of others, always exposed to his view and knowledge; and in the other scrip thereof, which hangs behind, are kept the bearer's proper transgressions, and inauspicious adventures, at no time seen by him, nor thought upon, unless he be a person that hath a favourabl aspect from the heavens.

[1] *Less charged the stomach.*] In Francis the First's time powdered beef was much in vogue, even at gentlemen's tables; but much more in the convents, where, that it might digest the better with people that led an unactive life, they boiled it almost to rags.

CHAPTER XVI.

How Pantagruel adviseth Panurge to consult with the Sibyl of Panzoust.

A LITTLE while thereafter Pantagruel sent for Panurge, and said unto him, The affection which I bear you being now inveterate, and settled in my mind by a long continuance of time, prompteth me to the serious consideration of your welfare and profit; in order whereto, remark what I have thought thereon. It hath been told me that at Panzoust,[1] near Crouly, dwelleth a very famous sibyl, who is endowed with the skill of foretelling all things to come. Take Epistemon in your company, repair towards her, and hear what she will say unto you. She is possibly, quoth Epistemon, some Canidia,[2] Sagana, or Pythonissa, either whereof with us is vulgarly called a witch,—I being the more easily induced to give credit to the truth of this character of her, that the place of her abode is vilely stained with the abominable repute of abounding more with sorcerers and witches than ever did the plains of Thessaly.[3] I should not, to my thinking, go thither willingly, for that it seems to me a thing unwarrantable, and altogether forbidden in the law of Moses. We are not Jews, quoth Pantagruel, nor is it a matter judically confessed by her, nor authentically proved by others that she is a witch. Let us for the present suspend our judgment, and defer till after your return from thence the sifting and garbeling of those niceties. How know we but that she may be an eleventh sibyl, or a second Cassandra? But although she were neither, and she did not merit the name or title of any of these renowned prophetesses, what hazard, in the name of God, do you run, by offering to talk and confer with her, of the instant perplexity and perturbation of your thoughts? Seeing especially, and which is most of all, she is, in the estimation of those that are acquainted with her, held to know more, and to be of a deeper reach of understanding, than is either customary to the country wherein she liveth, or to the sex whereof she is. What hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the laudable desire of knowledge bring

[1] *Panzoust.*] A parish in the precinct of Poictiers.
[2] *Canidia, &c.*] Famous sorceresses, mentioned by Horace, l. i. Sat. 8.
[3] *Thessaly.*] See Erasmus's adages, at the words *Thessala mulier.*

to any man, were it from a sot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter mittain, a truckle for a pully, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil-bottle, or old slipper? You may remember[4] to have read, or heard at least, that Alexander the Great, immediately after his having obtained a glorious victory over the King Darius at Arbela, refused, in the presence of the splendid and illustrious courtiers that were about him, to give audience to a poor certain despicable like fellow, who, through the solicitations and mediation of some of his royal attendants, was admitted humbly to beg that grace and favour of him. But sore did he repent, although in vain, a thousand and ten thousand times thereafter, the surly state which he then took upon him to the denial of so just a suit, the grant whereof would have been worth unto him the value of a brace of potent cities. He was indeed victorious in Persia, but withal so far distant from Macedonia, his hereditary kingdom, that the joy of the one did not expel the extreme grief, which through occasion of the other he had inwardly conceived; for not being able with all his power to find or invent a convenient mean and expedient, how to get or come by the certainty of any news from thence, both by reason of the huge remoteness of the places from one to another, as also because of the impeditive interposition of many great rivers, the interjacent obstacle of divers wild deserts, and obstructive interjection of sundry almost inaccessible mountains,—whilst he was in this sad quandary and solicitous pensiveness, which, you may suppose, could not be a small vexation to him, considering that it was a matter of no great difficulty to run over his whole native soil, possess his country, seize on his kingdom, instal a new king in the throne, and plant thereon foreign colonies, long before he could come to have any advertisement of it: for obviating the jeopardy of so dreadful inconveniency, and putting a fit remedy thereto, a certain Sidonian merchant of a low stature, but high fancy, very poor in shew, and, to the outward appearance, of little or no account, having presented himself before him, went about to affirm and declare, that he had excogitated and hit upon a ready mean and way, by the which those of his territories at home should come to the certain notice of his Indian victories, and himself be perfectly informed of the state and

[4] *You may remember.*] This anecdote is taken from Lucian's "*Ridiculous Orator.*"

condition of Egypt and Macedonia, within less than five days. Whereupon the said Alexander, plunged into a sullen animadvertency of mind, through his rash opinion of the improbability of performing a so strange and impossible-like undertaking, dismissed the merchant without giving ear to what he had to say, and vilified him. What could it have cost him to hearken unto what the honest man had invented and contrived for his good? What detriment, annoyance, damage, or loss could he have undergone to listen to the discovery of that secret, which the good fellow would have most willingly revealed unto him? Nature, I am persuaded, did not without a cause frame our ears open, putting thereto no gate at all, nor shutting them up with any manner of inclosures, as she hath done upon the tongue, the eyes, and other such out-jetting parts of the body. The cause as I imagine, is, to the end that every day and every night, and that continually, we may be ready to hear, and by a perpetual hearing apt to learn. For, of all the senses, it is the fittest for the reception of the knowledge of arts, sciences, and disciplines; and it may be, that man was an angel, that is to say, a messenger sent from God, as Raphael was to Tobit. Too suddenly did he contemn, despise, and misregard him; but too long thereafter, by an untimely and too late repentance, did he do penance for it. You say very well, answered Epistemon, yet shall you never for all that induce me to believe, that it can tend any way to the advantage or commodity of a man, to take advice and counsel of a woman, namely, of such a woman, and the woman of such a country. Truly I have found, quoth Panurge, a great deal of good in the counsel of women, chiefly in that of the old wives amongst them; for, every time I consult with them, I readily get a stool or two extraordinary, to the great solace of my bum-gut passage. They are as sloth-hounds in the infallibility of their scent, and in their sayings no less sententious than the rubrics of the law.[5] Therefore in my conceit it is not an improper kind of speech to call them sage or wise women. In confirmation of which opinion of mine, the customary style of my language alloweth them the denomination of presage women. The epithet of sage is due unto them, because they are surpassing dexterous in the knowledge

[5] *Rubrics of the law.*] The title pages of the old books of law were written, or printed in red.]

of most things. And I give them the title of presage, for that they divinely foresee, and certainly foretell future contingencies, and events of things to come. Sometimes I call them not maunettes,[5] but monettes, from their wholesome monitions. Whether it be so, ask Pythagoras, Socrates, Empedocles, and our master, Ortuinus.[6] I furthermore praise and commend above the skies the ancient memorable institution of the pristine Germans, who ordained the responses and documents of old women to be highly extolled, most cordially reverenced, and prized at a rate in nothing inferior to the weight, test, and standard of the sanctuary. And as they were respectfully prudent in receiving of these sound advices, so by honouring and following them did they prove no less fortunate in the happy success of all their endeavours. Witness the old wife Aurinia,[7] and the good mother Velleda, in the days of Vespasian. You need not any way doubt, but that feminine old age is always fructifying in qualities sublime, I would have said sibylline. Let us go, by the help, let us go, by the virtue of God, let us go. Farewell, Friar John, I recommend the care of my codpiece to you. Well, quoth Epistemon, I will follow you, with this protestation nevertheless, that if I happen to get a sure information, or otherwise find, that she doth use any kind of charm or enchantment in her responses, it may not be imputed to me for a blame to leave you at the gate of her house, without accompanying you any further in.

CHAPTER XVII.

How Panurge spoke to the Sibyl of Panzoust.

THEIR voyage was six days journeying. On the seventh whereof, was shown unto them the house of the vaticinatress,

[5] *Maunettes.*] Malnettes,—Sluts. *Malè nitidæ.*

[6] *Master Ortuinus.*] The same to whom the famous "Epistolæ obscurorum virorum" are addressed. In one of them a certain person, called Conrad Stildriot, tells Ortuinus, that by not sticking to some old woman, as he did, the said doctor had given offence to, and scandalized the whole city of Cologne, in getting Henry Quantel the bookseller's maid, with child. Perhaps Rabelais here would give us to understand that Ortuinus, grown wiser and more cautious by the noise this affair had made, even followed his old nurse's council, who was continually preaching to him to have to do with no other woman but herself.

[7] *Aurinia.*] See Tacitus, De moribus Germanorum; Cæsar, Comment. l. i.; the Lives of Marius, and of Cæsar, in Plutarch, &c.

standing on the knap or top of a hill, under a large and spacious walnut-tree. Without great difficulty they entered into that straw-thatched cottage, scurvily built, naughtily moveabled, and all besmoked. It matters not, quoth Epistemon; Heraclitus, the grand Scotist, and tenebrous darksome philosopher, was nothing astonished at his introit into such a coarse and paltry habitation; for he did usually show forth unto his sectators and disciples, that the gods made as cheerfully their residence in these mean homely mansions, as in sumptuous magnificent palaces, replenished with all manner of delight, pomp, and pleasure. I withal do really believe, that the dwelling-place of the so famous and renowned Hecate was just such another petty cell as this is, when she made a feast therein to the valiant Theseus; and that of no other better structure was the cot or cabin of Hyreus, or Œnopion, wherein Jupiter, Neptune, and Mercury were not ashamed, all three together, to harbour and sojourn a whole night, and there to take a full and hearty repast; and in payment of the shot they thankfully pissed Orion. They finding the ancient woman at a corner of her own chimney, Epistemon said, she is indeed a true sibyl, and the lively portrait of one represented by the Γρηϊ καμινοῖ of Homer.[1] The old hag was in a pitiful bad plight and condition, in matter of the outward state and complexion of her body, the ragged and tattered equipage of her person, in the point of accoutrement, and beggarly poor provision of fare for her diet and entertainment; for she was ill apparelled, worse nourished, toothless, blear-eyed, crook-shouldered, snotty, her nose still dropping, and herself still drooping, faint, and pithless; whilst in this wofully wretched case she was making ready, for her dinner, porridge of wrinkled green coleworts, with a sweṛd of yellow bacon, mixed with a twice before cooked sort of waterish, unsavoury broth,[2] extracted

[1] The words are Homer's in his Odyss. l. xviii. ver. 27. Γρηϊ Καμινοῖ ἶσος, or *vetulæ fuliginosæ similis;* a comparison made by that scurrilous scrub Irus, who being deceived by the piteous mien and dress of Ulysses, likens that great man to an old woman, who, not having once quitted her fireside during the whole winter, had been all that time a smoke-drying herself in the chimney corner.

[2] *Unsavoury broth, &c.*] *Savorados:* a Limosin word, says Cotgrave, for this same bone-broth; not very savory I reckon, for all its name; but it is spoken, I suppose, by way of abuse, (*catachrestically*): as the Latins sometimes call a swimming-place (*natatoria*) by the name of a fish-pond (*piscini*), when there is not a fish in it.

out of bare and hollow bones. Epistemon said, by the cross of a groat, we are to blame, nor shall we get from her any response at all, for we have not brought along with us the branch of gold. I have, quoth Panurge, provided pretty well for that, for here I have it within my bag, in the substance of a gold ring, accompanied with some fair pieces of small money. No sooner were these words spoken, when Panurge coming up towards her, after the ceremonial performance of a profound and humble salutation,[3] presented her with six neats' tongues dried in the smoke, a great butter-pot full of fresh cheese,[4] a boracho furnished with good beverage, and a ram's cod stored with single pence, newly coined. At last he, with a low courtesy, put on her medical finger a pretty handsome golden ring, whereinto was right artificially enchased a precious toadstone of Beausse. This done, in few words and very succinctly, did he set open and expose unto her the motive reason of his coming, most civilly and courteously entreating her, that she might be pleased to vouchsafe to give him an ample and plenary intelligence concerning the future good luck of his intended marriage.

The old trot for a while remained silent, pensive, and grinning like a dog; then, after she had set her withered breech upon the bottom of a bushel, she took into her hands three old spindles, which when she had turned and whirled betwixt her fingers very diversely, and after several fashions, she pryed more narrowly into, by the trial of their points, the sharpest whereof she retained in her hand, and threw the other two under a stone trough. After this she took a pair

[3] *Profound salutation.*] This way of saluting is according to the rules, as Verville, in his "le möen de parvenir," asserts. His words are, "When the gentleman was going to make a very low bow to the lady, pray, sir, said she, forbear your compliments; none of your hat; I beseech you be covered, sir. Pray, madam, says he, forbear courtesying; none of your buttocks; I beseech you stand upright, madam." Thus the men salute with their hat, and the women with their breech.

[4] *Fresh Cheese.*] *Coscotons* in the original, which, though Cotgrave calls fresh cheese, and likewise curds, is quite another sort of belly-timber, according to the Sieur Mouette's description of it, in the account he gives of his captivity at Fez and Morocco. It is an African *olla podrida*, and promises to be a very good dish. The natives call it *cuscusu*. If the reader has no mind to go and eat it on the spot, he may see a receipt how to make it here, in Duchat's notes on l. i. c. xxvii. of Rabelais.

of yarn windles, which she nine times unintermittedly veered, and frisked about, then at the ninth revolution or turn, without touching them any more, maturely perpending the manner of their motion, she very demurely waited on their repose and cessation from any further stirring. In sequel whereof, she pulled off one of her wooden pattens, put her apron over her head, as a priest uses to do his amice, when he is going to sing mass, and with a kind of antic, gaudy, party-coloured string,[5] knit it under her neck. Being thus covered and muffled, she whiffed off a lusty good draught out of the boracho, took three several pence forth of the ram-cod fob, put them into so many walnut shells, which she set down upon the bottom of a feather-pot, and then, after she had given them three whisks of a broom besom athwart the chimney, casting into the fire half a bevin of long heather, together with a branch of dry laurel, she observed with a very hush and coy silence, in what form they did burn, and saw, that, although they were in a flame, they made no kind of noise, or crackling din. Hereupon she gave a most hideous and horribly dreadful shout, muttering betwixt her teeth some few barbarous words, of a strange termination.

This so terrified Panurge that he forthwith said to Epistemon, the devil mince me into a gallimaufry, if I do not tremble for fear! I do not think but that I am now enchanted; for she uttereth not her voice in the terms of any Christian language. O look, I pray you, how she seemeth unto me to be by three full spans higher than she was when she began to hood herself with her apron. What meaneth this restless wagging of her slouchy chaps? What can be the signification of the uneven shrugging of her hulchy shoulders? To what end does she quaver with her lips, like a monkey in the dismembering of a lobster? My ears through horror glow; ah! how they tingle! I think I hear the shrieking of Proserpina; the devils are breaking loose to be all here. O the foul, ugly, and deformed beasts! Let us run away! by the hook of God I am like to die for fear! I do not love the devils; they vex me, and are unpleasant fellows. Now let us fly, and betake us to our heels. Farewell, Gammer, thanks and grammercy for your goods! I

[5] *Party-coloured string.*] The equipage of the old heathen sorceresses. See Lucian's false prophet.

will not marry, no, believe me, I will not. I fairly quit my interest therein, and totally abandon and renounce it from this time forward, even as much as at present. With this, as he endeavoured to make an escape out of the room, the old crone did anticipate his flight, and make him stop. The way how she prevented him was this. Whilst in her hand she held the spindle, she hurried out to a back-yard close by her lodge, where, after she had peeled off the bark of an old sycamore three several times, she very summarily, upon eight leaves which dropped from thence, wrote with the spindle-point some curt and briefly-couched verses, which she threw into the air, then said unto them, search after them if you will; find them if you can; the fatal destinies of your marriage are written in them.

No sooner had she done thus speaking than she did withdraw herself unto her lurking-hole, where on the upper seat of the porch she tucked up her gown, her coats and smock, as high as her arm-pits, and gave them a full inspection of the nockandroe:[6] which being perceived by Panurge, he said to Epistemon, God's bodikins, I see the sibyl's hole,[7] where many have perished, in seeing: let's fly this hole. She suddenly then bolted the gate behind her, and was never since seen any more. They jointly ran in haste after the fallen and dispersed leaves, and gathered them at last, though not without great labour and toil, for the wind had scattered them amongst the thorn-bushes of the valley. When they had ranged them each after other in their due places, they found out their sentence, as it is metrified in this octastic.

Thy fame upheld,[8]
Even so, so:
And she with child
Of thee: No.

[6] *The nockandroe.*] *Le cul, &c.* i. e. The devil's arse in the peak, and the peak beyond.

[7] *The Sibyl's hole.*] Virgil, Æneid, l. 6, v. 10.

"Horrendæque procul secreta Sibyllæ,
Antrum immane petit."

[8] *Thy fame upheld,*
Even so, so;
These two Lilliputian lines are wrong in the English, and should run thus, as the reader will see presently;

Thy fame will be shell'd,
By her, I trow, &c.

Thy good end
Suck she shall,
And flay thee, friend,
But not all.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Pantagruel and Panurge did diversly expound the verses of the Sibyl of Panzoust.

THE leaves being thus collected, and orderly disposed, Epistemon and Panurge returned to Pantagruel's court, partly well pleased, and other part discontented: glad for their being come back, and vexed for the trouble they had sustained by the way, which they found to be craggy, rugged, stony, rough, and ill adjusted. They made an ample and full relation of their voyage unto Pantagruel; as likewise of the estate and condition of the sibyl. Then having presented to him the leaves of the sycamore, they show him the short and twattle verses that were written in them. Pantagruel, having read and considered the whole sum and substance of the matter, fetched from his heart a deep and heavy sigh, then said to Panurge: You are now, forsooth, in a good taking, and have brought your hogs to a fine market. The prophecy of the sibyl doth explain and lay out before us the very same predictions which have been denoted, foretold, and presaged to us by the decree of the Virgilian lots, and the verdict of your own proper dreams; to wit, that you shall be very much disgraced, shamed, and discredited by your wife: for that she will make you a cuckold, in prostituting herself to others, being big with child by another than you,—will steal from you a great deal of your goods, and will beat you, scratch, and bruise you, even to plucking the skin in a part from off you;—will leave the print of her blows in some member of your body. You understand as much, answered Panurge, in the veritable interpretation and expounding of recent prophecies, as a sow in the matter of

T'esgoussera.
De renom.
Engroisserà.
De toy : non.
Te sugcera.
Le bon bout.
T'escorchera.
Mais non tout.

These are the eight verses, which must be read in this order. They were traced on so many sycamore leaves.

spicery.[1] Be not offended, Sir, I beseech you, that I speak thus boldly; for I find myself a little in choler, and that not without cause, seeing it is the contrary that is true. Take heed, and give attentive ear unto my words. The old wife said, that as the bean is not seen till first it be unhusked, and that its swad or hull be shaled, and peeled from off it, so it is that my virtue and transcendant worth will never come by the mouth of fame to be blazed abroad, proportionable to the height, extent, and measure of the excellency thereof, until preallably I get a wife, and make the full half of a married couple. How many times have I heard you say, that the function of a magistrate, and office of dignity, discovereth the merits, parts, and endowments of the person so advanced and promoted, and what is in him. That is to say, we are then best able to judge aright of the deservings of a man, when he is called to the management of affairs: for, when before he lived in a private condition, we could have no more certain knowledge of him, than of a bean within his husk. And thus stands the first article explained: Otherwise could you imagine, that the good fame, repute, and estimation of an honest man should depend upon the tail of a whore?

Now to the meaning of the second article! My wife will be with child, here lies the prime felicity of marriage, but not of me. Copsody, that I do believe indeed! It will be of a pretty little infant. O how heartily I shall love it! I do already dote upon it; for it will be my dainty feedle-darling, my genteel dilly-minion. From thenceforth no vexation, care, or grief shall take such deep impression in my heart, how hugely great or vehement soever it otherwise appear, but that it shall vanish forthwith, at the sight of that my future babe, and at the hearing of the chat and prating of its childish gibberish. And blessed be the old wife. By my truly, I have a mind to settle some good revenue or

[1] *As a sow in the matter of spicery.*] A proof that swine are dainty-mouthed upon occasion, but above all very quick scented, is their being made use of (by tying a string to their leg) to find out where truffles lie in the ground, which they would presently devour as soon as they have rooted them out, were they not muzzled. So that the proverb, which speaks ironically of a sow's taste for spicery, is not properly to be understood of aromatics, but only sugar-plums and other sweet-meats, which they no more value than they do a pearl.

pension upon her, out of the readiest increase of the lands of my Salmigondinois; not an inconstant, and uncertain rent-seek, like that of witless, giddy-headed bachelors, but sure and fixed, of the nature of the well-paid incomes of regenting doctors. If this interpretation doth not please you, think you my wife will bear me in her flanks, conceive with me, and be of me delivered, as women use in childbed to bring forth their young ones; so as that it may be said, Panurge is a second Bacchus, he hath been twice born; he is re-born, as was Hippolytus,—as was Proteus, one time of Thetis, and secondly, of the mother of the philosopher Apollonius,[2] as were the two Palici,[3] near the flood Simæthos in Sicily. His wife was big of child with him. In him is renewed and begun again the palintokis[4] of the Megarians, and the palingenesis[5] of Democritus. Fie upon such errors! To hear stuff of that nature rends mine ears.

The words of the third article are: She will suck me at my best end. Why not? That pleaseth me right well. You know the thing; I need not tell you, that it is my intercrural pudding with one end. I swear and promise, that, in what I can, I will preserve it sappy, full of juice, and as well victualled for her use as may be. She shall not suck me, I believe, in vain, nor be destitute of her allowance; there shall her justum both in peck and lippy be furnished to the full eternally. You expound this passage allegorically, and interpret it to theft and larceny. I love the exposition, and the allegory pleaseth me; but not according to the sense whereto you stretch it. It may be, that the sincerity of the affection which you bear me moveth you to harbour in your breast those refractory thoughts concerning me, with a suspicion of my adversity to come. We have this saying from the learned, That a marvellously fearful thing is love, and that true love is never without fear. But, Sir, according to my judgment, you do understand both of and by yourself,

[2] *The mother, &c.*] See Philostratus, l. i. c. iii. of Apollonius's life.

[3] *The two Palici.*] The two Palici or Palisci: two brethren, the sons of Jupiter and of the nymph Thalia, or Ætna, who for fear of Juno, desired the earth to open and hide her; so it did, and there she was ten months, and then it let her out again, and she brought forth her children, whence they were called Palici, ἀπο τῦ πάλιν ἰκεσθαι. Camb. Dict. Macrob. Saturn. l. v. c. xix.

[4] *The palintokis.*] See Plutarch, *on Greek affairs*, question 18.

[5] *The palingenesis.*] i. e. Second birth. See Cicero, *de Finibus*, lib. i.]

that here stealth signifieth nothing else, no more than in a thousand other places of Greek and Latin, old and modern writings, but the sweet fruits of amorous dalliance, which Venus liketh best when reaped in secret, and culled by fervent lovers filchingly. Why so? I prithee tell. Because, when the feat of the loose coat skirmish happeneth to be done under-hand and privily, between two well-disposed, athwart the steps of a pair of stairs lurkingly, and in covert, behind a suit of hangings, or close hid and trussed upon an unbound faggot, it is more pleasing to the Cyprian goddess, and to me also,—I speak this without prejudice to any better, or more sound opinion,—than to perform that culbusting art, after the Cynic manner, in the view of the clear sunshine, or in a rich tent, under a precious stately canopy, within a glorious and sublime pavilion, or yet on a soft couch betwixt rich curtains of cloth of gold, without affrightment, at long intermediate respits, enjoying of pleasures and delights a bellyfull, all at great ease, with a huge fly-flap fan of crimson satin, and a bunch of feathers of some East Indian ostrich, serving to give chase unto the flies all round about; whilst, in the interim, the female picks her teeth with a stiff straw, picked even then from out of the bottom of the bed she lies on. If you be not content with this my exposition, are you of the mind that my wife will suck and sup me up, as people use to gulp and swallow oysters out of the shell? or as the Cicilian women, according to the testimony of Dioscorides,[6] were wont to do the grain of Alkermes? Assuredly that is an error. Who seizeth on it, doth neither gulch up, nor swill down, but takes away what hath been packed up, catcheth, snatcheth, and plies the play of hey-pass, repass.

The fourth article doth imply, that my wife will flay me, but not all. O the fine word! You interpret this to beating strokes and blows. Speak wisely. Will you eat a pudding? Sir, I beseech you to raise up your spirits above the low-sized pitch of earthly thoughts unto that height of sublime contemplation, which reacheth to the apprehension of the mysteries and wonders of dame Nature. And here be pleased to condemn yourself, by a renouncing of those errors which you have committed very grossly, and somewhat perversely, in expounding the pro-

[6] *Dioscorides.*] L. iv. c. xliii.

phetic sayings of the holy sibyl. Yet put the case, (albeit I yield not to it,) that, by the instigation of the devil, my wife should go about to wrong me, make me a cuckold down to my very breech, disgrace me otherways, steal my goods from me, yea, and lay violently her hands upon me;—she nevertheless should fail of her attempts and not attain to the proposed end of her unreasonable undertakings. The reason which induceth me hereto, is totally grounded on this last point, which is extracted from the profoundest privacies of a monastic pantheology, as good Friar Arthur Wagtail told me once upon a Monday morning, as we were, (if I have not forgot,) eating a bushel of trotter-pies; and I remember well it rained hard. God give him the good morrow! The women at the beginning of the world, or a little after, conspired to flay the men quick, because they found the spirit of mankind inclined to domineer it, and bear rule over them upon the face of the whole earth; and, in pursuit of this their resolution, promised, confirmed, swore, and covenanted amongst themselves by the pure faith they owe to the nocturnal Sanct Rogero. But O the vain enterprises of women! O the great fragility of that sex feminine! They did begin to flay the man, or peel him,[7] (as says Catullus,) at that member which of all the body they loved best, to wit, the nervous and cavernous cane, and that above five thousand years ago; yet have they not of that small part alone flayed any more till this hour but the head. In mere despite whereof the Jews snip off that parcel of the skin in circumcision, choosing far rather to be called clipyards, rascals, than to be flayed by women, as are other nations. My wife, according to this female covenant, will flay it to me, if it be not so already. I heartily grant my consent thereto, but will not give her leave to flay it at all. Nay, truly will I not, my noble king.

Yea, but quoth Epistemon, you say nothing of her most dreadful cries and exclamations, when she and we both saw the laurel-bough burn without yielding any noise or crackling. You know it is a very dismal omen, an inauspicious

[7] *Peel him.*] Catullus, Epigr. lviii. speaking to Cœlius of his faithless, falsehearted Lesbia.

"Nunc in quadriviis, et angiportis,
Glubit magnanimos Remi nepotes."

sign, unlucky indice, and token formidable, bad, disastrous, and most unhappy, as is certified by Propertius, Tibullus, the quick philosopher Porphyrius, Eustathius on the Iliads of Homer, and by many others. Verily, verily, quoth Panurge, brave are the allegations which you bring me, and testimonies of two-footed calves. These men were fools, as they were poets; and dotards, as they were philosophers; full of folly, as they were of philosophy.

CHAPTER XIX.

How Pantagruel praiseth the counsel of dumb men.

PANTAGRUEL, when this discourse was ended, held for a pretty while his peace, seeming to be exceeding sad and pensive, then said to Panurge, The malignant spirit misleads, beguileth and seduceth you. I have read, that in times past the surest and most veritable oracles were not those which either were delivered in writing, or uttered by word of mouth in speaking. For many times, in their interpretation, right witty, learned and ingenious men have been deceived through amphibologies, equivoques, and obscurity of words, no less than by the brevity of their sentences. For which cause Apollo, the god of vaticination, was surnamed Λοξίας.[1] Those which were represented then by signs and outward gestures, were accounted the truest and the most infallible. Such was the opinion of Heraclitus. And Jupiter did himself in this manner give forth in Ammon frequently predictions. Nor was he single in this practice; for Apollo did the like amongst the Assyrians. His prophecying thus unto those people moved them to paint him with a large long beard, and clothes beseeming an old settled person, of a most posed, staid, and grave behaviour; not naked, young, and beardless, as he was pourtrayed most usually amongst the Grecians. Let us make trial of this kind of fatidicency; and go you, take advice of some dumb person without any speaking. I am content, quoth Panurge. But, says Pantagruel, it were requisite that the dumb you consult with be such as have been deaf from the hour of their nativity, and consequently dumb, for none can be so lively, natural, and kindly dumb, as he who never heard.

How is it, quoth Panurge, that you conceive this matter?

[1] Λοξίας.] See the Saturnalia of Macrobius, l. i. c. xvii.

If you apprehend it so, that never any spoke, who had not before heard the specch of others, I will from that antecedent bring you to infer very logically a most absurd and paradoxical conclusion. But let it pass ; I will not insist on it. You do not then believe what Herodotus wrote of two children,[2] who at the special command and appointment of Psammeticus king of Egypt, having been kept in a petty country cottage, where they were nourished and entertained in a perpetual silence, did at last, after a certain long space of time, pronounce this word Bec, which in the Phrygian language signifieth Bread. Nothing less, quoth Pantagruel, do I believe, that it is a mere abusing of our understandings to give credit to the words of those, who say that there is any such thing as a natural language. All speeches have had their primary origin from the arbitrary institutions, accords and agreements of nations in their respective condescendments to what should be noted and betokened by them. An articulate voice, according to the dialecticians, hath naturally no signification at all ; for that the sense and meaning thereof did totally depend upon the good will and pleasure of the first deviser and imposer of it. I do not tell you this without a cause, for Bartholus, *Lib.* 5. *de Verb. Oblig.*, very seriously reporteth, that even in his time there was in Eugubia one named Sir Nello de Gabrielis, who, although he, by a sad mischance, became altogether deaf, understood, nevertheless, every one that talked in the Italian dialect howsoever he expressed himself; and that only by looking on his external gestures, and casting an attentive eye upon the divers motions of his lips and chaps. I have read, I remember also, in a very literate and eloquent author,[3] that Tyridates, King of Armenia, in the days of Nero, made a voyage to Rome, where he was received with great honour and solemnity, and with all manner of pomp and magnificence. Yea, to the end there might be a sempiternal amity and correspondence preserved betwixt him and the Roman Senate, there was no remarkable thing in the whole city which was not shown unto him. At his departure the emperor bestowed upon him many ample donatives. of an

[2] *What Herodotus wrote, &c.*] In the beginning of l. ii.

[3] *A very literate, &c.*] Lucian in his Dialogue of Dancing. See Suetonius, Pliny, and Tacitus, on this Armenian king's visiting Nero.

inestimable value: and besides, the more entirely to testify his affection towards him, heartily intreated him to be pleased to make choice of any whatsoever thing in Rome was most agreeable to his fancy; with a promise juramentally confirmed, that he should not be refused of his demand. Thereupon, after a suitable return of thanks for a so gracious offer, he required a certain Jack-pudding, whom he had seen to act his part most egregiously upon the stage, and whose meaning, albeit he knew not what it was he had spoken, he understood perfectly enough by the signs and gesticulations which he had made. And for this suit of his, in that he asked nothing else, he gave this reason,—That in the several wide and spacious dominions, which were reduced under the sway and authority of his sovereign government, there were sundry countries and nations much differing from one another in language, with whom, whether he was to speak unto them, or give any answer to their requests, he was always necessitated to make use of divers sorts of truchmen and interpreters. Now with this man alone, sufficient for supplying all their places, will that great inconveniency hereafter be totally removed; seeing he is such a fine gesticulator, and in the practice of chirology an artist so complete, expert and dexterous, that with his very fingers he doth speak. Howsoever, you are to pitch upon such a dumb one as is deaf by nature, and from his birth; to the end that his gestures and signs may be the more vividly and truly prophetic, and not counterfeit by the intermixture of some adulterate lustre and affectation. Yet whether this dumb person shall be of the male or female sex is in your option, lieth at your discretion, and altogether dependeth on your own election.

I would more willingly, quoth Panurge, consult with and be advised by a dumb woman, were it not that I am afraid of two things. The first is,—That the greater part of women, whatever it be that they see, do always represent unto their fancies, think and imagine, that it hath some relation to the sugared entering of the goodly ithyphallos, and graffing in the cleft of the overturned tree the quick-set-imp of the pin of copulation. Whatever signs, shews, or gestures we shall make, or whatever our behaviour, carriage or demeanour shall happen to be in their view and presence, they will in-

terpret the whole in reference to the act of androgynation, and the culbatizing exercise; by which means we shall be abusively disappointed of our designs, in regard that she will take all our signs for nothing else but tokens and representations of our desire to entice her unto the lists of a Cyprian combat, or catsenconny skirmish. Do you remember what happened at Rome[4] two hundred and threescore years after the foundation thereof? A young Roman gentleman encountering by chance at the foot of Mount Celion with a beautiful Latin lady named Verona, who from her very cradle upwards had always been both deaf and dumb, very civilly asked her, not without a chironomatic Italianising of his demand, with various jectigation of his fingers, and other gesticulations, as yet customary amongst the speakers of that country, What senators,[5] in her descent from the top of the hill, she had met with going up thither. For you are to conceive, that he, knowing no more of her deafness than dumbness, was ignorant of both. She in the meantime, who neither heard nor understood so much as one word of what he said, straight imagined, by all that she could apprehend in the lovely gesture of his manual signs, that what he then required of her was, what herself had a great mind to, even that which a young man doth naturally desire of a woman. Then was it, that by signs, which in all occurrences of venereal love are incomparably more attractive, valid and efficacious than words, she beckoned to him to come along with her to her house; which when he had done, she drew him aside to a privy room, and then made a most lively alluring sign unto him, to show that the game did please her. Whereupon, without any more advertisement, or so much as the uttering of one word on either side, they fell to, and bringuardised it lustily.

The other cause of my being averse from consulting with dumb women is,—That to our signs they would make no answer at all, but suddenly fall backwards in a divaricating posture, to intimate thereby unto us the reality of their con-

[4] *What happened, &c.*] The ground-work and substance of this story is taken from Guevara, ch. xxxvii. of the original Spanish of the fabulous life he has given the world of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. See more of this in Duchat.

[5] *What Senators.*] It is in the original, What hour of the day it was by the clock of the Tarpeian rock.

sent to the supposed motion of our tacit demands. Or if they should chance to make any counter-signs responsory to our propositions, they would prove so foolish, impertinent, and ridiculous, that by them ourselves should easily judge their thoughts to have no excursion beyond the duffling academy. You know very well how at Brignoles, when the religious nun,[6] sister Fatbum, was made big with child by the young Stifly-stand-to't, her pregnancy came to be known, and she, cited by the abbess, and in a full convention of the convent, accused of incest. Her excuse was,—That she did not consent thereto, but that it was done by the violence and impetuous force of the Friar Stifly-stand-to't. Hereto the abbess very austerely replying, Thou naughty wicked girl, why didst thou not cry—A rape, a rape? then should all of us have run to thy succour. Her answer was,—that the rape was committed in the dortor, where she durst not cry, because it was a place of sempiternal silence. But, quoth the abbess, thou roguish wench, why didst not thou then make some sign to those that were in the next chamber beside thee? To this she answered, That with her buttocks she made a sign unto them as vigorously as she could, yet never one of them did so much as offer to come to her help and assistance. But, quoth the abbess, thou scurvy baggage, why didst not thou tell it me immediately after the perpetration of the fact, that so we might orderly, regularly, and canonically have accused him? I would have done so, had the case been mine, for the clearer manifestation of mine innocency. I truly, madam, would have done the like with all my heart and soul, quoth sister Fatbum; but that fearing I should remain in sin, and in the hazard of eternal damnation, if prevented by a sudden death, I did confess myself to the father friar before he went out of the room, who, for my penance, enjoined me not to tell it, or reveal the matter unto any. It were a most enormous and horrid offence, detestable before God and the angels, to reveal a confession. Such an abominable wickedness would have possibly brought

[6] *When the religious nun, &c.*] This story was publicly told, (though not with so much additional circumstance as Rabelais tells it), by a Dominican friar, a contemporary of Erasmus. He told it to his auditory, in order to divert them after a melancholy sermon he had been preaching to them on a Good Friday. See Erasmus in his colloquy intituled. Ichthyophagia. and l. i. of his De Arte Concionandi.

down fire from heaven, wherewith to have burnt the whole nunnery, and sent us all headlong to the bottomless pit, to bear company with Corah, Dathan, and Abiram.

You will not, quoth Pantagruel, with all your jesting, make me laugh. I know that all the monks, friars, and nuns, had rather violate and infringe the highest of the commandments of God, than break the least of their provincial statutes. Take you therefore Goatsnose, a man very fit for your present purpose; for he is, and hath been, both dumb and deaf from the very remotest infancy of his childhood.

CHAPTER XX.

How Goatsnose by signs maketh answer to Panurge.

GOATSNOSE being sent for, came the day thereafter to Pantagruel's court; at his arrival to which Panurge gave him a fat calf, the half of a hog, two puncheons of wine, one load of corn, and thirty franks of small money: then having brought him before Pantagruel, in presence of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, he made this sign unto him. He yawned a long time, and in yawning made, without his mouth, with the thumb of his right hand, the figure of the Greek letter *Tau*, by frequent reiterations. Afterwards he lifted up his eyes heavenwards, then turned them in his head like a she-goat in the painful fit of an absolute birth, in doing whereof he did cough and sigh exceeding heavily. This done, after that he had made demonstration of the want of his codpiece, he from under his shirt took his placket-racket in a full gripe, making it therewith clack very melodiously betwixt his thighs: then, no sooner had he with his body stooped a little forwards, and bowed his left knee, but that immediately thereupon holding both his arms on his breast, in a loose faint-like posture, the one over the other, he paused awhile. Goatsnose looked wistly upon him, and having heedfully enough viewed him all over, he lifted up into the air his left hand, the whole fingers whereof he retained fist ways closed together, except the thumb and the fore-finger, whose nails he softly joined and coupled to one another. I understand, quoth Pantagruel, what he meaneth by that sign. It denotes marriage, and withal the number thirty, according to the profession of the Pythagoreans. You

will be married. Thanks to you, quoth Panurge, in turning himself towards Goatsnose, my little sewer, pretty master's mate, dainty baily, curious serjeant-marshal, and jolly catchpole leader. Then did he lift higher up than before his said left hand, stretching out all the five fingers thereof, and severing them as wide from one another as he possibly could get done. Here, says Pantagruel, doth he more amply and fully insinuate unto us, by the token which he showeth forth of the quinary number, that you shall be married. Yea, that you shall not only be affianced, betrothed, wedded, and married, but that you shall furthermore cohabit, and live jollily and merrily with your wife; for Pythagoras called five the nuptial number, which, together with marriage, signifieth the consummation of matrimony, because it is composed of a ternary, the first of the odd, and binary, the first of the even numbers, as of a male and female knit and united together.[1] In very deed it was the fashion of old in the city of Rome at marriage festivals to light five wax tapers, nor was it permitted to kindle any more at the magnific nuptials of the most potent and wealthy; nor yet any fewer at the penurious weddings of the poorest and most abject of the world. Moreover in times past, the heathen, or paynims implored the assistance of five deities, or of one, helpful, at least, in five several good offices to those that were to be married. Of this sort were the nuptial Jove; Juno, president of the feast; the fair Venus; Pitho, the goddess of eloquence and persuasion; and Diana, whose aid and succour was required to the labour of child-bearing. Then shouted Panurge, O the gentle Goatsnose, I will give him a farm near Cinais, and a wind-mill hard by Mirebalais! Hereupon the dumb fellow sneezeth with an impetuous vehemency, and huge concussion of the spirits of the whole body, withdrawing himself in so doing with a jerking turn towards the left hand. By the body of a fox new slain, quoth Pantagruel, what is that? This maketh nothing for your advantage; for he betokeneth thereby that your marriage will be inauspicious and unfortunate. This sneezing, according to the doctrine of Terpsion,[2] is the Socratic demon. If done

[1] *As of a male, &c.*] See Plutarch in his Questions concerning Roman Affairs.

[2] *Terpsion.*] See Plutarch, in his treatise of Socrates' Dæmon.

towards the right side, it imports and portendeth, that boldly, and with all assurance, one may go whither he will, and do what he listeth, according to what deliberation he shall be pleased to have thereupon taken: his entries in the beginning, progress in his proceedings, and success in the events, and issues, will be all lucky, good, and happy. The quite contrary thereto is thereby implied and presaged, if it be done towards the left.[3] You, quoth Panurge, do take always the matter at the worst, and continually, like another Davus, cast in new disturbances and obstructions; nor ever yet did I know this old paltry Terpsion worthy of citation, but in points only of cozenage and imposture. Nevertheless, quoth Pantagruel, Cicero hath written I know not what[4] to the same purpose in his Second Book of Divination.

Panurge then turning himself towards Goatsnose made this sign unto him. He inverted his eye-lids upwards, wrenched his jaws from the right to the left side, and drew forth his tongue half out of his mouth. This done, he posited his left hand wholly open, the mid-finger wholly excepted, which was perpendicularly placed upon the palm thereof, and set it just in the room where his codpiece had been. Then did he keep his right hand altogether shut up in a fist, save only the thumb, which he straight turned backwards directly under the right arm-pit, and settled it afterwards on that most eminent part of the buttocks, which the Arabs call the Al-Katim. Suddenly thereafter he made this interchange; he held his right hand after the manner of the left, and posited it on the place wherein his codpiece sometime was, and retaining his left hand in the form and fashion of the right, he placed it upon his Al-Katim. This altering of hands did he reiterate nine several times; at the last whereof he reseated his eye-lids into their own first natural position. Then doing the like also with his jaws and tongue, he did cast a squinting look upon Goatsnose, diddering and shivering his chaps, as apes use to do now-a-days, and rabbits,

[3] *Towards the left.*] This was the doctrine of the Greeks, but that of the Romans was clean contrary. See Cicero, l. ii. De Divinatione.

[4] *I know not what, &c.*] *Quæ si suscipiamus*, says Cicero there, "pedis offensio nobis, et abruptio corrigiæ, et sternutamenta erunt observanda." Which, from his principles, does not suppose that any presages can be grounded on sneezing at all, much less upon sneezing either on the right or left hand.

whilst, almost starved with hunger, they are eating oats in the sheaf.

Then was it that Goatsnose, lifting up into the air his right hand wholly open and displayed, put the thumb thereof, even close unto its first articulation, between the two third joints of the middle and ring fingers, pressing about the said thumb thereof very hard with them both, and, whilst the remainent joints were contracted and shrunk in towards the wrist, he stretched forth with as much straitness as he could the fore and little fingers. That hand, thus framed and disposed of, he laid and posited upon Panurge's navel, moving withal continually the aforesaid thumb, and bearing up, supporting, or under-propping that hand upon the above-specified fore and little fingers, as upon two legs. Thereafter did he make in this posture his hand by little and little, and by degrees and pauses, successively to mount from athwart the belly to the stomach, from whence he made it to ascend to the breast, even upwards to Panurge's neck, still gaining ground, till, having reached his chin, he had put within the concave of his mouth his afore-mentioned thumb: then fiercely brandishing the whole hand which he made to rub and grate against his nose, he heaved it further up, and made the fashion, as if with the thumb thereof he would have put out his eyes. With this Panurge grew a little angry and went about to withdraw, and rid himself from this ruggedly untoward dumb devil. But Goatsnose, in the meantime, prosecuting the intended purpose of his prognosticatory response, touched very rudely, with the above-mentioned shaking thumb, now his eyes, then his forehead, and, after that, the borders and corners of his cap. At last, Panurge cried out, saying, Before God, master-fool, if you do not let me alone, or that you will presume to vex me any more, you shall receive from the best hand I have a mask, wherewith to cover your rascally scoundrel face, you paltry shitten varlet. Then said Friar John, He is deaf and doth not understand what thou sayest unto him. Bulli-ballock, make sign to him of a hail of fisticuffs upon the muzzle.

What the devil, quoth Panurge, means this busy restless fellow? What is it, that this polypragmonetic Aliboron[5] to all the fiends of hell doth aim at? He hath almost thrust

[5] *Aliboron.*] *i. e.* a meddling fool. This soubriquet, which La Fontaine has bestowed on the ass in many of his fables, seems derived from

out mine eyes, as if he had been to poach them in a skillet of butter and eggs. By God, *da jurandi*, I will feast you with flirts and raps on the snout, interlarded with a double row of bobs and finger filipings! Then did he leave him in giving him by way of salvo a volley of farts for his farewell. Goatsnose, perceiving Panurge thus to slip away from him, got before him, and, by mere strength enforcing him to stand, made this sign unto him. He let fall his right arm toward his knee on the same side as low as he could, and, raising all the fingers of that hand into a close fist, passed his dexter thumb betwixt the foremost and mid-fingers thereto belonging. Then scrubbing[5] and swingeing a little with his left hand alongst, and upon the uppermost in the very bough of the elbow of the said dexter arm, the whole cubit thereof, by leisure, fair and softly, at these thumpatory warnings, did raise and elevate itself even to the elbow, and above it; on a sudden, did he then let it fall down as low as before, and after that, at certain intervals and such spaces of time raising and abasing it, he made a show thereof to Panurge. This so incensed Panurge, that he forthwith lifted his hand to have stricken him the dumb roister, and given him a sound whirret on the ear, but that the respect and reverence which he carried to the presence of Pantagruel restrained his choler, and kept his fury within bounds and limits. Then said Pantagruel, If the bare signs now vex and trouble you, how much more grievously will you be perplexed and disquieted with the real things, which by them are represented and signified. All truths agree, and are consonant with one another. This dumb fellow prophesieth and foretelleth that you will be married, cuckolded, beaten, and robbed. As for the marriage, quoth Panurge, I yield thereto, and acknowledge the verity of that point of his prediction; as for the rest I utterly abjure and deny it; and believe, Sir, I beseech you, if it may please you so to do, that in the matter of wives and horses[6] never any man was predestinated to a better fortune than I.

the name of Oberon, King of Fairy Land, who plays an important rôle in the romances of the middle ages.]

[6] *In the matter of wives and horses, &c.*] Alluding to a proverb, That there's more deceit in women and horses than in any other creatures whatever. See Laurence Joubert's Vulgar Errors, part 1. l. v. c. iv.

CHAPTER XXI.

How Panurge consulteth with an old French poet, named Raminagrobis.

I NEVER thought, said Pantagruel, to have encountered with any man so headstrong in his apprehensions, or in his opinions so wilful, as I have found you to be, and see you are. Nevertheless, the better to clear and extricate your doubts, let us try all courses, and leave no stone unturned, nor wind unsailed by. Take good heed to what I am to say unto you. The swans, which are fowls consecrated to Apollo, never chant but in the hour of their approaching death,[1] especially in the Meander flood, which is a river that runneth along some of the territories of Phrygia. This I say, because Ælianus and Alexander Myndius[2] write, that they had seen several swans in other places die, but never heard any of them sing or chant before their death. However, it passeth for current that the imminent death of a swan is presaged by his foregoing song, and that no swan dieth until preallably he have sung.

After the same manner poets, who are under the protection of Apollo, when they are drawing near their latter end, do ordinarily become prophets, and by the inspiration of that god sing sweetly, in vaticinating things which are to come. It hath been likewise told me frequently, that old decrepit men upon the brinks of Charon's banks do usher their decease with a disclosure, all at ease, to those that are desirous of such informations, of the determinate and assured truth of future accidents and contingencies. I remember also that Aristophanes, in a certain comedy of his, calleth the old folks Sibyls, Εἰθ' γέρων Σιβυλλιᾷ. For as when, being upon a pier by the shore, we see afar off mariners, seafaring men, and other travellers alongst the curled waves of azure Thetis within their ships, we then consider them in silence only,

[1] *The hour of their approaching death*] See the Phædo of Plato, cap. 77, where Socrates beautifully compares his farewell discourse to the song of the dying swan.]

[2] *Alexander Myndius.*] See Athenæus, l. ix. c. 25; Ovid, Heroid. Epist. vii. Dido to Æneas,

"Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor."]

and seldom proceed any further than to wish them a happy and prosperous arrival: but, when they do approach near to the haven, and come to wet their keels within their harbour, then both with words and gestures we salute them, and heartily congratulate their access safe to the port wherein we are ourselves. Just so the angels, heroes, and good demons, according to the doctrine of the Platonics, when they see mortals drawing near unto the harbour of the grave, as the most sure and calmest port of any, full of repose, ease, rest, tranquillity, free from the troubles and solicitudes of this tumultuous and tempestuous world; then is it that they with alacrity hail and salute them, cherish and comfort them, and, speaking to them lovingly, begin even then to bless them with illuminations, and to communicate unto them the abstrusest mysteries of divination. I will not offer here to confound your memory by quoting antique examples of Isaac, of Jacob, of Patroclus towards Hector, of Hector towards Achilles, of Polymnestor towards Agamemnon, of Hecuba, of the Rhodian renowned by Posidonius, of Calanus[3] the Indian towards Alexander the Great, of Orodes[4] towards Mezentius, and of many others. It shall suffice for the present, that I commemorate unto you the learned and valiant knight and cavalier William of Bellay, late Lord of Langey, who died on the Hill of Tarara, the 10th of January, in the climacteric year of his age, and of our supputation 1543, according to the Roman account. The last three or four hours of his life he did employ in the serious utterance of a very pithy discourse, whilst with a clear judgment, and spirit void of all trouble, he did foretell several important things, whereof a great deal is come to pass, and the rest we wait for. Howbeit, his prophecies did at that time seem unto us somewhat strange, absurd, and unlikely; because there did not then appear any sign of efficacy enough to engage our faith to the belief of what he did prognosticate. We have here near to the town of Villaumere, a man that is both old and a poet, to wit, Raminagrobis,[5] who to his second wife

[3] *Calanus.*] See Plutarch in Alexander's life.

[4] *Orodes.*] See l. x. of the Æneid.

[5] *Raminagrobis.*] See Duchat on the etymology and meaning of Raminagrobis, by which Rabelais understood Guillaume Cretin, a famous poet in the reigns of King Charles VIII., Louis XII, and Francis I. [La Fontaine has given this name to the cat, in several of his fables.]

espoused my Lady Broadsow,[6] on whom he begot the fair Basoche. It hath been told me he is a dying, and so near unto his latter end, that he is almost upon the very last moment, point, and article thereof. Repair thither as fast as you can, and be ready to give an attentive ear to what he shall chant unto you. It may be, that you shall obtain from him what you desire, and that Apollo will be pleased by his means to clear your scruples. I am content, quoth Panurge. Let us go thither, Epistemon, and that both instantly and in all haste, least otherwise his death prevent our coming. Wilt thou come along with us, Friar John? Yes, that I will, quoth Friar John, right heartily to do thee a courtesy, my billy-ballocks; for I love thee with the best of my milt and liver.

Thereupon, incontinently, without any further lingering, to the way they all three went, and quickly thereafter—for they made good speed—arriving at the poetical habitation, they found the jolly old man, albeit in the agony of his departure from this world, looking cheerfully, with an open countenance, splendid aspect, and behaviour full of alacrity. After that Panurge had very civilly saluted him, he in a free gift did present him with a gold ring, which he even then put upon the medical finger of his left hand, in the collet or bezle whereof was inchased an oriental sapphire, very fair and large. Then, in imitation of Socrates, did he make an oblation unto him of a fair white cock; which was no sooner set upon the tester of his bed, than that with a high raised head and crest, lustily shaking his feather-coat, he crowed stentoriphonically loud. This done, Panurge very courteously required of him, that he would vouchsafe to favour him with the grant and report of his sense and judgment touching the future destiny of his intended marriage. For answer hereto, when the honest old man had forthwith commanded pen, paper, and ink to be brought unto him, and that he was at the same call conveniently served with all the three, he wrote these following verses:

Take, or not take her,
Off, or on:
Handy-dandy is your lot.
When her name you write, you blot.

[6] *Lady Broadsow.*] *La grande Gourre. Gorre* is a sow. It is also applied to a debauched woman. The citizens of Paris bestowed the name on Isabella of Bavaria.

'Tis undone, when all is done,
Ended e'er it was begun:
Hardly gallop, if you trot,
Set not forward when you run,
Nor be single, though alone,
Take, or not take her.

Before you eat begin to fast;
For what shall be was never past.
Say, unsay, gainsay, save your breath:
Then wish at once her life and death.
Take, or not take her.[7]

These lines he gave out of his own hands unto them, saying unto them, Go, my lads, in peace,—the great God of the highest heavens be your guardian and preserver; and do not offer any more to trouble or disquiet me with this or any other business whatsoever. I have this same very day, which is the last both of May and of me, with a great deal of labour, toil, and difficulty, chased out of my house a rabble of filthy, unclean, and plaguily pestilentious rake-hells, black beasts, dusk, dun, white, ash-coloured, speckled, and a foul vermin of other hues, whose obtrusive importunity would not permit me to die at my own ease: for by fraudulent and deceitful pricklings, ravenous, harpy-like graspings, waspish stingings, and such-like unwelcome approaches, forged in the shop of I know not what kind of insatiabilities, they went about to withdraw, and call me out of those sweet thoughts, wherein I was already beginning to repose myself, and acquiesce in the contemplation and vision, yea, almost in the very touch and taste of the happiness and felicity which the good God hath prepared for his faithful saints and elect in the other life, and state of immortality. Turn out of their courses, and eschew them, step forth of their ways, and do not resemble them; meanwhile, let me be no more troubled by you, but leave me now in silence, I beseech you.

[7] *Take, or not take her.*] This rondeau will be found at the end of Cretin's works. It was addressed by him to Christopher de Refuge, who had consulted him on his intended marriage. In a similar manner Moliere, in his *Les Femmes Scavantes*, act iii. sc. 2, puts in the mouth of the pedant Trissotin, two sonnets taken from the collection of the Abbé Cotin.]

CHAPTER XXII.

How Panurge patrocinates and defendeth the order of the begging Friars.

PANURGE, at his issuing forth of Raminagrobis's chamber said, as if he had been horribly affrighted, By the virtue of God, I believe that he is an heretic;—the devil take me, if I do not! he doth so villanously rail at the mendicant friars and Jacobins, who are the two hemispheres of the Christian world; by whose gyronomonic circumbilivaginations, as by two celivagous filopendulums, all the autonomatic metagrobolism of the Romish church, when tottering and emblustricated with the gibble gabble gibberish of this odious error and heresy, is homocentrically poised. But what harm, in the devil's name, have these poor devils the Capuchins and Minims done unto him? Are not these beggarly devils sufficiently wretched already? Who can imagine that these poor snakes, the very extracts of Ichthyophagy, are not thoroughly enough besmoked and besmeared with misery, distress, and calamity? Dost thou think, Friar John, by thy faith, that he is in the state of salvation? He goeth, before God, as surely damned to thirty thousand baskets full of devils, as a pruning-bill to the lopping of a vine-branch. To revile with opprobrious speeches the good and courageous props and pillars of the church,—is that to be called a poetical fury? I cannot rest satisfied with him, he sinneth grossly, and blasphemeth against the true religion. I am very much offended at his scandalizing words and contumelious obloquy. I do not care a straw, quoth Friar John, for what he hath said; for although everybody should twit and jerk them, it were but a just retaliation, seeing all persons are served by them with the like sauce; therefore do I pretend no interest therein. Let us see nevertheless what he hath written. Panurge very attentively read the paper which the old man had penned, then said to his two fellow-travellers, The poor drinker doteth. Howsoever, I excuse him, for that I believe he is now drawing near to the end, and final closure of his life. Let us go make his epitaph. By the answer which he hath given us, I am not, I protest, one jot wiser than I was. Hearken here, Epistemon, my little bully, dost not thou hold him to be very resolute in his responsory verdicts? He is a witty,

quick, and subtle sophister. I will lay an even wager, that he is a miscreant apostate. By the belly of a stalled ox, how careful he is not to be mistaken in his words. He answered but by disjunctives, therefore can it not be true which he saith; for the verity of such like propositions is inherent only in one of its two members. O the cozening prattler that he is! I wonder if Santiago of Bressure be one of these cogging shirks. Such was of old, quoth Epistemon, the custom of the grand vaticinator and prophet Tiresias, who used always, by way of a preface, to say openly and plainly at the beginning of his divinations and predictions,—That what he was to tell would either come to pass or not.[1] And such is truly the style of all prudently presaging prognosticators. He was nevertheless, quoth Panurge, so unfortunately misadventurous in the lot of his own destiny, that Juno thrust out both his eyes.

Yes, answered Epistemon, and that merely out of a spite and spleen for having pronounced his award more veritably than she, upon the question which was merrily proposed by Jupiter. But, quoth Panurge, what arch-devil is it, that hath possessed this Master Raminagrobis, that so unreasonably, and without any occasion, he should have so snappishly, and bitterly inveighed against these poor honest fathers, Jacobins, minors, and minims? It vexeth me grievously, I assure you; nor am I able to conceal my indignation. He hath transgressed most enormously; his soul[2] goeth infallibly to thirty thousand panniers full of devils. I understand you not, quoth Epistemon, and it disliketh me very much, that you should so absurdly and perversely interpret that of the friar mendicants, which by the harmless poet was spoken of black beasts, dun, and other sorts of other coloured animals. He is not in my opinion guilty of such a sophistical and fantastic allegory, as by that phrase of his to have meaned the begging brothers. He in downright terms speaketh absolutely and properly of fleas, punies, hand worms, flies, gnats, and other such like scurvy vermin, whereof some are black, some dun, some ash-coloured, some tawny, and some brown and dusky, all noisome, molesting, tyrannous,

[1] *Or not.*] Horace's Sat. l. ii. sat. v.
"Quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non."

[2] *His soul.*] *Son asne*, his ass in the original. See this taken notice of elsewhere.

umbersome, and unpleasant creatures, not only to sick and diseased folks, but to those also who are of a sound, vigorous, and healthful temperament and constitution. It is not unlike, that he may have the ascarids, and the lumbrics, and worms within the entrails of his body. Possibly doth he suffer, as it is frequent and usual amongst the Egyptians, together with all those who inhabit the Erythræan confines, and dwell along the shores and coasts of the Red Sea, some sour prickings, and smart stingings in his arms and legs of those little speckled dragons, which the Arabians call meden.[3] You are to blame for offering to expound his words otherwise, and wrong the ingenious poet, and outrageously abuse and miscal the said fraters, by an imputation of baseness undeservedly laid to their charge. We still should, in such like discourses of fatiloquent soothsayers, interpret all things to the best. Will you teach me, quoth Panurge, how to discern flies among milk, or show your father the way how to beget children? He is, by the virtue of God,[4] an arrant heretic, a resolute formal heretic; I say, a rooted riveted combustible heretic, one as fit to burn as the little wooden clock at Rochèl.[5] His soul goeth to thirty thousand carts full of devils. Would you know whither? Cocks-body, my friend, straight under Proserpina's close stool, to the very middle of the self-same infernal pan, within which, she, by an excrementitious evacuation, voideth the fecal stuff of her stinking clysters, and that just upon the left side of the great cauldron of three fathom height, hard by the claws[6] and talons of Lucifer, in the very darkest of the passage

[3] *Meden.*] *Venæ medini.* A distemper so called from the town of Medina, where it is common. Avicenna speaks of it.

[4] *By the virtue of God.*] This oath in the original is, by the virtue of an ox: *par la vertu beuf.* Suppose we say, By ox cheek and narrow-bones. It would answer better to the jocularity of the original, and give no offence to any, the most scrupulous reader.

[5] *The little wooden clock at Rochel.*] Rabelais alludes to the clockmaker of Rochelle named *Clavele*, who was burnt as a heretic, together with a wooden clock which he had invented.]

[6] *Hard by the claws, &c.*] The book of Conformities relates at a certain devil, who had taken the shape of one Madam Zanteza of Ravenna, had told Messire James, a Bolonian priest, by way of secrecy, that Francis D'Assize was in Lucifer's place in heaven. (See Wier. Dæmonolog.) Raminagrobis had been raving against the monks, and particularly the Franciscans. With an eye to the story above, Rabelais places him in hell, below Proserpine, and within the reach of Lucifer's claws.

which leadeth towards the black chamber of Demogorgon. O the villain!

CHAPTER XXIII.

How Panurge maketh a motion of a return to Raminagrobis.

LET us return, quoth Panurge, not ceasing, to the uttermost of our abilities, to ply him with wholesome admonitions, for the furtherance of his salvation. Let us go back for God's sake, let us go in the name of God. It will be a very meritorious work, and of great charity in us to deal so in the matter, and provide so well for him,[1] that albeit he come to lose both body and life, he may at least escape the risk and danger of the eternal damnation of his soul. We will by our holy persuasions bring him to a sense and feeling of his escapes, induce him to acknowledge his faults, move him to a cordial repentance of his errors, and stir up in him such a sincere contrition of heart for his offences, as will prompt him with all earnestness to cry mercy, and to beg pardon at the hands of the good fathers, as well of the absent, as of such as are present. Whereupon we will take instrument formally and authentically extended, to the end he be not, after his decease, declared an heretic, and condemned, as were the hobgoblins of the provost's wife of Orleans,[2] to the undergoing of such punishments, pains, and tortures, as are due to, and inflicted on those that inhabit the horrid cells of the infernal regions: and withal incline, instigate, and persuade him to bequeath, and leave in legacy, (by way of an amends and satisfaction for the outrage and injury done to those good religious fathers, throughout all the convents, cloisters, and monasteries of this province,) many pittances,[3] a great deal of mass-singing, store of obits,

[1] *Provide so well for him.*] In this chapter Panurge's tender mercies would do credit to a general of the Inquisition.

[2] *The Provost's wife of Orleans.*] The cordeliers of Orleans, in 1534, [illegible] proved that the spirit of Louise de Mareau, wife of the provost of the town, re-appeared in their church. The fraud was unmasked and punished. For an account of this, see the *Recueil de dissert. anciennes et modernes sur les apparitions*, by Lenglet Dufresnoy.]

Pittances.] An allowance of victuals over and above bread and wine. [illegible] nthony du Pinet, l. v. c. xix. and l. xviii. c. xii, of his translation of Pliny, gives the appellative pittance to figs and beans. The word originally comes from the people's piety in giving to the poor mendicants in their neighbourhood wherewithal to subsist. *Du Cange* under the word *pietancia*, and *Menage* under the word pittance.

and that sempiternally, on the anniversary day of his decease, every one of them all to be furnished with a quintuple allowance, and that the great borrachoe, replenished with the best liquor, trudge apace along the tables, as well of the young duckling monkitoes, lay-brothers, and lowermost degree of the abbey-lubbards, as of the learned priests, and reverend clerks,—the very meanest of the novices and mitiants unto the order being equally admitted to the benefit of those funerary and obsequial festivals, with the aged rectors, and professed fathers. This is the surest ordinary means, whereby from God he may obtain forgiveness.

Ho, ho, I am quite mistaken, I digress from the purpose, and fly out of my discourse, as if my spirits were a wool-gathering. The devil take me if I go thither! Virtue God! the chamber is already full of devils. O what a swingeing, thwacking noise is now amongst them! O the terrible coil that they keep! Hearken, do you not hear the rustling, thumping bustle of their strokes and blows, as they scuffle one with another, like true devils indeed, who shall gulp up the Raminagrobis soul, and be the first bringer of it, whilst it is hot, to Monsieur Lucifer? Beware, and get you hence: for my part I will not go thither. The devil roast me if I go! Who knows but that these hungry mad devils may in the haste of their rage, and fury of their impatience take a *qui* for a *quo*, and instead of Raminagrobis, snatch up poor Panurge frank and free? Though formerly when I was deep in debt, they always failed. Get you hence! I will not go thither. Before God, the very bare apprehension thereof is like to kill me. To be in the place where there are greedy, famished, and hunger-starved devils; amongst factious devils —amidst trading and trafficking devils—O the Lord preserve me! Get you hence, I dare pawn my credit on it, that no Jacobin, Cordelier, Carmelite, Capuchin, Theatin, or Minim, will bestow any personal presence at his interment. The wiser they because he hath ordained nothing for them in his latter will and testament. The devil take me, if I go thither. If he be damned, to his own loss and hindrance be it. What the deuce moved him to be so snappish and depravedly bent against the good fathers of the true religion? Why did he cast them off, reject them, and drive them quite out of his chamber, even in that very nick of time when he stood in greatest need of the aid, suffrage, and

assistance of their devout prayers, and holy admonitions? Why did not he by testament leave them, at least, some jolly lumps and cantles of substantial meat, a parcel of cheek-puffing victuals, and a little belly-timber, and provision for the guts of these poor folks, who have nothing but their life in this world? Let him go thither who will; the devil take me, if I go; for, if I should, the devil would not fail to snatch me up. Cancro. Ho, the pox! Get you hence, Friar John, art thou content that thirty thousand wainload of devils should get away with thee at this same very instant? If thou be, at my request do these three things. First, give me thy purse; for besides that thy money is marked with crosses, and the cross is an enemy to charms, the same may befall to thee, which not long ago happened to John Dodin, collector of the excise of Coudray, at the ford of Vede, when the soldiers broke the planks. This monied fellow, meeting at the very brink of the bank of the ford with Friar Adam Crankcod,[4] a Franciscan Observatin of Mirebeau, promised him a new frock, provided that, in the transporting of him over the water he would bear him upon his neck and shoulders, after the manner of carrying dead goats; for he was a lusty, strong-limbed sturdy rogue. The condition being agreed upon, Friar Crankcod trusseth himself up to his very ballocks, and layeth upon his back, like a fair little Saint Christopher, the load of the said supplicant Dodin,[5] and so carried him gaily and with a good will, (as Æneas bore his father Anchises through the conflagration of Troy,) singing in the meanwhile a pretty Ave Maris Stella. When they were in the very deepest place of all the ford, a little above the master-wheel of the water-mill, he asked if he had any coin about him. Yes, quoth Dodin, a whole bag full; and that he needed not to mistrust his ability in the performance of the promise, which he had made unto him, concerning a new frock. How? quoth Friar Crankcod, thou knewest well enough, that by the express rules, canons, and injunctions of our order, we are forbidden to carry about us any kind of money.[6] Thou art truly unhappy, for having made me in this

[4] *Adam Crank-cod.*] In the original it means strictly Adam Beanflap; for *Couscoil*, in Upper Languedoc, signifies a bean shell or cod. By this coined name, Rabelais intends a monk who by his nudities represented the first man, before the fall.

[5] *Dodin.*] This story is taken from the Latin Epigrams of Nicolas Barthelemy, printed at Paris, in 1532.]

[6] *To carry about us any money.*] Erasmus, in his Praise of Folly:

point to commit a heinous trespass. Why didst thou not leave thy purse with the miller? Without fail thou shalt presently receive thy reward for it; and if ever hereafter I may but lay hold on thee within the limits of our chancel at Mirebeau, thou shalt have the miserere even to the vitulos.[7] With this, suddenly discharging himself of his burden, he throws me down your Dodin headlong. Take example by this Dodin, my dear friend, Friar John, to the end that the devils may the better carry thee away at thine own ease. Give me thy purse. Carry no manner of cross upon thee. Therein lieth an evident and manifestly apparent danger. For, if you have any silver coined with a cross upon it, they will cast thee down headlong upon some rocks, as the eagles use to do with the tortoises for the breaking of their shells, as the bald pate of the poet Æschylus[8] can sufficiently bear witness. Such a fall would hurt thee very sore, my sweet bully, and I would be sorry for it. Or otherwise they will let thee fall, and tumble down into the high swollen waves of some capacious sea, I know not where; but, I warrant thee, far enough hence, as Icarus fell; which from thy name would afterwards get the denomination of the Funnelian sea.

Secondly, Be out of debt. For the devils carry a great liking to those that are out of debt. I have sore felt the experience thereof in mine own particular; for now the lecherous varlets are always wooing me, courting me, and making much of me, which they never did when I was all to pieces. The soul of one in debt is insipid, dry, and heretical altogether.

Thirdly, with thy cowl and Domino de Grobis, return to Raminagrobis; and in case, being thus qualified, thirty thousand boats full of devils forthwith come not to carry thee quite away, I shall be content to be at the charge of paying for the pint and faggot. Now, if for the more security thou wouldst have some associate to bear thee company,

"Rursum alios qui pecuniæ contactum ceu aconitum horreant, nec à mulierum contactû temperantes." A passage which the painter Holbein hath illustrated with the print of a Franciscan friar groping a young wench's bubbies with his left hand, while he is so scrupulous as to tell over some money with a bodkin's point in the other hand.

[7] *The miserere even to the vitulos*] The scourgings which the monks inflicted on themselves during the chanting of the Psalms.]

[8] *Æschylus.*] The poet was killed by the descent of a tortoise, which an eagle let fall on his bald pate, mistaking it for a rock.]

let not me be the comrade thou searchest for; think not to get a fellow-traveller of me,—nay, do not. I advise thee for the best. Get you hence; I will not go thither; the devil take me if I go. Notwithstanding all the fright that you are in, quoth Friar John, I would not care so much, as might possibly be expected I should, if I once had but my sword in my hand. Thou hast verily hit the nail on the head, quoth Panurge, and speakest like a learned doctor, subtle and well-skilled in the art of devilry. At the time when I was a student in the University of Toulouse,[9] that same reverend father in the devil, Picatrix,[10] rector of the Diabological Faculty, was wont to tell us, that the devils did naturally fear the bright glancing of swords, as much as the splendour and light of the sun. In confirmation of the verity whereof, he related this story, that Hercules, at his descent into hell to all the devils of those regions, did not by half so much terrify them with his club and lion's skin, as afterwards Æneas did with his clear shining armour upon him, and his sword in his hand well furbished and unrusted, by the aid, council, and assistance of the Sibylla Cumana. That was perhaps the reason why the senior John James Trivolse,[11] whilst he was a dying at Chartres, called for his cutlass, and died with a drawn sword in his hand, laying about him alongst and athwart around the bed, and everywhere within his reach, like a stout, doughty, valorous, and knight-like cavalier; by which resolute manner of

[9] *Toulouse.*] In the original it is, when I went to school at Tollette by which is meant Toledo in Spain.

[10] *Picatrix.*] The pseudonym of a Spanish monk, author of a book on demonology, collected from the writings of two hundred and twenty-four Arabic magicians. The doctrine, that assigns an *aërial* substance to the devils, was taught in the grottos near Toledo till 1492, when the schools of the Arabians in Spain were put an end to, as well as the reign of that people there. Agrippa, who spoke of Picatrix before Rabelais, tells us, that that Spaniard's work was dedicated to King Alphonso.

[11] *John James Trivolse.*] See Mezeray in 1518; also Guicciardini's Italian wars. This lord made his own epitaph.... Here resteth one that never rested before, John James Trivolse. And the reason of his thus flourishing and pushing with his sword on his right hand and left, just before he died, was probably, that his epitaph might not be charged with a lie. (He was a brave man, and accordingly Moreri speaks well of him.) His name in Italian, for he was a Milanese, was *Giovann Iacomo di Trivulcio.* [See in Brantome's "*Vies des grands capitaines étrang,*" that of Jean Jacques Trivulse.]

fence he scared away and put to flight all the devils that were then lying in wait for his soul at the passage of his death. When the Massorets and Cabalists are asked,—Why it is that none of all the devils do at any time enter into the terrestrial paradise? their answer has been, is, and will be still,—That there is a cherubim standing at the gate thereof with a flame-like glistering sword in his hand. Although, to speak in the true diabological sense or phrase of Toledo, I must needs confess and acknowledge, that veritably the devils cannot be killed, or die by the stroke of a sword: I do nevertheless avow and maintain, according to the doctrine of the said Diabology,[12] that they may suffer a solution of continuity, (as if with thy shable thou shouldest cut athwart the flame of a burning fire, or the gross opacous exhalations of a thick and obscure smoke,) and cry out, like very devils, at their sense and feeling of this dissolution, which in real deed I must aver and affirm is devilishly painful, smarting, and dolorous.

When thou seest the impetuous shock of two armies, and vehement violence of the push in their horrid encounter with one another, dost thou think, Ballockasso, that so horrible a noise as is heard there, proceedeth from the voice and shouts of men? the dashing and jolting of harness? the clattering and clashing of armies? the hacking and slashing of battle-axes? the justling and crashing of pikes? the bustling and breaking of lances? the clamour and shrieks of the wounded? the sound and din of drums? the clangour and shrillness of trumpets? the neighing and rushing in of horses? with the fearful claps and thundering of all sorts of guns, from the double cannon to the pocket pistol inclusively? I cannot, goodly, deny, but that in these various things which I have rehearsed there may be somewhat occasionative of the huge yell and tintamarre of the two engaged bodies. But the most fearful and tumultuous coil and stir, the terriblest and most boisterous garboil and hurry, the chiefest rustling black santus of all, and most principal hurly burly,[13] springeth

[12] *The doctrine, &c.*] Cælius Rhodiginus tells us, this doctrine had a great many defenders in his time.

[13] *Hurly-burly.*] *Vacarme* in French; so called, says M. Duchat, from *bacchi carnem. Carnem* must be an error of the press, for *carmen.* But such errors, though material in themselves, may very well be forgiven our learned editor, considering how seldom they have escaped him: not above a dozen times in all the six volumes; once by putting

from the grievously plangorous howling and lowing of devils, who, pell-mell, in a hand-over-head confusion, waiting for the poor souls of the maimed and hurt soldiery, receive unawares some strokes with swords, and so by those means suffer a solution of, and division in, the continuity of their aërial and invisible substances: as if some lackey, snatching at the lard-slices, stuck in a piece of roast meat on the spit, should get from Mr. Greasyfist[14] a good rap on the knuckles with a cudgel. They cry out and shout like devils, even as Mars did, when he was hurt by Diomedes at the siege of Troy, who, as Homer testifieth of him, did then raise his voice more horrifically loud, and sonoriferously high, than ten thousand men together would have been able to do. What maketh all this for our present purpose? I have been *jocatur* for *nugatur*, in quoting Beza's famous epigram upon Rabelais. (N. B. *jocatur*, though good Latin, is bad verse.)

"Qui sic jocatur, tractantem ut seria vincat;
Seria quum faciet, dic, rogo, quantus erit?"

Anglicè.

He who a tale so learnedly could tell,
That no true hist'ry e'er pleas'd half so well;
How much in serious things would he excel!

Again, in dividing the word σαυρώμενον, and making two words of it, in the epigram upon one Diophon, who had so strong a tincture of ambition, that being condemned to be hanged, he died with envy as soon as he saw the gibbet which was prepared for him, was not so high built as his fellow-rogues.

Μακροτέρῳ σαυρῷ σαυρὼ μενον ἄλλον ἑαυτῦ
Ὁ φθογερὸς Διοφῶν ἐνγὺς ἰδὰν ἐτάκη;

Anglicè.

Soon as a gallows Diophon espy'd
Higher than his, with envy burst, he dy'd.

But the greatest oversight of all, and which it is fit those who are possessed of that French edition as well as of M. Motteaux's 8vo. edition, should be set right in, is the quotation from Plutarch, about the physician,

Who boasts of healing poor and rich,
Yet is himself all over itch.

Plutarch has it,

Ἰατρὸς ἄλλων, αὐτὸς ἕλκεσι βρύων.

Whereas M. Duchat, as well as M. Motteaux, have omitted ἕλκεσι, and one of them has it Ἰητρὸς, instead of Ἰατρὸς.

[14] *Greasyfist.*] *Master Hordoux* in the original, from the Latin *horridus*, or else from *hors*, out, away, begone, from his driving out of the kitchen such as incommode him in his culinary affairs whether man or beast. Thus adds M. Duchat, by way of joke, when a young schoolboy is bid to decline *hordicus*, the lad no sooner comes to the genitive case, but he finds he must get away. (*Hordici, hors d'ici.*)

speaking here of well-furbished armour and bright shining swords. But so is it not, Friar John, with thy weapon; for by a long discontinuance of work, cessation from labour, desisting from making it officiate, and putting it into that practice wherein it had been formerly accustomed, and, in a word, for want of occupation, it is, upon my faith, become more rusty than the key-hole of an old powdering-tub. Therefore it is expedient that you do one of these two things, either furbish your weapon bravely, and as it ought to be, or otherwise have a care, that, in the rusty case it is in, you do not presume to return to the house of Raminagrobis. For my part, I vow I will not go thither. The devil take me if I go.

CHAPTER XXIV.

How Panurge consulteth with Epistemon.

HAVING left the town of Villaumere, as they were upon their return towards Pantagruel, Panurge, in addressing his discourse to Epistemon, spoke thus. My most ancient friend and gossip, thou seest the perplexity of my thoughts, and knowest many remedies for the removal thereof; art thou not able to help and succour me? Epistemon, thereupon taking the speech in hand, represented unto Panurge, how the open voice and common fame of the whole country did run upon no other discourse, but the derision and mockery of his new disguise; whereof his counsel unto him was, that he would in the first place be pleased to make use of a little hellebore, for the purging of his brain of that peccant humour, which through that extravagant and fantastic mummery of his had furnished the people with a too just occasion of flouting and gibing, jeering and scoffing him, and that next he would resume his ordinary fashion of accoutrement, and go apparelled as he was wont to do. I am, quoth Panurge, my dear gossip Epistemon, of a mind and resolution to marry, but am afraid of being a cuckold, and to be unfortunate in my wedlock. For this cause have I made a vow to young St. Francis,—who at Plessis le Tours is much reverenced of all women, earnestly cried unto by them, and with great devotion; for he was the first founder of the confraternity of good men,[1] whom they naturally covet, affect, and long

[1] *Good men.*] The *bons hommes*, who were instituted by Francis de Paul, surnamed the younger, in contradistinction to Francis d'Assisis,

for:—to wear spectacles in my cap, and to carry no codpiece in my breeches, until the present inquietude and perturbation of my spirits be fully settled.

Truly, quoth Epistemon, that is a pretty jolly vow, of thirteen to a dozen. It is a shame to you, and I wonder much at it, that you do not return unto yourself, and recall your senses from this their wild swerving and straying abroad, to that rest and stillness which becomes a virtuous man. This whimsical conceit of yours brings me to the remembrance of a solemn promise made by the shaghaired Argives,[2] who, having in their controversy against the Lacedæmonians for the territory of Thyrea, lost the battle, which they hoped should have decided it for their advantage, vowed to carry never any hair on their heads, till preallably they had recovered the loss of both their honour and lands. As likewise to the memory of the vow of a pleasant Spaniard called Michael Doris, who vowed to carry in his hat a piece of the skin of his leg, till he should be revenged of him who had struck it off. Yet do not I know which of these two deserveth most to wear a green and yellow hood with a hare's ears tied to it, either the aforesaid vain-glorious champion, or that Enguerrant,[3] who, having forgot the art and manner of writing histories, set down by the Samosatian philosopher,[4] maketh a most tediously long narrative and relation thereof. For, at the first reading of such a profuse discourse, one would think it had been broached for the introducing of a story of great importance and moment, concerning the waging of some formidable war, or the notable change and mutation of potent states and kingdoms; but, in conclusion, the world laugheth at the capricious champion, at the Englishman who had affronted him, as also at their scribbler Enguerrant, more driveling at the mouth

are the same as the minims: but here Rabelais speaks of leprous persons, who have large talents for venereal exercises. Formerly lepers were called *bons hommes*, and are still called so in Germany.

[2] *Argives.*] See Herodotus, l. i. c. 82.

[3] *Enguerrant.*] *Monstrelet*, in the second chapter of his Chronicle, relates the story, which takes up several pages, without coming to the point, by making the parties spend four years in going to and fro, and not doing any thing at all but rail and wrangle. The Spaniard was an Arragonese, named Michael d'Oris, the Englishman was one Sir John Pendergrass.

[4] *Samosatian Philosopher.*] Lucian of Samosata, who lived in the first age of the Christian era.]

than a mustard pot. The jest and scorn thereof is not unlike to that of the mountain of Horace, which by the poet was made to cry out and lament most enormously, as a woman in the pangs and labour of child-birth, at which deplorable and exorbitant cries and lamentations the whole neighbourhood being assembled in expectation to see some marvellous monstrous production, could at last perceive no other but the paltry ridiculous mouse.

Your mousing, quoth Panurge, will not make me leave my musing, why folks should be so frumpishly disposed, seeing I am certainly persuaded that some flout, who merit to be flouted at; yet, as my vow imports, so will I do. It is now a long time since, by Jupiter, we did swear faith and amity to one another. Give me your advice, Billy, and tell me your own opinion freely, should I marry or no? Truly, quoth Epistemon, the case is hazardous, and the danger so eminently apparent, that I find myself too weak and insufficient to give you a punctual and peremptory resolution therein; and if ever it was true, that judgment is difficult in matters of the medicinal art,[5] what was said by Hippocrates of Lango, it is certainly so in this case. True it is, that in my brain there are some rolling fancies, by means whereof somewhat may be pitched upon of a seeming efficacy to the disentangling your mind of those dubious apprehensions wherewith it is perplexed; but they do not thoroughly satisfy me. Some of the Platonic sect[6] affirm, that whosoever is able to see his proper Genius, may know his own destiny. I understand not their doctrine, nor do I think that you adhere to them; there is a palpable abuse. I have seen the experience of it in a very curious gentleman of the country of Estangourre.[7] This is one of the points. There is yet another not much better. If there were any authority now in the oracles of Jupiter Ammon; of Apollo in Lebadia, Delphos, Delos, Cyrra, Patara, Tegyres, Preneste, Lycia, Colophon, or in the Castilian Fountain; near Antiochia in Syria, between the Branchidians; of Bacchus in

[5] *Judgment, &c.*] In this aphorism, which is the first of lib. 1, Hippocrates begins with declaring, it was a difficult thing for him to fix and settle his opinion, in matters relating to medicine.

[6] *Some of the Platonic sect, &c.*] See Jamblicus de Mysteriis, sect. ix. c. iii.

[7] *Estangourre.*] Corruptly for East-angle (East-England) one of the kingdoms in the heptarchy of England, under the Saxon kings.

Dodona; of Mercury in Phares, near Patras; of Apis in Egypt; of Serapis in Canope; of Faunus in Menalia, and Albunea near Tivoli; of Tiresias in Orchomenus; of Mopsus in Cilicia; of Orpheus in Lesbos, and of Trophonius in Leucadia; I would in that case advise you, and possibly not, to go thither for their judgment concerning the design and enterprise you have in hand. But you know that they are all of them become as dumb as so many fishes, since the advent of that Saviour King, whose coming to this world hath made all oracles and prophecies to cease; as the approach of the sun's radiant beams expelleth goblins, bugbears, hob-thrushes, broams, screech owl-mates, night-walking spirits, and tenebrions. These now are gone; but although they were as yet in continuance and in the same power, rule, and request that formerly they were, yet would not I counsel you to be too credulous in putting any trust in their responses. Too many folks have been deceived thereby. It stands, furthermore, upon record, how Agrippina did charge the fair Lollia with the crime of having interrogated the oracle of Apollo Clarius, to understand if she should be at any time married to the Emperor Claudius; for which cause she was at first banished, and thereafter put to a shameful and ignominious death.

But, saith Panurge, let us do better; the Ogygian Islands are not far distant from the haven of Sammalo. Let us, after that we shall have spoken to our king, make a voyage thither. In one of these four isles, to wit that which hath its primest aspect towards the sun setting, it is reported, and I have read in good antique and authentic authors, that there reside many soothsayers, fortune-tellers, vaticinators, prophets, and diviners, of things to come; that Saturn inhabiteth that place, bound with fair chains of gold, and within the concavity of a golden rock,[8] being nourished with divine ambrosia and nectar, which are daily in great store and abundance transmitted to him from the heavens, by I do not well know what kind of fowls,—it may be that they are the same ravens, which in the deserts are said to have fed St. Paul, the first hermit,—he very clearly foretelleth unto every one, who is desirous to be certified of the condition of his lot, what his destiny will be, and what future chance the

[8] *Golden rock.*] See Plutarch, in his discourse of the face which appears in the moon's orb.

fates have ordained for him; for the Parcæ, or Wierd Sisters do not twist, spin, or draw out a thread, nor yet doth Jupiter perpend, project, or deliberate any thing, which the good old celestial father knoweth not to the full, even whilst he is asleep. This will be a very summary abbreviation of our labour, if we but hearken unto him a little upon the serious debate and canvassing of this my perplexity. That is, answered Epistemon, a gullery too evident, a plain abuse and fib too fabulous. I will not go, not I, I will not go.

CHAPTER XXV.

How Panurge consulteth with Her Trippa.

NEVERTHELESS, quoth Epistemon, continuing his discourse, I will tell you what you may do, if you believe me, before we return to our king. Hard by here, in the Brown-wheat [Bouchart] Island, dwelleth Her Trippa.[1] You know how by the arts of astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, metopomancy, and others of a like stuff and nature, he foretelleth all things to come; let us talk a little, and confer with him about your business. Of that, answered Panurge, I know nothing: but of this much concerning him I am assured, that one day, and that not long since, whilst he was prating to the great king,[2] of celestial, sublime, and transcendent things, the lacqueys and footboys of the court, upon the upper steps of stairs between two doors, jummed, one after another, as often as they listed, his wife; who is passable fair, and a pretty snug hussy. Thus he who seemed very clearly to see all heavenly and terrestrial things without spectacles, who discoursed boldly of adventures passed, with great confidence opened up present cases and accidents, and stoutly professed the presaging of al' future events and contingencies, was not able with all the skill and cunning that he had, to perceive the bumbasting of his wife, whom he

[1] *Her Trippa.*] The author of the English notes upon Rabelais (Mr. Motteaux), printed by themselves at the beginning of these volumes, will have it (and with a great deal of reason) that, by Her Trippa, Rabelais designs Henry Cornelius Agrippa, a German, who, with some, passes for a magician. And indeed, in his book of the Vanity of the Sciences, and his four books of Occult Philosophy, he has treated of most of these kinds of divinations, here brought together by Rabelais in this chapter.

[2] *The great king.*] This must be Francis I., to whose mother Agrippa was physician.

reputed to be very chaste; and hath not till this hour got notice of anything to the contrary. Yet let us go to him, seeing you will have it so; for surely we can never learn too much. They on the very next ensuing day came to Her Trippa's lodging. Panurge by way of donative, presented him with a long gown lined all through with wolf-skins, with a short sword mounted with a gilded hilt, and covered with a velvet scabbard, and with fifty good single angels: then in a familiar and friendly way did he ask of him his opinion touching the affair. At the very first Her Trippa, looking on him very wistly in the face, said unto him:—Thou hast the metoposcopy, and physiognomy of a cuckold,—I say, of a notorious and infamous cuckold. With this, casting an eye upon Panurge's right hand in all the parts thereof, he said, This rugged draught which I see here, just under the mount of Jove, was never yet but in the hand of a cuckold. Afterwards, he with a white lead pen swiftly and hastily drew a certain number of divers kinds of points, which by rules of geomancy he coupled and joined together, then said: Truth itself is not truer, than that it is certain, thou wilt be a cuckold, a little after thy marriage. That being done, he asked of Panurge the horoscope of his nativity; which was no sooner by Panurge tendered unto him, than that, erecting a figure, he very promptly and speedily formed and fashioned a complete fabric of the houses of heaven, in all their parts, whereof when he had considered the situation and the aspects in their triplicities, he fetched a deep sigh, and said; I have clearly enough already discovered unto you the fate of your cuckoldry, which is unavoidable, you cannot escape it. And here have I got new and further assurance thereof, so that I may now hardly pronounce, and affirm without any scruple or hesitation at all, that thou wilt be a cuckold; that furthermore, thou wilt be beaten by thine own wife, and that she will purloin, filch, and steal of thy goods from thee; for I find the seventh house in all its aspects, of a malignant influence, and every one of the planets threatening thee with disgrace, according as they stand seated towards one another, in relation to the horned signs of Aries, Taurus, and Capricorn. In the fourth house I find Jupiter in a decadence, as also in a tetragonal aspect to Saturn, associated with Mercury. Thou wilt be soundly peppered, my good honest fellow, I warrant thee.

I will be? answered Panurge. A plague rot thee, thou old fool, and doating sot, how graceless and unpleasant thou art! When all cuckolds shall be at a general rendezvous, thou shouldst be their standard-bearer. But whence comes this ciron-worm betwixt these two fingers? This Panurge said, putting the fore finger of his left hand betwixt the fore and mid finger of the right, which he thrust out towards Her Trippa, holding them open after the manner of two horns, and shutting into his fist his thumb with the other fingers. Then, in turning to Epistemon, he said,—Lo here the true Olus of Martial,[3] who addicted and devoted himself wholly to the observing the miseries, crosses, and calamities of others, whilst his own wife, in the interim, did keep an open bawdy-house. This varlet is poorer than ever was Irus, and yet he is proud, vaunting, arrogant, self-conceited, over-weening, and more insupportable than seventeen devils; in one word, Πτωχαλάζων,[4] which term of old was applied to the like beggarly strutting coxcombs. Come, let us leave this madpash bedlam, this hair-brained fop, and give him leave to rave and dose his bellyfull, with his private and intimately acquainted devils; who, if they were not the very worst of all infernal fiends, would never have deigned to serve such a knavish, barking cur as this is. He hath not learnt the first precept of philosophy, which is, *Know thyself;* for, whilst he braggeth and boasteth, that he can discern the least mote in the eye of another, he is not able to see the huge block that puts out the sight of both his eyes. This is such another Polypragmon, as is by Plutarch described. He is of the nature of the Lamian witches, who in foreign places, in the houses of strangers, in public and amongst the common people, had a sharper and more piercing inspection into their affairs than any lynx; but at home in their own proper dwelling-mansions were blinder than mold-warps, and saw nothing at all. For their custom was, at their return from abroad, when they were by themselves in private, to take their eyes out of their head, from whence they were as easily removable, as a pair of spectacles from their nose, and to lay them up into a wooden slipper,

[3] *Olus of Martial.*] Lib. vii. epigr. x. "Ole quid ad te."

[4] Πτωχαλάζων. A ptochalazon, i. e. a proud beggar, from πτωχὸς, poor, and ἀλάζων, haughty. See Plutarch in his treatise Of curiosity. Irus was the beggar who kept watch on the suitors of Penelope.

which for that purpose did hang behind the door of their lodging.

Panurge had no sooner done speaking, when Her Trippa took into his hand a tamarisk branch. In this, quoth Epistemon, he doth very well, right, and like an artist, for Nicander calleth it the Divinatory tree. Have you a mind, quoth Her Trippa, to have the truth of the matter yet more fully and amply disclosed unto you by pyromancy, by aeromancy, whereof Aristophanes in his Clouds maketh great estimation, by hydromancy, by lecanomancy, of old in prime request amongst the Assyrians, and thoroughly tried by Hermolaus Barbarus? Come hither, and I will show thee in this platter full of fair fountain water, thy future wife, lechering and sercroupierising it with two swaggering ruffians, one after another. Yea, but have a special care, quoth Panurge, when thou comest to put thy nose within mine arse, that thou forget not to pull off thy spectacles. Her Trippa, going on in his discourse, said, By catoptromancy, likewise held in such account by the Emperor Didius Julianus, that by means thereof he ever and anon foresaw all that which at any time did happen or befall unto him. Thou shalt not need to put on thy spectacles, for in a mirror thou wilt see her as clearly and manifestly nebrundiated, and billibodring it, as if I should show it in the fountain of the temple of Minerva, near Patras. By coscinomancy, most religiously observed of old amidst the ceremonies of the ancient Romans. Let us have sieve and shears, and thou shalt see devils. By alphitomancy, cried up by Theocritus in his Pharmaceutria. By alentomancy, mixing the flower of wheat with oatmeal. By astragalomancy, whereof I have the plots and models all at hand ready for the purpose. By tiromancy, whereof we make some proof in a great Brchemont cheese, which I here keep by me. By giromancy, if thou shouldest turn round circles, thou mightest assure thyself from me, that they would fall always on the wrong side. By sternomancy, which maketh nothing for thy advantage, for thou hast an ill proportioned stomach. By libanomancy, for the which we shall need but a little frankincense. By gastromancy, which kind of ventral fatiloquency was for a long time together used in Ferrara by Lady Giacoma Rodogina, the Engastrimythian prophetess. By cephalomancy, often practised amongst the High Germans, in their boiling of an

ass's head upon burning coals. By ceromancy, where, by the means of wax dissolved into water, thou shalt see the figure, portrait, and lively representation of thy future wife, and of her fredin fredaliatory belly-thumping blades. By capnomancy, O the gallantest and most excellent of all secrets! By axionomancy; we want only a hatchet and a jet-stone to be laid together upon a quick fire of hot embers. O how bravely Homer was versed in the practice hereof towards Penelope's suiters! By onymancy, for that we have oil and wax. By tephromancy, thou wilt see the ashes thus aloft dispersed, exhibiting thy wife in a fine posture. By botanomancy, for the nonce I have some few leaves in reserve. By sicomancy; O divine art in fig-tree leaves. By icthyomancy, in ancient times so celebrated, and put in use by Tiresias and Polydamas, with the like certainty of event as was tried of old at the Dina-ditch, within that grove consecrated to Apollo, which is in the territory of the Lycians. By choeromancy, let us have a great many hogs, and thou shalt have the bladder of one of them. By cheromancy, as the bean is found in the cake at the Epiphany vigil. By anthropomancy, practised by the Roman Emperor Heliogabalus. It is somewhat irksome, but thou wilt endure it well enough, seeing thou art destinated to be a cuckold. By a sibylline stitchomancy. By onomatomancy. How do they call thee? Chaw-turd,[5] quoth Panurge. Or yet by alectryomancy. If I should here with a compass draw a round, and in looking upon thee, and considering thy lot, divide the circumference thereof into four and twenty equal parts, then form a several letter of the alphabet upon every one of them; and lastly, posit a barley corn or two upon each of these so disposed letters, I durst promise upon my faith and honesty, that if a young virgin cock be permitted to range alongst and athwart them, he should only eat the grains which are set and placed upon these letters, A. C.U.C.K.O.L.D. T.H.O.U

[5] *Chaw-turd, or turd-master.*] *Maschemerde* in the original; an epithet for physicians, tantamount to the scatophagos, which Aristophanes bestows on Æsculapius. Σκαροφάγος, *merdivorus*, says Robinson's lexicon; Æsculapii Epith. apud Aristoph. in Pluto; *est à σκαρὸς merda, et φάλω, edo.* Heretofore physicians use to taste their patients' excretions, the better to judge of their state and condition. A laudable custom of the ancients, but not much practised by the moderns! There is as much a fashion in physic, as in any thing, and its mode is as changeable almost as that of dress.

S.H.A.L.T. B.E. And that as fatidically, as under the Emperor Valens, most perplexedly desirous to know the name of him who should be his successor to the empire, the cock vaticinating and alectryomantic, ate up the pickles that were deposited on the letters Θ.E.O.Δ.[6] T.H.E.O.D. Or, for the more certainty, will you have a trial of your fortune by the art of aruspiciny? By augury? Or by extispiciny? By turdispiciny, quoth Panurge. Or yet by the mystery of necromancy? I will, if you please, suddenly set up again, and revive some one lately deceased, as Apollonius of Tyane did to Achilles, and the Pythoness in the presence of Saul; which body, so raised up and re-quickened, will tell us the sum of all you shall require of him: no more nor less than, at the invocation of Erictho, a certain defunct person foretold to Pompey the whole progress and issue of the fatal battle fought in the Pharsalian fields? Or, if you be afraid of the dead, as commonly all cuckolds are, I will make use of the faculty of sciomancy.[7]

Go, get thee gone, quoth Panurge, thou frantic ass, to the devil, and be buggered, filthy bardachio that thou art, by some Albanian, for a steeple-crowned hat.[8] Why the devil didst not thou counsel me as well to hold an emerald, or the stone of a hyena under my tongue? Or to furnish and provide myself with tongues of whoops, and hearts of green frogs? Or to eat the liver and milt of some dragon? To the end that by those means I might, at the chanting and chirping of swans and other fowls, understand the substance of my future lot and destiny, as did of old the Arabians[9] in the country of Mesopotamia? Fifteen brace of devils seize

[6] Θ.E.O.Δ.] For a proof, that the name ought not to be written at length, as in the Dutch Rabelais, Zonaras and Cedrenus, from whom Rabelais takes the story, affirm that the cock touched no other letters but the Θ.E.O.Δ. Besides, it was not Theodorus, but Theodosius that succeeded Valens. Ammianus Marcellinus pretends with Sozomenus, that the exploration on this occasion was by dactyliomancy.

[7] *Sciomancy.*] Divination by the shades of the dead. The editors of Rabelais have inserted many of these kinds of divination. Moliere has imitated this chapter in his "*Marriage Forcé*," Act I. sc. vi., where Doctor Pancrace runs over all the languages in which he can reply.]

[8] *Steeple-crowned hat.*] A head gear with which the hapless wretches who swelled the Autos-da-Fe of the Holy Inquisition were decorated.]

[9] *Of old the Arabians.*] See Philostratus, l. i. c. xii. of Apollonius's life.

upon the body and soul of this horned renegado, miscreant, cuckold, the enchanter, witch, and sorcerer of antichrist; away to all the devils of hell? Let us return towards our king, I am sure he will not be well pleased with us, if he once come to get notice that we have been in the kennel of this muffled devil.[10] I repent my being come hither. I would willingly dispense with a hundred nobles,[11] and fourteen yeomen, on condition that he, who not long since[12] did blow in the bottom of my breeches, should instantly with his squirting spittle inluminate his moustaches. O Lord God now! how the villain hath besmoked me with vexation and anger, with charms and witchcraft, and with a terrible coil and stir of infernal and Tartarian devils! The devil take him! Say *Amen*, and let us go drink. I shall not have any appetite for my victuals, how good cheer soever I make these two days to come,—hardly these four.

CHAPTER XXVI.

How Panurge consulteth with Friar John of the Funnels.

PANURGE was indeed very much troubled in mind, and disquieted at the words of Her Trippa, and therefore as he passed

[10] *This muffled devil.*] It should be ragged, home-spun devil: he was slanderous as the devil, but at the bottom a mere ninny-hammer. M. Duchat observes, that the Lyons edition, and some others have swelled this chapter with nine or ten sorts of divinations; which, as well as those which Rabelais touches upon, may be seen in the five books, De Sapientia, published by Cardan, just as the third book of Pantagruel came out. Now, since among others, the cephaleonomancy, attributed to the Germans in those editions, is described in l. iv. of Cardan's De Sapientia, I know not but he may be Her Trippa. Add to this the epithets given him by Panurge, viz. ragged, &c. And it looks the more probable, for Cardan was so careless in what he either wore or eat, that in his De propria Vita, speaking of himself, as of a second Tigellius, (mentioned by Horace)

"Modo, sit mihi mensa tripes, et
Concha salis puri, et toga, defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa queat."

[11] *A hundred nobles.*] Edward III., King of England, who first coined the rose-nobles, gave a hundred of them to one Gobin Agace of Picardy, for showing him a ford, where he might cross the river Somme, which parted his army from that of France. This coin was called noble, on account of the excellence of its gold, and was usually disposed of as a reward for a piece of good news brought, or some important service done.

[12] *Not long since.*] He had for some time left off wearing breeches or codpiece.

by the little village of Huymes, after he had made his address to Friar John, in pecking at, rubbing and scratching his own left ear, he said unto him, Keep me a little jovial and merry, my dear and sweet bully, for I find my brains altogether metagrabolized and confounded, and my spirits in a most dunsical puzzle at the bitter talk of this devilish, hellish, damned, fool. Hearken my dainty cod.[1]

Mellow c.	Calfeted c.	Renowned c.
Lead-coloured c.	Raised c.	Matted c.
Knurled c.	Odd c.	Genetive c.
Suborned c.	Steeled c.	Gigantal c.
Desired c.	Stale c.	Oval c.
Stuffed c.	Orange-tawny c.	Claustral c.
Speckled c.	Embroidered c.	Viril c.
Finely-metalled c.	Glazed c.	Stayed c.
Arabian-like c.	Interlarded c.	Massive c.
Trussed up grey-hound-like c.	Burger-like c.	Manual c.
	Impoudered c.	Absolute, c.
Mounted c.	Ebonized c.	Well-set c.
Sleeked c.	Brasiliated c.	Gemel c.
Diapred c.	Organized c.	Turkish c.
Spotted c.	Passable c.	Burning c.
Master c.	Trunkified c.	Thwacking c.
Seeded c.	Furious c.	Urgent c.
Lusty c.	Packed c.	Handsome c.
Jupped c.	Hooded c.	Prompt c.
Milked c.	Varnished c.	Fortunate c.

[1] *My dainty cod.*] In the original it is *couillon-mignon.* Now though *couillon* signifies a man's scrotum, yet M. Duchat will not allow of its signifying so here. He will have it, that in this, and the next chapter, they call one another only brother monk; for Panurge had been a monk, and friar John was one still; so they might well enough call each other brothers of the cowl, i. e. *couillon* from *cucullio, onis,* an augmentative of *cucullus:* for, by the bye, *couillon* is here a contraction of *coquillon,* formed from the same word *cucullio.* Be this as it may, Rabelais seems in these two chapters, and again in ch. xxviii. to have no other design in this profusion of epithets, but to show that he thoroughly understood not only the French tongue, but was also capable of enriching it with a great number of words from the Latin, Greek, Arabic, and all the sciences. It may not be amiss to observe, that of the epithets in this chapter, and the next but one, the principal, which may be called honourable, relate to Friar John, who was a young man, and whom Panurge had a mind to cajole; whereas those which are applied to Panurge, set him out to us an old fusty bachelor.

Boxwood c.
Latten c.
Unbridled c.
Hooked c.
Researched c.
Encompassed c.
Strouting out c.
Jolly c.
Lively c.
Gerundive c.
Franked c.
Polished c.
Poudered Beef c.
Positive c.
Spared c.
Bold c.
Lascivious c.
Gluttonous c.
Resolute c.
Cabbage-like c.
Courteous c.
Fertil c.
Whizzing c.
Neat c.
Common c.
Brisk c.
Quick c.
Barelike c.
Partitional c.
Patronymic c.
Cockney c.
Auromercuriated c.
Robust c.
Appetizing c.
Succourable c.
Redoubtable c.
Affable c.
Memorable c.
Palpable c.
Barbable c.
Tragical c.
Transpontine c.

Digestive c.
Active c.
Vital c.
Magistral c.
Monarchal c.
Subtil c.
Hammering c.
Clashing c.
Tingling c.
Usual c.
Exquisite c.
Trim c.
Succulent c.
Factious c.
Clammy c.
Fat c.
High-prized c.
Requisite c.
Laycod c.
Hand-filling c.
Insuperable c.
Agreeable c.
Formidable c.
Profitable c.
Notable c.
Musculous c.
Subsidiary c.
Satyric c.
Repercussive c.
Convulsive c.
Restorative c.
Masculinating c.
Incarnative c.
Sigillative c.
Sallying c.
Plump c.
Thundering c.
Lechering c.
Fulminating c.
Sparkling c.
Ramming c.
Lusty c.

Household c.
Pretty c.
Astrolabian c.
Algebraical c.
Venust c.
Aromatizing c.
Trixy c.
Paillard c.
Gaillard c.
Broaching c.
Addle c.
Syndicated c.
Boulting c.
Snorting c.
Pilfering c.
Shaking c.
Bobbing c.
Chiveted c.
Fumbling c.
Topsyturvying c.
Raging c.
Piled up c.
Filled up c.
Manly c.
Idle c.
Membrous c.
Strong c.
Twin c.
Belzbouring c.
Gentle c.
Stirring c.
Confident c.
Nimble c.
Roundheaded c.
Figging c.
Helpful c.
Spruce c.
Plucking c.
Ramage c.
Fine c.
Fierce c.
Brawny c.

Compt c.
Repaired c.
Soft c.
Wild c.
Renewed c.
Quaint c.
Starting c.
Fleshy c.
Auxiliary c.
New vamped c.
Improved c.
Malling c.
Sounding c.
Battled c.
Burly c.
Seditious c.
Wardian c.
Protective c.
Twinkling c.
Able c.
Algoristical c.
Odoriferous c.
Pranked c.
Jocund c.
Routing c.
Purloining c.
Frolic c.
Wagging c.
Ruffling c.
Jumbling c.
Rumbling c.
Thumping c.
Bumping c.
Cringeling c.
Berumpling c.
Jogging c.
Nobbing c.
Touzing c.
Tumbling c.
Fambling c.
Overturning c.
Shooting c.
Culeting c.
Jagged c.
Pinked c.
Arsiversing c.
Polished c.
Slasht c.
Hamed c.
Leisurely c.
Cut c.
Smooth c.
Depending c.
Independent c.
Lingring c.
Rapping c.
Reverend c.
Nodding c.
Disseminating c.
Affecting c.
Affected c.
Grappled c.
Stuffed c.
Well-fed c.
Flourished c.
Fallow c.
Sudden c.
Grasp-full c.
Swillpow c.
Crushing c.
Creaking c.
Dilting c.
Ready c.
Vigorous c.
Sculking c.
Superlative c.
Clashing c.
Wagging c.
Scriplike c.
Encremastered c.
Bouncing c.
Levelling c.
Fly-flap c.
Perinæ-tegminal c.
Squat couching c.
Short-hung c.
The hypogastrian c.
Witness-bearing c.
Testigerous c.
Instrumental c.

My harcabuzing cod, and buttock-stirring ballock, Friar John, my friend, I do carry a singular respect unto thee, and honour thee with all my heart. Thy counsel I hold for a choice and delicate morsel, therefore have I reserved it for the last bit. Give me thy advice freely, I beseech thee, Should I marry, or no? Friar John very merrily, and with a sprightly cheerfulness, made this answer to him. Marry, in the devil's name. Why not? What the devil else shouldst thou do, but marry? Take thee a wife and furbish her harness to some tune. Swinge her skin-coat, as if thou wert beating on a stock-fish; and let the repercussion of thy clapper from her resounding metal make a noise, as if a double

peal of chiming-bells were hung at the cremasters of thy ballocks. As I say, marry, so do I understand, that thou shouldst fall to work, as speedily as may be: yea, my meaning is, that thou oughtest to be so quick and forward therein, as on this same very day, before sun-set, to cause proclaim thy banns of matrimony, and make provision of bedsteads. By the blood of a hog's-pudding, till when wouldst thou delay the acting of a husband's part? Dost thou not know, and is it not daily told unto thee, that the end of the world approacheth? We are nearer it by three poles, and half a fathom, than we were two days ago. The antichrist is already born, at least it is so reported by many. The truth is, that hitherto the effects of his wrath have not reached further than to the scratching of his nurse and governesses. His nails are not sharp enough as yet, nor have his claws attained to their full growth,—he is little.

"Crescat; nos qui vivimus, multiplicemur."

It is written so, and it is holy stuff, I warrant you: the truth whereof is like to last as long as a sack of corn may be had for a penny, and a puncheon of pure wine for threepence. Wouldst thou be content to be found with thy genitories full in the day of judgment? *Dum venerit judicare?* Thou hast, quoth Panurge, a right clear, and neat spirit, Friar John, my metropolitan cod; thou speakst in very deed pertinently, and to purpose. That belike was the reason which moved Leander of Abydos, in Asia, whilst he was swimming through the Hellespontic sea, to make a visit to his sweetheart Hero of Sestus, in Europe, to pray unto Neptune, and all the other marine gods, thus:

"Now, whilst I go, have pity on me,
And at my back returning drown me." [2]

He was loath, it seems, to die with his cods overgorged. He was to be commended: therefore do I promise, that from henceforth no malefactor shall by justice be executed within my jurisdiction of Salmigondinois, who shall not, for a day or two at least before, be permitted to culbut, and foraminate, onocrotalwise,[3] so that there remain not in all his

[2] *Now, &c.*] "Parcite, dum propero: mergite, dum redeo:" says Martial, lib. *De Spectaculis.* Epig. xxv.

[3] *Onocrotalwise.*] *Onocrotal* is a bittern or buzzard, whose cry sounds like that of an ass. So that to do the deed of kind (as Shakespeare's word is) like an onocrotal, is as if one should say an unsaddled

vessels, to write a Greek Y. Such a precious thing should not be foolishly cast away. He will perhaps therewith beget a male, and so depart the more contentedly out of this life, that he shall have left behind him one for one.

CHAPTER XXVII.[1]

How Friar John merrily and sportingly counselleth Panurge.

By Saint Rigomé,[2] quoth Friar John, I do advise thee to nothing, my dear friend Panurge, which I would not do myself, were I in thy place. Only have a special care, and take good heed thou solder well together the joints of the double-backed, and two bellied beast, and fortify thy nerves so strongly, that there be no discontinuance in the knocks of the venerean thwacking, else thou art lost, poor soul. For, if there pass long intervals betwixt the priapising feats, and that thou make an intermission of too large a time, that will befal thee which betides the nurses, if they desist from giving suck to children,—they lose their milk; and if continually thou do not hold thy aspersory tool in exercise, and keep thy mentul going, thy lacticinian nectar will be gone, and it will serve thee only as a pipe to piss out at, and thy cods for a wallet of lesser value than a beggar's scrip. This is a certain truth I tell thee, friend, and doubt not of it; for myself have seen the sad experiment thereof in many, who cannot now do what they would, because before they did not what they might have done: *Ex desuetudine amit-*

ass. For as Cotgrave observes, asses discharged of their burthens, unsaddled, and set at liberty, are the friskiest creatures alive. As for the onocrotalos (which I take to be a bittern or buzzard) it is a very large bird; it never flies but in company of one of its own kind, and under its neck it has a kind of a second belly, where it lays up for a reserve what provision it is not inclined immediately to eat. M. Duchat says that under the name of onocrotals, Panurge means the begging friars, who, besides, live mostly on fish, like that bird, and, like it too, they have a hoarse rough voice. (He might have added, that they go in couples too, as I have constantly seen them in France; not to say that they have three stones, as the onocrotals or buteones are said by the authors of the Cambridge Dictionary to have.) To conclude: *onocrotalos* comes from ὄνος, an ass, and κρόταλος, a hoarse, rough, harsh sound.

[1] This is not a new chapter in M. Duchat's edition, but a continuation of chap. xxvi.

[2] *By St. Rigomé.*] Rigomarus is a saint particularly worshipped in Poitou, where they keep one of his arms, and usually swear by it.

tuntur privilegia. Non-usage oftentimes destroys one's right, say the learned doctors of the law; therefore, my billy, entertain as well as possibly thou canst, that hypogastrian lower sort of troglodytic people, that their chief pleasure may be placed in the case of sempiternal labouring. Give order that henceforth they live not, like idle gentlemen, idly upon their rents and revenues, but that they may work for their livelihood, by breaking ground within the Paphian trenches. Nay truly, answered Panurge, Friar John, my left ballock, I will believe thee, for thou dealest plain with me, and fallest downright square upon the business, without going about the bush with frivolous circumstances and unnecessary reservations. Thou with the splendour of a piercing wit hast dissipated all the louring clouds of anxious apprehensions and suspicions, which did intimidate and terrify me: therefore the heavens be pleased to grant to thee, at all she-conflicts, a stiff-standing fortune. Well then, as thou hast said, so will I do, I will, in good sooth, marry,—in that point there shall be no failing, I promise thee,—and shall have always by me pretty girls clothed with the name of my wife's waiting-maids, that lying under thy wings, thou mayest be night protector of their sisterhood, when thou comest to see me.

Let this serve for the first part of the sermon. Hearken, quoth Friar John, to the oracle of the bells of Varenes.[3] What say they? I hear and understand them, quoth Panurge; their sound is, by my thirst, more uprightly fatidical, than that of Jove's great kettles in Dodona. Hearken! *Take thee a wife, take thee a wife, and marry, marry, marry: for if thou marry, thou shalt find good therein; here in a wife thou shalt find good; so marry, marry.* I will assure thee, that I shall be married:—all the elements invite and prompt me to it. Let this word be to thee a brazen wall, by diffidence not to be broken through. As for the second part of this our doctrine,—thou seemest in some measure to mistrust the readiness of my paternity, in the practising of my placket-racket within the Aphrodisian tennis-court at all times fitting, as if the stiff god of gardens were not favourable to me. I pray thee, favour me so much as to believe, that I

[3] *The oracle of the bells of Varenes*] Friar John here quotes from a sermon (*De Viduitate, serm.* 3) of Jean Raulin, contemporary and rival of the famous preachers Maillard and Menot.]

still have him at a beck, attending always my commandments, docile, obedient, vigorous, and active in all things, and everywhere, and never stubborn or refractory to my will or pleasure. I need no more, but to let go the reins, and slacken the leash, which is the belly-point, and when the game is shown unto him, say, Hey, Jack, to thy booty! he will not fail even then to flesh himself upon his prey, and tuzzle it to some purpose. Hereby you may perceive, although my future wife were as unsatiable and gluttonous in her voluptuousness, and the delights of venery, as ever was the Empress Messalina, or yet the Marchioness of Oincester,[4] in England, yet I desire thee to give credit to it, that I lack not for what is requisite to overlay the stomach of her lust, but have wherewith aboundingly to please her. I am not ignorant that Solomon said, who indeed of that matter speaketh clerk-like, and learnedly,—as also how Aristotle after him declared for a truth, That, for the greater part, the lechery of a woman[5] is ravenous and unsatisfiable. Nevertheless, let such as are my friends, who read those passages, receive from me for a most real verity, that I for such a Gill have a fit Jack; and that, if women's things cannot be satiated, I have an instrument indefatigable,—an implement as copious in the giving, as can in craving be their vade mecums. Do not here produce ancient examples of the paragons of Paillardice, and offer to match with my testiculatory ability the Priapæan prowess of the fabulous fornicators, Hercules,[6] Proculus Cæsar,[7] and Mahomet, who in his

[4] *Marchioness of Oincester.*] As there never was such a title as this in England, nor any Marchioness of Winchester (the nearest sound to it) in the time of Rabelais, it is difficult to know what lady he means in this place. Duchat thinks it might be the cant name of some famous prostitute. [The Stews near the Bankside, Southwark, were the property of the Bishops of Winchester. Hence a "Winchester goose," and probably a "Marchioness of Winchester."]

[5] *The lechery of a woman.*] It is, in the original, *l'estré des femmes*, i. e. a woman's thing. In Languedoc they call everything thingumy, that they must not name, *estré*. See c. xiii. of l. iv. of Feneste, where mention is made of certain monks, who not being able to get at some young nuns, their neighbours, they threw over to them carved images of their virile *estrés* (thingumies) which the nuns very tenderly received into the forelappets of their smocks.

[6] *Hercules.*] Diodorus Siculus, l. v. c. ii. of his Antiquities, relates that Hercules, in the vigour of his youth, got King Thespius' fifty daughters with child in one night.

[7] *Proculus Cæsar.*] He boasted that of a hundred Sarmatian maids,

Alchoran[8] doth vaunt, that in his cods he had the vigour of threescore bully ruffians; but let no zealous Christian trust the rogue,—the filthy ribald rascal is a liar. Nor shalt thou need to urge authorities, or bring forth the instance of the Indian prince, of whom Theophrastus, Plinius, and Athenæus testify, that, with the help of a certain herb, he was able, and had given frequent experiments thereof, to toss his sinewy piece of generation in the act of carnal concupiscence above threescore and ten times[9] in the space of four and twenty hours. Of that I believe nothing, the number is supposititious, and too prodigally foisted in. Give no faith unto it, I beseech thee, but prithee trust me in this, and thy credulity therein shall not be wronged; for it is true, and *Probatum est*, that my pioneer of nature,—the sacred ithyphallian champion,—is of all stiff-intruding blades the primest. Come hither, my ballockette, and hearken. Didst thou ever see the monk of Castre's cowl? When in any house it was laid down, whether openly in the view of all, or covertly out of the sight of any, such was the ineffable virtue thereof for excitating and stirring up the people of both sexes unto lechery, that the whole inhabitants and indwellers, not only of that, but likewise of all the circumjacent places thereto, within three leagues around it, did suddenly enter into rut, both beasts and folks, men and women, even to the dogs and hogs, rats and cats.

I swear to thee, that many times heretofore I have perceived, and found in my codpiece a certain kind of energy, or efficacious virtue, much more irregular, and of a greater anomaly, than what I have related. I will not speak to thee either of house or cottage, nor of church or market, but only tell thee, that once at the representation of the Passion, which was acted at Saint Maxents, I had no sooner entered within the pit of the theatre, but that forthwith, by the

that were brought to him at one time, he devirginated ten the first night; and that within a fortnight afterwards, there was not one of all the rest which he had not made a woman. See Agrippa, *De Vanit. Scient.* chap. lxiii.

[8] *Mahomet.... in his Alchoran, &c.*] I know not whether any but Peter Belon has seen a certain Arabian book entitled Mahomet's Good Customs: but according to that book, which says Mahomet had eleven wives, he never was above an hour in doing them all over, one after another. See Brantome's *Dames Galantes*, tom. 1. p. 378.

[9] *Threescore and ten times*] See Theophrastus, l. ii. c. c. Pliny, l. xxvi. c. ix. and Athenæus, l. i. c. 12

virtue and occult property of it, on a sudden all that were there, both players and spectators, did fall into such an exorbitant temptation of lust, that there was not angel, man, devil, nor deviless, upon the place, who would not then have bricollitched it with all their heart and soul. The prompter forsook his copy, he who played St. Michael's part came down from his perch,[10] the devils issued out of hell, and carried along with them most of the pretty girls that were there, yea, Lucifer got out of his fetters;—in a word, seeing the huge disorder, I disparked myself forth of that inclosed place, in imitation of Cato the Censor, who perceiving, by reason of his presence, the Floralian festivals out of order, withdrew himself.[11]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

How Friar John comforteth Panurge in the doubtful matter of cuckoldry.

I UNDERSTAND thee well enough, said Friar John; but time makes all things plain. The most durable marble or porphyry is subject to old age and decay. Though for the present thou possibly be not weary of the exercise, yet is it like, I will hear thee confess a few years hence, that thy cods hang dangling downwards for want of a better truss. I see thee waxing a little hoar-headed already. Thy beard, by the distinction of grey, white, tawny, and black, hath to my thinking the resemblance of a map of the terrestrial globe, or geographical chart. Look attentively upon, and take inspection of what I shall show unto thee. Behold there Asia. Here are Tygris and Euphrates. Lo, there Africa. Here is the mountain of the moon,—yonder thou mayest perceive the ferny march of Nilus. On this side lieth Europe. Dost thou not see the Abbey of Theleme? This little tuft, which is altogether white, is the Hyperborean Hills. By the thirst of my throple, friend, when snow is on the mountains, I say the head and the chin, there is not then any considerable heat to be expected in the valleys and low-countries of the cod-piece. By the kibes of thy

[10] *Came down from his perch.*] *La volerie.* In the early theatres the volerie was the space set apart for the angels, at the upper part of the stage, and was depicted by a cloud, as in like manner hell was represented by an enormous dragon's throat.]

[11] *Withdrew himself.*] See Valerius Maximus, l. ii. c. 10.

heels, quoth Panurge, thou dost not understand the topics.[1] When snow is on the tops of the hills, lightning, thunder, tempest, whirlwinds, storms, hurricanes, and all the devils of hell rage in the valleys. Wouldst thou see the experience thereof, go to the territory of the Swiss, and earnestly perpend with thyself there the situation of the lake of Wunderberlich,[2] about four leagues distant from Berne, on the Syonside of the land. Thou twittest me with my grey hairs, yet considerest not how I am of the nature of leeks, which with a white head carry a green, fresh, straight, and vigorous tail. The truth is, nevertheless, (why should I deny it?) that I now and then discern in myself some indicative signs of old age. Tell this, I prithee, to nobody, but let it be kept very close and secret betwixt us two; for I find the wine much sweeter now, more savoury to my taste, and unto my palate of a better relish than formerly I was wont to do; and withal, besides mine accustomed manner, I have a more dreadful apprehension than I ever heretofore have had, of lighting on bad wine. Note and observe that this doth argue and portend I know not what of the west and occident of my time, and signifieth that the south and meridian of mine age is past. But what then, my gentle companion. That doth but betoken that I will hereafter drink so much the more. That is not, the devil hale it, the thing that I fear; nor is it there where my shoe pinches. The thing that I doubt most, and have greatest reason to dread and suspect, is, that through some long absence of our King Pantagruel, (to whom I must needs bear company, should he go to all the devils of Barathrum,) my future wife shall make me a cuckold. This is, in truth, the long and short of it. For I am by all those whom I have spoken to, menaced and threatened with a horned fortune; and all of them affirm, it is the lot to which from heaven I am predestinated. Every one, answered Friar John, that would be a cuckold, is not one. If it be thy fate to be hereafter of the number of that horned cattle, then may I conclude with an Ergo, thy wife will be beautiful,

[1] *Topics.*] Places, or books, of logical invention.

[2] *Lake of Wunderberlich.*] If, as it is more than probable, this is Pilate's lake, of which Vadianus on Pomponius Mela has written some things very like what is said here, it must be in reference to the wonderful things related of this lake that the Swiss have given it the surname of Wunderberlich, or admirable. Rabelais was deceived in taking this German adjective for the name of the lake itself.

and Ergo, thou wilt be kindly used by her. Likewise with this Ergo, thou shalt be blessed with the fruition of many friends and well-willers. And finally with this other Ergo, thou shalt be saved, and have a place in paradise. These are monachal topics and maxims of the cloister.[3] Thou mayst take more liberty to sin. Thou shalt be more at ease than ever. There will be never the less left for thee, nothing diminished, but thy goods shall increase notably. And if so be it was preordinated for thee, wouldst thou be so impious as not to acquiesce in thy destiny? Speak, thou jaded cod.[4]

Faded c.	Kneaded-with-cold-water c.	Grim c.
Mouldy c.	Appealant c.	Wasted c.
Musty c.	Swagging c.	Inflamed c.
Paltry c.	Withered c.	Unhinged c.
Senseless c.	Broken-reined c.	Scurvy c.
Foundered c.	Defective c.	Straddling c.
Distempered c.	Crestfallen c.	Putrified c.
Bewrayed c.	Felled c.	Maimed c.
Inveigled c.	Fleeted c.	Overlechered c.
Dangling c.	Cloyed c.	Druggerly c.
Stupid c.	Squeezed c.	Mitified c.
Seedless c.	Resty c.	Goat-ridden c.
Soaked c.	Pounded c.	Weakened c.
Louting c.	Loose c.	Ass-ridden c.
Discouraged c.	Coldish c.	Puff-pasted c.
Surfeited c.	Pickled c.	St. Anthonified c.
Peevish c.	Churned c.	Untriped c.
Translated c.	Filiped c.	Blasted c.
Forlorn c.	Singlifild c.	Cut off c.
Unsavoury c.	Begrimed c.	Beveraged c.
Worm-eaten c.	Wrinkled c.	Scarified c.
Overtoiled c.	Fainted c.	Dashed c.
Miserable c.	Extenuated c.	Slashed c.
Steeped c.		Infeebled c.

[3] *Monachal Topics, &c.*] We have before seen Panurge using the topics, or logical inventions, to Friar John; and here we have Friar John in his turn, doing the like to him, in displaying the claustral maxims, which are such as show how little the state of married people is regarded by men of his character.

[4] *Speak thou jaded cod.*] This obscene parody of the Roman Liturgies, like the preceding one in chap. xxvi., is variously arranged in different editions, with such additions and suppressions as the caprice of his editors has dictated.]

Whore-hunting c.
Deteriorated c.
Chill c.
Scrupulous c.
Crazed c.
Tasteless c.
Hacked c.
Flaggy c.
Scrubby c.
Drained c.
Haled c.
Lolling c.
Drenched c.
Burst c.
Stirred up c.
Mitred c.
Pedlingly furnished c.
Rusty c.
Exhausted c.
Perplexed c.
Unhelved c.
Fizzled c.
Leprous c.
Bruised c.
Spadonic c.
Boughty c.
Mealy c.
Wrangling c.
Gangreened c.
Crustrissen c.
Ragged c.
Quelled c.
Bragodochio c.
Beggarly c.
Trepanned c.
Bedusked c.
Emasculated c.
Corked c.
Transparent c.
Vile c.
Antidated c.

Chopped c.
Pinked c.
Cup-glassified c.
Fruitless c.
River c.
Pursy c.
Fusty c.
Jadish c.
Fistulous c.
Languishing c.
Maleficiated c.
Hectic c.
Worn out c.
Ill-favoured c.
Duncified c.
Macerated c.
Paralytic c.
Degraded c.
Benumbed c.
Bat-like c.
Fart-shotten c.
Sunburnt c.
Pacified c.
Blunted c.
Rankling tasted c.
Rooted out c.
Costive c.
Hailed-on c.
Cuffed c.
Buffeted c.
Whirreted c.
Robbed c.
Neglected c.
Lame c.
Confused c.
Unsavoury c.
Overthrown c.
Boulted c.
Trode under c.
Desolate c.
Declining c.
Stinking c.

Sorrowful c.
Murdered c.
Matachin-like c.
Besotted c.
Customerless c.
Minced c.
Exulcerated c.
Patched c.
Stupified c.
Annihilated c.
Spent c.
Foiled c.
Anguished c.
Disfigured c.
Disabled c.
Forceless c.
Censured c.
Cut c.
Rifled c.
Undone c.
Corrected c.
Slit c.
Skittish c.
Spungy c.
Botched c.
Dejected c.
Jagged c.
Pining c.
Deformed c.
Mischieved c.
Cobbled c.
Imbased c.
Ransacked c.
Despised c.
Mangy c.
Abased c.
Supine c.
Mended c.
Dismayed c.
Harsh c.
Beaten c.
Barred c.

Abandoned c.
Confounded c.
Loutish c.
Borne down c.
Sparred c.
Abashed c.
Unseasonable c.
Oppressed c.
Grated c.
Falling away c.
Small cut c.
Disordered c.
Latticed c.
Ruined c.
Exasperated c.
Rejected c.
Belammed c.
Febricitant c.
Perused c.
Emasculated c.
Roughly handled c.
Examined c.
Cracked c.
Wayward c.
Hagled c.
Gleaning c.
Ill-favoured c.
Pulled c.
Drooping c.
Faint c.
Parched c.
Paltry c.
Cankered c.
Void c.
Vexed c.
Bestunk c.
Crooked c.
Brabling c.
Rotten c.
Anxious c.
Clouted c.
Tired c.
Proud c.
Fractured c.
Melancholy c.
Coxcombly c.
Base c.
Bleaked c.
Detested c.
Diaphanous c.
Unworthy c.
Checked c.
Mangled c.
Turned over c.
Harried c.
Flawed c.
Froward c.
Ugly c.
Drawn c.
Riven c.
Distasteful c.
Hanging c.
Broken c.
Limber c.
Effeminate c.
Kindled c.
Evacuated c.
Grieved c.
Carking c.
Disorderly c.
Empty c.
Disquieted c.
Desisted c.
Confounded c.
Hooked c.
Divorous c.
Wearied c.
Sad c.
Cross c.
Vain-glorious c.
Poor c.
Brown c.
Shrunken c.
Abhorred c.
Troubled c.
Scornful c.
Dishonest c.
Reproved c.
Cocketed c.
Filthy c.
Shred c.
Chawned c.
Short-winded c.
Branchless c.
Chapped c.
Failing c.
Deficient c.
Lean c.
Consumed c.
Used c.
Puzzled c.
Allayed c.
Spoiled c.
Clagged c.
Palsy-strucken c.
Amazed c.
Bedunsed c.
Extirpated c.
Banged c.
Stripped c.
Hoary c.
Winnowed c.
Decayed c.
Disastrous c.
Unhandsome c.
Stummed c.
Barren c.
Wretched c.
Feeble c.
Cast down c.
Stopped c.
Kept under c.
Stubborn c.
Ground c.
Retchless c.
Weather-beaten c.

Flayed c.
Bald c.
Tossed c.
Flapping c.
Cleft c.
Meagre c.
Dumpified c.
Suppressed c.
Hagged c.
Jawped c.
Havocked c.
Astonished c.
Dulled c.
Slow c.
Plucked up c.
Constipated c.
Blown c.
Blockified c.
Pommeled c.
All-to-be-mauled c.
Fallen away c.
Unlucky c.
Sterile c.
Beshitten c.
Appeased c.
Caitif c.
Woful c.
Unseemly c.
Heavy c.
Weak c.
Prostrated c.
Uncomely c.
Naughty c.
Laid flat c.
Suffocated c.
Held down c.
Barked c.
Hairless c.
Flamping c.
Hooded c.
Wormy c.
Besysted c.
Faulty c.
Bemealed c.
Mortified c.
Scurvy c.
Bescabbed c.
Torn c.
Subdued c.
Sneaking c.
Bare c.
Swart c.
Smutched c.
Raised up c.
Chopped c.
Flirted c.
Blained c.
Blotted c.
Sunk in c.
Gastly c.
Unpointed c.
Beblistered c.
Wizened c.
Beggar-plated c.
Douf c.
Clarty c.
Lumpish c.
Abject c.
Side c.
Choked up c.
Backward c.
Prolix c.
Spotted c.
Crumpled c.
Frumpled c.
Stale c.
Corrupted c.
Beflowered c.
Amated c.
Blackish c.
Underlaid c.
Lothing c.
Ill-filled c.
Bobbed c.
Mated c.
Tawny c.
Whealed c.
Besmeared c.
Hollow c.
Pantless c.
Guizened c.
Demiss c.
Refractory c.
Rensy c.
Frowning c.
Limping c.
Ravelled c.
Rammish c.
Gaunt c.
Beskimmered c.
Scraggy c.
Lank c.
Swashring c.
Moyling c.
Swinking c.
Harried c.
Tugged c.
Towed c.
Misused c.
Adamitical c.

Balockatso to the devil, my dear friend Panurge, seeing it is so decreed by the gods, wouldst thou invert the course of the planets, and make them retrograde? Wouldst thou disorder all the celestial spheres? blame the intelligences,

blunt the spindles, join the wherves, slander the spinning quills, reproach the bobbins, revile the clew-bottoms, and finally ravel and untwist all the threads of both the warp and the waft of the weird Sister-Parcæ? What a pox to thy bones dost thou mean, stony cod? Thou wouldst, if thou couldst, a great deal worse than the giants of old intended to have done. Come hither, billicullion. Whether wouldst thou be jealous without a cause, or be a cuckold and know nothing about it?[5] Neither the one, nor the other, quoth Panurge, would I choose to be. But if I can get an inkling of the matter, I will provide well enough, or there shall not be one stick of wood within five hundred leagues about me, whereof to make a cudgel. In good faith, Friar John, I speak now seriously unto thee, I think it will be my best not to marry. Hearken to what the bells do tell me, now that we are nearer to them! *Do not marry, marry not, not, not, not, not; marry, marry not, not, not, not, not. If thou marry, thou wilt miscarry, carry, carry; thou wilt repent it, resent it, sent it! If thou marry, thou a cuckold, a cou-cou-cuckoe, cou-cou-cuckold thou shalt be.* By the worthy wrath of God, I begin to be angry. This campanalian oracle fretteth me to the guts,—a March hare was never in such a chaff as I am. O how I am vexed! You monks and friars of the cowl-pated and hood-polled fraternity, have you no remedy nor salve against this malady of graffing horns in heads? Hath nature so abandoned human-kind, and of her help left us so destitute, that married men cannot know how to sail through the seas of this mortal life, and be safe from the whirlpools, quicksands, rocks, and banks, that lie alongst the coast of Cornwall.

I will, said Friar John, show thee a way, and teach thee an expedient, by means whereof thy wife shall never make thee a cuckold without thy knowledge, and thine own consent. Do me the favour, I pray thee, quoth Panurge, my pretty soft downy cod; now tell it, Billy, tell it, I beseech thee. Take, quoth Friar John, Hans Carvel's ring[6] upon

[5] *Know nothing about it?*] This problem is borrowed from Hugh le Maronnier, a poet of the thirteenth century.]

[6] *Hans Carvel's ring.*] This story has been repeatedly served up. It appears among the facetiæ of Poggius (*Visio Francisci Philelphi;*) in the fifth satire of Ariosto; in the *Cent nouvelles nouvelles* of Louis XI.; it has been used by Celio Malespini (*Ducento novelle;*) by the author of the *Mensa Philosophica;* by La Fontaine; and by Prior.]

thy finger, who was the King of Melinda's chief jeweller. Besides that this Hans Carvel had the reputation of being very skilful and expert in the lapidary's profession, he was a studious, learned, and ingenious man, a scientific person, full of knowledge, a great philosopher, of sound judgment, of a prime wit, good sense, clear-spirited, an honest creature, courteous, charitable, a giver of alms, and of a jovial humour, a boon companion, and a merry blade, if ever there was any in the world. He was somewhat gorbellied, had a little shake in his head, and was in effect unwieldy of his body. In his old age he took to wife the bailiff of Concordat's daughter, young, fair, jolly, gallant, spruce, frisk, brisk, neat, feat, smirk, smug, compt, quaint, gay, fine, trixy, trim, decent, proper, graceful, handsome, beautiful, comely, and kind,—a little too much—to her neighbours and acquaintance.

Hereupon it fell out, after the expiring of a scantling of weeks, that Master Carvel became as jealous as a tiger, and entered into a very profound suspicion, that his new-married gixy did keep a buttock-stirring with others. To prevent which inconveniency, he did tell her many tragical stories of the total ruin of several kingdoms by adultery; did read unto her the legend of chaste wives;[7] then made some lectures to her in the praise of the choice virtue of pudicity, and did present her with a book in commendation of conjugal fidelity, wherein the wickedness of all licentious women was odiously detested; and withal he gave her a chain enriched with pure oriental sapphires. Notwithstanding all this, he found her always more and more inclined to the reception of her neighbour copes-mates, so that day by day his jealousy increased. In sequel whereof, one night as he was lying by her, whilst in his sleep the rambling fancies of the lecherous deportments of his wife did take up the cellules of his brain, he dreamt that he encountered with the devil, to whom he had discovered to the full the buzzing of his head, and suspicion that his wife did tread her shoe awry. The devil, he thought, in this perplexity, did for his comfort give him a ring, and therewithal did kindly put it on his middle finger, saying, Hans Carvel, I give thee this ring,—whilst thou carriest it upon that finger,

[7] *The legend of chaste wives.*] Doubtless the treatise of Jacques de Bergame, "*sur les femmes illustres.*"]

thy wife shall never carnally be known by any other than thyself, without thy special knowledge and consent. Grammercy, quoth Hans Carvel, my Lord Devil, I renounce Mahomet, if ever it shall come off my finger. The devil vanished, as is his custom, and then Hans Carvel, full of joy awaking, found that his middle-finger was as far as it could reach within the what-do-you-call-it of his wife. I did forget to tell thee, how his wife, as soon as she had felt the finger there, said, in recoiling her buttocks, Off, yes, nay, tut, pish, tush, aye, lord, that is not the thing which should be put up in that place. With this Hans Carvel thought that some pilfering fellow was about to take the ring from him. Is not this an infallible and sovereign antidote? Therefore, if thou wilt believe me, in imitation of this example never fail to have continually the ring of thy wife's commodity upon thy finger. When that was said, their discourse and their way ended.

CHAPTER XXIX.

How Pantagruel convocated together a theologian, physician, lawyer, and philosopher, for extricating Panurge out of the perplexity wherein he was.

No sooner were they come into the royal palace, but they, to the full, made report unto Pantagruel of the success of their expedition, and showed him the response of Raminagrobis. When Pantagruel had read it over and over again, the oftener he perused it, being the better pleased therewith, he said, in addressing his speech to Panurge, I have not as yet seen any answer framed to your demand, which affordeth me more contentment. For in this his succinct copy of verses, he summarily, and briefly, yet fully enough expresseth, how he would have us to understand, that every one, in the project and enterprise of marriage, ought to be his own carver, sole arbitrator of his proper thoughts, and from himself alone take counsel in the main and peremptory closure of what his determination should be, in either his assent to, or dissent from it. Such always hath been my opinion to you, and when at first you spoke thereof to me, I truly told you this same very thing; but tacitly you scorned my advice, and would not harbour it within your mind. I know for certain, and therefore may I with the greater confidence utter my

conception of it, that philauty, or self love, is that which blinds your judgment and deceiveth you.

Let us do otherways, and that is this. Whatever we are, or have, consisteth in three things—the soul, the body, and the goods. Now, for the preservation of these three, there are three sorts of learned men ordained, each respectively to have care of that one which is recommended to his charge. Theologues are appointed for the soul, physicians for the welfare of the body, and lawyers for the safety of our goods. Hence it is, that it is my resolution to have on Sunday next with me at dinner a divine, a physician, and a lawyer, that with those three assembled thus together, we may in every point and particle confer at large of your perplexity. By Saint Picot, answered Panurge, we never shall do any good that way, I see it already. And you see yourself how the world is vilely abused, as when with a fox-tail one claps another's breech, to cajole him. We give our souls to keep to the theologues, who for the greater part are heretics. Our bodies we commit to the physicians, who never themselves take any physic. And then we intrust our goods to the lawyers, who never go to law against one another. You speak like a courtier,[1] quoth Pantagruel. But the first point of your assertion is to be denied; for we daily see how good theologues make it their chief business, their whole and sole employment, by their deeds, their words, and writings, to extirpate errors and heresies out of the hearts of men, and in their stead profoundly plant the true and lively faith. The second point you spoke of I commend; for, in truth the professors of the art of medicine give so good order to the prophylactic, or conservative part of their faculty, in what concerneth their proper healths, that they stand in no need of making use of the other branch, which is the curative, or therapeutic, by medicaments. As for the third, I grant it to be true, for learned advocates and counsellors at law are so much taken up with the affairs of others in their consultations, pleadings, and such-like patrocinations of those who are their clients, that they have no leisure to attend any controversies of their own. Therefore, on the next ensuing Sunday, let the divine be our godly Father[2] Hippo-

[1] *You speak like a courtier.*] Courtiers despise men of letters, because themselves are illiterate.

[2] *Father Hippothadeus*] or Parathodeus. M. Esmangart conjectures

thadeus, the physician our honest Master Rondibilis,[3] and our legist our friend Bridlegoose.[4] Nor will it be (to my thinking) amiss, that we enter into the pythagoric field, and choose for an assistant to the three aforenamed doctors our ancient faithful acquaintance, the philosopher Trouillogan[5]; especially seeing a perfect philosopher, such as is Trouillogan, is able positively to resolve all whatsoever doubts you can propose. Carpalim, have you a care to have them here all four on Sunday next at dinner, without fail.

I believe, quoth Epistemon, that throughout the whole country, in all the corners thereof, you could not have pitched upon such other four. Which I speak not so much in regard of the most excellent qualifications and accomplishments wherewith all of them are endowed for the respective discharge and management of each his own vocation and calling, (wherein without all doubt or controversy, they are the paragons of the land and surpass all others,) as for that Rondibilis is married now, who before was not,—Hippothadeus was not before, nor is yet,—Bridlegoose was married once, but is not now,—and Trouillogan is married now, who wedded was to another wife before. Sir, if it may stand with your good liking, I will ease Carpalim of some parcel of his labour, and invite Bridlegoose myself, with whom I of a long time have had a very intimate familiarity, and unto whom I am to speak on the behalf of a pretty hopeful youth who now studieth at Tholouse, under the most learned, virtuous Doctor Boissonet.[6] Do what you deem most expedient, quoth Pantagruel, and tell me, if my recommendation can in anything be steadable for the promoval of the good of that youth, or otherwise serve for bettering of the dignity and office of the

him to be Guillaume Parvi, a doctor of the Sorbonne, confessor of Louis XII., and Bishop of Senlis.]

[3] *Master Rondibilis.*] According to tradition this will be Guillaume Rondelet, a famous physician of Montpellier, who employed himself in writing a history of fishes.]

[4] *Bridlegoose.*] Several commentators suppose this to be the celebrated and learned André Tiraqueau, Lieutenant of the bailliages of Fontenay-le-Comte.]

[5] *The philosopher Trouillogan.*] Probably Peter Ramus, (or Peter Gallaud) whom Rabelais takes occasion to flout at anew, in the prologue to book iv.] Trouillogan,—a man who for want of thought, is continually twisting and twirling his gloves *(gans.)*

[6] *Doctor Boissonné.*] Professor of jurisprudence, and councillor of the Parliament of Toulouse; author of several treatises.]

worthy Boissonet, whom I do so love and respect for one of the ablest and most sufficient in his way, that any where are extant. Sir, I will use therein my best endeavours, and heartily bestir myself about it.

CHAPTER XXX.

How the theologue, Hippothadeus, giveth counsel to Panurge in the matter and business of his nuptial enterprise.

THE dinner on the subsequent Sunday was no sooner made ready, than that the aforenamed invited guests gave thereto their appearance, all of them, Bridlegoose only excepted, who was the deputy-governor of Fonsbeton. At the ushering in of the second service, Panurge, making a low reverence, spake thus. Gentlemen, the question I am to propound unto you shall be uttered in very few words; Should I marry or no? If my doubt herein be not resolved by you, I shall hold it altogether insolvable, as are the *Insolubilia de Aliaco*;[1] for all of you are elected, chosen and culled out from amongst others, every one in his own condition and quality, like so many picked peas on a carpet.

The Father Hippothadeus, in obedience to the bidding of Pantagruel, and with much courtesy to the company, answered exceeding modestly after this manner. My friend, you are pleased to ask counsel of us; but first you must consult with yourself. Do you find any trouble or disquiet in your body by the importunate stings and picklings of the flesh? That I do, quoth Panurge, in a hugely strong and almost irresistible measure. Be not offended, I beseech you, good father at the freedom of my expression. No truly, friend, not I, quoth Hippothadeus, there is no reason why I should be displeased therewith. But in this carnal strife and debate of yours, have you obtained from God the gift and special grace of continency? In good faith not, quoth Panurge. My counsel to you in that case, my friend, is that you marry, quoth Hippothadeus; for you should rather choose to marry once, than to burn still in fires of concupiscence. Then Panurge, with a jovial heart and a loud voice, cried out, That is spoke gallantly, without circumbilivaginating about and about, and never hitting it

[1] *Insolubilia de Aliaco.*] Peter d' Ailly; one of whose *Insolubilia* was: *An porcus, qui ad venalitium agitur, ab homine an à funiculo teneatur?*,

in its central point. Grammercy, my good father! In truth I am resolved now to marry, and without fail I shall do it quickly. I invite you to my wedding. By the body of a hen, we shall make good cheer, and be as merry as crickets. You shall wear the bridegroom's colours, and, if we eat a goose, my wife shall not roast it for me.[2] I will intreat you to lead up the first dance of the bride's maids, if it may please you to do me so much favour and honour. There resteth yet a small difficulty, a little scruple, yea, even less than nothing, whereof I humbly crave your resolution. Shall I be a cuckold, father, yea or no? By no means, answered Hippothadeus, will you be a cuckold, if it please God. O the Lord help us now, quoth Panurge, whither are we driven to, good folks? To the Conditionals, which, according to the rules and precepts of the dialectic faculty, admit of all contradictions and impossibilities. If my Transalpine mule had wings, my Transalpine mule would fly. If it please God, I shall not be a cuckold, but I shall be a cuckold, if it please him. Good God, if this were a condition which I knew how to prevent, my hopes should be as high as ever, nor would I despair. But you here send me to God's privy council, to the closet of his little pleasures. You, my French countrymen, which is the way you take to go thither?

My honest father, I believe it will be your best not to come to my wedding. The clutter and dingle dangle noise of marriage guests will but disturb you, and break the serious fancies of your brain. You love repose with solitude and silence; I really believe you will not come. And then you dance but indifferently, and would be out of countenance at the first entry. I will send you some good things to your chamber, together with the bride's favour, and there you may drink our healths, if it may stand with your good liking. My friend, quoth Hippothadeus, take my words in the sense wherein I mean them, and do not misinterpret me. When I tell you,—if it please God,—do I to you any wrong therein? Is it an ill expression? Is it a blaspheming

[2] *My wife shall not roast it for me.*] In the farce of Patelin, the woollen-draper, whom Patelin promised to treat that very evening with a goose of his (Patelin's) wife's own roasting, was deceived by that impostor, who had not wherewithal to buy a goose. Here Panurge, to let Hippothadeus know that he would in good earnest regale him with a roasted goose, tells him, before-hand, that it shall not fare with his goose as with Patelin's.

clause, or reserve any way scandalous unto the world? Do not we thereby honour the Lord God Almighty, Creator, Protector, and Conserver of all things? Is not that a mean, whereby we do acknowledge him to be the sole giver of all whatsoever is good? Do not we in that manifest our faith, that we believe all things to depend upon his infinite and incomprehensible bounty? and that without him nothing can be produced, nor after its production be of any value, force, or power, without the concurring aid and favour of his assisting grace? Is it not a canonical and authentic exception, worthy to be premised to all our undertakings? Is it not expedient that what we propose unto ourselves, be still referred to what shall be disposed of by the sacred will of God, unto which all things must acquiesce in the heavens as well as on the earth? Is not that verily a sanctifying of his holy name? My friend, you shall not be a cuckold, if it please God, nor shall we need to despair of the knowledge of his good will and pleasure herein, as if it were such an abstruse and mysteriously hidden secret, that for the clear understanding thereof it were necessary to consult with those of his celestial privy council, or expressly make a voyage unto the empyrean chamber, where order is given for the effectuating of his most holy pleasures. The great God hath done us this good, that he hath declared and revealed them to us openly and plainly, and described them in the Holy Bible. There will you find that you shall never be a cuckold, that is to say, your wife shall never be a strumpet, if you make choice of one of a commendable extraction, descended of honest parents, and instructed in all piety and virtue—such a one as hath not at any time haunted or frequented the company or conversation of those that are of corrupt and depraved manners, one loving and fearing God, who taketh a singular delight in drawing near to him by faith, and the cordial observing of his sacred commandments—and finally, one who, standing in awe of the Divine Majesty of the Most High, will be loth to offend him, and lose the favourable kindness of his grace, through any defect of faith, or transgression against the ordinances of his holy law, wherein adultery is most rigorously forbidden, and a close adherence to her husband alone, most strictly and severely enjoined; yea, in such sort, that she is to cherish, serve, and love him above any thing, next to God, that meriteth to be beloved.

In the interim, for the better schooling of her in these instructions, and that the wholesome doctrine of a matrimonial duty may take the deeper root in her mind, you must needs carry yourself so on your part, and your behaviour is to be such, that you are to go before her in a good example, by entertaining her unfeignedly with a conjugal amity, by continually approving yourself in all your words and actions a faithful and discreet husband; and by living, not only at home and privately with your own household and family, but in the face also of all men, and open view of the world, devoutly, virtuously, and chastely, as you would have her on her side to deport and to demean herself towards you, as becomes a godly, loyal, and respectful wife, who maketh conscience to keep inviolable the tie of a matrimonial oath. For as that looking-glass is not the best, which is most decked with gold and precious stones, but that which representeth to the eye the liveliest shapes of objects set before it, even so that wife should not be most esteemed who richest is, and of the noblest race, but she, who, fearing God, conforms herself nearest unto the humour of her husband.

Consider how the moon doth not borrow her light from Jupiter, Mars, Mercury, or any other of the planets, nor yet from any of those splendid stars which are set in the spangled firmament, but from her husband only, the bright sun, which she receiveth from him more or less, according to the manner of his aspect and variously bestowed eradiations. Just so should you be a pattern to your wife in virtue, goodly zeal, and true devotion, that by your radiance in darting on her the aspect of an exemplary goodness, she, in your imitation, may outshine the luminaries of all other women. To this effect you daily must implore God's grace to the protection of you both. You would have me then, quoth Panurge, twisting the wiskers of his beard on either side with the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, to espouse and take to wife the prudent frugal woman described by Solomon. Without all doubt she is dead, and truly to my best remembrance I never saw her; the Lord forgive me! Nevertheless I thank you, father. Eat this slice of marchpane, it will help your digestion; then shall you be presented with a cup of claret hypocras, which is right healthful and stomachal. Let us proceed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

How the physician Rondibilis counselleth Panurge.

PANURGE, continuing his discourse, said The first word which was spoken by him who gelded the lubbardly quaffing monks of Saussiniac,[1] after that he had unstoned Friar Cauldaureil, was this, Now for the rest. In like manner, I say, Now for the rest. Therefore, I beseech you, my good master Rondibilis, should I marry or not? By the raking pace of my mule,[2] quoth Rondibilis, I know not what answer to make to this problem of yours.

You say that you feel in you the pricking stings of sensuality, by which you are stirred up to venery. I find in our faculty of medicine, and we have founded our opinion therein upon the deliberate resolution and final decision of the ancient Platonics, that carnal concupiscence is cooled and quelled five several ways.

First, by the means of wine.[3] I shall easily believe that, quoth Friar John, for when I am well whittled with the juice of the grape, I care for nothing else, so I may sleep. When I say, quoth Rondibilis, that wine abateth lust, my meaning is, wine immoderately taken; for by intemperance proceeding from the excessive drinking of strong liquor, there is brought upon the body of such a swill-down bouser, a chillness in the blood, a slackening in the sinews, a dissipation of the generative seed, a numbness and hebetation of the senses, with a perversive wryness and convulsion of the muscles; all which are great lets and impediments to the act of generation. Hence it is, that Bacchus, the god of

[1] *Monks of Saussiniac.*] May not this be the story which Thevet (l. iii. c. 45, of his *Eminent Men*) relates of certain monks of the Abbey of Cluny, whom, because of their irregular, dissolute lives, their prior, Philip Burgoing, had all cut, one after another, in a place of the convent whither he had sent for them separately?

[2] *By the raking pace of my mule.*] In the original, *par les ambles de mon mulet.* In Rondibilis, the author touches William Rondelet, a physician of Montpelier, a huge corpulent man (see de Thou). Rabelais makes him swear in this manner because there was nothing more valuable to him than the ambling of his mule, which might often have endangered his neck, had he put the beast upon a trot or a gallop.

[3] *By means of wine.*] Scævola de St. Marthe says, of Rondibilis, that he drank nothing but water; whether because he had a natural aversion to wine, or that, his nurse having given him the foul disease, an indisposition occasioned by the relics of it, obliged him to refrain from wine the remaining part of his life. See the History, which John Stephen Strobelberg has published, of the University of Montpelier.

bibbers, tipplers, and drunkards, is most commonly painted beardless, and clad in a woman's habit, as a person altogether effeminate, or like a libbed eunuch. Wine, nevertheless, taken moderately, worketh quite contrary effects, as is implied by the old proverb, which saith,—That Venus takes cold, when not accompanied with Ceres and Bacchus. This opinion is of great antiquity, as appeareth by the testimony of Diodorus the Sicilian,[4] and confirmed by Pausanias,[5] and it universally held amongst the Lampsacians, that Don Priapus was the son of Bacchus and Venus.

Secondly, The fervency of lust is abated by certain drugs, plants, herbs, and roots, which make the taker cold, maleficiated, unfit for, and unable to perform the act of generation; as hath been often experimented in the water-lily, Heraclea, Agnus Castus, willow-twigs, hemp-stalks, woodbine, honeysuckle, tamarisk, chaste-tree, mandrake, bennet, keckbugloss, the skin of a hippopotamus, and many other such, which, by convenient doses proportioned to the peccant humour and constitution of the patient, being duly and seasonably received within the body,—what by their elementary virtues on the one side, and peculiar properties on the other,—do either benumb, mortify, and beclumpse with cold the prolific semence, or scatter and disperse the spirits, which ought to have gone along with, and conducted sperm to the places destinated and appointed for its reception,—or lastly, shut up, stop, and obstruct the ways, passages, and conduits through which the seed should have been expelled, evacuated, and ejected. We have nevertheless of those ingredients, which, being of a contrary operation, heat the blood, bend the nerves, unite the spirits, quicken the senses, strengthen the muscles, and thereby rouse up, provoke, excite, and enable a man to the vigorous accomplishment of the feat of amorous dalliance. I have no need of those, quoth Panurge, God be thanked, and you, my good master. Howsoever, I pray you, take no exception or offence at these my words; for what I have said

[4] *Diodorus the Sicilian.*] "Fabulantur antiqui, filium Dionysii ac Veneris Priapum fuisse: ducti verò satis simili conjectura, quòd qui vino indulgent sunt natura ad venerem promptiores." L. v. c. 1, of Diodorus Siculus. These are words quoted from an ancient translation of that author printed by Gryphius's heirs. The Greek text edition of Hanau, 1604, says much the same thing; but then it is in l. iv.

[5] *Pausanias.*] In his Bœotics.

was not out of any ill will I did bear to you, the Lord, he knows.

Thirdly, The ardour of lechery is very much subdued and check'd by frequent labour and continual toiling. For by painful exercises and laborious working, so great a dissolution is brought upon the whole body, that the blood, which runneth alongst the channels of the veins thereof, for the nourishment and alimentation of each of its members, hath neither time, leisure, nor power to afford the seminal resudation, or superfluity of the third concoction, which nature most carefully reserves for the conservation of the individual, whose preservation she more heedfully regardeth than the propagating of the species, and the multiplication of human kind. Whence it is, that Diana is said to be chaste, because she is never idle, but always busied about her hunting. For the same reason was a camp, or leaguer, of old called Castrum,[6] as if they would have said Castum; because the soldiers, wrestlers, runners, throwers of the bar, and other such like athletic champions, as are usually seen in a military circumvallation, do incessantly travail and turmoil, and are in a perpetual stir and agitation. To this purpose Hippocrates also writeth in his book, *De Aere, Aqua, et Locis*, That in his time there was a people in Scythia, as impotent as eunuchs in the discharge of a venerean exploit; because that without any cessation, pause, or respite, they were never from off horseback, or otherwise assiduously employed in some troublesome and molesting drudgery.

On the other part, in opposition and repugnancy hereto, the philosophers say, That idleness is the mother of luxury. When it was asked Ovid,[7] Why Ægisthus became an adulterer? he made no other answer but this, Because he was idle. Who were able to rid the world of loitering and laziness, might easily frustrate and disappoint Cupid[8] of all his de-

[6] *Castrum, quasi Castum*] *Castra*, says Isidorus in his *Etymologies*, lib. ix. "sunt ubi miles steterit; dicta autem castra, quasi casta, eò quod ibi castraretur libido." *A castle* from *castroting of lust! Parliament*, from *parler* and *mens, speaking one's mind!! Firmament, firma mentis, a farm for the mind!!!*

[7] *Ovid*, &c.] *De Remed. Amoris.*

"Quæritur Ægystus quare sit factus adulter:
In promptu causa est; desidiosus erat."

[8] *Cupid*, &c.] *Encore* Ovid, "*de Remed. Amor.*" l. i. v. 139.

"Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus
"Contemtæque jacent, et sine luce faces."

signs, aims, engines, and devices, and so disable and appal him that his bow, quiver, and darts should from thenceforth be a mere needless load and burthen to him: for that it could not then lie in his power to strike, or wound any of either sex, with all the arms he had. He is not, I believe, so expert an archer, as that he can hit the cranes flying in the air, or yet the young stags skipping through the thickets, as the Parthians knew well how to do: that is to say, people moiling, stirring, and hurrying up and down, restless, and without repose. He must have those hushed, still, quiet, lying at a stay, lither, and full of ease, whom he is able to pierce with all his arrows. In confirmation hereof, Theophrastus being asked on a time, What kind of beast or thing he judged a toyish, wanton love to be? he made answer, That it was a passion of idle and sluggish spirits.[9] From which pretty description of tickling love-tricks, that of Diogenes's hatching was not very discrepant, when he defined lechery, The occupation of folks destitute of all other occupation. For this cause the Sicyonian sculptor Canachus,[10] being desirous to give us to understand that sloth, drowsiness, negligence, and laziness were the prime guardians and governesses of ribaldry, made the statue of Venus, not standing, as other stone-cutters had used to do, but sitting.

Fourthly, The tickling pricks of incontinency, are blunted by an eager study; for from thence proceedeth an incredible resolution of the spirits, that oftentimes there do not remain so many behind as may suffice to push and thrust forwards the generative resudation to the places thereto appropriated, and there withal inflate the cavernous nerve, whose office is to ejaculate the moisture for the propagation of human progeny. Lest you should think it is not so, be pleased but to contemplate a little the form, fashion, and carriage of a man exceeding earnestly set upon some learned meditation, and deeply plunged therein, and you shall see how all the arteries of his brains are stretched forth, and bent like the string of a cross-bow, the more promptly, dexterously, and copiously to suppeditate, furnish, and supply him with store of spirits, sufficient to replenish and fill up the ven-

[9] *That it was, &c.*] This apophthegm is Diogenes the Cynic's, not Diogenes Laertius's.

[10] *Canachus.*] See Pausanias's Corinthians.

tricles, seats, tunnels, mansions, receptacles, and cellules of common sense,—of the imagination, apprehension, and fancy, —of the ratiocination, arguing, and resolution,—as likewise of the memory, recordation, and remembrance; and with great alacrity, nimbleness, and agility to run, pass, and course from the one to the other, through those pipes, windings, and conduits, which to skilful anatomists are perceivable at the end of the wonderful net, where all the arteries close in a terminating point: which arteries, taking their rise and origin from the left capsule of the heart, bring through several circuits, ambages, and anfractuosities, the vital spirits, to subtilize and refine them to the ætherial purity of animal spirits. Nay, in such a studiously musing person, you may espy so extravagant raptures of one, as it were, out of himself, that all his natural faculties for that time will seem to be suspended from each their proper charge and office, and his exterior senses to be at a stand. In a word, you cannot otherwise choose than think, that he is by an extraordinary ecstacy quite transported of what he was, or should be; and that Socrates did not speak improperly, when he said, That philosophy was nothing else but a meditation upon death. This possibly is the reason why Democritus,[11] deprived himself of the sense of seeing, prizing at a much lower rate the loss of his sight, than the diminution of his contemplations, which he frequently had found disturbed by the vagrant, flying-out strayings of his unsettled and roving eyes. Therefore is it, that Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, tutoress and guardianess of such as are diligently studious, and painfully industrious, is, and hath been still, accounted a virgin. The muses upon the same consideration are esteemed perpetual maids: and the graces for the like reason, have been held to continue in a sempiternal pudicity.

I remember to have read,[12] that Cupid on a time being asked of his mother Venus, why he did not assault and set upon the Muses, his answer was, That he found them so fair, so sweet, so fine, so neat, so wise, so learned, so modest, so discreet, so courteous, so virtuous, and so continually busied and employed,—one in the speculation of the stars,

[11] *Democritus, &c.*] Vide Cicero, lib. v. Tusc. Questions, and Plutarch's Treatise of Curiosity.

[12] *To have read.*] In Lucian, in the dialogue entitled, Venus and Cupid.

—another in the supputation of numbers,—the third in the dimension of geometrical quantities,—the fourth in the composition of heroic poems,—the fifth in the jovial interludes of a comic strain,—the sixth in the stately gravity of a tragic vein,—the seventh in the melodious disposition of musical airs,—the eighth in the completest manner of writing histories, and books on all sorts of subjects,—and the ninth in the mysteries, secrets, and curiosities of all sciences, faculties, disciplines, and arts whatsoever, whether liberal or mechanic, that approaching near unto them he unbent his bow, shut his quiver, and extinguished his torch, through mere shame, and fear that by mischance he might do them some hurt or prejudice. Which done, he thereafter put off the fillet wherewith his eyes were bound, to look them in the face, and to hear their melody and poetic odes. There took he the greatest pleasure in the world, that many times he was transported with their beauty and pretty behaviour, and charmed asleep by the harmony; so far was he from assaulting them, or interrupting their studies. Under this article may be comprised what Hippocrates wrote in the afore-cited treatise concerning the Scythians; as also that in a book of his, entitled, Of Breeding and Production, where he hath affirmed all such men to be unfit for generation, as have their parotid arteries cut—whose situation is beside the ears—for the reason given already, when I was speaking of the resolution of the spirits, and of that spiritual blood whereof the arteries are the sole and proper receptacles; and that likewise he doth maintain a large portion of the parastatic liquor to issue and descend from the brains and backbone.

Fifthly, by the too frequent reiteration of the act of venery. There did I wait for you, quoth Panurge, and shall willingly apply it to myself, whilst any one that pleaseth may, for me, make use of any of the four preceding. That is the very same thing, quoth Friar John, which Father Scyllino,[13] Prior of Saint Victor at Marseilles, calleth by the

[13] *Father Scyllino.*] Rabelais' word is Fray Scyllino; fray means *frere*, i. e. brother (not father.) Scyllino, or, as some editions, and particularly this of M. Duchat has it, Scyllo, may come from Scilla, a sea-onion (squill). Boccace, in one of his novels, calls a certain monk Brother Onion (*Frater Cipolla.*) Rabelais, in imitation of him, might have used the same appellation here, (*Frere Oignon*, Brother Onion,) but he chose rather that of Brother Sea-onion, (Fray Scyllo) because

name of maceration, and taming of the flesh. I am of the same opinion,—and so was the hermit of Saint Radegonde, a little above Chinon: for, quoth he, the hermits of Thebaide can no way more aptly or expediently macerate and bring down the pride of their bodies, daunt and mortify their lecherous sensuality, or depress and overcome the stubbornness and rebellion of the flesh, than by dufling and fanfreluching it five and twenty or thirty times a day. I see, Panurge, quoth Rondibilis, neatly featured, and proportioned in all the members of his body, of a good temperament in his humours, well complexioned in his spirits, of a competent age, in an opportune time, and of a reasonably forward mind to be married. Truly, if he encounter with a wife of the like nature, temperament, and constitution, he may beget upon her children worthy of some transpontine monarchy;[15] and the sooner he marry, it will be the better for him, and the more conducible for his profit, if he would see and have his children in his own time well provided for. Sir, my worthy master, quoth Panurge, I will do it, do not you doubt thereof; and that quickly enough, I warrant you. Nevertheless, whilst you were busied in the uttering of your learned discourse, this flea which I have in mine ear hath tickled me more than ever. I retain you in the number of my festival guests, and promise you, that we shall not want for mirth, and good cheer enough, yea, over and above the ordinary rate. And, if it may please you, desire your wife to come along with you, together with her she-friends and neighbours—that is to be understood—and there shall be fair play.[16]

he was a monk of Marseilles, a maritime city. The story itself is the same with that which Poggius tells of a certain hermit of Pisa. "Eremita," says he, "qui Pisis morabatur, tempore Petri Gambacurtæ, meretricem noctu in suam cellulam deduxit, vigesiesque ea nocte mulierem cognovit; semper cum moveret clunes, ut crimen fugeret luxuriæ, vulgaribus verbis dicens: domati, carne cattivella; hoc est doma te, miserrima caro."

[15] *Transpontine monarchy.*] Beyond-sea. Some such monarchies were formed in the east, in the age of the Crusades.

[16] *And there shall be fair play.*] More correctly, "and there shall be sport, but without rudeness," *Et jeu sans villenie.* That is, you shall want for no diversion, in a civil way; and, as no one is ignorant of the proverb, *jeu de main, jeu de villain*, I depend upon it you will all so far bear it in mind as not to towse my wife, or use any horse-play to her. (Welcome to Bell-bar, bar-bell, was a no less merry than

CHAPTER XXXII.

How Rondibilis declareth cuckoldry to be naturally one of the appendances of marriage.

THERE remaineth, as yet, quoth Panurge, going on in his discourse, one small scruple to be cleared. You have seen heretofore, I doubt not, in the Roman standards, S. P. Q. R. Si, Peu, Que, Rien. Shall not I be a cuckold? By the haven of safety,[1] cried out Rondibilis, what is this you ask of me? If you shall be a cuckold? My noble friend, I am married, and you are like to be so very speedily: therefore be pleased, from my experiment in the matter, to write in your brain with a steel-pen this subsequent ditton, 'there is no married man who doth not run the hazard of being made a cuckold.' Cuckoldry naturally attendeth marriage. The shadow doth not more naturally follow the body, than cuckoldry ensueth after marriage, to place fair horns upon the husbands' heads.

And when you shall happen to hear any man pronounce these words—he is married—if you then say he is, hath been, shall be, or may be a cuckold, you will not be accounted an unskilful artist in framing of true consequences. Tripes and bowels of all the devils, cries Panurge, what do you tell me? My dear friend, answered Rondibilis, as Hippocrates on a time was in the very nick of setting forwards from Lango to Polistillo,[2] to visit the philosopher Demo-

memorable saying of Sir Robt. Howard to some noble guests he had invited to come and see him at Bell-bar, Northall.) The French proverb above is of great antiquity, and Brantome in his 7th disc. of his *Dames Illustres*, p. 359, observes that Froissart relates that Jeanne of France, the first of the name, Queen of Naples, presented herself before the pope at Fondi, confessed to him and showed him all her ware and *jeu sans villenie*, all the game without naughtiness. In heraldry, a lion *sans villenie*, is a lion without his pizzle and stones.

[1] *By the haven of safety.*] In the original, *aure de grace*, a Languedocian exclamation used by the physician Rondibilis, who it is likely, was used in this manner to call upon the Holy Ghost, and implore the aid of the Spirit of Grace. The 32nd stanza of the 1st canto of Tasso's Jerusalem:—

"Hor quai pensieri quai petti,
Son chiusi a te, sant' aura?"

What thoughts, what hearts, are shut to thee, blest air!

[2] *From Lango to Polistillo.*] Lango is the ancient Cos, Hippocrates's country. Polistillo is the ancient Abdera, the philosopher Democritus's country. This letter of Hippocrates is fictitious. See Le Clerc's Hist. of Physic.

critus, he wrote a familiar letter to his friend Dionysius, wherein he desired him, that he would, during the interval of his absence, carry his wife to the house of her father and mother, who were an honourable couple, and of good repute; because I would not have her at my home, said he, to make abode in solitude. Yet, notwithstanding this her residence beside her parents, do not fail, quoth he, with a most heedful care and circumspection, to pry into her ways, and to espy what places she shall go to with her mother, and who those be that shall repair unto her. Not, quoth he, that I do mistrust her virtue, or that I seem to have any diffidence of her pudicity, and chaste behaviour,—for of that I have frequently had good and real proofs,—but I must freely tell you, she is a woman. There lies the suspicion.

My worthy friend, the nature of women is set forth before our eyes, and represented to us by the moon in divers other things as well as in this, that they squat, sculk, constrain their own inclinations, and, with all the cunning they can, dissemble and play the hypocrite in the sight and presence of their husbands; who come no sooner to be out of the way, but that forthwith they take their advantage, pass the time merrily, desist from all labour, frolic it, gad abroad, lay aside their counterfeit garb, and openly declare and manifest the interior of their dispositions, even as the moon,[3] when she is in conjunction with the sun, is neither seen in the heavens, nor on the earth, but in her opposition, when remotest from him, shineth in her greatest fulness, and wholly appeareth in her brightest splendour whilst it is night. Thus women are but women.

When I say womankind, I speak of a sex so frail, so variable, so changeable, so fickle, inconstant, and imperfect, that, in my opinion, Nature, under favour nevertheless, of the prime honour and reverence which is due unto her, did in a manner mistake the road which she had traced formerly, and stray exceedingly from that excellence of providential judgment, by the which she had created and formed all other things, when she built, framed, and made up the woman. And having thought upon it a hundred and five times, I know not what else to determine therein, save only that in the devising, hammering, forging, and composing of

[3] *Moon.*] Comparison taken from Plutarch, in his precepts on marriage.

the woman, she hath had a much tenderer regard, and by a great deal more respectful heed, to the delightful consortship, and sociable delectation of the man, than to the perfection and accomplishment of the individual womanishness or muliebrity. The divine philosopher Plato was doubtful in what rank of living creatures to place and collocate them, whether amongst the rational animals, by elevating them to an upper seat in the specifical classes of humanity; or with the irrational, by degrading them to a lower bench on the opposite side, of a brutal kind, and mere bestiality. For nature hath posited in a privy, secret, and intestine place of their bodies, a sort of member, by some not impertinently termed an animal, which is not to be found in men. Therein sometimes are engendered certain humours, so saltish, brackish, clammy, sharp, nipping, tearing, prickling, and most eagerly tickling, that by their stinging acrimony, rending nitrosity, figging itch, wriggling mordicancy, and smarting salsitude, (for the said member is altogether sinewy, and of a most quick and lively feeling,) their whole body is shaken and ebrangled, their senses totally ravished and transported, the operations of their judgment and understanding utterly confounded, and all disordinate passions and perturbations of the mind throughly and absolutely allowed, admitted, and approved of; yea, in such sort, that if nature had not been so favourable unto them as to have sprinkled their forehead with a little tincture of bashfulness and modesty, you should see them in a so frantic mood run mad after lechery,[4] and hie apace up and down

[4] *Run mad after lechery, &c.*] It is, in the original, run for the codpiece-point, *courir l'aguillette*. The learned may see, in Duchat, a curious criticism, and some pleasant historical remarks on this phrase and custom, but both too long to find a place here. The substance of them is, that in Rabelais' time, and ever since, till about the year 1676, it was customary at Beaucaire, the eve of the great fair, to make the madams that came thither to trade, run races naked, and she that beat had for her prize a bundle of codpiece-points. Again, at Toulouse, and other places, the common wenches are (or at least were in old time) enjoined to wear codpiece-points on one of their shoulders, to distinguish them from those that professed honesty. And, now I'm upon this point, I'll conclude with Cotgrave's words on *aguillette nouée*. It signifies, says he, the charming of a man's codpiece-point so, as he shall not be able to use his own wife, or woman (though he may use any other.) Hence *avoir aguillette nouée* signifies to want erection; this impotency is supposed to come by the force of certain words uttered

with haste and lust, in quest of, and to fix some chamber-standard in their Paphian ground, that never did the Proëtides, Mimallonides, nor Lyæan Thyads deport themselves in the time of their Bacchanalian festivals more shamelessly, or with a so effronted and brazen-faced impudency; because this terrible animal is knit unto, and hath an union with all the chief and most principal parts of the body, as to anatomists is evident. Let it not here be thought strange that I should call it an animal, seeing therein I do no otherwise than follow and adhere to the doctrine of the academic and peripatetic philosophers. For if a proper motion be a certain mark and infallible token of the life and animation of the mover, as Aristotle writeth, and that any such thing as moveth of itself ought to be held animated, and of a living nature, then assuredly Plato with very good reason did give it the denomination of an animal, for that he perceived and observed in it the proper and self-stirring motions of suffocation, precipitation, corrugation, and of indignation, so extremely violent, that oftentimes by them is taken and removed from the woman all other sense and moving whatsoever, as if she were in a swounding lipothymy, benumbing syncope, epileptic, apoplectic palsy, and true resemblance of a pale-faced death.

Furthermore, in the said member there is a manifest discerning faculty of scents and odours very perceptible to women, who feel it fly from what is rank and unsavoury, and follow fragrant and aromatic smells. It is not unknown to me how Cl. Galen striveth with might and main to prove that these are not proper and particular notions proceeding intrinsically from the thing itself, but accidentally, and by chance. Nor hath it escaped my notice, how others of that sect have laboured hardly, yea, to the utmost of their abilities, to demonstrate that it is not a sensitive discerning or perception in it of the difference of wafts and smells, but merely a various manner of virtue and efficacy, passing forth and flowing from the diversity of odoriferous substances applied near unto it. Nevertheless, if you will studiously examine, and seriously ponder and weigh in Critolaus's

by the charmer, while he (Q. whether a she may not do it?) ties a knot on the party's codpiece-point. To conclude, *courir aguillette* ordinarily signifies to be troubled with a *furor uterinus*.

balance the strength of their reasons and arguments, you shall find that they, not only in this, but in several other matters also of the like nature, have spoken at random, and rather out of an ambitious envy to check and reprehend their betters, than for any design to make inquiry into the solid truth.

I will not launch my little skiff any further into the wide ocean of this dispute, only will I tell you that the praise and commendation is not mean and slender which is due to those honest and good women, who living chastely and without blame, have had the power and virtue to curb, range, and subdue that unbridled, heady, and wild animal to an obedient, submissive, and obsequious yielding unto reason. Therefore here will I make an end of my discourse thereon, when I shall have told you, that the said animal being once satiated—if it be possible that it can be contented or satisfied—by that aliment which nature hath provided for it out of the epididymal store-house of man, all its former and irregular and disordered motions are at an end, laid and assuaged,—all its vehement and unruly longings lulled, pacified, and quieted,—and all the furious and raging lusts, appetites, and desires thereof appeased, calmed, and extinguished. For this cause let it seem nothing strange unto you, if we be in a perpetual danger of being cuckolds, that is to say, such of us as have not wherewithal fully to satisfy the appetite and expectation of that voracious animal. Ods fish! quoth Panurge, have you no preventive cure in all your medicinal art for hindering one's head to be horny-graffed at home, whilst his feet are plodding abroad? Yes, that I have, my gallant friend, answered Rondibilis, and that which is a sovereign remedy, whereof I frequently make use myself; and, that you may the better relish, it is set down and written in the book of a most famous author, whose renown is of a standing of two thousand years. Hearken and take good heed. You are, quoth Panurge, by cocks-hobby, a right honest man, and I love you with all my heart. Eat a little of this quince-pie;[5] it is very proper and convenient for the

[5] *Quince-pie.*] See a receipt how to make it in Duchat; from *Platina, de honesta Voluptate,* l. viii., in brief, they took out the cores from the quinces, and then filled them with beef-marrow, seasoned with sugar, cinnamon, and a little salt. Then they made a pie of them, which being baked, or otherwise done at a slow fire, either loosened or

shutting up of the orifice of the ventricle of the stomach, because of a kind of astringent stypticity, which is in that sort of fruit, and is helpful to the first concoction. But what? I think I speak Latin before clerks. Stay till I give you somewhat to drink out of this Nestorian goblet. Will you have another draught of white hippocras? Be not afraid of the squinzy,[6] no. There is neither squinanthus, ginger, nor grains in it; only a little choice cinnamon, and some of the best refined sugar, with the delicious white wine of the growth of that vine, which was set in the slips of the great sorb-apple, above the walnut tree.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Rondibilis the Physician's cure of cuckoldry.

At what time,[1] quoth Rondibilis, when Jupiter took a view of the state of his olympic house and family, and that he had made the calendar of all the gods and goddesses, appointing unto the festival of every one of them its proper day and season, establishing certain fixed places and stations for the pronouncing of oracles, and relief of travelling pilgrims, and ordaining victims, immolations, and sacrifices suitable and correspondent to the dignity and nature of the worshipped and adored deity. Did not he do, asked Panurge, therein, as Tinteville[2] the bishop of Auxerre is said once to have done? This noble prelate loved entirely the pure liquor of the grape, as every honest and judicious man doth; therefore was it that he had an especial care and regard to the bud of the vine tree, as to the great grandfather of Bacchus. But so it is, that for sundry years together, he saw a most pitiful havoc, desolation, and destruction made amongst the

bound up the body, according as they were eaten at the beginning or end of a meal.

[6] *Squinzy——————Squinanthum.*] The apothecaries may here consult the original about the distemper called the Squincy, and the vegetable, Squinanthum, or *Juncus Odoratus* of Pliny.

[1] *At what time, &c.*] This is exactly the character of Dr. Rondeletius, who, being by nature a pleasant man, would be continually enlivening his lectures with such like stories as this, and that in the preceding chapter, &c.

[2] *Tinteville.*] He died at Rome the last day but one of April, 1530, according to the Gallia Christiana, but alive and hearty the 20th of November the next year, according to Sebastian Rouillard, p. 602 of his History of Melun.

sprouts, shootings, buds, blossoms, and scions of the vines, by hoary frost, dank fogs, hot mists, unseasonable colds, chill blasts, thick hail, and other calamitous chances of foul weather, happening, as he thought, by the dismal inauspiciousness of the Holy Days of St. George, St. Mary, St. Paul, St. Eutropius, Holy Rood, the Ascension, and other festivals, in that time when the sun passeth under the sign of Taurus; and thereupon harboured in his mind this opinion, that the aforenamed saints were Saint Hail-flingers, Saint Frost-senders, Saint Fog-mongers, and Saint Spoilers of the vine-buds. For which cause he went about to have transmitted their feasts from the spring to the winter, to be celebrated between Christmas and Epiphany, so the mother of the three kings called it,[3] allowing them with all honour and reverence the liberty then to freeze, hail, and rain as much as they would; for that he knew that at such a time frost was rather profitable than hurtful to the vine-buds, and in their steads to have placed the festivals of St. Christopher, St. John the Baptist, St. Magdalene, St. Ann, St. Domingo, and St. Lawrence; yea, and to have gone so far as to collocate and transpose the middle of August in and to the beginning of May, because during the whole space of their solemnity there was so little danger of hoary frosts and cold mists, that no artificers are then held in greater request, than the afforders of refrigerating inventions, makers of junkets, fit disposers of cooling shades, composers of green arbours, and refreshers of wine.

Jupiter, said Rondibilis, forgot the poor devil Cuckoldry, who was then in the court at Paris, very eagerly soliciting a piddling suit at law for one of his vassals and tenants. Within some few days thereafter, I have forgot how many, when he got full notice of the trick, which in his absence was done unto him, he instantly desisted from prosecuting legal processes in the behalf of others, full of solicitude to pursue after his own business, lest he should be fore-closed, and thereupon he appeared personally at the tribunal of the great Jupiter, displayed before him the importance of his pre-

[3] *Between Christmas and Epiphany, so the mother of the three kings called it.*] This is quite murdered. It is in the original thus: Between Christmas and Tiphany, the mother of the three kings, (as he called her.) Tiphany, by an ignorant corruption for Epiphany, (as the feast of the kings is called.) Of this feast of Tiphany the vulgar have made a saint.

ceding merits, together with the acceptable services, which in obedience to his commandments he had formerly performed; and therefore, in all humility, begged of him that he would be pleased not to leave him alone amongst all the sacred potentates, destitute and void of honour, reverence, sacrifices, and festival ceremonies. To this petition Jupiter's answer was excusatory, That all the places and offices of his house were bestowed. Nevertheless, so importuned was he by the continual supplications of Monsieur Cuckoldry, that he, in fine, placed him in the rank, list, roll, rubric, and catalogue, and appointed honours, sacrifices, and festival rites to be observed on earth in great devotion, and tendered to him with solemnity. The feast, because there was no void, empty, nor vacant place in all the calendar, was to be celebrated jointly with and on the same day that had been consecrated to the goddess Jealousy. His power and dominion should be over married folks, especially such as had handsome wives. His sacrifices were to be suspicion, diffidence, mistrust, a lowering pouting sullenness, watchings, wardings, researchings, plyings, explorations, together with the waylayings, ambushes, narrow observations, and malicious doggings of the husband's scouts and espials of the most privy actions of their wives. Herewithal every married man was expressly and rigorously commanded to reverence, honour, and worship him, to celebrate and solemnize his festival with twice more respect than that of any other saint or deity, and to immolate unto him, with all sincerity and alacrity of heart, the above-mentioned sacrifices and oblations, under pain of severe censures, threatenings, and comminations of these subsequent fines, mulcts, amercements, penalties, and punishments to be inflicted on the delinquents; that Monsieur Cuckoldry should never[4] be favourable nor propitious to them,—that he should never help, aid, supply, succour, nor grant them any subventitious furtherance, auxiliary, suffrage, or adminiculary assistance,—that he should never hold them in any reckoning, account, or estimation,—that he should never deign to enter within their

[4] *Should never, &c.*] All this is taken from Plutarch, except that here Rondibilis attributes to jealousy the same effects which in Plutarch are attributed to grief, in a certain discourse which a philosopher made to the Queen Arsinoe, to comfort her on the death of her son. See Plutarch in his consolation to Apollonius, on the death of his son.

houses, neither at the doors, windows, nor any other place thereof,—that he should never haunt nor frequent their companies or conversations, how frequently soever they should invocate him, and call upon his name,—and that not only he should leave and abandon them to rot alone with their wives in a sempiternal solitariness, without the benefit of the diversion of any copesmate or corrival at all, but should withal shun and eschew them, fly from them, and eternally forsake and reject them as impious heretics and sacrilegious persons, according to the accustomed manner of other gods, towards such as are too slack in offering up the duties and reverences which ought to be performed respectively to their divinities; as is evidently apparent in Bacchus towards negligent vine-dressers; in Ceres, against idle ploughmen and tillers of the ground; in Pomona, to unworthy fruiterers and costard-mongers; in Neptune, towards dissolute mariners and seafaring men; in Vulcan, towards loitering smiths and forgemen; and so throughout the rest. Now, on the contrary, this infallible promise was added, that unto all those who should make a Holy Day of the above-recited festival, and cease from all manner of worldly work and negotiation, lay aside all their own most important occasions, and be so retchless, heedless, and careless of what might concern the management of their proper affairs, as to mind nothing else but a suspicious espying and prying into the secret deportments of their wives, and how to coop, shut up, hold at under, and deal cruelly and austerely with them, by all the harshness and hardships that an implacable and every way inexorable jealousy can devise and suggest, conform to the sacred ordinances of the afore-mentioned sacrifices and oblations, he should be continually favourable to them, should love them, sociably converse with them, should be day and night in their houses, and never leave them destitute of his presence. Now I have said, and you have heard my cure.

Ha, ha, ha, quoth Carpalim, laughing, this is a remedy yet more apt and proper than Hans Carvel's ring. The devil take me if I do not believe it! The humour, inclination, and nature of women is like the thunder, whose force in its bolt, or otherwise, burneth, bruiseth, and breaketh only hard, massive and resisting objects, without staying or stopping at soft, empty, and yielding matters. For it dasheth

into pieces the steel sword, without doing any hurt to the velvet scabbard which insheatheth it. It crusheth also, and consumeth the bones, without wounding or endamaging the flesh, wherewith they are veiled and covered. Just so it is, that women for the greater part never bend the contention, subtility, and contradictory disposition of their spirits, unless it be to do what is prohibited and forbidden. Verily, quoth Hippothadeus, some of our doctors aver for a truth, that the first woman of the world, whom the Hebrews call Eve, had hardly been induced or allured into the temptation of eating of the fruit of the tree of life,[5] if it had not been forbidden her so to do. And that you may give the more credit to the validity of this opinion, consider how the cautelous and wily tempter did commemorate unto her, for an antecedent to his enthymeme, the prohibition which was made to taste it; as being desirous to infer from thence, It is forbidden thee; therefore thou shouldst eat of it, else thou canst not be a woman.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

How women ordinarily have the greatest longing after things prohibited.[1]

When I was, quoth Carpalim, a whore-master[2] at Orleans, the whole heart of rhetoric, in all its tropes and figures, was not able to afford unto me a colour or flourish of greater force and value; nor could I by any other form or manner of elocution pitch upon a more persuasive argument for bringing young beautiful married ladies into the snares of adultery, through alluring and enticing them to taste with

[5] *Tree of life.*] Should not this be the tree of knowledge? My Bible tells me so, and so does Rabelais's text. *Le fruict de tout Sçavoir;* and yet it is in both editions of this translation, in italic letters too, *the Tree of Life.*

[1] *How women, &c.*] This thirty-fourth chapter is adjoined to, and made part of the preceding by M. Duchat.

[2] *A whoremaster.*] *Ruffien* in French does indeed signify both a whore-hunter and a whore-broker, but M. Duchat thinks it here means neither, because of the indecency of the word, &c., but rather a student, one that from reading the rubrics of the law may be called (but he does not say is actually called) *ruffien*, (from *rufus*, red; as rubric, from *ruber*, red.) This is M. Duchat's meaning, if I understand him right, for he has a little darkly expressed himself. I shall only say with the Italians,

"Se non è vero, è ben trovato."

me of amorous delights, than with a lively sprightfulness to tell them in downright terms, and to remonstrate to them, (with a great shew of detestation of a crime so horrid,) how their husbands were jealous. This was none of my invention. It is written, and we have laws, examples, reasons, and daily experiences confirmative of the same. If this belief once enter into their noddles, their husbands will infallibly be cuckolds; yea, by God, will they, without swearing, although they should do like Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egesta, the women of the Isle Mandez in Egypt, and other such like queanish flirting harlots, mentioned in the writings of Herodotus, Strabo, and such like puppies.[3]

Truly, quoth Ponocrates, I have heard it related,[4] and it

[3] *In this belief, &c.*] This whole period is exceedingly amiss in both the English editions, as it is translated by Sir T. U. The original runs thus, "Ayans ceste persuasion en leurs caboches, elles feront leurs maritz cocquz infailliblement par bieu, (sans jurer), deussent elles faire ce que feirent Semiramis, Pasiphaé, Egesta, les femmes de l'Isle Mandez en Egypte, blasonnées par Herodote, et Strabo, et aultres telles mastines." The translator makes Rabelais call Herodotus and Strabo puppies, whereas he really called Semiramis, Pasiphaé, &c. bitches: (for *mastine* is a mastiff bitch, as *mastin* is a mastiff dog.) I never heard any thorough scholar open his mouth against Herodotus or Strabo, much less call them puppies; but as for those queens, or rather queans, above-mentioned, they were worse than bitches. Semiramis, though as famous for heroic achievements as ever any prince was, yet fell to such infamous sensuality as to solicit her own son to commit incest with her; she was, besides, so cruel as to cut the throats of all the instruments of her lust, (except her son who slew her.) She did indeed erect magnificent rooms for them afterwards. Pasiphae found means to be *served* (as our country folks speak) by a bull, Egesta by a dog. What the bestiality of the women of Mandez, or Mendes, was, may be learned from Herodotus, lib. 2. But to return to our translator: he makes Carpalim swear, point-blank, by God, whereas the reader sees Rabelais makes him not swear at all; at least not by God, but by *cod, par bieu*, which indeed is a salvo for *Dieu*. Again, where is the reader, that would readily understand the sense of, "although they should do like Semiramis," &c. The whole ought to have been translated thus, (at least I think so:) If this persuasion once gets possession of their pericraniums, (or as Sir T. U. expresses it, If this belief once enter their noddles) they will infallibly make their husbands cuckolds, (which is Rabelais's accurate way of expressing his sense, to make it correspond with the verb-active which comes after,) yea, by *cod*, will they, (without swearing,) even though they were to do what was done by Semiramis, Pasiphaë, Egesta, the women of the Island of Mandez in Egypt, (blazoned by Herodotus and Strabo,) *with other such like nasty bitches.*

[4] *I have heard, &c.*] This story is taken out of a volume intituled,

hath been told me for a verity, that Pope John XXII, passing on a day through the abbey of Toucherome,[5] was in all humility required and besought by the abbess, and other discreet mothers of the said convent, to grant them an indulgence, by means whereof they might confess themselves to one another, alleging, That religious women were subject to some petty secret slips and imperfections, which would be a foul and burning shame for them to discover and to reveal to men, how sacerdotal soever their function were: but that they would freelier, more familiarly, and with greater cheerfulness, open to each other their offences, faults, and escapes, under the seal of confession. There is not anything, answered the pope, fitting for you to impetrate of me, which I would not most willingly condescend unto: but I find one inconvenience. You know, confession should be kept secret, and women are not able to do so. Exceeding well, quoth they, most holy father, and much more closely than the best of men.

The said pope on the very same day gave them in keeping a pretty box, wherein he purposely caused a little linnet to be put, willing them very gently and courteously to lock it up in some sure and hidden place, and promising them, by the faith of a pope, that he should yield to their request, if they would keep secret what was enclosed within that deposited box: enjoining them withal, not to presume one way nor other, directly or indirectly, to go about the opening thereof, under pain of the highest ecclesiastical censure, eternal excommunication. The prohibition was no sooner made, but that they did all of them boil with a most ardent desire to know and see what kind of thing it was that was within it. They thought it long already, that the pope was not gone, to the end they might jointly, with the more leisure and ease, apply themselves to the box-opening curiosity.

The holy father, after he had given them his benediction, retired and withdrew himself to the pontifical lodgings of

"Sermones Discipuli de Tempore," Serm. 50. The author of Controversies between the Masculine and Feminine Sexes had before inserted it in the 8th and 9th leaves of l. iii.

[5] *Abbey of Toucherome.*] By this word *Touch-her-home*, Sir T. U. translates Abbaye de Coingnaufond, and very rightly as well as wittily, but the name of the Abbey in M. Duchat's edition is the true name, not a ludicrous one, and that is Fontevrault, according to the best editions.

his own palace. But he was hardly gone three steps from without the gates of their cloister, when the good ladies throngingly, and as in a huddled crowd, pressing hard on the backs of one another, ran thrusting and shoving who should be first at the setting open of the forbidden box, and descrying of the *Quod latitat* within.

On the very next day thereafter, the pope made them another visit, of a full design, purpose, and intention, as they imagined, to dispatch the grant of their sought and wished-for indulgence. But before he would enter into any chat or communing with them, he commanded the casket to be brought unto him. It was done so accordingly; but, by your leave, the bird was no more there. Then was it, that the pope did represent to their maternities, how hard a matter and difficult it was for them to keep secrets revealed to them in confession, unmanifested to the ears of others, seeing for the space of four-and-twenty hours they were not able to lay up in secret a box, which he had highly recommended to their discretion, charge, and custody.

Welcome,[6] in good faith, my dear master, welcome! It did me good to hear you talk, the Lord be praised for all. I do not remember to have seen you before now,[7] since the last time that you acted at Montpellier with our ancient friends, Anthony Saporta,[8] Guy Bourguyer, Balthasar Noyer, Tolet,[9] John Quentin, Francis Robinet, John Perdrier, and Francis Rabelais, the moral comedy of him who had espoused and married a dumb wife. I was there, quoth Epistemon. The good honest man her husband was very earnestly urgent to have the fillet of her tongue untied, and would

[6] *Welcome.*] It is not said, by Rabelais, who it is that speaks here. It must, however, be Panurge; and his calling Carpalim, Monsieur Maitre, induces M. Duchat still the more to think Carpalim was a student of law, that being the compellation by which such are distinguished.

[7] *I do not remember, &c.*] This is not a Scotchism but an Irishism. Rabelais says, I have not seen you since you acted at Montpellier, &c.

[8] *Ant. Saporta.*] Professor of physic at Montpellier. He was of Spanish extraction. There were several sons and grandsons of the family, which Jos. Scaliger suspected of Maranism (Judaism.) They, about 150 years ago, turned Protestants. There are some prayers of one Saporta, a reformed minister, printed anno 1620. See Duchat more at large upon this head.

[9] *Tolet.*] Peter Tolet, physician at the hospital of Lyons. He wrote upon the gout. See more of him in M. Duchat

needs have her speak by any means. At his desire, some pains were taken on her, and partly by the industry of the physician, other part by the expertness of the surgeon, the encyliglotte which she had under her tongue being cut, she spoke, and spoke again; yea, within a few hours she spoke so loud, so much, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor husband returned to the same physician for a receipt to make her hold her peace. There are, quoth the physician, many proper remedies in our art to make dumb women speak, but there are none that ever I could learn therein to make them silent. The only cure which I have found out is their husband's deafness.[10] The wretch became within few weeks thereafter, by virtue of some drugs, charms, or enchantments, which the physician had prescribed unto him, so deaf, that he could not have heard the thundering of nineteen hundred cannons at a salvo. His wife perceiving that indeed he was as deaf as a door-nail, and that her scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad.

Some time after, the doctor asked for his fee of the husband; who answered, That truly he was deaf, and so was not able to understand what the tenour of his demand might be. Whereupon the leech bedusted him with a little, I know not what, sort of powder; which rendered him a fool immediately, so great was the stultificating virtue of that strange kind of pulverised dose. Then did this fool of a husband, and his mad wife, join together, and falling on the doctor and the surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the place, so furious were the blows which they received. I never in my lifetime laughed so much, as at the acting of that buffoonery.[11]

Let us come to where we left off," quoth Panurge. Your words, being translated from the clapper-dudgeons to plain English, do signify, that it is not very inexpedient that I marry, and that I should not care for being a cuckold. You have there hit the nail on the head. I believe, master

[10] *Husband's deafness.*] "Utinam aut hic surdus aut haec muta facta sit," says Davus, in "Terence's Andria."

[11] *Buffoonery.*] In the original *Patelinage.* Epistemon found the farce as amusing as that of Patelin, a piece to which Rabelais is perpetually making allusion. Moliere has more fully worked out this rough sketch of Rabelais, in several scenes of his *Medecin malgré lui.*]

doctor, that on the day of my marriage you will be so much taken up with your patients, or otherwise so seriously employed, that we shall not enjoy your company. Sir, I will heartily excuse your absence.

"Stercus et urina medici sunt prandia prima.
Ex aliis paleas, ex istis collige grana."

You are mistaken, quoth Rondibilis, in the second verse of our distich; for it ought to run thus—

"Nobis sunt signa, vobis sunt prandia digna."

If my wife at any time prove to be unwell, and ill at ease, I will look upon the water[12] which she shall have made in an urinal glass, quoth Rondibilis, grope her pulse, and see the disposition of her hypogaster, together with her umbilicary parts,—according to the prescript rule of Hippocrates, 2. Aph. 35,—before I proceed any further in the cure of her distemper. No, no, quoth Panurge, that will be but to little purpose. Such a feat is for the practice of us that are lawyers, who have the rubric, *De ventre inspiciendo*. Do not therefore trouble yourself about it master doctor: I will provide for her a plaster of warm guts.[13] Do not neglect your more urgent occasions otherwhere, for coming to my wedding. I will send you some supply of victuals to your own house, without putting you to the trouble of coming abroad, and you shall always be my special friend. With this, approaching somewhat nearer to him, he clapped into his hand, without the speaking of so much as one word, four rose nobles.[14] Rondibilis did shut his fist upon them right kindly;[15] yet, as if it had displeased him to make acceptance of such golden presents, he in a start, as if he had been wroth, said, He, he, he, he, he, there was no need of

[12] *I will look upon her water.*] Rondelet wrote *de Urinis*, and is mightily for the physicians seeing people's water.

[13] *A plaster of warm guts.*] So Cotgrave interprets Rabelais's *Clystere barburin*. Clyster, both in Greek and Latin, signifies as well the pipe as the potion. Potion one may call it. For what else is a clyster, as I think Tom. Brown says, but an arse vomit, as a vomit is a mouth clyster?

[14] *Four rose-nobles.*] Twenty livres Tournois, at the rate of a hundred sous each of those nobles, as they were valued by the ordinance of 1532.

[15] *Right kindly.*] It should be right hastily, for that is what Rabelais means by *les print très bien;* for, as L. Joubert, quoted by Tessier, says, Rondelet used to do everything in a hurry.

anything, I thank you nevertheless. From wicked folks I never get enough, and from honest people I refuse nothing. I shall be always, sir, at your command. Provided that I pay you well, quoth Panurge. That, quoth Rondibilis, is understood.

CHAPTER XXXV.

How the philosopher Trouillogan handleth the difficulty of marriage.

As this discourse was ended, Pantagruel said to the philosopher Trouillogan, Our loyal, honest, true, and trusty friend, the lamp from hand to hand is come to you. It falleth to your turn to give an answer, should Panurge, pray you, marry, yea, or no?[1] He should do both, quoth Trouillogan. What say you, asked Panurge? That which you have heard, answered Trouillogan. What have I heard? replied Panurge. That which I have said, replied Trouillogan. Ha, ha, ha, are we come to that pass, quoth Panurge? Let it go nevertheless, I do not value it at a rush, seeing we can make no better of the game. But howsoever tell me, should I marry or no? Neither the one nor the other, answered Trouillogan. The devil take me, quoth Panurge, if these odd answers do not make me dote, and may he snatch me presently away, if I do understand you. Stay awhile, until I fasten these spectacles of mine on this left ear, that I may hear you better. With this Pantagruel perceived at the door of the great hall, which was that day their dining room, Gargantua's little dog, whose name was Kyne; for so was Toby's dog called, as is recorded. Then did he say to these who were there present, Our king is not far off,—let us all rise.

That word was scarcely sooner uttered, than that Gargantua[2] with his royal presence graced that banquetting and stately hall. Each of the guests arose to do their king that reverence and duty which became them. After that Gargantua had most affably saluted all the gentlemen there present, he said, Good friends, I beg this favour of you, and therein you will very much oblige me, that you leave not the places

[1] *Yea or no.*] Compare this dialogue with Sganarelle's consultation with Marphurius in Moliere's *Le Marriage Forcé*, act I. sc. 8.]

[2] *Gargantua.*] This prince appears now upon the stage for the first time since his being conveyed to the Land of the Fairies, *i.e.* inchanted, as is mentioned in l. ii.

where you sate, nor quit the discourse you were upon. Let a chair be brought hither unto this end of the table, and reach me a cup full of the strongest and best wine you have, that I may drink to all the company. You are, in faith, all welcome, gentlemen. Now let me know, what talk you were about. To this Pantagruel answered, that at the beginning of the second service Panurge had proposed a problematic theme, to wit, Whether he should marry, or not marry? that Father Hippothadeus and Doctor Rondibilis had already dispatched their resolutions thereupon; and that, just as his majesty was coming in, the faithful Trouillogan in the delivery of his opinion hath thus far proceeded, that when Panurge asked,—whether he ought to marry, yea, or no?—at first he made this answer, Both together. When this same question was again propounded, his second answer was, Neither the one, nor the other. Panurge exclaimeth, that those answers are full of repugnancies and contradictions, protesting that he understands them not, nor what it is that can be meant by them. If I be not mistaken, quoth Gargantua, I understand it very well. The answer is not unlike to that which was once made by a philosopher[3] in ancient time, who being interrogated, if he had a woman, whom they named him, to his wife? I have her, quoth he, but she hath not me,—possessing her, by her I am not possest. Such another answer, quoth Pantagruel, was once made by a certain bouncing wench of Sparta[4] who being asked, if at any time she had had to do with a man? No, quoth she, but sometimes men have had to do with me. Well then, quoth Rondibilis, let it be a neuter in physic,—as when we say a body is neuter, when it is neither sick nor healthful,—and a mean in philosophy; that, by an abnegation of both extremes, and this, by the participation of the one and of the other. Even as when lukewarm water is said to be both hot and cold; or rather, as when time makes the partition, and equally divides betwixt the two, a while in the one, another while as long in the other opposite extremity. The holy apostle, quoth Hippothadeus, seemeth, as I conceive, to have more clearly explained this point, when he said, Those that are married, let them be as if they were not married; and those that have wives let them be as if they had

[3] *A philosopher.*] Aristippus. He said this of Thaïs, the famous courtezan, whom he used to visit.

[4] *Sparta.*] See Plutarch, in his precepts about matrimony.

no wives at all. I thus interpret, quoth Pantagruel, the having and not having of a wife. To have a wife, is to have the use of her in such a way as nature hath ordained, which is for the aid, society, and solace of man, and propagating of his race. To have no wife is not to be uxorious, play the coward, and be lazy about her, and not for her sake to distain the lustre of that affection which man owes to God; or yet for her to leave those offices and duties which he owes unto his country, unto his friends and kindred; or for her to abandon and forsake his precious studies, and other businesses of account, to wait still on her will, her beck, and her buttocks. If we be pleased in this sense to take having and not having of a wife, we shall indeed find no repugnancy nor contradiction in the terms at all.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A continuation of the answers of the Ephectic and Pyrrhonian philosopher Trouillogan.

You speak wisely, quoth Panurge, if the moon were green cheese. Such a tale once pissed my goose. I do not think but that I am let down into that dark pit, in the lowermost bottom whereof the truth was hid, according to the saying of Heraclitus.[1] I see no whit at all, I hear nothing, understand as little, my senses are altogether dulled and blunted; truly I do very shrewdly suspect that I am enchanted. I will now alter the former style of my discourse, and talk to him in another strain. Our trusty friend, stir not, nor imburse any; but let us vary the chance, and speak without disjunctives. I see already, that these loose and ill-joined members of an enunciation do vex, trouble, and perplex you.

Now go on, in the name of God! Should I marry?

TROUILLOGAN. There is some likelihood therein.

PANURGE. But if I do not marry?

TROUIL. I see in that no inconvenience.

PAN. You do not?

TROUIL. None, truly, if my eyes deceive me not.

PAN. Yea, but I find more than five hundred.

TROUIL. Reckon them.

[1] *Heraclitus.*] This is one of Rabelais' affected negligences, so familiar to him. He very well knew that this sentence was ascribed to Democritus. Nay, he says so somewhere, but he does not vouchsafe to remember it here.

PAN. This is an impropriety of speech, I confess; for I do no more thereby, but take a certain for an uncertain number, and posit the determinate term for what is indeterminate. When I say therefore five hundred, my meaning is, many.

TROUIL. I hear you.

PAN. Is it possible for me to live without a wife, in the name of all the subterranean devils?

TROUIL. Away with these filthy beasts.

PAN. Let it be then in the name of God; for my Salmigondinish people used to say, To lie alone, without a wife, is certainly a brutish life. And such a life also was it assevered to be by Dido, in her lamentations.

TROUIL. At your command.

PAN. By the pody cody, I have fished fair; where are we now? But will you tell me? Shall I marry?

TROUIL. Perhaps.

PAN. Shall I thrive or speed well withal?

TROUIL. According to the encounter.

PAN. But if in my adventure I encounter aright, as I hope I will, shall be I fortunate?

TROUIL. Enough.

PAN. Let us turn the clean contrary way, and brush our former words against the wool: what if I encounter ill?

TROUIL. Then blame not me.

PAN. But, of courtesy, be pleased to give me some advice. I heartily beseech you, what must I do?

TROUIL. Even what thou wilt.

PAN. Wishy washy; trolly, lolly.

TROUIL. Do not invocate the name of any thing, I pray you.

PAN. In the name of God, let it be so! My actions shall be regulated by the rule and square of your counsel. What is it that you advise and counsel me to do?

TROUIL. Nothing.

PAN. Shall I marry?

TROUIL. I have no hand in it.

PAN. Then shall I not marry?

TROUIL. I cannot help it.

PAN. If I never marry, I shall never be a cuckold.

TROUIL. I thought so.

PAN. But put the case that I be married.

TROUIL. Where shall we put it?

PAN. Admit it be so then, and take my meaning, in that sense.

TROUIL. I am otherwise employed.

PAN. By the death of a hog, and mother of a toad, O Lord, if I durst hazard upon a little fling at the swearing game, though privily and under thumb, it would lighten the burden of my heart, and ease my lights and reins exceedingly. A little patience, nevertheless, is requisite. Well then, if I marry, I shall be a cuckold.

TROUIL. One would say so.

PAN. Yet if my wife prove a virtuous, wise, discreet, and chaste woman, I shall never be cuckolded.

TROUIL. I think you speak congruously.

PAN. Hearken.

TROUIL. As much as you will.

PAN. Will she be discreet and chaste? This is the only point I would be resolved in.

TROUIL. I question it.

PAN. You never saw her.

TROUIL. Not that I know of.

PAN. Why do you then doubt of that which you know not.

TROUIL. For a cause.

PAN. And if you should know her.

TROUIL. Yet more.

PAN. Page, my little pretty darling, take here my cap,—I give it to thee. Have a care you do not break the spectacles that are in it. Go down to the lower court. Swear there half an hour for me, and I shall in compensation of that favour swear hereafter for thee as much as thou wilt. But who shall cuckold me?

TROUIL. Somebody.

PAN. By the belly of the wooden horse at Troy, Master Somebody, I shall bang, belam thee, and claw thee well for thy labour.

TROUIL. You say so.

PAN. Nay, nay, that Nick in the dark cellar, who hath no white in his eye, carry me quite away with him, if, in that case, whensoever I go abroad from the palace of my domestic residence, I do not, with as much circumspection as they use to ring mares in our country to keep them from being

sallied by stoned horses, clap a Bergamasco lock[2] upon my wife.

TROUIL. Talk better.

PAN. It is *bien chien, chié chanté*, well cacked, and cackled, shitten, and sung in matter of talk. Let us resolve on somewhat.

TROUIL. I do not gainsay it.

PAN. Have a little patience. Seeing I cannot on this side draw any blood of you, I will try, if with the lancet of my judgment I be able to bleed you in another vein. Are you married, or are you not?

TROUIL. Neither the one nor the other, and both together.

PAN. O the good God help us! By the death of a buffle-ox, I sweat with the toil and travail that I am put to, and find my digestion broke off, disturbed, and interrupted; for all my phrenes, metaphrenes, and diaphragms, back, belly, midriff, muscles, veins, and sinews, are held in a suspense, and for a while discharged from their proper offices, to stretch forth their several powers and abilities, for incornifistibulating,[3] and laying up into the hamper of my understanding your various sayings and answers.

TROUIL. I shall be no hinderer thereof.

PAN. Tush, for shame! Our faithful friend, speak, are you married?

TROUIL. I think so.

PAN. You were also married before you had this wife.

[2] *A Bergamasco lock.*] This precaution, which some Italians have thought proper to take with their wives, had like to have been introduced into France also, in the reign of Henry II., but several gallants of the court could not, without great dissatisfaction, behold the vast trade that was driven in these (*serrature*) padlocks by an Italian merchant, who had opened shop for that sort of ware at the fair of St. Germain. Being threatened to be flung into the river if he continued that traffic, he was forced to pack up his merchandise, and vend no more of his Italian contrivances; and since that time nobody has dealt in that commodity in France.

[3] *Incornifistibulating.*] By *cornifistibular*, the people in and about Toulouse mean troubled, afflicted with an uneasiness of mind: but here we have the proper signification of this word, and Rabelais seems to derive it from *cornu* (a horn), *fistula*, (a whistle,) and *stipula*, (a stubble-pipe used by shepherds.) I suppose our English words for those three things come from these Latin ones. So Rabelais uses that made-up word (*incornifistibulate*) to signify the beating any thing into one's memory or head, as if it were done by a horn, a whistle, and a pipe.

TROUIL. It is possible.

PAN. Had you good luck in your first marriage?

TROUIL. It is not impossible.

PAN. How thrive you with this second wife of yours?

TROUIL. Even as it pleaseth my fatal destiny.

PAN. But what in good earnest? Tell me—do you prosper well with her?

TROUIL. It is likely.

PAN. Come on, in the name of God. I vow, by the burden of Saint Christopher, that I had rather undertake the fetching of a fart forth of the belly of a dead ass, than to draw out of you a positive and determinate resolution. Yet shall I be sure at this time to have a snatch at you, and get my claws over you. Our trusty friend, let us shame the devil of hell, and confess the verity. Were you ever a cuckold? I say you who are here, and not that other you, who playeth below in the tennis-court?

TROUIL. No, if it was not predestinated.

PAN. By the flesh, blood, and body, I swear, reswear, forswear, abjure, and renounce: he evades and avoids, shifts and escapes me,[4] and quite slips and winds himself out of my gripes and clutches.

At these words Gargantua arose, and said, praised be the good God in all things, but especially for bringing the world into that height of refinedness beyond what it was when I first became acquainted therewith, that now the most learned and most prudent philosophers are not ashamed to be seen entering in at the porches and frontispieces of the schools of the Pyrrhonian, Aporrhetic, Sceptic, and Ephetic sects. Blessed be the holy name of God! Veritably, it is like henceforth to be found an enterprise of much more easy undertaking, to catch lions by the neck, horses by the mane, oxen by the horns, bulls by the muzzle, wolves by the tail, goats by the beard, and flying birds by the feet, than to entrap such philsophers in their words. Farewell, my worthy, dear, and honest friends.

When he had done thus speaking, he withdrew himself from the company. Pantagruel, and others with him would have followed and accompanied him, but he would not permit them so to do. No sooner was Gargantua departed out of the banqueting-hall, than that Pantagruel said to the in-

[4] *Escapes me.*] *Il m' eschappe. Anguilla 'st: elabitur.* Plautus in Pseudolo.

vited guests; Plato's Timæus, at the beginning always of a solemn festival convention, was wont to count those that were called thereto. We, on the contrary, shall at the closure and end of this treatment, reckon up our number. One, two, three; where is the fourth? I miss my friend Bridlegoose. Was not he sent for? Epistemon answered, —That he had been at his house to bid and invite him, but could not meet with him; for that a messenger from the parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, was come to him,[5] with a writ of summons, to cite and warn him personally to appear before the reverend senators of the High Court there, to vindicate and justify himself at the bar, of the crime of prevarication laid to his charge, and to be peremptorily instanced against him, in a certain decree, judgment, or sentence lately awarded, given, and pronounced by him: and that, therefore, he had taken horse, and departed in great haste from his own house, to the end, that without peril or danger of falling into a default, or contumacy, he might be the better able to keep the prefixed and appointed time.

I will, quoth Pantagruel, understand how that matter goeth. It is now above forty years, that he hath been constantly the judge of Fonsbeton, during which space of time he hath given four thousand definitive sentences. Of two thousand three hundred and nine whereof, although appeal was made by the parties whom he had judicially condemned, from his inferior judicatory to the supreme court of the

[5] *Was come to him.*] I shall give this period a literal and exact translation, for the sake of a note of M. Duchat's upon this place. "An usher or tipstaff, from the parliament of Myrelingois in Myrelingues, was come to summon him personally to appear, and, before the senators, to render the reason of a certain sentence by him pronounced." This is all our author says: not a word of prevarication, &c. Now, M. Duchat observes, from Innocent Gentilet's Anti-Machiavel, Part iii. Max. xxxv. "In, and before, the reign of Louis XII. the magistrates (*non-souverains*) from whom there lay appeal, were not many in one and the same seat and degree of justice; nay, there was no more than one in each tribunal to administer justice; namely, a provost or ordinary judge in the first degree, and a lieutenant general de bailly or senéchal in the second degree. But, in the supreme courts of the parliaments and grand council there were several; not however, in so great number as now." Thus, adds M. Duchat, our judge Bridlegoose (*Bridoie*) was alone responsible for a sentence which he alone had passed; and thence it comes, that, in France, at this time, by the sentence of such and such a judge, is understood a certain sentence passed by the judge and counsellors of such or such a subaltern jurisdiction.

parliament of Myrelingois, in Myrelingues, they were all of them nevertheless confirmed, ratified, and approved of by an order, decree, and final sentence of the said sovereign court, to the casting of the appellants, and utter overthrow of the suits wherein they had been foiled at law, for ever and a day. That now, in his old age, he should be personally summoned, who in all the foregoing time of his life hath demeaned himself so unblameably in the discharge of the office and vocation he had been called unto, it cannot assuredly be, that such a change hath happened without some notorious misfortune and disaster. I am resolved to help and assist him in equity and justice to the uttermost extent of my power and ability. I know the malice, despite and wickedness of the world to be so much more now-a-days exasperated, increased, and aggravated by what it was not long since, that the best cause that is, how just and equitable soever it be, standeth in great need to be succoured, aided, and supported. Therefore presently, from this very instant forth, do I purpose, till I see the event and closure thereof, most heedfully to attend and wait upon it, for fear of some under-hand tricky surprisal, cavilling pettifoggery, or fallacious quirks in law, to his detriment, hurt, or disadvantage.

Then dinner being done, and the tables drawn and removed, when Pantagruel had very cordially and affectionately thanked his invited guests for the favour which he had enjoyed of their company, he presented them with several rich and costly gifts, such as jewels, rings set with precious stones, gold and silver vessels, with a great deal of other sort of plate besides, and lastly, taking of them all his leave, retired himself into an inner chamber.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

How Pantagruel persuaded Panurge to take counsel of a fool.

When Pantagruel had withdrawn himself, he, by a little sloping window in one of the galleries, perceived Panurge in a lobby not far from thence, walking alone, with the gesture, carriage, and garb of a fond dotard, raving, wagging, and shaking his hands, dandling, lolling, and nodding with his head, like a cow bellowing for her calf; and, having then called him nearer, spoke unto him thus. You are at this

present, as I think, not unlike to a mouse entangled in a snare, who the more that she goeth about to rid and unwind herself out of the gin wherein she is caught, by endeavouring to clear and deliver her feet from the pitch whereto they stick, the fouler she is bewrayed with it, and the more strongly pestered therein. Even so is it with you. For the more that you labour, strive, and inforce yourself to disencumber, and extricate your thoughts out of the implicating involutions and fetterings of the grievous and lamentable gins and springs of anguish and perplexity, the greater difficulty there is in the relieving of you, and you remain faster bound than ever. Nor do I know for the removal of this inconveniency any remedy but one.

Take heed, I have often heard it said in a vulgar proverb, The wise may be instructed by a fool. Seeing the answers and responses of sage and judicious men have in no manner of way satisfied you, take advice of some fool, and possibly by so doing you may come to get that counsel which will be agreeable to your own heart's desire and contentment. You know how by the advice and counsel and prediction of fools, many kings, princes, states, and commonwealths have been preserved, several battles gained, and divers doubts of a most perplexed intricacy resolved. I am not so diffident of your memory, as to hold it needful to refresh it with a quotation of examples; nor do I so far undervalue your judgment, but that I think it will acquiesce in the reason of this my subsequent discourse. As he who narrowly takes heed to what concerns the dexterous management of his private affairs, domestic businesses, and those adoes which are confined within the strait-laced compass of one family,—who is attentive, vigilant, and active in the economic rule of his own house,—whose frugal spirit never strays from home,—who loseth no occasion whereby he may purchase to himself more riches, and build up new heaps of treasure on his former wealth,—and who knows warily how to prevent the inconveniences of poverty, is called a worldly wise man, though perhaps in the second judgment of the intelligences which are above, he be esteemed a fool,—so, on the contrary is he most like, even in the thoughts of celestial spirits, to be not only sage, but to presage events to come by divine inspiration, who laying quite aside those cares which are conducible to his body, or his fortunes, and, as it were

departing from himself, rids all his senses of terrene affections, and clears his fancies of those plodding studies which harbour in the minds of thriving men. All which neglects of sublunary things are vulgarly imputed folly. After this manner, the son of Picus, King of the Latins, the great soothsayer Faunus, was called Fatuus by the witless rabble of the common people. The like we daily see practised amongst the comic players, whose dramatic rolls, in distribution of the personages, appoint the acting of the fool to him who is the wisest of the troop. In approbation also of this fashion the mathematicians allow the very same horoscope to princes and to sots. Whereof a right pregnant instance by them is given in the nativities of Æneas and Chorœbus; the latter of which two is by Euphorion said to have been a fool; and yet had with the former the same aspects, and heavenly genethliac influences.[1]

I shall not, I suppose, swerve much from the purpose in hand, if I relate unto you, what John Andrew[2] said upon the return of a papal writ, which was directed to the mayor and burgesses of Rochelle, and after him by Panorme, upon the same Pontifical canon; Barbatias on the Pandects, and recently by Jason, in his councils, concerning Seyny John,[3] the noted fool of Paris, and Caillette's fore great grandfather. The case is this.

[1] *Genethliac influences.*] I am ignorant in what astrologer, unless perhaps in Cardan, Rabelais has found that Æneas and Chorœbus had one and the same horoscope, and that fools and kings are born under the same constellation. For want of proofs to verify these two articles, I shall only say that the second has a great resemblance with the proverb, "Aut regem, aut fatuum, nasci oportere." See Erasmus's Adages.

[2] *John André, &c.*] André was a celebrated Florentine canonist of the fourteenth century; Antoine Beccadelli, or Panormita, a famous litterateur and jurisconsult of Bologna, in the fourteenth century; André Barbatias, a Sicilian jurisconsult of the fifteenth century; Jason Maino, a famous lawyer of the University of Padua, favoured by Louis XII.]

[3] *Seyny John.*] This Seyny John, (or, as Rabelais has it, Seigni Joan,) great-grandfather (bisaieul) to Caillette, was, in his time, known by the name of John the fool, and is here called by Rabelais, Seigni Joan or Johan, from Senex Johannes, to distinguish him from Johan, Fol de Madame, of whom Marot speaks in his epitaphs. Our author makes this Seigni Joan great-grandfather to the fool Caillette, because he was prior to him about a century; Caillette flourishing, or rather *driveling* about the year 1494. In the frontispiece of the Ship of Fools, printed in 1497, there is the picture of Seigni Joan, and that of Caillette; the latter as the patron of the new mode, and the former as head of those who still retain the old mode.

At Paris, in the roast-meat cookery of the Petit-Chastelet, before the cook-shop of one of the roast-meat-sellers of that lane, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread, after he had by parcels kept it a while above the reek and steam of a fat goose on the spit, turning at a great fire, and found it so besmoked with the vapour, to be savoury; which the cook observing, took no notice, till after having ravined his penny loaf, whereof no morsel had been unsmokified, he was about decamping and going away. But, by your leave, as the fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the master-cook laid hold upon him by the gorget, and demanded payment for the smoke of his roast-meat. The porter answered, That he had sustained no loss at all,—that by what he had done there was no diminution made of the flesh,—that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in anything. As for the smoke in question, that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: besides, that before that time it had never been seen nor heard, that roast-meat smoke was sold upon the streets of Paris. The cook hereto replied, That he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a porter whom he had never seen before, with the smoke of his roast-meat, and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked staves from off his back; which, instead of having loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve for fuel to his kitchen fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom rungs, which he had caught in his hand, the sturdy porter got out of his gripe, drew forth the knotty cudgel, and stood to his own defence. The altercation waxed hot in words, which moved the gaping hoydens of the sottish Parisians to run from all parts thereabouts, to see what the issue would be of that babbling strife and contention. In the interim of this dispute, to very good purpose Seyny John, the fool and citizen of Paris, happened to be there, whom the cook perceiving, said to the porter, Wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble Seyny John, the decision of the difference and controversy which is betwixt us? Yes, by the blood of a goose, answered the porter, I am content. Seyny John the fool, finding that the cook and porter had

compromised the determination of their variance and debate to the discretion of his award and arbitrement, after that the reasons on either side, whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling jar, had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the porter to draw out of the fob of his belt a piece of money, if he had it. Whereupon the porter immediately without delay, in reverence to the authority of such a judicious umpire, put the tenth part of a silver Philip into his hand. This little Philip Seyny John took, then set it on his left shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight. After that, laying it on the palm of his hand, he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the ear if it was of a good alloy in the metal whereof it was composed. Thereafter he put it to the ball or apple of his left eye, to explore by the sight, if it was well stamped and marked; all which being done, in a profound silence of the whole doltish people, who were there spectators of this pageantry, to the great hope of the cook's, and despair of the porter's prevalency in the suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the porter to make it sound several times upon the stall of the cook's shop. Then with a presidential majesty holding his bauble, sceptre-like, in his hand, muffling his head with a hood of marten skins, each side whereof had the resemblance of an ape's face, sprucified up with ears of pasted paper, and having about his neck a bucked ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with pointing sticks of the shape and fashion of small organ pipes, he first with all the force of his lungs coughed two or three times, and then with an audible voice pronounced this following sentence. The Court declareth, that the porter, who ate his bread at the smoke of the roast, hath civilly paid the cook with the sound of his money.[4] And the said Court ordaineth, that every one return to his own home, and attend his proper business, without costs and charges, and for a cause. This verdict, award, and arbitrement of the Parisian fool did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the aforesaid doctors, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the sessions for justice of the said

[4] *Sound of his money.*] Bocchoris, according to Plutarch, gave a similar judgment against the courtesan Thonis, who demanded in money the price of her favours, from a young spark who had enjoyed them in imagination only.]

place; or that the judges of the Rota at Rome had been umpires therein; or yet that the Areopagites themselves had been the deciders thereof; if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded. Therefore advise if you will be counselled by a fool.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

How Triboulet is set forth and blazoned by Pantagruel and Panurge.

By my soul, quoth Panurge, that overture pleaseth me exceedingly well. I will therefore lay hold thereon, and embrace it. At the very motioning thereof, my right entrail seemeth to be widened and enlarged, which was but just now hard-bound, contracted, and costive. But as we have hitherto made choice of the purest and most refined cream of wisdom and sapience for our counsel, so would I now have to preside and bear the prime sway in our consultation as very a fool in the supreme degree. Triboulet,[1] quoth Pantagruel, is completely foolish, as I conceive. Yes, truly, answered Panurge, he is properly and totally a fool, a

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Fatal f.	Jovial f.
Natural f.	Mercurial f.
Celestial f.	Lunatic f.
Erratic f.	Ducal f.
Eccentric f.	Common f.
Ætherial and Junonian f.	Lordly f.
Arctic f.	Palatin f.

[1] *Triboulet.*] A buffoon, whom Epistemon saw in hell, had before been called by this name, and is the same that Francis Hotman, in his Matag. de Matagonibus, says that the King Louis XII. had in his retinue. Here an arrant fool is called Triboulet; from whence it is plain that this word is properly applicable to any poor wretch that has a troubled spirit. Froissart, vol. iii. c. cxviii. "En Angleterre, pour ceste saison, ils étoyent tous triboulez et en mauvais arroy." And Alain Chartier, in his book of the Four Ladies.

"Et sont foulez
Et par fortune triboulez."

At Toulouse, a man troubled with affliction is said to be treboulat: and when Marot, in one of his poems, says that Triboulet has brothers and sisters, he does not mean that that buffoon of Louis XII. was still alive, or that he had brothers and sisters; but only that, after Triboulet's death, there were still left in France fools, and people with troubled brains. Oudin renders Triboulet, "huomo grosso e corte;" and then Triboulet comes from tripe, and means *fat-bellied.*

Pantagruel.

Heroic f.
Genial f.
Inconstant f.
Earthly f.
Salacious and Sporting f.
Jocund and wanton f.
Pimpled f.
Freckled f.
Bell-tinging f.
Laughing and lecherous f.
Nimming and filching f.
Unpressed f.
First broached f.
Augustal f.
Cæsarine f.
Imperial f.
Royal f.
Patriarchal f.
Original f.
Loyal f.
Episcopal f.
Doctoral f.
Monachal f.
Fiscal f.
Extravagant f.
Writhed f.
Canonical f.
Such another f.
Graduated f.
Commensal f.
Primolicentiated f.
Trainbearing f.
Supererogating f.
Collateral f.
Haunch and side f.
Nestling, ninny, and youngling f.
Flitting, giddy, and unsteady f.
Brancher, novice, and cockney f.
Haggard, cross, and forward f.

Panurge.

Principal f.
Pretorian f.
Elected f.
Courtly f.
Primipilary f.
Triumphant f.
Vulgar f.
Domestic f.
Exemplary f.
Rare outlandish f.
Satrapal f.
Civil f.
Popular f.
Familiar f.
Notable f.
Favourized f.
Latinized f.
Ordinary f.
Transcendent f.
Rising f.
Papal f.
Consistorian f.
Conclavist f.
Bullist f.
Synodal f.
Doting and raving f.
Singular and surpassing f.
Special and excelling f.
Metaphysical f.
Extatical f.
Predicamental and categoric f.
Predicable and enunciatory f.
Decumane and superlative f.
Dutiful and officious f.
Optical and perspective f.
Algoristic f.
Algebraical f.
Cabalistical and massoretical f.

Pantagruel.	*Panurge.*
Gentle, mild, and tractable f.	Talmudical f.
Mail-coated f.	Algamalized f.
Pilfering and Purloining f.	Compendious f.
Tail-grown f.	Abbreviated f.
Grey peckled f.	Hyperbolical f.
Pleonasmical f.	Anatomastical f.
Capital f.	Allegorical f.
Hair-brained f.	Tropological f.
Cordial f.	Micher pincrust f.
Intimate f.	Heteroclit f.
Hepatic f.	Summist f.
Cupshotten and swilling f.	Abridging f.
Splenetic f.	Morish f.
Windy f.	Leaden-sealed f.
Legitimate f.	Mandatory f.
Azymathal f.	Compassionate f.
Almicantarized f.	Titulary f.
Proportioned f.	Crooching, showking, ducking f.
Chinnified f.	
Swollen and puffed-up f.	Grim, stern, harsh, and wayward f.
Overcockrilifedled and fied f.	
Corallory f.	Well-hung and timbered f.
Eastern f.	Ill-clawed, pounced, and pawed f.
Sublime f.	
Crimson f.	Well-stoned f.
Ingrained f	Crabbed and unpleasing f.
City f.	Winded and untainted f.
Basely-accoutred f.	Kitchen-haunting f.
Mast-headed f.	Lofty and stately f.
Model f.	Spitrack f.
Second notial f.	Architrave f.
Cheerful and buxom f.	Pedestal f.
Solemn f.	Tetragonal f.
Annual f.	Renowned f.
Festival f.	Rheumatic f.
Recreative f.	Flaunting and braggadochio f.
Boorish and counterfeit f.	
Pleasant f.	Egregious f.
Privileged f.	Humorous and capricious f.
Rustical f.	Rude, gross, and absurd f.
Proper and peculiar f.	Large-measured f.

Pantagruel.

Ever ready f.
Diapasonal f.
Resolute f.
Hieroglyphical f.
Authentic f.
Worthy f.
Precious f.
Fanatic f.
Fantastical f.
Symphatic f.
Panic f.
Limbecked and distilled f.
Comportable f.
Wretched and heartless f
Fooded f.
Thick and threefold f.
Damasked f.
Fearny f.
Unleavened f.
Barytonant f.
Pink and spot-powdered f.
Musket-proof f.
Pedantic f.
Strouting f.
Wood f.
Greedy f.
Senseless f.
Godderlich f.
Obstinate f.
Contradictory f.
Pedagogical f.
Daft f.
Drunken f.
Peevish f.
Prodigal f.
Rash f.
Plodding f.

Panurge.

Babble f.
Down-right f.
Broad-listed f.
Downsical-bearing f.
Stale and over-worn f.
Saucy and swaggering f.
Full-bulked f.
Gallant and vainglorious f.
Gorgeous and gaudy f.
Continual and intermitting f.
Rebasing and roundling f.
Prototypal and precedenting f.
Prating f.
Catechetic f.
Cacodoxical f.
Meridional f.
Nocturnal f.
Occidental f.
Trifling f.
Astrological and figure-flinging f.
Genethliac and horoscopal f.
Knavish f.
Idiot f.
Blockish f.
Beetle-headed f.
Grotesque f.
Impertinent f.
Quarrelsome f.
Unmannerly f.
Captious and sophistical f.
Soritic f.
Catholoproton f.
Hoti and Dioti f.
Alphos and Catati f.

PANTAGRUEL. If there was any reason why at Rome the Quirinal holiday of old was called the Feast of Fools; I know not, why we may not for the like cause institute in

France the Tribouletic Festivals, to be celebrated and solemnized over all the land.

PANURGE. If all fools carried cruppers.[2]

PANT. If he were the god Fatuus,[3] of whom we have already made mention, the husband of the goddess Fatua, his father would be Good Day, and his grand-mother Good Even.[4]

PAN. If all fools paced, albeit he be somewhat wry-legged, he would overlay at least a fathom at every rake. Let us go toward him without any further lingering or delay;—we shall have, no doubt, some fine resolution of him. I am ready to go, and long for the issue of our progress impatiently. I must needs, quoth Pantagruel, according to my former resolution therein, be present at Bridlegoose's trial. Nevertheless, whilst I shall be upon my journey towards Myrelingues,[5] which is on the other side of the river of Loire, I will dispatch Carpalim to bring along with him from Blois the fool Triboulet. Then was Carpalim instantly sent away, and Pantagruel at the same time, attended by his domestic Panurge, Epistemon, Ponocrates, Friar John, Gymnast, Ryzotomus, and others, marched forward on the high road to Myrelingues.

[2] *If all fools carried cruppers.*] What then?——Add, Triboulet would have his buttocks clawed off. Left out by Sir T. U. "Il auroit les fesses bien escourchées." Thus the best editions have it. In the rest it is, "Il y auroit des fesses bien escourchées;" which being downright nonsense, I do not wonder Sir T. U. did not understand it, and so left it out.

[3] *Fatuus.*] A rural god: Rabelais calls him Fatuel, from Fatuellus; which likewise was the name he sometimes went by. The Camb. Dict. calls him King Oberon.

[4] *Good day and good even.*] *Bonadiés* and *Bonedée.* Q. whether this may not refer to the *Bona Deg* of the ancients?

[5] *Myrelingues, which is on the other side of the river Loire.*] *Myrelingues, qui est de là la riviere de Loire;* conformable to the three editions of Lyons, which in this are right; and so is Sir T. U.'s version.

The other editions, by omitting the adverb *là*, and only saying, "Myrelingues, qui est de la riviere de Loire," would put one upon hunting for Myrelingues, on the river Loire. Now, it is plain this here means the parliament of Toulouse, called Myrelingues; as if one should say, millelangues, on account of the vast diversity of dialects, or rather jargonic-pedlers' French; which prevails throughout the extent of its whole jurisdiction.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

How Pantagruel was present at the trial of Judge Bridlegoose,[1] *who decided causes and controversies in law by the chance and fortune of the dice.*

On the day following, precisely at the hour appointed, Pantagruel came to Myrelingues. At his arrival the presidents, senators, and counsellors prayed him to do them the honour to enter in with them, to hear the decision of all the causes, arguments, and reasons, which Bridlegoose in his own defence would produce, why he had pronounced a certain sentence, against the subsidy assessor, Toucheronde,[2] which did not seem very equitable to that centumviral court.[3] Pantagruel very willingly condescended to their desire, and accordingly entering in, found Bridlegoose sitting within the middle of the inclosure of the said court of justice; who immediately upon the coming of Pantagruel, accompanied with the senatorian members of that worshipful judicatory, arose, went to the bar, had his indictment read, and for all his reasons, defences, and excuses, answered nothing else, but that he was become old, and that his sight of late was very much failed, and become dimmer than it was wont to be; instancing therewithal many miseries and calamities, which old age bringeth along with it, and are concomitant to wrinkled elders; which *not. per Archid. d. l. lxxxvi. c. tanta.* By reason of which infirmity he was not able so distinctly and clearly to discern the points and blots of the dice, as formerly he had been accustomed to do: whence it might very well have happened, said he, as old dim-sighted Isaac took Jacob for Esau, that I, after the same manner, at the decision of causes and controversies in law, should have been

[1] *Judge Bridlegoose.*] Beaumarchais has introduced him under the name of Bridoison, in his *Marriage of Figaro.*]

[2] *Toucheronde.*] A nickname, at pleasure, for a taxgatherer, who touches, *i. e.* receives the tax, which those of his parish pay in money round.

[3] *Centumviral court.*] In the edition of 1547, and in that of 1553 we read *bis-centumvirale:* which supposes there was at that time, in France, such a parliament as consisted of two hundred judges. The new editions, also the three of Lyons, that of 1596, and that of 1626, have *centumvirale;* which quadrates less ill with what is said in the Anti-Machiavel, part iii. Max. 35. that anciently the number of counsellors of a supreme tribunal was not great in comparison of what has since been seen.

mistaken in taking a quatre for a cinque, or trois for a deuce. This, I beseech your worships, quoth he, to take into your serious consideration, and to have the more favourable opinion of my uprightness, (notwithstanding the prevarication whereof I am accused, in the matter of Toucheronde's sentence,) for that at the time of that decree's pronouncing I only had made use of my small dice; and your worships, said he, knew very well, how by the most authentic rules of the law it is provided, That the imperfections of nature should never be imputed unto any for crimes and transgressions; as appeareth, *ff. de re milit. l. qui cum uno. ff. de reg. Jur. l. fere. ff. de ædil. edict. per totum. ff. de term. mod. l. Divus Adrianus*, resolved by *Lud. Rom. in l. si. vero. ff. Sol. Matr.* And who would offer to do otherwise, should not thereby accuse the man, but nature, and the all-seeing providence of God, as is evident in *l. maximum vitium, c. de lib. prætor.*

What kind of dice, quoth Trinquamelle,[4] grand president of the said court, do you mean, my friend Bridlegoose? The dice, quoth Bridlegoose, of sentences at law, decrees, and peremptory judgments, *Alea Judiciorum*, whereof is written, *Per Doct. 26. qu. 2. cap. sort. l. nec emptio ff. de contrahend. empt. l. quod debetur. ff. de pecul. et ibi Bartol.*, and which your worships do, as well as I, use, in this glorious sovereign court of yours. So do all other righteous judges in their decision of processes, and final determination of legal differences, observing that which hath been said thereof by D. Henri. Ferrandat, *et not. gl. in c. fin. de sortil. et l. sed cum ambo. ff. de jud. Ubi. Docto.* Mark, that chance and fortune are good, honest, profitable, and necessary for ending of, and putting a final closure to dissensions and debates in suits at law. The same hath more clearly been declared by Bald. Bartol. et Alex. c. *communia de leg. l. si duo.* But how is it that you do these things? asked Trinquamelle. I very briefly, quoth Bridlegoose, shall answer you, according to the doctrine and instructions of *Leg. ampliorem* §. *in refutatoriis.*

[4] *Trinquamelle, grand president.*] In old time, in France, they used to say grand president instead of first president. *Trinc' amolles*, in the Toulousain language, signifies a bully, whose whole courage lies in hacking (*trancher*) boldly through the middle of the kernels (*amandes*) of all sorts of nuts. Under this name is here characterised a first president; inasmuch as the fines (*amendes*,) to be levied on the effects of those condemned by arrêt, are by him adjudged, one third part to the public treasure, another to the poor, and the other third to the prosecutor.

c. de appel.; which is conformable to what is said in *Gloss. l.* 1. *ff. quod. met. causa. Gaudent brevitate moderni.* My practice is therein the same with that of your other worships, and as the custom of the judicatory requires, unto which our law commandeth us to have regard, and by the rule thereof still to direct and regulate our actions and procedures; *ut not. extra. de consuet. c. ex literis et ibi innoc.* For having well and exactly seen, surveyed, overlooked, reviewed, recognized, read, and read over again, turned and tossed over, seriously perused and examined the bills of complaint, accusations, impeachments, indictments, warnings, citations, summonings, comparitions, appearances, mandates, commissions, delegations, instructions, informations, inquests, preparatories, productions, evidences, proofs, allegations, depositions, cross speeches, contradictions, supplications, requests, petitions, inquiries, instruments of the deposition of witnesses, rejoinders, replies, confirmations of former assertions, duplies, triplies, answers to rejoinders, writings, deeds, reproaches, disabling of exceptions taken, grievances, salvation-bills, re-examination of witnesses, confronting of them together, declarations, denunciations, libels, certificates, royal missives, letters of appeal, letters of attorney, instruments of compulsion, delinatories, anticipatories, evocations, messages, dimissions, issues, exceptions, dilatory pleas, demurs, compositions, injunctions, reliefs, reports, returns, confessions, acknowledgements, exploits, executions, and other such like confects, and spiceries, both at the one and the other side, as a good judge ought to do, conform to what hath been noted thereupon. *Spec. de ordination. Paragr.* 3. *et Tit. de Offi. omn. jud. paragr. fin. et de rescriptis præsentat. parag.* 1.—I posit on the end of a table in my closet, all the pokes and bags of the defendant, and then allow unto him the first hazard of the dice, according to the usual manner of your other worships. And it is mentioned, *l. favorabiliores ff. de reg. jur. et in cap. cum sunt eod. tit. lib.* 6. which saith, "Quum sunt partium jura obscura, reo potius favendum est quam auctori." That being done, I thereafter lay down upon the other end of the same table the bags and sachels of the plaintiff, as your other worships are accustomed to do, *visum visu*,[5] just over against one another: for, *Oppositajuxta se posita clarius*

[5] *Visum Visu.*] Whence the French preposition *vis-à-vis*, I suppose; *i. e.* over against.

elucescunt: ut not. in lib. 1. *parag. Videamus. ff. de his qui sunt sui vel alieni juris, et in l. munerum* § *mixta ff. de mun. et hon.* Then do I likeways and semblably throw the dice for him, and forthwith liver him his chance. But, quoth Trinquamelle, my friend, how come you to know, understand, and resolve, the obscurity of these various and seeming contrary passages, in law, which are laid claim to by the suitors and pleading parties? Even just, quoth Bridlegoose, after the fashion of your other worships:[6] to wit, when there are many bags on the one side, and on the other, I then use my little small dice, after the customary manner of your other worships, in obedience to the law, *Semper in stipulationibus ff. de reg. jur.* and the law *versale* verifieth[7] that *Eod. tit. semper in obscuris quod minimum est sequimur:* canonized in *c. in obscuris. eod. tit. lib.* 6. I have other large great dice, fair, and goodly ones, which I employ in the fashion that your other worships use to do, when the matter is more plain, clear, and liquid, that is to say, when there are fewer bags. But when you have done all these fine things, quoth Trinquamelle, how do you, my friend, award your decrees, and pronounce judgment? Even as your other worships, answered Bridlegoose; for I give out sentence in his favour unto whom hath befallen the best chance by dice,[8] judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, what comes first. So our laws command, *ff. qui pot. in pign. l. creditor. c. de consul.* 1. *Et de regul. jur. in* 6. *Qui prior est tempore potior est jure.*

CHAPTER XL.

How Bridlegoose giveth reasons, why he looked over those law-papers which he decided by the chance of the dice.

YEA, but, quoth Trinquamelle, my friend, seeing it is by the

[6] *Your other worships.*] *Vôus* autres *messieurs:* a Gallicism. It only means in English your worships. This pronoun *autres* sounds oddly in English; but it is a beautiful redundancy in French, and in other languages too. Thus, I remember, the answer, sent back by the Spanish governor at Port St. Mary's to the late Duke of Ormond's summons to submit to Charles III., was "Nos otros Espagnoles no mudamos el Rey." We (other) Spaniards don't use to change our kings.

[7] *Verifieth.*] Versifieth, Rabelais says; for that law is a perfect pentameter; "Semper, in obscuris, quod minimum est sequimur." *Versale* means royal and sometimes text hand. *Cotgr.*

[8] *Chance by dice, &c.*] Judiciary, tribunian, pretorial, are three synonymous expressions. Chance judiciary, *alea judiciorum*, shows the uncertainty of judgments.

lot, chance, and throw of the dice that you award your judgments and sentences, why do not you deliver up these fair throws and chances, the very same day and hour, without any further procrastination or delay, that the controverting party-pleaders appear before you? To what use can those writings serve you, those papers, and other procedures contained in the bags and pokes of the law-suitors? To the very same use, quoth Bridlegoose, that they serve your other worships. They are behooful unto me, and serve my turn in three things very exquisite, requisite, and authentic. First, For formality-sake; the omission whereof, that it maketh all, whatever is done, to be of no force nor value, is excellently well proved, by *Spec.* 1. *tit. de instr. edit. et tit. de rescript. present.* Besides that, it is not unknown to you, who have had many more experiments thereof than I, how oftentimes, in judicial proceedings, the formalities utterly destroy the materialities and substances of the causes and matters agitated; for *Forma mutata, mutatur substantia. ff. ad exhib. l. Julianus ff. ad. leg. fals. l. si is qui quadraginta. Et extra. de decim. c. ad audientiam, et de celebrat miss. c. in quadam.*

Secondly, They are useful and steadable to me, even as unto your other worships, in lieu of some other honest and healthful exercise. The late Master Othoman Vadat,[1] [Vadere,] a prime physician, as you would say, *Cod. de Commit. et Archi. lib.* 12, hath frequently told me, That the lack and default of bodily exercise is the chief, if not the sole and only, cause of the little health and short lives of all officers of justice, such as your worships and I am. Which observation was singularly well, before him, noted and remarked by Bartholus *in lib.* 1. *c. de sent. quæ pro eo quod.* Therefore is it that the practice of such-like exercitations is appointed to be laid hold on by your other worships, and consequently not to be denied unto me, who am of the same profession; *Quia accessorium naturam sequitur principalis. de reg. jur. l.* 6. *et l.*

[1] *Othoman Vadat, a prime physician.*] His name, in Rabelais, is Vadere. First physician, *i. e.* one of those physicians (in point of rank) of whom the Code speaks, l. xii. t. xiii. "De Comitibus et Archiatris Sacri Palatii." *Michael Vataire*, first physician to the Duke of Alençon, in 1574, was, in all likelihood, the son of this Othoman. See the Duke De Never's Memoirs, Ambrose Paré (Paræus, alias Cheek) Introd. to Chirurgery, and Simon Golart's admirable and memorable history.

cum principalis, et l. nihil. dolo. ff. eod. tit. ff. de fide-jus. l. fide-jus. et extra de officio deleg. cap. 1. Let certain honest and recreative sports and plays of corporeal exercises be allowed and approved of; and so far, *ff. de allus. et aleat. l. soleat. et authent. et omnes obed. in princ. coll. 7. et ff. de præscript. verb. l. si gratuitam et l.* 1. *cod. de spect. l.* 11. Such also is the opinion of D. Thomæ, *in secunda, secundæ*, Q. I. 168. Quoted to very good purpose, by D. Albert de Rosa, who *fuit magnus practicus*, and a solemn doctor, as Barbatias attesteth in *principiis consil.* Wherefore the reason is evidently and clearly deduced and set down before us in *gloss. in proemio ff. par ne autem tertii.*

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

In very deed, once, in the year a thousand four hundred fourscore and nine, having a business concerning the portion and inheritance of a younger brother depending in the court and chamber of the four High Treasurers of France, whereinto as soon as ever I got leave to enter, by a pecuniary permission of the usher thereof,—as your other worships know very well, that *Pecuniæ obediunt omnia*, and there, says Baldus, in *l. singularia ff. si cert. pet. et Salic. in l. receptitia. Cod. de constit. pecuni. et Card. in Clem.* 1. *de baptism.*—I found them all recreating and diverting themselves at the play called muss, either before or after dinner: to me, truly, it is a thing altogether indifferent, whether of the two it was, provided that *hic not.*, that the game of the muss is honest, healthful, ancient, and lawful, *a Muscho inventore, de quo cod. de petit. hæred. l. si post motam, et Muscarii.* Such as play and sport at the muss are excusable in and by law, *lib.* 1. *c. de excus. artific. lib.* 10. And at the very same time was Master Tielman Piquet[2] one of the players of that game of muss. There is nothing that I do better remember, for he laughed heartily, when his fellow-members of the aforesaid judicial chamber spoiled their caps in swingeing of his shoulders. He, nevertheless, did even then say unto them, that the banging and flapping of him to the waste and havoc of their caps, should not, at their return from the palace to their own houses, excuse them from their wives, *Per c. extra.*

[2] *Tielman Picquet.*] A family of Montpellier; of which, in 1490, was Honorious Picquet, one of the four physic-professors then established by Charles VIII. in the university of Montpellier. See Joh. Steph. Strobelberger, Hist. Monspel.

de præsumpt. et ibi gloss. Now, *resolutorie loquendo*, I should say, according to the style and phrase of your other worships, that there is no exercise, sport, game, play, nor recreation in all this palatine, palacial, or parliamentary world, more arbmatizing[3] and fragrant, than to empty and void bags and purses—turn over papers and writings—quote margins and backs of scrolls and rolls, fill panniers, and take inspection of causes, *Ex Bart. et Joan. de Pra. in l. falsa de condit. et demonst. ff.*

Thirdly, I consider, as your own worships used to do, that time ripeneth and bringeth all things to maturity,—that by time everything cometh to be made manifest and patent,—and that time is the father of truth and virtue. *Gloss. in l.* 1. *cod. de servit authent. de restit. et ea quæ pa. et spec. tit. de requisit. cons.* Therefore is it, that after the manner and fashion of your other worships, I defer, protract, delay, prolong, intermit, surcease, pause, linger, suspend, prorogate, drive out, wire-draw, and shift off the time of giving a definitive sentence, to the end that the suit or process, being well fanned and winnowed, tossed and canvassed to and fro, narrowly, precisely, and nearly garbelled, sifted, searched, and examined, and on all hands exactly argued, disputed, and debated, may, by succession of time, come at last to its full ripeness and maturity. By means whereof, when the fatal hazard of the dice ensueth thereupon, the parties cast or condemned by the said aleatory chance will with much greater patience, and more mildly and gently, endure and bear up the disastrous load of their misfortune, than if they had been sentenced at their first arrival unto the court, as *not. gl. ff. de excus. tut. l. tria onera.*

"Portatur leviter quod portat quisque libenter."

On the other part, to pass a decree or sentence, when the action is raw, crude, green, unripe, and unprepared as at the beginning, a danger would ensue of a no less inconveniency than that which the physicians have been wont to say befalleth to him in whom an imposthume is pierced before it be ripe, or unto any other, whose body is purged of a strong predominating humour before its digestion. For as it is written, *in authent. hæc constit. in Innoc. de consist. princip.*—so is the same repeated *in gloss. in c. cæterum, extra de juram.*

[3] *Aromatizing.*] These dusty papers in the end bring good spices (*fees*) to those who turn them over.

calumn. Quod medicamenta morbis exhibent, hoc jura negotiis. Nature furthermore admonisheth and teacheth us to gather and reap, eat and feed on fruits when they are ripe, and not before. *Instit. de rer. div. paragr. is ad quem. et ff. de action. empt. l. Julianus.* To marry likewise our daughters when they are ripe, and no sooner, *ff. de donation. inter vir. et uxor. l. cum. hic status. paragr. si quis sponsam et* 27 *qu.* 1. *c. sicut dicit gloss.*

"Jam matura thoro plenis adoleverat annis
Virginitas."

And, in a word, she instructeth us to do nothing of any considerable importance, but in a full maturity and ripeness, 23 *q.* 1. § *ult. et* 23. *de c. ultimo.*

CHAPTER XLI.

How Bridlegoose relateth the history of the reconcilers of parties at variance in matters of law.

I REMEMBER to the same purpose, quoth Bridlegoose, in continuing his discourse, that in the time when at Poictiers I was a student of law under Brocadium Juris,[1] there was at Semerve one Peter Dendin,[2] a very honest man, careful labourer of the ground, fine singer in a church desk, of good repute and credit, and older than the most aged of all your

[1] *Brocadium Juris.*] In the reign of Louis XII., John Petit, bookseller of Paris, printed in 16mo, in Gothic character, a small volume, intitled, Brocardia Juris. This book, whose very title Bridlegoose corrupts, the good man makes to be the name of the professor under whom he studied law at Poictiers. And, if we are to believe Perrin Dendin, another ingenious and learned man, contemporary with Bridlegoose, the *council of Lateran* and the *progmatic sanction* were likewise two persons he had seen in his youthful days, so that, if we may give credit to Rabelais, before the restoration of learning the French lawyers were, in point of knowledge, much upon a level with a certain *Venetian* podesta, (chief magistrate,) of whom Poggius relates, that a priest, who was pleading before that judge, having alleged the authority of a certain clementine and I know not what novelle, the podesta, who took that papal constitution, and that imperial law for two young wenches of the priest's acquaintance, reproved him severely, for daring to produce, in so grave a court, the evidence of two of his concubines.

[2] *Peter Dendin.*] Rabelais here lashes a certain judge, sitting upon a stone *(pierre)* instead of a bench, and dangling his legs just as the sound of the bells seemed to go, *din, dan, din.* On one of these seats, without any footstool, still to be seen at Metz in the Place d'Armes, the high sheriff formerly gave audience, like *Dendin.* [Racine has given this name to the chief personage in his comedy of the *Plaideurs.*]

worships; who was wont to say, that he had seen the great and goodly good man, the Council of Lateran,[3] with his wide and broad-brimmed red hat. As also, that he had beheld and looked upon the fair and beautiful pragmatical sanction, his wife, with her huge rosary or patenotrian chapelet of jet beads, hanging at a large sky-coloured riband. This honest man compounded, attoned, and agreed more differences, controversies, and variances at law, than had been determined, voided, and finished during his time in the whole palace of Poictiers, in the auditory of Montmorillon,[4] and in the town-house of the old Partenay. This amicable disposition of his rendered him venerable, and of great estimation, sway, power, and authority throughout all the neighbouring places of Chauvigny, Nouaillé, Legugé, Vivonne, Mezeaux, Estables, and other bordering and circumjacent towns, villages, and hamlets. All their debates were pacified by him; he put an end to their brabling suits at law, and wrangling differences. By his advice and counsels were accords and reconcilements no less firmly made, than if the verdict of a sovereign judge had been interposed therein, although, in very deed, he was no judge at all, but a right honest man, as you may well conceive,—*arg. in l. sed si unius ff. de jurejur. et de verbis obligatoriis l. continuus.* There was not a hog killed within three parishes of him, whereof he had not some part of the haslet and puddings. He was almost every day invited either to a marriage-banquet, christening-feast, an uprising or women-churching treatment, a birth-day's anniversary, solemnity, a merry frolic gossiping, or otherwise to some delicious entertainment in a tavern, to make some accord and agreement between persons at odds, and in debate with one another. Remark what I say; for he never yet settled and compounded a difference betwixt any two at variance, but he straight made the parties agreed and pacified to drink together, as a sure and infallible token and symbol of a perfect and completely well-cemented re-

[3] *The Council of Lateran.*] This council, of which Perrin Dendin makes a goodly good man, commenced in 1512, and ended in 1517. *The pragmatic sanction* of Charles VII. was the bone of contention at all the councils, wherever the Gallican and Romish church met face to face.]

[4] *Montmorillon.*] A small town on the frontiers of Poitou and the Limosin, where Francis I. afterwards established a presidial. See Beza's Eccl. Hist

conciliation, a sign of a sound and sincere amity, and proper mark of a new joy and gladness to follow thereupon,—*Ut not. per doct. ff. de peric. et com. rei vend. l.* 1. He had a son, whose name was Tenot Dendin, a lusty, young, sturdy, frisking roister, so help me God, who likewise, in imitation of his peace-making father, would have undertaken and meddled with the making up of variances and deciding of controversies between disagreeing and contentious party-pleaders: as you know,

"Sæpe solet similis filius esse patri.
Et sequitur leviter filia matris iter."

Ut ait gloss. 6, *quæst.* 1. *c. Si quis, gloss. de cons. dist.* 5. *c.* 2. *fin. et est. not. per Doct. cod. de impub. et aliis substit. l. ult. et l. legitime. ff. de stat. hom. gloss. in l. quod si nolit, ff. de ædil. edict. l. quisquis c. ad leg. Jul. majest. excipio filios à moniali susceptos ex Monacho. per gloss. in c. impudicas.* 27. *quæstione.* 1. And such was his confidence to have no worse success than his father, that he assumed unto himself the title of Law-strife-settler. He was likewise in these pacificatory negotiations so active and vigilant,—for, *Vigilantibus jura subveniunt. ex l. pupillus. ff. quæ in fraud. cred. et ibid. l. non enim. et instit. in procem.*—that when he had smelt, heard, and fully understood,—*ut ff. si quando paup. fec. l. Agaso. gloss. in verb. olfecit,*[5] *id est, nasum ad culum posuit*—and found that there was any where in the country a debateable matter at law, he would incontinently thrust in his advice, and so forwardly intrude his opinion in the business, that he made no bones of making offer, and taking upon him to decide it, how difficult soever it might happen to be, to the full contentment and satisfaction of both parties. It is written, *Qui non laborat non manducat*;[6] and the said *gl. ff. de damn.*

[5] *Olfecit, &c.*] This law speaks of such creatures, as by smelling at the vent of their females, judge whether they want to be served or no.

[6] *Non manducat.*] Rabelais has it, "Qui non laborat, non manige ducat." That is, in Languedocian jargon, he who works not, does not feel (handle) the ducats; *i. e.* does not grow rich; gets nothing. Rabelais, who loved allusions, here makes one, from the Languedocian *manige ducat* to the Latin *manducat*. Thus, instead of *qui non laborat, non manducat*, he has said, with as good sense, though in two languages, *qui non laborat, non manige ducat*. The Languedocian *maniger* for *manier*, comes from the Italian *maneggiare;* and from *maniger*, though obsolete, comes the word *manigance*, covert-dealing, private-shuffling, secret-practising, closeting, packing, &c., alluding to handling, fingering, feeling; but enough of this, though not too much for those who are pos-

infect. l. quamvis and *Currere* plus que le pas *vetulam compellit egestas.*[7] *gloss. ff. de lib. agnosc. l. si quis pro qua facit. l. si plures. c. de cond. incert.* But so hugely great was his misfortune in this his undertaking, that he never composed any difference, how little soever you may imagine it might have been, but that, instead of reconciling the parties at odds, he did incense, irritate, and exasperate them to a higher point of dissension and enmity than ever they were at before. Your worships know, I doubt not that,

"Sermo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis."

Gl. ff. de alien. jud. mut. caus. fa. lib. 2. This administered unto the tavern-keepers, wine-drawers and vintners of Semerve an occasion to say, that under him they had not in the space of a whole year so much reconciliation-wine, for so were they pleased to call the good wine of Legugé, as under his father they had done in one half hour's time. It happened a little while thereafter, that he made a most heavy regret thereof to his father, attributing the causes of his bad success in pacificatory enterprizes to the perversity, stubbornness, froward, cross, and backward inclinations of the people of his time; roundly, boldly, and irreverently upbraiding, that if, but a score of years before the world had been so wayward, obstinate, pervicacious, implacable, and out of all square, frame, and order, as it was then, his father had never attained to and acquired the honour and title of Strife-appeaser, so irrefragably, inviolably, and irrevocably as he had done. In doing whereof Tenot did heinously transgress against the law which prohibiteth children to the actions of their parents; *per gl. et Bart. l.* 3. *paragr. si quis. ff. de cond. ob caus. et authent. de nupt. par. sed quod sancitum. col.* 4. To this the honest old father answered thus. My son Dendin, when Don Oportet taketh place, this is the course which we must trace.[8] *gl. c. de appell. l. eos etiam.* For the

sessed of Rabelais in French, and are willing to understand what he means by his odd and seemingly unaccountable language.

[7] *Currere plus que le pas vetulam compellit egestas.*] I know not well what *plus que le pas* means, unless it is pacing (or else trotting.) Then the whole sentence will bear this translation, which, by the bye, is not translated at all, either by Sir T. U. or Mr. Motteaux. Need makes the old wife gallop, instead of trotting or pacing. *(Plus que le pas.)* It is an hexameter, half French, half Latin.

[8] *When Don Oportet, &c.*] A rhyming law-proverb,

"Quand Oportet vient en place;
Il convient qu'ainsi se face."

road that you went upon was not the way to the fuller's mill, nor in any part thereof was the form to be found wherein the hare did sit. Thou hast not the skill and dexterity of settling and composing differences. Why? Because thou takest them at the beginning, in the very infancy and bud as it were, when they are green, raw, and indigestible. Yet I know, handsomely and featly, how to compose and settle them all. Why? Because I take them at their decadence, in their weaning, and when they are pretty well digested. So saith Gloss.

"Dulcior est fructus post multa pericula ductus."

L. non moriturus. c. de contrahend. et committ. stip. Didst thou ever hear the vulgar proverb, "Happy is the physician, whose coming is desired at the declension of a disease?" For the sickness being come to a crisis is then upon the decreasing hand, and drawing towards an end, although the physician should not repair thither for the cure thereof; whereby, though nature wholly do the work, he bears away the palm and praise thereof. My pleaders, after the same manner, before I did interpose my judgment in the reconciling of them, were waxing faint in their contestations. Their altercation heat was much abated, and, in declining from their former strife, they of themselves inclined to a firm accommodation of their differences; because there wanted fuel to that fire of burning rancour and despightful wrangling, whereof the lower sort of lawyers were the kindlers. That is to say, their purses were emptied of coin, they had not a win in their fob, nor penny in their bag, wherewith to solicit and present their actions.

"Deficiente pecu, deficit omne, nia."

There wanted then nothing but some brother to supply the place of a paranymph, brawl-broker, proxenete, or mediator, who acting his part dexterously, should be the first broacher of the motion of an agreement, for saving both the one and the other party from that hurtful and pernicious shame, whereof he could not have avoided the imputation, when it should have been said, that he was the first who yielded and spoke of a reconcilement; and that, therefore, his cause not being good, and being sensible where his shoe did pinch him, he was willing to break the ice, and make the greater haste to prepare the way for a condescendment

to an amicable and friendly treaty. Then was it that I came in pudding time, Dendin, my son, nor is the fat of bacon more relishing to boiled peas, than was my verdict then agreeable to them. This was my luck, my profit, and good fortune. I tell thee, my jolly son Dendin, that by this rule and method I could settle a firm peace, or at least clap up a cessation of arms, and truce for many years to come betwixt the Great King and the Venetian State,[9]—the Emperor and the Cantons of Switzerland,—the English and the Scots,—and betwixt the pope and the Ferrarians. Shall I go yet further? Yea, as I would have God to help me, betwixt the Turk and the Sophy, the Tartars and the Muscoviters. Remark well, what I am to say unto thee. I would take them at that very instant nick of time, when both those of the one and the other side should be weary and tired of making war, when they had voided and emptied their own cashes and coffers of all treasure and coin, drained and exhausted the purses and bags of their subjects, sold and mortgaged their domains and proper inheritances, and totally wasted, spent, and consumed the munition, furniture, provision, and victuals that were necessary for the continuance of a military expedition. There I am sure, by God, or by his mother, that, would they, would they not, in spite of all teeth, they should be forced to take a little respite and breathing time to moderate the fury and cruel rage of their ambitious aims. This is the doctrine in *Gl.* 37. *d. c. si quando.*

Odero, si potero; si non, invitus amabo.

[9] *The great king and the Venetians.*] Louis XII., when he took from the Venetians almost all their *terra firma.* It is related of Innocent X. that one day, as he was looking down from his window, to see two fellows fighting, Cardinal Pancirola asked his holiness, if he would not please to have somebody go and part them. "No, no, said the pope, let them alone. Soon after, these two combatants gave over, shook hands, and went and drank together. Then said his holiness to the cardinal, "Cosi faranno gli Spagnuoli e Francesi; dopo che saranno stracchi di battersi, fra di loro s' accorderanno senza che alcuno impieghi la sua opera." Just so will it be with the Spaniards and French; when they are weary of fighting, they will agree of themselves, without anybody's needing to interpose their mediation. See tom. ii. of the Miscellanies, published by Bonaventure d'Argonne, prior of the Chartreuse de Gaillon, under the name of Vigneul Marville. Here, and before, the King of France is styled the great king, after the example of the Asiatic Greeks, who, by way of excellence, used to call the King of Persia the great king.

CHAPTER XLII.

How suits at law are bred at first, and how they come afterwards to their perfect growth.

For this cause, quoth Bridlegoose, going on in his discourse, I temporize and apply myself to the times, as your other worships use to do, waiting patiently for the maturity of the process, the full growth and perfection thereof in all its members, to wit, the writings and the bags. *Arg. in l. si major. c. commun. divid. et de cons. di* 1. *c. solemnitates, et ibi gl.* A suit in law at its production, birth, and first beginning, seemeth to me, as unto your other worships, shapeless, without form or fashion, incomplete, ugly, and imperfect even as a bear,[1] at his first coming into the world, hath neither hands, skin, hair, nor head, but is merely an inform, rude, and ill-favoured piece and lump of flesh, and would remain still so, if his dam, out of the abundance of her affection to her hopeful cub, did not with much licking put his members into that figure and shape which nature had provided for those of an arctic and ursinal kind; *ut not. Doct. ad. l. Aquil. l.* 2. *in fin.* Just so do I see, as your other worships do, processes and suits of law, at their first bringing forth, to be numberless,[2] without shape, deformed, and disfigured, for that then they consist only of one or two writings, or copies of instruments, through which defect they appear unto me, as to your other worships, foul, loathsome, filthy, and mis-shapen beasts.[3] But when there are heaps of these legiformal papers packed, piled, laid up together, impoked, insacheled, and put up in bags, then is it that with a good reason we may term that

[1] *A bear——hath neither hands, &c.*] Rabelais' words are, hath neither feet, hands, &c. *n'ha pieds, ne mains, peau, poil, ne teste.* Sir T. U. has left out feet, and so he might all the rest, for it is all a fib. Aristotle and Pliny after him, (lib. viii cap. xxxvi.) are the persons that tell us this fine story. *Une main*, by the way, signifies, in French and Spanish, not only a human hand, but the forefoot of a quadruped likewise.

[2] *Numberless, &c.*] This "numberless" murders the whole thought, being the very reverse of it. It should be shapeless, *informes*: not a word of numberless.

[3] *Foul——beasts.*] According to the proverb,

"C'est une laide beste,
Qui n'a queue ni teste."

That's an ugly beast indeed,
Which has neither tail nor head.

suit, to which, as pieces, parcels, parts, portions, and members thereof, they do pertain, and belong, well-formed and fashioned, big-limbed, strong set, and in all and each of its dimensions most completely membered. Because *forma dat esse rei. l. si is qui. ff. ad leg. Falcid. in c. cum dilecta de rescript. Barbat. concil.* 12. *lib.* 2, and before him, *Baldus, in c. ult. extra de consuet. et l. Julianus ad exhib. ff. et. l. quæsitum ff. de leg.* 3. The manner is such as is set down in *gl. p. quæst.* 1. c. *Paulus.*

"Debile principium melior fortuna sequetur."

Like your other worships also, the sergeants, catchpoles, pursuivants, messengers, summoners, apparitors, ushers, doorkeepers, pettifoggers, attornies, proctors, commissioners, justices of the peace, judge delegates, arbitrators, overseers, sequestrators, advocates, inquisitors, jurors, searchers, examiners, notaries, tabellions, scribes, scriveners, clerks, prenotaries, secondaries, and expedanean judges,[4] *de quibus tit. est. l.* 3. c., by sucking very much, and that exceeding forcibly, and licking at the purses of the pleading parties, they, to the suits already begot and engendered, form, fashion, and frame head, feet, claws, talons, beaks, bills, teeth,[5] hands, veins, sinews, arteries, muscles, humours, and so forth, through all the similary and dissimilary parts of the whole; which parts, particles, pendicles, and appurtenances, are the law pokes and bags, *gl. de cons. d.* 4. *accepisti.*

"Qualis vestis erit, talia corda gerit"

Hic notandum est, that in this respect the pleaders, litigants, and law-suiters are happier than the officers, ministers, and administrators of justice. For *beatius est dare quam accipere.*[6]

[4] *Expedanean judges.*] It is, in Rabelais, *judges pedanées*, i. e. country judges, judges of villages, inferior judges. I never heard of expedanean judges. These pedanean judges (or rather pedarian, see Camb. Dict.) were so called because they went not in their chariots to courts, but trudged it on foot, *pedibus.*

[5] *Claws, talons, beaks, teeth.*] Marot, in that place of his hell where the poet is setting forth his law-suits under the representation of so many serpents:

"Celuy qui siffle, et ha les dents si drues,
Mordra quelq' un, qui en courra les rues."

That hissing serpent there, with thick set teeth,
Will bite one into madness (if not death.)

[6] *Beatius, &c.*] It is a saying of our Saviour's (on what occasion is not known) quoted by St. Paul, though none of the evangelists mention it. Our Saviour, who was and is God, tells us it is more godlike to give than to receive.

ff. commun. l. 3. *extra. de celebr. Miss. c. cum Marthæ. et* 24. *quæst.* 1. *cap. Od. gl.*

"Affectum dantis penset censura tonantis,"

Thus becometh the action or process, by their care and industry to be of a complete and goodly bulk, well-shaped, framed, formed, and fashioned, according to the canonical gloss.

"Accipe, sume, cape, sunt verba placentia Papæ."

Which speech hath been more clearly explained by Albert de Ros, *in verbo Roma.*

"Roma manus rodit, quas rodere non valet, odit.
Dantes custodit, non dantes spernit, et odit."

The reason whereof is thought to be this:

"Ad præsens ova, cras pullis sunt meliora."

ut est gl. in l. quum hi. ff. de transact. Nor is this all; for the inconvenience of the contrary is set down in *gloss. c. de aliu. fin.*

"Quum labor in damno est, crescit mortalis egestas."

In confirmation whereof we find, that the true etymology and exposition of the word *process* is *purchase;* viz. of good store of money to the lawyers, and of many pokes,—*id est Prou Sacks,*—to the pleaders: upon which subject we have most celestials quips, gibes, and girds.

"Ligitando jura crescunt, litigando jus acquiritur."[1]

Item gl. in cap. illud extrem. de præsumpt. et c. de prob. l. instrum. l. non epistolis. l. non nudis.

"Et si non prosunt singula, multa juvant."

Yea, but, asked Trinquamelle, how do you proceed, my friend, in criminal causes, the culpable and guilty party being taken and seized upon, *flagrante crimine?* Even as your other worships use to do, answered Bridlegoose. First, I permit the plaintiff to depart from the court, enjoining him not to presume to return thither, till he preallably should have taken a good sound and profound sleep, which is to serve for the prime entry and introduction to the legal carrying on of the business. In the next place, a formal report is to be made to me of his having slept. Thirdly, I issue forth a warrant to convene him before me. Fourthly, He is to produce a sufficient and authentic attestation of his having thoroughly

[1] *Litigando, &c.*] This being no verse, Rabelais, as correct an author as M. Duchat is an annotator, does not make a separate line of it.

and entirely slept, conform to the *Gloss.* 37. *Quest.* 7. *c. Si quis cum.*

"Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus."

Being thus far advanced in the formality of the process, I find that this consopiating act engendereth another act, whence ariseth the articulating of a member. That again produceth a third act, fashionative of another member; which third bringeth forth a fourth, procreative of another act. New members in a no fewer number are shapen and framed, one still breeding and begetting another—as link after link, the coat of mail at length is made—till thus piece after piece, by little and little, by information upon information, the process be completely well-formed and perfect in all his members. Finally, having proceeded this length, I have recourse to my dice, nor is it to be thought, that this interruption, respite, or interpellation is by me occasioned without very good reason inducing me thereunto, and a notable experience of a most convincing and irrefragable force.

I remember, on a time, that in the camp at Stockholm,[8] there was a certain Gascon named Gratianauld, native of the town of Saint Sever, who having lost all his money at play, and consecutively being very angry thereat—as you know, *Pecunia est alter sanguis, ut ait Anto. de Burtio, in c. accedens.* 2. *extra ut lit. non contest. et Bald. in l. si tuis. c. de opt. leg. per tot. in l. advocati. c. de advoc. div. jud. pecunia est vita hominis et optimus fide-jussor in necessitatibus*,—did, at his coming forth of the gaming-house, in the presence of the whole company that was there, with a very loud voice, speak in his own language these following words: "Pao cap de bious, hillots, que mau de pippe bous tresbire: ares que de pergudes sont les mies bingt, et quouatre baquettes, ta pla donnerien picz, trucz, et patactz; Sei degun de bous aulx, qui boille truquar ambe iou a bels embis."[9] Finding that none would make him any answer, he passed from thence to that

[8] *In the camp at Stockholm.*] This story is taken from Aretino, in his dialogue on Play. Stockholm was besieged in 1518, by Christiern II., King of Denmark.]

[9] *Iou a bels embis.*] Gascon. "D—n me, if I don't wish you'd a tun of wine about your ears. Here have I lost my four and twenty deniers; now I'll give as many blows and fisticuffs, aye and more too, to any one who'd like to stand up; so come on, and the more the merrier."]

part of the leaguer where the huff-snuff, honder-sponder,[10] swash-buckling High Germans were, to whom he renewed these very terms, provoking them to fight with him; but all the return he had from them to his stout challenge was only, "Der Gascongner[11] thut sich ausz mit eim ieden zu schlagen, aber er ist geneigter zu stehlen; darum, liebe frauwen, habt sorg zu euerm hauszrath." Finding also, that none of that band of Teutonic soldiers offered himself to the combat, he passed to that quarter of the leaguer where the French free-booting adventurers were encamped, and, reiterating unto them what he had before repeated to the Dutch warriors, challenged them likewise to fight with him, and therewithal made some pretty little Gasconado frisking gambols, to oblige them the more cheerfully and gallantly to cope with him in the lists of a duellizing engagement; but no answer at all was made unto him. Whereupon the Gascon, despairing of meeting with any antagonists, departed from thence, and laying himself down, not far from the pavilions of the grand Christian cavalier Crissé,[12] fell fast asleep. When he had thoroughly slept an hour or two, another adventurous and all-hazarding blade of the forlorn hope of the lavishingly-wasting gamesters, having also lost all his monies, sallied forth with a sword in his hand, in a firm resolution to fight with the aforesaid Gascon, seeing he had lost as well as he.

"Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris,

saith the *Gl. de pœnitent. distinct.* 3. *c. sunt plures.* To this effect having made inquiry and search for him throughout the whole camp, and in sequel thereof found him asleep, he said unto him, Up, ho, good fellow, in the name of all the devils of hell rise up, rise up, get up! I have lost my money as well as thou hast done, let us therefore go fight lustily together, grapple and scuffle it to some purpose. Thou mayest look and see that my tuck is no longer than thy rapier. The Gascon, altogether astonished at his unex-

[10] *Honder-Sponder.*] A coined word, like *lifre-lofres* elsewhere, to abuse the Germans, as if they only spoke those words, and no other.

[11] *Der Gascongner, &c.*] The sense of this German sentence is, in English, "This Gascooning fellow here, who is quarrelling with every body, is more likely to steal than to fight. So pray, good women, take care of your household goods."

[12] *Crissé.*] Perhaps James Turpin, second of that name, Lord of Crissé in Anjou. See the Genealogies of St. Marthe, l. xxx.

pected provocation, without altering his former dialect, spoke thus: "Cap de Sanct Arnaud,[13] quau seys tu, qui me rebeilles? Que mau de taberne te gire. Ho San Siobé, cap de Gascoigne, ta pla dormie iou, quand aquoest taquain me bingut estée." The venturous roister inviteth him again to the duel, but the Gascon, without condescending to his desire, said only this. "Hé paovret[14] iou tesquinerie ares, que son pla reposat. Vayne un pauque te posar come iou, puesse truqueren." Thus, in forgetting his loss, he forgot the eagerness which he had to fight. In conclusion, after that the other had likewise slept a little, they, instead of fighting, and possibly killing one another, went jointly to a sutler's tent, where they drank together very amicably, each upon the pawn of his sword. Thus by a little sleep was pacified the ardent fury of two warlike champions. There, gossip, comes the golden word of John Andr. *in cap. ult. de sent. et re judic. l. sexto.*

"Sedendo, et quiescendo fit anima prudens."

CHAPTER XLIII.

How Pantagruel excuseth Bridlegoose in the matter of sentencing actions at law by the chance of the dice.

WITH this Bridlegoose held his peace. Whereupon Trinquamelle bid him withdraw from the court,—which accordingly was done,—and then directed his discourse to Pantagruel after this manner. It is fitting, most illustrious prince, not only by reason of the deep obligations wherein this present parliament, together with the whole Marquisate of Myrelingues, stand bound to your Royal Highness, for the innumerable benefits, which, as effects of mere grace, they have received from your incomparable bounty; but for that excellent wit also, prime judgment, and admirable learning wherewith Almighty God, the giver of all good things, hath most richly qualified and endowed you; that we tender and present unto you the decision of this new, strange, and paradoxical case of Bridlegoose; who, in your presence, to your

[13] *Cap de Sanct Arnaud.*] By St. Arnaud, who the devil are you that awake me, pox take you? Ha! St. Sever—cap of Gascony, what a sleep I should have had, if this cursed scoundrel had not disturbed me.

[14] *Hé paovret.*] Ha! poor devil! Won't I batter your hide when I've had my nap. Here, come, lie down a while, and then we'll set to't.

both hearing and seeing, hath plainly confessed his final judging and determinating of suits of law, by the mere chance and fortune of the dice. Therefore do we beseech you, that you may be pleased to give sentence therein, as unto you shall seem most just and equitable. To this Pantagruel answered, Gentlemen, It is not unknown to you, how my condition is somewhat remote from the profession of deciding law controversies; yet, seeing you are pleased to do me the honour to put that task upon me, instead of undergoing the office of a judge, I will become your humble supplicant. I observe, gentlemen, in this Bridlegoose several things, which induce me to represent before you, that it is my opinion he should be pardoned. In the first place, his old age; secondly, his simplicity; to both which qualities our statute and common laws, civil and municipal together, allow many excuses for any slips or escapes, which, through the invincible imperfection of either, have been inconsiderably stumbled upon by a person so qualified. Thirdly, gentlemen, I must need display before you another case, which in equity and justice maketh much for the advantage of Bridlegoose, to wit, that this one, sole, and single fault of his ought to be quite forgotten,[1] abolished, and swallowed up by that immense and vast ocean of just dooms and sentences, which heretofore he hath given and pronounced; his demeanours, for these forty years and upwards that he hath been a judge, having been so evenly balanced in the scales of uprightness, that envy itself, till now, could not have been so impudent as to accuse and twit him with any act worthy of a check or reprehension: as, if a drop of the sea were thrown into the Loire, none could perceive, or say, that by this single drop the whole river should be salt and brackish.

Truly, it seemeth unto me, that in the whole series of Bridlegoose's juridical decrees there hath been I know not what of extraordinary savouring of the unspeakable benignity of God, that all these his preceding sentences, awards, and judgments, have been confirmed and approved of by yourselves, in this your own venerable and sovereign court.

[1] *Quite forgotten, &c.*] Herodotus, l. vii. tells us, that Darius, son of Hystaspes, one day going to send to execution one of his officers for some act of great injustice, upon second thoughts pardoned him, on account of the many instances of equity and justice he was informed that offender had given in time past, when he was in power.

For it is usual, (as you know well,) with him whose ways are inscrutable, to manifest his own ineffable glory in blunting the perspicacity of the eyes of the wise, in weakening the strength of potent oppressors, in depressing the pride of rich extortioners, and in erecting, comforting, protecting, supporting, upholding, and shoring up the poor, feeble, humble, silly, and foolish ones of the earth. But, waving all these matters, I shall only beseech you, not by the obligations which you pretend to owe to my family, for which I thank you, but for that constant and unfeigned love and affection which you have always found in me, both on this and on the other side of the Loire, for the maintenance and establishment of your places, offices, and dignities, that for this one time you would pardon and forgive him upon these two conditions. First, That he satisfy, or posit sufficient surety for the satisfaction of the party wronged by the injustice of the sentence in question. For the fulfilment of this article, I will provide sufficiently. And, secondly, That for his subsidiary aid in the weighty charge of administrating justice, you would be pleased to appoint and assign unto him some virtuous counsellor, younger, learneder, and wiser than he, by the square and rule of whose advice he may regulate, guide, temper, and moderate in times coming all his judiciary procedures; or otherwise, if you intend totally to depose him from his office, and to deprive him altogether of the state and dignity of a judge, I shall cordially intreat you to make a present and free gift of him to me, who shall find in my kingdoms charges and employments enough wherewith to imbusy him, for the bettering of his own fortunes, and furtherance of my service. In the meantime, I implore the Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier of all good things, in his grace, mercy, and kindness, to preserve you all, now and evermore, world without end.

These words thus spoken, Pantagruel, veiling his cap and making a leg with such a majestic grace as became a person of his paramount degree and eminency, farewelled Trinquamelle, the president and master speaker of that Myrelinguesian parliament, took his leave of the whole court, and went out of the chamber: at the door whereof finding Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John, and others, he forthwith, attended by them, walked to the outer gate, where all of them immediately took horse to return towards Gargantua. Panta-

tagruel by the way related to them from point to point the manner of Bridlegoose's sententiating differences at law. Friar John said, that he had seen Peter Dendin, and was acquainted with him at that time when he sojourned in the monastery of Fontaine le Comte, under the noble Abbot Ardillon. Gymnast likewise affirmed, that he was in the tent of the grand Christian cavalier de Crissé, when the Gascon, after his sleep, made an answer to the adventurer. Panurge was somewhat incredulous in the matter of believing that it was morally possible Bridlegoose should have been for such a long space of time so continually fortunate in that aleatory way of deciding law debates.[2] Epistemon said to Pantagruel. Such another story, not much unlike to that in all the circumstances thereof, is vulgarly reported of the provost of Montlehery. In good sooth, such a perpetuity of good luck is to be wondered at. To have hit right twice or thrice in a judgment so given by hap-hazard might have fallen out well enough, especially in controversies that were ambiguous, intricate, abstruse, perplexed, and obscure.

CHAPTER XLIV.

How Pantagruel relateth a strange history of the perplexity of human judgment.

SEEING you talk, quoth Pantagruel,[1] of dark, difficult, hard, and knotty debates, I will tell you of one controverted before Cneius Dolabella,[2] Proconsul in Asia. The case was this.

A wife in Smyrna had of her first husband a child named Abecé. He dying, she, after the expiring of a year and a day, married again, and to her second husband bore a boy called Effegé. A pretty long time thereafter it happened, as you know the affection of step-fathers and step-dames is very rare towards the children of the first fathers and mothers deceased, that this husband, with the help of his son Effegé, secretly, wittingly, willingly, and treacherously murdered Abecé. The woman came no sooner to get information of the fact, but, that it might not go unpunished, she

[2] *Aleatory, &c.*] He had not found his account in the Virgilian lots.

[1] *Seeing you talk, quoth Pantagruel, &c.*] M. Duchat says this parenthesis is not in the editions of 1547 and 1553. He adds, that this whole chapter is part of the foregoing, and likewise that it is Epistemon who still continues to speak, and not Pantagruel.

[2] *Dolabella, &c.*] See Val. Max. l. 8, c. 6, and A. Gell, l. 12, c. 7.

caused kill them both, to revenge the death of her first son. She was apprehended and carried before Cneius Dolabella, in whose presence, she, without dissembling anything, confessed all that was laid to her charge; yet alleged, that she had both right and reason on her side for the killing of them. Thus was the state of the question. He found the business so dubious and intricate, that he knew not what to determine therein, nor which of the parties to incline to. On the one hand, it was an execrable crime to cut off at once both her second husband and her son. On the other hand, the cause of the murder seemed to be so natural, as to be grounded upon the law of nations, and the rational instinct of all the people of the world, seeing they two together had feloniously and murderously destroyed her first son;—not that they had been in any manner of way wronged, outraged, or injured by him, but out of an avaricious intent to possess his inheritance. In this doubtful quandary and uncertainty what to pitch upon, he sent to the Areopagites, then sitting at Athens, to learn and obtain their advice and judgment. That judicious senate, very sagely perpending the reasons of his perplexity, sent him word to summon her personally to compeer before him a precise hundred years thereafter, to answer to some interrogatories touching certain points, which were not contained in the verbal defence. Which resolution of theirs did import, that it was in their opinion so difficult and inextricable a matter, that they knew not what to say or judge therein. Who had decided that plea by the chance and fortune of the dice, could not have erred nor awarded amiss, on which side soever he had past his casting and condemnatory sentence. If against the woman, she deserved punishment for usurping sovereign authority, by taking that vengeance at her own hand, the inflicting whereof was only competent to the supreme power to administer justice in criminal cases. If for her, the just resentment of a so atrocious injury done unto her, in murdering her innocent son, did fully excuse and vindicate her of any trespass or offence about that particular committed by her. But this continuation of Bridlegoose for so many years, still hitting the nail on the head, never missing the mark, and always judging aright, by the mere throwing of the dice, and the chance thereof, is that which most astonisheth and amazeth me.

To answer, quoth Pantagruel, categorically to that which you wonder at, I must ingeniously confess and avow that I cannot; yet, conjecturally to guess at the reason of it, I would refer the cause of that marvellously long-continued happy success in the judiciary results of his definitive sentences, to the favourable aspect of the heavens, and benignity of the intelligences; who out of their love to goodness, after having contemplated the pure simplicity and sincere unfeignedness of Judge Bridlegoose in the acknowledgment of his inabilities, did regulate that for him by chance, which by the profoundest act of his maturest deliberation he was not able to reach unto. That, likewise, which possibly made him to diffide in his own skill and capacity, notwithstanding his being an expert and understanding lawyer, for any thing that I know to the contrary, was the knowledge and experience which he had of the antinomies, contrarieties, antilogies, contradictions, traversings, and thwartings of laws, customs, edicts, statutes, orders, and ordinances, in which dangerous opposition, equity and justice being structured and founded on either of the opposite terms, and a gap being thereby opened for the ushering in of injustice and iniquity through the various interpretations of self-ended lawyers; being assuredly persuaded that the infernal calumniator, who frequently transformeth himself into the likeness of a messenger or angel of light, maketh use of these cross glosses and expositions in the mouths and pens of his ministers and servants, the perverse advocates, bribing judges, law-monging attorneys, prevaricating counsellors, and such other like law-wresting members of a court of justice, to turn by those means black to white, green to grey, and what is straight to a crooked ply. For the more expedient doing whereof, these diabolical ministers make both the pleading parties believe that their cause is just and righteous; for it is well known that there is no cause, how bad soever, which doth not find an advocate to patrocinate and defend it,—else would there be no process in the world, no suits at law, nor pleadings at the bar. He did in these extremities, as I conceive, most humbly recommend the direction of his judicial proceedings to the upright judge of judges, God Almighty,—did submit himself to the conduct and guideship of the blessed Spirit, in the hazard and perplexity of the definitive sentence,—and, by this aleatory lot,

did as it were implore and explore the divine decree of his good will and pleasure, instead of that which we call the Final Judgment of a Court. To this effect, to the better attaining to his purpose, which was to judge righteously, he did, in my opinion, throw and turn the dice, to the end that by the providence aforesaid, the best chance might fall to him whose action was uprightest, and backed with greatest reason. In doing whereof he did not stray from the sense of the Talmudists, who say that there is so little harm in that manner of searching the truth, that in the anxiety and perplexedness of human wits, God oftentimes manifesteth the secret pleasure of his Divine Will.[3]

Furthermore, I will neither think nor say, nor can I believe, that the unstraightness is so irregular, or the corruption so evident, of those of the Parliament of Myrelingois in Myrelingues, before whom Bridlegoose was arraigned for prevarication, that they will maintain it to be a worse practice to have the decision of a suit at law referred to the chance and hazard of a throw of the dice, hab nab, or luck as it will, than to have it remitted to, and past, by the determination of those whose hands are full of blood, and hearts of wry affections. Besides that, their principal direction in all law matters comes to their hands from one Tribonian,[4] a wicked, miscreant, barbarous, faithless, and perfidious knave, so pernicious, unjust, avaricious, and perverse in his ways, that it was his ordinary custom to sell laws, edicts, declarations, constitutions, and ordinances, as at an outroop or put-sale, to him who offered most for them. Thus did he shape measures for the pleaders, and cut their morsels to them by and out of these little parcels, fragments, bits, scantlings, and shreds of the law now in use, altogether concealing, suppressing, disannulling, and abolishing the remainder, which did make for the total law; fearing that, if the whole law were made manifest and laid open to the knowledge of such as are interested in it, and the learned books of the ancient doctors of the law upon the exposition of the Twelve Tables and Prætorian Edicts, his villanous pranks, naughtiness, and

[3] Pantagruel speaks after Thomas Aquinas, l. 2, c. 173, of the original French of the Gardener's dream. [4] This portrait of Tribonian, which is drawn by Suidas, in his article on that famous lawyer, has been copied by Cœlius Rhodiginus, l. 22, c. 20, of his Ancient Lections; by Budæus, part 1, of his Annot. on the Pandects, and by Fr. Hotman, b. 11, of his Anti-Tribonian.

vile impiety should come to the public notice of the world. Therefore were it better, in my conceit, that is to say less inconvenient, that parties at variance in any juridical case should in the dark, march upon caltrops, than submit the determination of what is their right to such unhallowed sentences and horrible decrees: as Cato in his time wished and advised, that every judiciary court should be paved with caltrops.[5]

CH. XLV.—*How Panurge taketh advice of Triboulet.*

ON the sixth day thereafter, Pantagruel was returned home at the very same hour that Triboulet was by water come from Blois. Panurge, at his arrival, gave him a hog's bladder, puffed up with wind, and resounding, because of the hard peas that were within it. Moreover he did present him with a gilt wooden sword, a hollow budget made of a tortoise-shell, an osier-wattled wicker bottle full of Breton wine, and five and twenty apples of the orchard of Blandureau.

If he be such a fool, quoth Carpalim, as to be won with apples, there is no more wit in his pate than in the head of an ordinary cabbage. Triboulet girded the sword and scrip to his side, took the bladder in his hand, ate some few of the apples, and drunk up all the wine. Panurge very wistly and heedfully looking upon him said, I never yet saw a fool, and I have seen ten thousand franks worth of that kind of cattle, who did not love to drink heartily, and by good long draughts. When Triboulet had done with his drinking, Panurge laid out before him, and exposed the sum of the business wherein he was to require his advice, in eloquent and choicely-sorted terms, adorned with flourishes of rhetoric. But, before he had altogether done, Triboulet with his fist gave him a bouncing whirret between the shoulders, rendered back into his hand again the empty bottle, filipped and flirted him on the nose with the hog's bladder, and lastly, for a final resolution, shaking and wagging his head strongly and disorderly, he answered nothing else but this, By God, God, mad fool, beware the monk, Buzançay hornpipe! These words thus finished, he slipped himself out of the company, went aside, and, rattling the bladder, took a huge delight in the melody of the rickling, crackling, noise

[5] See Pliny, l. 19, c. 1. This was done, says Bouchet, that litigious people might be kept from coming near so dangerous a spot.

of the peas. After which time it lay not in the power of them all to draw out of his chaps the articulate sound of one syllable, insomuch that, when Panurge went about to interrogate him further, Triboulet drew his wooden sword, and would have stuck him therewith. I have fished fair now, quoth Panurge, and brought my pigs to a fine market. Have I not got a brave determination of all my doubts, and a response in all things agreeable to the oracle that gave it? He is a great fool, that is not to be denied, yet he is a greater fool, who brought him hither to me,—but of the three I am the greatest fool, who did impart the secret of my thoughts to such an idiot ass and native ninny,—That bolt, quoth Carpalim, levels point blank at me.

Without putting ourselves to any stir or trouble in the least, quoth Pantagruel, let us maturely and seriously consider and perpend the gestures and speech which he hath made and uttered. In them, veritably, quoth he, have I remarked and observed some excellent and notable mysteries, yea, of such important worth and weight, that I shall never henceforth be astonished, nor think strange, why the Turks, with a great deal of worship and reverence, honour and respect natural fools equally with their primest doctors, mufties, divines, and prophets. Did not you take heed, quoth he, a little before he opened his mouth to speak, what a shogging, shaking, and wagging, his head did keep? By the approved doctrine of the ancient philosophers, the customary ceremonies of the most expert magicians, and the received opinions of the most learned lawyers, such a brangling agitation and moving should by us all be judged to proceed from, and be quickened and suscitated by, the coming and inspiration of the prophetizing and fatidical spirit, which, entering briskly and on a sudden into a shallow receptacle of a debil substance, (for, as you know, and as the proverb shows it, a little head containeth not much brains,) was the cause of that commotion. This is conform to what is avouched by the most skilful physicians, when they affirm, that shakings and tremblings fall upon the members of a human body, partly because of the heaviness and violent impetuosity of the burden and load that is carried, and other part, by reason of the weakness and imbecility that is in the virtue of the bearing organ. A manifest example whereof appeareth in those who, fasting, are not able to carry to

their head a great goblet full of wine without a trembling and a shaking in the hand that holds it. This of old was accounted a prefiguration and mystical pointing out of the Pythian divineress, who used always, before the uttering of a response from the oracle, to shake a branch of her domestic laurel. Lampridius also testifieth, that the Emperor Heliogabalus, to acquire unto himself the reputation of a soothsayer, did, on several holy days, of prime solemnity, in the presence of the fanatic rabble, make the head of his idol by some slight within the body thereof, publicly to shake. Plautus, in his Asinaria, declareth likewise, that Saurias, whithersoever he walked, like one quite distracted of his wits, kept such a furious lolling and mad-like shaking of his head, that he commonly affrighted those who casually met with him in their way. The said author in another place, showing a reason why Charmides shook and brangled his head, assevered that he was transported, and in an ecstasy. Catullus after the same manner maketh mention, in his Berecynthia and Atys, of the place wherein the Menades, Bacchical women, she-priests of the Lyæan god, and demented prophetesses, carrying ivy boughs in their hands, did shake their heads. As in the like case, amongst the Galli, the gelded priests of Cybele were wont to do in the celebrating of their festivals. Whence, too, according to the sense of the ancient theologues, she herself has her denomination; for κυβιστᾶν signifieth, to turn round, whirl about, shake the head, and play the part of one that is wry-necked.

Semblably Titus Livius writeth, that, in the solemnization time of the Bacchanalian holidays at Rome, both men and women seemed to prophetize and vaticinate, because of an affected kind of wagging of the head, shrugging of the shoulders, and jectigation of the whole body, which they used then most punctually. For the common voice of the philosophers, together with the opinion of the people, asserteth for an irrefragable truth, that vaticination is seldom by the heavens bestowed on any, without the concomitancy of a little frenzy, and a head-shaking, not only when the said presaging virtue is infused, but when the person also therewith inspired, declareth and manifesteth it unto others. The learned lawyer Julian, being asked on a time, if that slave might be truly esteemed to be healthful and in a good plight, who had not only conversed with some furious, ma-

niac, and enraged people, but in their company had also prophesied, yet without a noddle-shaking concussion, answered, That seeing there was no head-wagging at the time of his predictions, he might be held for sound and competent enough. Is it not daily seen, how schoolmasters, teachers, tutors, and instructors of children, shake the heads of their disciples, as one would do a pot in holding it by the lugs, that by this erection, vellication, stretching and pulling their ears, which, according to the doctrine of the sage Egyptians, is a member consecrated to the memory, they may stir them up to recollect their scattered thoughts, bring home those fancies of theirs, which perhaps have been extravagantly roaming abroad upon strange and uncouth objects, and totally range their judgments, which possibly by disordinate affections have been made wild, to the rule and pattern of a wise, discreet, virtuous, and philosophical discipline. All which Virgil acknowledgeth to be true, in the branglement[2] of Apollo Cynthius.

CH. XLVI.—*How Pantagruel and Panurge diversely interpret the words of Triboulet.*

HE says you are a fool. And what kind of fool? A mad fool, who in your old age would enslave yourself to the bondage of matrimony, and shut your pleasures up within a wedlock, whose key some ruffian carries in his cod-piece. He says furthermore, Beware of the monk. Upon mine honour, it gives me in my mind, that you will be cuckolded by a monk. Nay, I will engage mine honour, which is the most precious pawn I could have in my possession, although I were sole and peaceable dominator over all Europe, Asia, and Africa, that if you marry, you will surely be one of the horned brotherhood of Vulcan. Hereby may you perceive, how much I do attribute to the wise foolery of our morosoph Triboulet. The other oracles and responses did in the general prognosticate you a cuckold, without descending so near to the point of a particular determination, as to pitch upon what vocation amongst the several sorts of men, he should profess, who is to be the copesmate of your wife and hornifier of your proper self. Thus noble Triboulet tells it us plainly, from whose words we may gather with all ease

[2] *Branglement.*] I suppose he means pulling by the ears, the *vellicat. aures* of that poet, Ecl. 6.

imaginable, that your cuckoldry is to be infamous, and so much the more scandalous, that your conjugal bed will be incestuously contaminated with the filthiness of a monkery lecher. Moreover he says, that you will be the hornpipe of Buzançay,—that is to say, well horned, hornified, and cornuted. And, as Triboulet's uncle asked from Louis the Twelfth, for a younger brother of his own, who lived at Blois, the hornpipes of Buzançay, for the organ pipes, through the mistake of one word for another, even so, whilst you think to marry a wise, humble, calm, discreet, and honest wife, you shall unhappily stumble upon one, witless, proud, loud, obstreperous, bawling, clamorous, and more unpleasant than any Buzançay hornpipe. Consider withal, how he flirted you on the nose with the bladder, and gave you a sound thumping blow with his fist upon the ridge of the back. This denotes and presageth, that you shall be banged, beaten, and filipped by her, and that also she will steal of your goods from you, as you stole the hog's bladder from the little boys of Vaubreton.

Flat contrary, quoth Panurge;—not that I would impudently exempt myself from being a vassal in the territory of folly. I hold of that jurisdiction, and am subject thereto, I confess it. And why should I not? For the whole world is foolish. In the old Lorrain language, *fou* for *oou;* all and fool were the same thing.[1] Besides, it is avouched by Solomon, that infinite is the number of fools. From an infinity nothing can be deducted or abated, nor yet, by the testimony of Aristotle, can anything thereto be added or subjoined. Therefore were I a mad fool, if, being a fool, I should not hold myself a fool. After the same manner of speaking, we may aver the number of the mad and enraged folks to be infinite. Avicenna maketh no bones to assert, that the several kinds of madness are infinite. Though this much of Triboulet's words tend little to my advantage, howbeit the prejudice which I sustain thereby be common with me to all other men, yet the rest of his talk and gesture maketh altogether for me. He said to my wife, Be weary of the

[1] *In the old Lorrain language fou for oou; all and fool were the same thing.*] It may be so; but Rabelais' words are, "En Lorraine Fou est prez Tou," i. e. in Lorraine (to keep the pun in English) fool is near fool, &c. There is, says M. Duchat, a large town in Lorrain called Fou, (fool) within three leagues of Toul, another considerable town in the same duchy.

monkey;[2] that is as much as if she should be cheery, and take as much delight in a monkey, as ever did the Lesbia of Catullus in her sparrow; who will, for his recreation pass his time no less joyfully at the exercise of snatching flies, than heretofore did the merciless fly-catcher Domitian. Withal he meant by another part of his discourse, that she should be of a jovial country-like humour, as gay and pleasing as a harmonious hornpipe of Saulieu or Buzançay. The veridical Triboulet did therein hint at what I liked well, as perfectly knowing the inclinations and propensities of my mind, my natural disposition, and the bias of my interior passions and affections. For you may be assured, that my humour is much better satisfied and contented with the pretty, frolic, rural, dishevelled shepherdesses, whose bums through their coarse canvass smocks, smell of the clover-grass[3] of the field, than with those great ladies in magnificent courts, with their flaunting top-knots and sultanas, their polvil, pastillos,[4] and cosmetics. The homely sound, likewise, of a rustic hornpipe is more agreeable to my ears, than the curious warbling and musical quivering of lutes, theorbos, viols, rebecs, and violins. He gave me a lusty rapping thwack on my back,—what then? Let it pass, in the name and for the love of God, as an abatement of, and deduction from so much of my future pains in purgatory. He did it not out of any evil intent. He thought, belike, to have hit some of the pages. He is an honest fool, and an innocent changeling. It is a sin to harbour in the heart any

[2] *Be weary of the monkey.*] Weary should be wary, but that is only a fault in the press. The rest is all wrongly translated. Rabelais' words are, "Il dict à ma femme, guare Moyne. C'est ung moineau qu'elle aura en delices, comme avoit la Lesbie de Catulle: lequel vollera pour mousches," &c. Now *moyne* in French was never known to signify monkey. *Moineau* does indeed signify a sparrow, as well as a friar or monk; and upon that hinge the equivoque turns. Thus it should run: the fool said to my wife, "Ware sparrow;" that is as much as to say, "Beware your sparrow come to no harm;" meaning that she (not he, as Sir T. U. has it) "should take as much delight in a sparrow (not a monkey) as ever did Catullus' Lesbia; and that he will, for his recreation, hunt flies," &c.

[3] *Clover-grass.*] In the original, wild-thyme, *(serpolet,)* on which M. Duchat quotes Champier, l. viii. c. xxxv. of his *De Re Cibaria*—"Rustici proverbium pervulgatum habent; succosiores esse virgines quæ serpillum quam quæ moschum olent."

[4] *Pastillos.*] In the original, *maujoinct;* which, according to Champier, just quoted, is to be understood in this place to signify musk.

bad conceit of him. As for myself, I heartily pardon him. He flirted me on the nose. In that there is no harm; for it importeth nothing else, but that betwixt my wife and me there will occur some toyish wanton tricks, which usually happen to all new married folks.

CH. XLVII.—*How Pantagruel and Panurge resolved to make a visit to the oracle of the holy bottle.*

THERE is as yet another point, quoth Panurge, which you have not at all considered on, although it be the chief and principal head of the matter. He put the bottle in my hand and restored it me again. How interpret you that passage? What is the meaning of that? He possibly, quoth Pantagruel, signifieth thereby, that your wife will be such a drunkard as shall daily take in her liquor kindly, and ply the pots and bottles apace. Quite otherwise, quoth Panurge; for the bottle was empty. I swear to you, by the prickling brambly thorn of St. Fiacre[1] in Brie, that our unique Morosoph,[2] whom I formerly termed the lunatic Triboulet, referreth me, for attaining to the final resolution of my scruple, to the response-giving bottle. Therefore do I renew afresh the first vow which I made, and here in your presence protest and make oath by Styx and Acheron, to carry still spectacles in my cap, and never to wear a cod-piece in my breeches, until upon the enterprise in hand of my nuptial undertaking, I shall have obtained an answer from the holy bottle. I am acquainted with a prudent, understanding, and discreet gentleman, and, besides, a very good friend of mine, who knoweth the land, country, and place where its temple and oracle is built and posited. He will guide and conduct us thither sure and safely. Let us go thither, I beseech you. Deny me not, and say not, nay; reject not the suit I make unto you, I intreat you. I will be to you an Achates, a Damis, and heartily accompany you all along in the whole voyage, both in your going forth and coming back. I have of a long time known you to be a great lover of peregrination, desirous still to learn new things, and still to see what you had never seen before.

[1] *Brambly thorn of St. Fiacre.*] Wrongly translated; the original is *l'espine*, i. e. the backbone of the saint, which was preserved in the cathedral of Meaux.]

[2] *Morosoph.*] A word of Rabelais' coining, from μωρὸς, *foolish*, and σοφὸς, *wise*. Unich here is *singular, odd. Wilkes.*]

Very willingly, quoth Pantagruel, I condescend to your request. But before we enter in upon our progress towards the accomplishment of so far a journey, replenished and fraught with imminent perils, full of innumerable hazards, and every way stored with evident and manifest dangers —What dangers? quoth Panurge, interrupting him. Dangers fly back, run from, and shun me whithersoever I go, seven leagues around,—as in the presence of the sovereign a subordinate magistracy is eclipsed; or as clouds and darkness quite vanish at the bright coming of a radiant sun; or as all sores and sicknesses[3] did suddenly depart, at the approach of the body of St. Martin à Quande. Nevertheless, quoth Pantagruel, before we adventure to set forward on the road of our projected and intended voyage, some few points are to be discussed, expedited, and dispatched. First, let us send back Triboulet to Blois. Which was instantly done, after that Pantagruel had given him a frieze coat. Secondly, our design must be backed with the advice and counsel of the king my father. And, lastly, it is most needful and expedient for us, that we search for and find out some sibyl, to serve us for a guide, truchman, and interpreter. To this Panurge made answer, That his friend Xenomanes[4] would abundantly suffice for the plenary discharge and performance of the sibyl's office; and that, furthermore, in passing through the Lanternatory revelling country, they should take along with them a learned and profitable Lanternesse, who would be no less useful to them in their voyage, than was the sibyl to Æneas, in his descent to the Elysian fields. Carpalim, in the interim, as he was upon the conducting away of Triboulet, in his passing by, hearkened a little to the discourse they were upon, then spoke out, saying, Ho, Panurge, master freeman, take my Lord Debitis[5] at Calais,

[3] A cripple guided a blind man that carried him, and so they begged together. Being told St. Martin's body would soon be there, and it would cure them both, the devil a bit would they stay for the saint's body; they did not want to be healed. This story is grounded on a parable, used by a Jew doctor to the emperor Antoninus Pius, to make him understand that the soul and body would be punished conjointly for having joined together in sinning. See Basnage, l. vi. c. xi.

[4] *Xenomanes.*] Grecé, lover of travel. Some commentators recognize in him the poet and historian, Jean Bouchet, who took the pseudonym of *Traverseur des voies perilleuses*, a title which Rabelais gives to Xenomanes farther on.]

[5] *My lord Debitis.*] Corruptly for my lord deputy, or governor of Calais for Henry VIII., at that time Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel.

along with you, for he is goud-fallot, a good fellow. He will not forget those who have been debtors; these are Lanternes. Thus shall you not lack for both fallot and lanterne.[6] I may safely with the little skill I have, quoth Pantagruel, prognosticate, that by the way we shall engender no melancholy. I clearly perceive it already. The only thing that vexeth me is, that I cannot speak the Lanternatory language.[7] I shall, answered Panurge, speak for you all. I understand it every whit as well as I do mine own maternal tongue; I have been no less used to it than to the vulgar French.

"Brisz marg dalgotbric nubstzne zos,
Isquebsz prusq albork crinqs zacbac.
Misbe dilbarkz morp nipp stancz bos,
Strombtz, Panurge, walmap quost gruszbac."[8]

Now guess, friend Epistemon, what is this? They are, quoth Epistemon, names of errant devils, passant devils, and rampant devils. These words of thine, dear friend of mine, are true, quoth Panurge, yet are they terms used in the language of the court of the Lanternish people. By the way, as we go upon our journey, I will make to thee a pretty little dictionary, which, notwithstanding, shall not last[9] you much longer than a pair of new shoes. Thou shalt have learned it sooner than thou canst perceive the dawning of the next subsequent morning. What I have said in the foregoing tetrastic is thus translated out of the Lanternish tongue into our vulgar dialect.

"All miseries attended me, whilst I
A lover was, and had no good thereby.
Of better luck the married people tell;
Panurge is one of those, and knows it well."

There is little more, then, quoth Pantagruel, to be done, but that we understand what the will of the king my father will be therein, and purchase his consent.

[6] This is a pun impossible to be translated. *Fallot* is both a *good fellow* and a *candle*. Rabelais plainly alludes to this, *Ainsi auras et fallot et lanternes. Thus you will have both candle and lanterns.—Wilkes.*]

[7] *Lanternatory language.*] The barbarous language of the Romish school divines, in their different councils of Lateran.

[8] In these verses, which mostly consist of half words, Rabelais ridicules the frequent abbreviations of the Gothic characters, which had been made use of in printing a world of school-divinity-books, barbarous in themselves, and to the last degree tiresome to read.

[9] *Shall not last, &c.*] Barbarism will now soon be banished out of the schools. Else it may mean, the dictionary will serve for the little time you shall be crossing the Lantern-country.

CH. XLVIII.—*How Gargantua sheweth, that the children ought not to marry without the special knowledge and advice of their fathers and mothers.*

No sooner had Pantagruel entered in at the door of the great hall of the castle, than that he encountered full butt with the good honest Gargantua coming forth from the council board, unto whom he made a succinct and summary narrative of what had passed and occurred, worthy of his observation, in his travels abroad, since their last interview; then, acquainting him with the design he had in hand, besought him that it might stand with his good will and pleasure, to grant him leave to prosecute and go thorough-stitch with the enterprise which he had undertaken. The good man Gargantua, having in one hand two great bundles of petitions, indorsed and answered, and in the other some remembrancing notes and bills, to put him in mind of such other requests of supplicants, which, albeit presented, had nevertheless been neither read nor heard, he gave both to Ulrich Gallet, his ancient and faithful Master of Requests; then drew aside Pantagruel, and, with a countenance more serene and jovial than customary, spoke to him thus. I praise God, and have great reason so to do, my most dear son, that he hath been pleased to entertain in you a constant inclination to virtuous actions. I am well content that the voyage which you have motioned to me be by you accomplished, but withal I could wish you would have a mind and desire to marry, for that I see you are of competent years. [Panurge, in the meanwhile, was in a readiness of preparing and providing for remedies, salves, and cures against all such lets, obstacles, and impediments, as he could in the height of his fancy conceive might by Gargantua be cast in the way of their itinerary design.][1] Is it your pleasure, most dear father, that you speak; answered Pantagruel. For my part, I have not yet thought upon it. In all this affair I wholly submit and rest in your good liking and paternal authority. For I shall rather pray unto God that he would

[1] This period, betwixt crotchets, which in the translation is narrative, and interrupts the dialogue, seems in the original to be a continuation of Gargantua's speech. "Panurge s'est assez efforcè rompre les difficultés, qui lui povoient estre en empeschement: parlez pour vous." Panurge has taken great pains to break through the difficulties, which might stand in his way; speak for yourself.

throw me down stark dead at your feet, in your pleasure, than that against your pleasure I should be found married alive. I never heard that by any law, whether sacred or profane, yea, amongst the rudest and most barbarous nations in the world, it was allowed and approved of, that children may be suffered and tolerated to marry at their own good will and pleasure, without the knowledge, advice, or consent asked and had thereto, of their fathers, mothers, and nearest kindred. All legislators, every where upon the face of the whole earth have taken away and removed this licentious liberty from children, and totally reserved it to the discretion of the parents.

My dearly beloved son, quoth Gargantua, I believe you, and from my heart thank God for having endowed you with the grace of having both a perfect notice of, and entire liking to, laudable and praiseworthy things; and that through the windows of your exterior senses he hath vouchsafed to transmit unto the interior faculties of your mind, nothing but what is good and virtuous. For in my time there hath been found on the continent a certain country, wherein are I know not what kind of Pastophorian mole-catching priests, who, albeit averse from engaging their proper persons into a matrimonial duty, like the pontifical flamens of Cybele in Phrygia;[2] as if they were capons, and not cocks; full of lasciviousness, salacity, and wantonness, who yet have, nevertheless, in the matter of conjugal affairs, taken upon them to prescribe laws and ordinances to married folks. I cannot goodly determine what I should most abhor, detest, loathe, and abominate,—whether the tyrannical presumption of those dreaded sacerdotal mole-catchers, who not being willing to contain and coop up themselves within the grates and trellises of their own mysterious temples,[3] do deal in, meddle with, obtrude

[2] Rabelais says only the priests of Cybele in Phrygia; not a word of flamens; these were peculiar to the Romans. The Phrygians knew of no flamens.

[3] By these mole-catchers, and the lattices (*treillis*) of their temples, Rabelais means the Sorbonne and its doctors, particularly certain monks whom Pasquier calls patchers-up, and vampers of old glosses, which have, says he, advanced, at least insinuated this barbarous opinion, that by the canon law the consent of fathers and mothers was not requisite to the marriage of their children, but only for decency's sake, and not out of any necessity. On occasion of this chapter of Rabelais, the reader may consult the letter from whence this passage of Pasquier is taken. It is the first of the 3rd Book of his Letters, and he addressed it to a friend, on occasion of an article of the ordinance of Orleans, 1560; by which

upon, and thrust their sickles into harvests of secular businesses, quite contrary and diametrically opposite to the quality, state, and condition of their callings, professions, and vocations; or the superstitious stupidity and senseless scrupulousness of married folks, who have yielded obedience, and submitted their bodies, fortunes, and estates to the discretion and authority of such odious, perverse, barbarous, and unreasonable laws. Nor do they see that, which is clearer than the light and splendour of the morning star,—how all these nuptial and connubial sanctions, statutes, and ordinances have been decreed, made, and instituted, for the sole benefit, profit, and advantage of the flaminal mysts and mysterious flamens, and nothing at all for the good, utility, or emolument of the silly hood-winked married people. Which administereth unto others a sufficient cause for rendering these churchmen suspicious of iniquity, and of an unjust and fraudulent manner of dealing, no more to be connived at nor countenanced, after that it be well weighed in the scales of reason, than if with a reciprocal temerity the laics, by way of compensation, would impose laws to be followed and observed by those mysts and flamens, how they should behave themselves in the making and performance of their rites and ceremonies, after what manner they ought to proceed in the offering up and immolating of their various oblations, victims, and sacrifices; seeing that, besides the edecimation and tithehaling of their goods, they cut off and take parings, shreddings, and clippings of the gain proceeding from the labour of their hands, and sweat of their brows, therewith to entertain themselves the better. Upon which consideration, in my opinion, their injunctions and commands would not prove so pernicious and impertinent, as those of the ecclesiastic power, unto which they had tendered their blind obedience. For, as you have very well said, there is no place in the world, where, legally, a licence is granted to the children to marry without the advice and consent of their parents and kindred. Nevertheless, by those wicked laws, and mole-catching customs whereat there is a little hinted in what I have already spoken to you, there is no scurvy, measly, leprous, or pocky ruffian, pander, knave, rogue, scellum, robber, or thief, pilloried, whipped, and burn-marked in his own country for

the states did but in part redress this disorder, which he says is properly what the French law calls *raptus in parentes*. This letter lays down much the same principles with these here employed by Gargantua.

his crimes and felonies, who may not violently snatch away and ravish what maid soever he had a mind to pitch upon, how noble, how fair, how rich, honest, and chaste soever she be, and that out of the house of her own father, in his own presence, from the bosom of her mother, and in the sight and despite of her friends and kindred looking on a so woful spectacle, provided that the rascal villain be so cunning as to associate unto himself some mystical flamen, who, according to the covenant made betwixt them two, shall be in hope some day to participate of the prey.

Could the Goths, the Scythians, or Massagetæ do a worse or more cruel act to any of the inhabitants of a hostile city, when, after the loss of many of their most considerable commanders, the expense of a great deal of money, and a long siege, that they shall have stormed and taken it by a violent and impetuous assault? May not these fathers and mothers, think you, be sorrowful and heavy-hearted, when they see an unknown fellow, a vagabond stranger, a barbarous lout, a rude cur, rotten, fleshless, putrified, scraggy, boily, botchy, poor, a forlorn caitiff, and miserable sneak, by an open rapt, snatch away before their own eyes their so fair, delicate, neat, well-behavioured, richly provided for and healthful daughters, on whose breeding and education they had spared no cost nor charges, by bringing them up in an honest discipline to all the honourable and virtuous employments becoming one of their sex, descended of a noble parentage, hoping by those commendable and industrious means in an opportune and convenient time to bestow them on the worthy sons of their well-deserving neighbours and ancient friends, who had nourished, entertained, taught, instructed, and schooled their children with the same care and solicitude, to make them matches fit to attain to the felicity of a so happy marriage, that from them might issue an offspring and progeny no less heirs to the laudable endowments and exquisite qualifications of their parents, whom they every way resemble, than to their personal and real estates, moveables and inheritances? How doleful, trist, and plangorous would such a sight and pageantry prove unto them? You shall not need to think, that the collachrymation of the Romans and their confederates at the decease of Germanicus Drusus was comparable to this lamentation of theirs? Neither would I have you to believe that the dis-

comfort and anxiety of the Lacedæmonians, when the Greek Helen, by the perfidiousness of the adulterous Trojan, Paris, was privily stolen away out of their country, was greater or more pitiful than this ruthful and deplorable collugency of theirs? You may very well imagine, that Ceres at the ravishment of her daughter Proserpine, was not more attristed, sad, nor mournful than they. Trust me, and your own reason, that the loss of Orsiris was not so regrettable to Isis,—nor did Venus so deplore the death of Adonis,—nor yet did Hercules so bewail the straying of Hylas,—nor was the rapt of Polyxena more throbbingly resented and condoled by Priamus and Hecuba, than this aforesaid accident would be sympathetically bemoaned, grievous, ruthful, and anxious, to the wofully desolate and disconsolate parents.

Notwithstanding all this, the greater part of so vilely abused parents are so timorous and afraid of the devils and hobgoblins, and so deeply plunged in superstition, that they dare not gainsay nor contradict, much less oppose and resist, those unnatural and impious actions, when the mole-catcher hath been present at the perpetrating of the fact, and a party contractor and covenanter in that detestable bargain. What do they do then? They wretchedly stay at their own miserable homes, destitute of their well-beloved daughters,—the fathers cursing the days and the hours wherein they were married,—and the mothers howling and crying, that it was not their fortune to have brought forth abortive issues, when they happened to be delivered of such unfortunate girls; and in this pitiful plight spend at best the remainder of their time, with tears and weeping for those their children, of and from whom they expected, (and, with good reason, should have obtained and reaped,) in these latter days of theirs, joy and comfort. Other parents there have been, so impatient of that affront and indignity put upon them, and their families, that, transported with the extremity of passion, in a mad and frantic mood, through the vehemency of a grievous fury and raging sorrow, they have drowned, hanged, killed, and otherwise put violent hands on themselves. Others, again, of that parental relation, have, upon the reception of the like injury, been of a more magnanimous and heroic spirit, who, in imitation and at the example of the children of Jacob, revenging upon the Sichemites the rapt of their sister Dina, having found the rascally ruffian in the associa-

tion of his mystical mole-catcher, closely and in hugger-mugger conferring, and parleying, with their daughters, for the suborning, corrupting, depraving, perverting, and enticing these innocent unexperienced maids unto filthy lewdnesses, have without any further advisement on the matter, cut them instantly to pieces, and thereupon forthwith thrown out upon the fields their so dismembered bodies, to serve for food unto the wolves and ravens. Upon the chivalrous, bold, and courageous achievement of a so valiant, stout, and manlike act, the other mole-catching symmists have been so highly incensed, and have so chafed, fretted, and fumed thereat, that bills of complaint and accusations having been in a most odious and detestable manner put in before the competent judges, the arm of secular authority hath with much importunity and impetuosity been by them implored and required; they proudly contending, That the servants of God would become contemptible, if exemplary punishment were not speedily taken upon the persons of the perpetrators of such an enormous, horrid, sacrilegious, crying, heinous, and execrable crime.

Yet neither by natural equity, by the law of nations, nor by any imperial law whatsoever, hath there been found so much as one rubric, paragraph, point, or tittle, by the which any kind of chastisement or correction hath been adjudged due to be inflicted upon any for their delinquency in that kind. Reason opposeth, and nature is repugnant. For there is no virtuous man in the world, who both naturally and with good reason will not be more hugely troubled in mind, hearing of the news of the rapt, disgrace, ignominy, and dishonour of his daughter, than of her death. Now any man, finding in hot blood one, who with a fore-thought felony hath murdered his daughter, may, without tying himself to the formalities and circumstances of a legal proceeding, kill him on a sudden, and out of hand, without incurring any hazard of being attainted and apprehended by the officers of justice for so doing. It is no wonder then if a lechering rogue, together with his mole-catching abettor, be entrapped in the flagrant act of suborning his daughter, and stealing her out of his house, though herself consent thereto, that the father in such a case of stain and infamy by them brought upon his family, should put them both to a shameful death, and cast their carcases upon dunghills to be

devoured and eaten up by dogs and swine, or otherwise fling them a little further off to the direption, tearing and rending asunder of their joints and members by the wild beasts of the field, as being unworthy to receive the gentle, the desired, the last kind embraces of their great Alma Mater, the earth, commonly called burial.

Dearly beloved son, have an especial care, that after my decease none of these laws be received in any of your kingdoms; for whilst I breathe, by the grace and assistance of God, I shall give good order. Seeing, therefore, you have totally referred unto my discretion the disposure of you in marriage, I am fully of an opinion, that I shall provide sufficiently well for you in that point. Make ready and prepare yourself for Panurge's voyage. Take along with you Epistemon, Friar John, and such others as you will choose. Do with my treasures what unto yourself shall seem most expedient. None of your actions, I promise you, can in any manner of way displease me. Take out of my arsenal Thalasse whatsoever equipage, furniture, or provision you please, together with such pilots, mariners, and truchmen, as you have a mind to, and with the first fair and favourable wind set sail and make out to sea, in the name of God our Saviour. In the meanwhile, during your absence, I shall not be neglective of providing a wife for you, nor of those preparations, which are requisite to be made for the more sumptuous solemnizing of your nuptials with a most splendid feast, if ever there was any in the world.

CH. XLIX.—*How Pantagruel did put himself in a readiness to go to sea; and of the herb named Pantagruelion.*

WITHIN very few days after that Pantagruel had taken his leave of the good Gargantua, who devoutly prayed for his son's happy voyage, he arrived at the sea-port, near to Sammalo, accompanied with Panurge, Epistemon, Friar John of the Funnels, Abbot of Theleme, and others of the royal house, especially with Xenomanes the great traveller, and thwarter of dangerous ways, who was to come at the bidding and appointment of Panurge, of whose Castlewick of Salmigondin he did hold some petty inheritance by the tenure of a mesne fee. Pantagruel, being come thither, prepared and made ready for launching a fleet of ships, to the number of those which Ajax of Salamine had of old equip-

ped in convoy of the Grecian soldiery against the Trojan state. He likewise picked out for his use so many mariners, pilots, sailors, interpreters, artificers, officers, and soldiers, as he thought fitting, and therewithal made provision of so much victuals of all sorts, artillery, munition of divers kinds, clothes, monies, and other such luggage, stuff, baggage, chaffer, and furniture, as he deemed needful for carrying on the design of a so tedious, long, and perilous voyage. Amongst other things it was observed, how he caused some of his vessels to be fraught and loaded with a great quantity of an herb of his called Pantagruelion, not only of the green and raw sort of it, but of the confected also, and of that which was notably well befitted for present use, after the fashion of conserves. The herb Pantagruelion[1] hath a little root, somewhat hard and rough, roundish, terminating in an obtuse and very blunt point, and having some of its veins, strings, or filaments coloured with some spots of white, never fixeth itself into the ground above the profoundness almost of a cubit, or foot and a half. From the root thereof proceedeth the only stalk, orbicular, cane-like, green without, whitish within, and hollow like the stem of smyrnium, olus atrum, beans, and gentian, full of long threads, straight, easy to be broken, jagged, snipped, nicked and notched a little after the manner of pillars and columns, slightly furrowed, chamfered, guttered and channelled, and full of fibres, or hairs like strings, in which consisteth the chief value and dignity of the herb, especially in that part thereof which is termed mesa, as one would say the mean; and in that other, which had got the denomination of mylasea.

[1] *Pantagruelion.*] Hemp: inasmuch as it is of that plant the cord is made which is used for the strangling those who are so unhappy as to be gibbeted. As the punishment of the har, (a withy of green sticks; the band of a faggot: see Cotgrave, who says malefactors in old time were, and at this day in some barbarous countries are, hanged with withies) as, I say, the punishment of the hair is much ancienter in France than the reign of Francis I., Rabelais must have given hemp the name of Pantagruelion, in regard it was in that prince's time this punishment began to be exercised on the Lutherans, or French Protestants, who were hoisted up to the top of a gibbet with a pulley, and there left to hang till they were burnt or smothered with the fire that was kindled under them. Rabelais, who durst not speak out his thoughts of such a piece of inhumanity, says, that Pantagruel held these poor people by the throat, and that, in this condition, they wofully lamented the insupportable manner in which they were put to death.

Its height is commonly five or six feet. Yet sometimes it is of such a tall growth, as doth surpass the length of a lance, but that is only when it meeteth with a sweet, easy, warm, wet, and well-soaked soil,—as is the ground of the territory of Olone, and that of Rosea, near to Preneste in Sabinia,[2]—and that it want not for rain enough about the season of the fishers' holidays, and the æstival solstice. There are many trees whose height is by it very far exceeded, and you might call it dendromalache by the authority of Theophrastus. The plant every year perisheth,—the tree neither in the trunk, root, bark, or boughs, being durable.

From the stalk of this Pantagruelion plant there issue forth several large and great branches, whose leaves have thrice as much length as breadth, always green, roughish, and rugged like the Orcanet, or Spanish Bugloss, hardish, slit round about like unto a sickle, or as the saxifragum,[3] as betony, and finally ending as it were in the points of a Macedonian spear, or of such a lancet as surgeons commonly make use of in their phlebotomizing tiltings. The figure and shape of the leaves thereof is not much different from that of those of the ash tree, or of Agrimony; the herb itself being so like the Eupatorian plant,[4] that many skilful herbalists have called it the Domestic Eupator,[5] and the Eupator the Wild Pantagruelion. These leaves are in equal and parallel distances spread around the stalk, by the number in every rank either of five or seven, nature having so highly favoured and cherished this plant, that she hath richly adorned it with these two odd, divine, and mysterious numbers.[6] The smell thereof is somewhat strong, and not very pleasing to nice, tender, and delicate noses. The seed inclosed therein mounteth up to the very top of its stalk, and a little above it.[7]

This is a numerous herb: for there is no less abundance

[2] *Sabinia.*] See Pliny, l. 10, c. 9.

[3] *Or as the saxifragum.*] This is added by the translator. The author only says, as betony: he goes on, and ending in the point of the *Macedonian larix*, not as the translator has it, in the points of a *Macedonian spear*. He took *larice* (larch-tree) for *lance*, belike.

[4] & [5] *Eupatorian plant.*] Read *eupatorium*, or *eupatoria*. *Eupator* was not the herb itself, but the king from whom it had its name.

[6] *Divine and mysterious.*] See Macrobius, on Scipio's dream.

[7] *Vers le chef du tige, et peu au dessoubs.*] The English whereof seems to me, to be near the top of the stalk, and but a very little below it.

of it than of any other whatsoever. Some of these plants are spherical, some romboid, and some of an oblong shape, and all of these either black, bright-coloured, or tawny, rude to the touch, and mantled with a quickly-blasted-away coat, yet such a one as is of a delicious taste and savour to all shrill and sweetly singing birds, such as linnets, goldfinches, larks, canary birds, yellow hammers, and others of that airy chirping quire; but it would quite extinguish the natural heat and procreative virtue of the semence of any man,[8] who would eat much, and often of it. And although that of old amongst the Greeks[9] there was certain kinds of fritters and pancakes, buns and tarts, made thereof, which commonly for a liquorish daintiness were presented on the table after supper, to delight the palate and make the wine relish the better; yet is it of a difficult concoction, and offensive to the stomach. For it engendereth bad and unwholesome blood, and with its exorbitant heat woundeth them with grievous, hurtful, smart, and noisome vapours. And, as in divers plants and trees there are two sexes, male and female, which is perceptible in laurels, palms, cypresses, oaks, holmes, the daffodil, mandrake, fern, the agaric, mushroom, birthwort, turpentine, pennyroyal, peony, rose of the mount, and many other such like,[10] even so in this herb there is a male which beareth no flower at all, yet it is very copious of and abundant in seed. There is likewise in it a female, which hath great store and plenty of whitish flowers, serviceable to little or no purpose, nor doth it carry in it seed of any worth at all, at least comparable to that of the male. It hath also a larger leaf, and much softer than that of the male, nor doth it altogether grow to so great a height. This Pantagruelion is to be sown at the first coming of the swallows, and is to be plucked out of the ground when the grasshoppers begin to be a little hoarse.

CH. L.—*How the famous Pantagruelion ought to be prepared and wrought.*

THE herb Pantagruelion in September, under the autumnal equinox, is dressed and prepared several ways, according to

[8] *Procreative, &c.*] See Pliny, l. 20, c. 23.

[9] *Amongst the Greeks.*] Champier has the same remark, l. 7, c. 13, of his *De Re Cibaria.*

[10] *And many other such like.*] *Et aultres.* Among these unnamed ones may be intended mushrooms and roses of the mount; but Rabelais has not specified either of them by name.

the various fancies of the people, and diversity of the climates wherein it groweth. The first instruction which Pantagruel gave concerning it was, to divest and despoil the stalk and stem thereof of all its flowers and seeds, to macerate and mortify it in stagnant, not running water, for five days together, if the season be dry, and the water hot; or for full nine or twelve days, if the weather be cloudish, and the water cold. Then must it be dried in the sun, till it be drained of its moisture. After this it is in the shadow, where the sun shines not, to be peeled, and its rind pulled off. Then are the fibres and strings thereof to be parted, wherein, as we have already said, consisteth its prime virtue, price, and efficacy, and severed from the woody part thereof, which is unprofitable, and serveth hardly to any other use than to make a clear and glistering blaze, to kindle the fire, and for the play, pastime, and disport of little children, to blow up hogs' bladders, and make them rattle. Many times some use is made thereof by tippling sweet-lipped bibbers, who out of it frame quills and pipes, through which they with their liquor-attractive breath suck up the new dainty wine from the bung of the barrel. Some modern Pantagruelists, to shun and avoid that manual labour, which such a separating and partitional work would of necessity require, employ certain cataractic instruments, composed and formed after the same manner that the froward, pettish, and angry Juno, did hold the fingers of both her hands[1] interwovenly clenched together, when she would have hindered the childbirth delivery of Alcmena, at the nativity of Hercules; and athwart those cataracts they break and bruise to very trash the woody parcels, thereby to preserve the better the fibres, which are the precious and excellent parts. In and with this sole operation do these acquiesce[2] and are contented, who, contrary to the received opinion of the whole earth, and in a manner paradoxical to all philosophers, gain their livelihoods backwards, and by recoiling. But those that love to hold it at a higher rate, and prize it according to its value, for their own greater profit, do the very same[3] which is told us of the recreation of the three fatal Sister-Parcæ, or of the nocturnal exercise of the noble Circe,

[1] *The fingers, &c.*] See Pliny, l. 28, c. 6. [2] *Do these acquiesce.*] Ropemakers, to whom the hemp comes raw and who, in working it, go backwards. [3] *Do the very same.*] Spin it and weave it.

or yet of the excuse which Penelope made to her fond wooing youngsters and effeminate courtiers, during the long absence of her husband Ulysses.

By these means is this herb put into a way to display its inestimable virtues, whereof I will discover a part;—for to relate all is a thing impossible to do. I have already interpreted and exposed before you the denomination thereof. I find that plants have their names given and bestowed upon them after several ways. Some got the name of him who first found them out, knew them, sowed them, improved them by culture, qualified them to a tractability, and appropriated them to the uses and subserviences they were fit for. As the Mercurialis from Mercury; Panacea from Panace, the daughter of Esculapius; Armois from Artemis,[4] who is Diana; Eupatoria from the king Eupator; Telephion from Telephus; Euphorbium from Euphorbus, King Juba's physician; Clymenos from Clymenus; Alcibiadium from Alcibiades; Gentian from Gentius, King of Sclavonia, and so forth, through a great many other herbs or plants. Truly, in ancient times, this prerogative of imposing the inventor's name upon an herb found out by him was held in a so great account and estimation, that, as a controversy arose betwixt Neptune and Pallas, from which of them two that land should receive its denomination, which had been equally found out by them both together; though thereafter it was called and had the appellation of Athens, from Athene, which is Minerva,—just so would Lynceus, King of Scythia, have treacherously slain the young Triptolemus, whom Ceres had sent to show unto mankind the invention of corn, which until then had been utterly unknown; to the end that, after the murder of the messenger, whose death he made account to have kept secret, he might, by imposing, with the less suspicion of false dealing, his own name upon the said found out seed, acquire unto himself an immortal honour and glory for having been the inventor of a grain so profitable and necessary to and for the use of human life. For the wickedness of which treasonable attempt he was by Ceres transformed into that wild beast, which by some is called a lynx, and by others an ounce. Such also was the ambition of others upon the like occasion, as appeareth,

[4] *Armois, &c.*] Artemisia, (mug-wort, or mother-wort) from Queen Artemisia, or from Diana who was likewise called Artemis.

by that very sharp wars, and of a long continuance have been made of old betwixt some residentiary kings in Cappadocia upon this only debate, of whose name a certain herb should have the appellation; by reason of which difference, so troublesome and expensive to them all, it was by them called Polemonion, and by us for the same cause termed Make-bate.[5]

Other herbs and plants there are, which retain the names of the countries from whence they were transported; as the Median apples[6] from Media, where they first grew; Punic apples[7] from Punicia, that is to say, Carthage; Ligusticum, which we call Louage,[8] from Liguria, the coast of Genoa; Rhubarb from a flood in Barbary, as Ammianus attesteth, called Ru; Santonica[9] from a region of that name; Fenugreek from Greece; Castanes[10] from a country so called; Persicaria[11] from Persia; Sabine from a territory of that appellation; Stæchas from the Stæchad Islands; Spica Celtica from the land of the Celtic Gauls, and so throughout a great many other, which were tedious to enumerate. Some others, again, have obtained their denominations by way of antiphrasis, or contrariety; as Absinth,[12] because it is contrary to Ψινθος, for it is bitter to the taste in drinking,—Holosteon, as if it were all bones, whilst on the contrary, there is no frailer, tenderer, nor brittler herb in the whole production of nature than it.

There are some other sorts of herbs, which have got their names from their virtues and operations; as Aristolochia,

[5] *Make bate.*] *Guerroyre.* Warlike. All this and most that comes after is taken from Pliny, l. xxv. c. vi. and vii, &c. &c. &c.

[6] *Median apples*] Pome-citrons. [7] *Punic apples.*] Pomegranates.

[8] *Louage.*] Lovage. In the original *livesche*, which Cotgrave interprets *lovage* of Lombardy. Camb. Dict. says the same of *ligusticum*, and reason good. [9] *Santonica.*] Cotgrave interprets this the seed of holy wormwood, Camb. Dict. says French wormwood, and in that case it may have its name from Saintonge in France.

[10] *Castanes.*] From Castana, a city of Thessaly, which abounds with chesnut trees; or, as Cooper writes it, chesten tree or nut.

[11] *Persicaria.*] Rabelais says, (*persique,*) a peach tree, not the herb called *persicaria*, i. e. arse-smart or culrage. [12] *Absinth.*] *Absinthium.* Wormwood. The derivation of which word according to the authors of the Cambridge Dictionary, is Ἀψίνθιον *(undrinkable)* quasi ἀπίνθιον ab *a privativâ et πίνω bibo quod non sit potabile ob amarorem; vel ab a priv. et ψίνθος*, i. e. *ῥίψις delectatio.* Wormwood does indeed make none of the pleasantest drinkables; but in a fit of the cholic, there is nothing so relieving as a glass of wormwood wine.

because it helpeth women in child-birth; Lichen, for that it cureth the disease of that name; Mallow, because it mollifieth; Callithricum, because it maketh the hair of a bright colour; Alyssum, Ephemerum, Bechium, Nasturtium, Henbane, and so forth through many more.

Other some there are, which have obtained their names from the admirable qualities that are found to be in them; as Heliotropium, which is the marigold, because it followeth the sun, so that at the sun rising it displayeth and spreads itself out, at his ascending it mounteth, at his declining it waneth, and, when he is set, it is close shut; Adianton, because, although it grow near unto watery places, and albeit you should let it lie in water a long time, it will nevertheless retain no moisture nor humidity; Hierachia, Eringium, and so throughout a great many more. There are also a great many herbs and plants, which have retained the very same names of the men and women who have been metamorphosed and transformed in them; as from Daphne, the laurel is called also Daphne; Myrrh from Myrrha, the daughter of Cinarus; Pythis from Pythis; Cinara, which is the artichoke, from one of that name; Narcissus, with Saffron, Smilax, and divers others.

Many herbs, likewise, have got their names of those things which they seem to have some resemblance to; as Hippuris, because it hath the likeness of a horse's tail; Alopecuris, because it representeth in similitude the tail of a fox; Psyllion, from a flea which it resembleth; Delphinium, for that it is like the dolphin fish; Bugloss is so called, because it is an herb like an ox's tongue; Iris, so called, because in its flowers it hath some resemblance of the rainbow; Myosota, because it is like the ear of a mouse; Coronopus, for that it is of the likeness of a crow's foot. A great many other such there are, which here to recite were needless. Furthermore, as there are herbs and plants which have had their names from those of men, so by a reciprocal denomination have the surnames of many families taken their origin from them; as the Fabii, *à fabis*, beans; the Pisons, *à pisis*, peas; the Lentuli, from lentils; the Cicerons, *à ciceribus, vel ciceris*, a sort of pulse called chickpeas, and so forth. In some plants and herbs, the resemblance or likeness hath been taken from a higher mark or object, as when we say Venus' navel,

Venus' hair, Venus' tub, Jupiter's beard, Jupiter's eye,[13] Mar's blood, the Hermodactyl or Mercury's fingers, which are all of them names of herbs, as there are a great many more of the like appellation. Others, again, have received their denomination from their forms; such as the trefoil, because it is three-leaved; Pentaphylon, for having five leaves; Serpolet, because it creepeth along the ground; Helxine, Petast, Myrobalon, which the Arabians called Been,[14] as if you would say an acorn, for it hath a kind of resemblance thereto, and withal is very oily.

CH. LI.—*Why it is called Pantagruelion, and of the admirable virtues thereof.*

BY such like means of attaining to a denomination, the fabulous ways being only from thence excepted; for, the Lord forbid, that we should make use of any fables in this a so very heritable history, is this herb called Pantagruelion; for Pantagruel was the inventor thereof. I do not say of the plant itself, but of a certain use which it serves for, exceeding odious and hateful to thieves and robbers, unto whom it is more contrarious and hurtful than the strangle-weed and choke-fitch is to the flax, the cats-tail to the brakes, the sheave-grass to the mowers of hay, the fitches to the chickney-peas, the darnel to barley, the hatchet-fitch to the lentil-pulse, the antramium to the beans, tares to wheat, ivy to walls, the water-lily to lecherous monks,[1] the birchen-rod to the scholars of the college of Navarre in Paris, cole-wort to the vine tree, garlic to the load-stone, onions to the sight, fearn-seed to women with child, willow-grain to vicious nuns, the yew-tree shade to those that sleep under it,

[13] *Jupiter's eye.*] It is the name which the Latins gave to the *sempervivum majus*. See Salmasius, who proves it by two Greek authorities, ch. XIX. of his Homonymies, byles iatricæ. "Folia pinguia," says Gesner, speaking of the plant, "carnosa, longitudine pollicari, in cacumine linguæ similia, alia in terram convexa, alia in capite stantia invicem, ita ut ambitu effigiem imitentur oculi." Doubtless it was on the account of this affinity, the Latins called Jupiter's eye the *sempervivum majus*, and that just before, for such another affinity, Rabelais with the Greeks uses the word *Jupiter's beard.*

[14] *Been.*] See Avicenna, canon II, ch. LXXXV.

[1] *Water lily to lecherous monks.*] It is in a most especial manner prescribed to the monks, against the temptations of the flesh. See Bouchet.

wolfsbane to wolves and libbards, the smell of fig-tree to mad bulls, hemlock to goslings, purslane to the teeth, or oil to trees. For we have seen many of those rogues, by virtue and right application of this herb, finish their lives short and long, after the manner of Phyllis Queen of Thracia,[2] of Bonosus,[3] Emperor of Rome, of Amata,[4] King Latinus's wife, of Iphis,[5] Autolia,[6] Lycambes,[7] Arachne,[8] Phædra, Leda, Achius, King of Lydia,[9] and many thousands more; who were chiefly angry and vexed at this disaster therein, that, without being otherwise sick or evil disposed in their bodies, by a touch only of the Pantagruelion, they came on a sudden to have the passage obstructed, and their pipes, through which were wont to bolt so many jolly sayings, and to enter so many luscious morsels, stopped, more cleverly, than ever could have done the squinancy.

Others have been heard most wofully to lament, at the very instant when Atropos was about to cut the thread of their life, that Pantagruel held them by the gorge. But, well-a-day, it was not Pantagruel; he never was an executioner.[10] It was the Pantagruelion, manufactured and fashioned into an halter, and serving in the place and office of a cravat. In that, verily, they solecized and spoke improperly, unless you would excuse them by a trope, which alloweth us to posit the inventor in the place of the thing invented; as when Ceres is taken for bread, and Bacchus put instead of wine. I swear to you here, by the good and

[2] See Ovid. *Heroid.* ep. ii. Phyllis to Demophoon.

[3] *Bonosus.*] Strangled by the Emperor Probus, for assuming the imperial purple in Gaul. See his Life, by Vobiscus.] [4] *Amata.*] Virgil Æneid, l. xii. [5] *Iphis.*] See Ovid, Metam. l. xiv. [6] *Autolia*] Or rather Autolyca, mother of Ulysses. She hung herself in despair on receiving false intelligence of her son's death.] [7] *Lycambes.*] Father of Neobule. He had betrothed her to the poet Archilochus, but gave her to a wealthier man. The biting verses of the exasperated lover drove him to despair and the herb Pantagruelion.] [8] *Arachne.*] Ovid, Metam. lib. vi. [9] *Achius, King of Lydia.*] For endeavouring to raise a new tribute from his subjects, he was hung by the popular faction, taken down, and thrown headlong into the river Pactolus. See Polybius. Ovid, *Ibis*, 301. [10] *Executioner.*] *Roüart*, in Rabelais. This, Cotgrave says, signifies a marshal, or provost-marshal, an officer that breaks, or sees broken, malefactors on the wheel. Then *roüart* must come from *rotare, roüer, roüe,* a *wheel.* But M. Duchat, in the present sense of the executioners' strangling the offenders in question, says *roüart* comes from *raucus, hoarse,* because he by that action makes them hoarse.

frolic words which are to issue out of that wine-bottle, which is a-cooling below in the copper vessel full of fountain water, that the noble Pantagruel never snatched any man by the throat, unless it was such a one as was altogether careless and neglective of those obviating remedies, which were preventive of the thirst to come.

It is also termed Pantagruelion by a similitude. For Pantagruel, at the very first minute of his birth, was no less tall than this herb is long, whereof I speak unto you,—his measure having been then taken the more easy, that he was born in the season of the great drought, when they were busiest in the gathering of the said herb, to wit, at that time when Icarus's dog, with his fiery bawling and barking at the sun, maketh the whole world Troglodytic, and enforceth people everywhere to hide themselves in dens and subterranean caves. It is likewise called Pantagruelion, because of the notable and singular qualities, virtues, and properties thereof. For as Pantagruel hath been the idea, pattern, prototype, and exemplary of all jovial perfection and accomplishment—in the truth whereof I believe there is none of you, gentlemen drinkers, that putteth any question—so in this Pantagruelion have I found so much efficacy and energy, so much completeness and excellency, so much exquisiteness and rarity, and so many admirable effects and operations of a transcendent nature, that, if the worth and virtue thereof had been known, when those trees, by the relation of the prophet, made election of a wooden king to rule and govern over them, it without doubt would have carried away from all the rest the plurality of votes and suffrages.

Shall I yet say more? If Oxylus,[11] the son of Orius, had begotten this plant upon his sister Hamadryas, he had taken more delight in the value and perfection of it alone, than in all his eight children, so highly renowned by our ablest mythologians, that they have sedulously recommended their names to the never-failing tuition of an eternal remembrance. The eldest child was a daughter, whose name was Vine; the next born was a boy, and his name was Fig-tree; the third was called Walnut-tree; the fourth Oak; the fifth Sorb-apple-tree; the sixth Ash;[12] the seventh Poplar; and the

[11] *Oxylus, &c.*] See Athenæus, l. iii. c. iii.

[12] *Ash.*] In the original, *fenabregue.* M. Duchat, after he had sought a long while what this word meant, at length found that at Sommieres, in Languedoc, they called *fenabregue,* the tree that is called in other

last had the name of Elm, who was the greatest surgeon[13] in his time. I shall forbear to tell you, how the juice or sap thereof, being poured and distilled within the ears, killeth every kind of vermin, that by any manner of putrefaction cometh to be bred and engendered there, and destroyeth also any whatsoever other animal that shall have entered in thereat. If, likewise, you put a little of the said juice within a pail or bucket full of water, you shall see the water instantly turn and grow thick therewith, as if it were milk curds, whereof the virtue is so great, that the water thus curded is a present remedy for horses subject to the cholic, and such as strike at their own flanks.[14] The root thereof well boiled mollifieth the joints, softeneth the hardness of shrunk-in sinews, is every way comfortable to the nerves, and good against all cramps and convulsions, as likewise all cold and knotty gouts. If you would speedily heal a burning, whether occasioned by water or fire, apply thereto a little raw Pantagruelion, that is to say, take it so as it cometh out of the ground, without bestowing any other preparation or composition upon it; but have a special care to change it for some fresher, in lieu thereof, as soon as you shall find it waxing dry upon the sore.

Without this herb, kitchens would be detested, the tables of dining-rooms abhorred, although there were great plenty and variety of most dainty and sumptuous dishes of meat set down upon them—and the choicest beds also, how richly soever adorned with gold, silver, amber, ivory, porphyry, and the mixture of most precious metals, would without it yield no delight or pleasure to the reposers in them. Without it millers could neither carry wheat, nor any other kind of corn, to the mill, nor would they be able to bring back from thence flour, or any other sort of meal whatsoever. Without it, how could the papers and writs of lawyers' clients be brought to the bar? Seldom is the mortar, lime, or plaister brought to the workhouse without it. Without it, how should the water be got out of a draw-well; in what

parts of France *alister*, the *lote tree*; of which, says Cotgrave, there is the grey, the red, and other sorts, all strangers in England.

[13] *The greatest surgeon.*] See Pliny, l. xxiv. c. viii.

[14] See Pliny, l. xx., last chapter but one. The same remedy was successfully employed in Alsace in 1705, in the cure of a kind of cholic with which the horses of the French army were very much disordered.

case would tabellions, notaries, copists, makers of counterpanes, writers, clerks, secretaries, scriveners, and such-like persons be without it? Were it not for it, what would become of the toll-rates and rent-rolls? Would not the noble art of printing perish without it? Whereof could the chassis or paper windows be made? How should the bells be rung? The altars of Isis are adorned therewith, the Pastophorian priests[15] are therewith clad and accoutred, and whole human nature covered and wrapped therein, at its first position and production in and into this world. All the lanific trees of Seres, the bumbast and cotton bushes in the territories near the Persian sea, and Gulf of Bengala; the Arabian swans, together with the plants of Malta, do not all of them clothe, attire, and apparel so many persons as this one herb alone. Soldiers are now-a-days much better sheltered under it, than they were in former times, when they lay in tents covered with skins. It overshadows the theatres and amphitheatres from the heat of a scorching sun. It begirdeth and encompasseth forests, chases, parks, copses, and groves, for the pleasure of hunters. It descendeth into the salt and fresh of both sea and river waters, for the profit of fishers. By it are boots of all sizes, buskins, gamashes, brodkins, gambados, shoes, pumps, slippers, and every cobbled ware wrought and made steadable for the use of man. By it the butt and rover bows are strung, the cross-bows bended, and the slings made fixed. And, as if it were an herb every whit as holy as the vervain, and reverenced by ghosts, spirits, hobgoblins, fiends, and phantoms, the bodies of deceased men are never buried without it.

I will proceed yet further. By the means of this fine herb, the invisible substances are visibly stopped, arrested, taken, detained, and prisoner-like committed to their receptive gaols. Heavy and ponderous weights are by it heaved, lifted up, turned, veered, drawn, carried, and every way moved quickly, nimbly and easily, to the great profit and emolument of

[15] *Pastophorian priests.*] Only *pastophores* in French. They were the pontiffs among the Egyptians, in the temple of Serapis. Παστὸς, "pallium sacerdotale, a cope. Pallium Veneris quod ferebant in Egypto sacerdotes cæteris honoratiores." The place of their abode was close to the temple, and called *pastophorium*. Ruff. Eccles. Hist. l. ii. c. xxiii. "Item Hieron. in Esa. pastopho.ium, inquit, est thalamus, in quo habitat præpositus templi."

human kind. When I perpend with myself these and such like marvellous effects of this wonderful herb, it seemeth strange unto me, how the invention of so useful a practice did escape through so many by-past ages the knowledge of the ancient philosophers, considering the inestimable utility which from thence proceeded, and the immense labour, which, without it, they did undergo in their pristine lucubrations. By virtue thereof, through the retention of some aerial gusts, are the huge barges, mighty galleons, the large floats, the Chiliander, the Myriander ships launched from their stations, and set agoing at the pleasure and arbitrement of their rulers, conders, and steersman. By the help thereof[16] those remote nations, whom nature seemed so unwilling to have discovered to us, and so desirous to have kept them still *in abscondito* and hidden from us, that the ways through which their countries were to be reached unto, were not only totally unknown, but judged also to be altogether impermeable and inaccessible, are now arrived to us, and we to them.

Those voyages outreached the flights of birds, and far surpassed the scope of feathered fowls, how swift soever they had been on the wing, and notwithstanding that advantage which they have of us, in swimming through the air. Taproban hath seen the heaths of Lapland, and both the Javas, the Riphæan mountains; wide distant Phebol shall see Theleme, and the Islanders drink of the flood of Euphrates. By it the chill-mouthed Boreas hath surveyed the parched mansions of the torrid Auster, and Eurus visited the regions which Zephyrus hath under his command; yea, in such sort have interviews been made, by the assistance of this sacred herb, that, maugre longitudes and latitudes, and all the variations of the zones, the Perœcian people, and Antoecian, Amphiscian, Heteroscian, and Periscian have oft rendered and received mutual visits to and from other, upon all the climates. These strange exploits bred such astonishment to the celestial intelligences, to all the marine and terrestrial gods, that they were on a sudden all afraid. From which amazement, when they saw, how, by means of this blest Pantagruelion, the Arctic people looked upon the Antarctic, scoured the Atlantic Ocean, passed the tropics, pushed through the

[16] *By the help thereof.*] This is an imitation of Agrippa, chap. lxxviii. of his *De Vanitate Scientiarum.*

torrid zone, measured all the zodiac, sported under the equinoctial,[17] having both poles level with their horizon; they judged it high time to call a council for their own safety and preservation.

The Olympic gods, being all and each of them affrighted at the sight of such achievements, said, Pantagruel hath shapen work enough for us, and put us more to a plunge, and nearer our wit's end, by this sole herb of his, than did of old the Aloidæ by overturning mountains. He very speedily is to be married, and shall have many children by his wife. It lies not in our power to oppose this destiny; for it hath passed through the hands and spindles of the Fatal Sisters, necessity's inexorable daughters. Who knows but by his sons may be found out an herb of such another virtue and prodigious energy, as that by the aid thereof in using it aright according to their father's skill, they may contrive a way for human kind to pierce into the high aërian clouds, get up unto the spring-head of the hail, take an inspection of the snowy sources, and shut and open as they please the sluices from whence proceed the floodgates of the rain; then prosecuting their etherial voyage, they may step in unto the lightning workhouse and shop, where all the thunderbolts are forged, where, seizing on the magazine of heaven, and storehouse of our warlike fire munition, they may discharge a bouncing peal or two of thundering ordnance, for joy of their arrival to these new supernal places; and, charging those tonitrual guns afresh, turn the whole force of that artillery wherein we most confided against ourselves. Then is it like, they will set forward to invade the territories of the moon, whence, passing through both Mercury and Venus, the Sun will serve them for a torch, to show the way from Mars to Jupiter and Saturn. We shall not then be able to resist the impetuosity of their intrusion, nor put a stoppage to their entering in at all, whatever regions, domiciles, or mansions of the spangled firmament they shall have any mind to see, to stay in, or to travel through for their recreation. All the celestial signs together, with the constellations of the fixed stars, will jointly be at their devotion then Some will take up their lodging at the Ram, some at the Bull, and others at the Twins; some at the Crab, some

[17] *Sported under the equinoctial.*] Here Rabelais gilds the pill; cutting the line has always been reported as a thing far from being pleasant.

at the Lion Inn, and others at the sign of the Virgin; some at the Balance, others at the Scorpion, and others will be quartered at the Archer; some will be harboured at the Goat, some at the Water-pourer's sign, some at the Fishes; some will lie at the Crown, some at the Harp, some at the Golden Eagle and the Dolphin; some at the Flying Horse, some at the Ship, some at the great, some at the little Bear; and so throughout the glistening hostelries of the whole twinkling asteristic welkin. There will be sojourners come from the earth, who, longing after the taste of the sweet cream, of their own skimming off, from the best milk of all the dairy of the Galaxy, will set themselves at table down with us, drink of our nectar and ambrosia, and take to their own beds at night for wives and concubines, our fairest goddesses, the only means whereby they can be deified. A junto hereupon being convocated, the better to consult upon the manner of obviating so dreadful a danger, Jove, sitting in his presidential throne, asked the votes of all the other gods, which, after a profound deliberation amongst themselves on all contingencies, they freely gave at last, and then resolved unanimously to withstand the shocks of all whatsoever sublunary assaults.

CHAP. LII.[1]—*How a certain kind of Pantagruelion is of that nature that the fire is not able to consume it.*

I HAVE already related to you great and admirable things; but, if you might be induced to adventure upon the hazard of believing some other divinity of this sacred Pantagruèlion, I very willingly would tell it you. Believe it, if you will, or, otherwise, believe it not, I care not which of them you do, they are both alike to me. It shall be sufficient for my purpose to have told you the truth, and the truth I will tell you. But to enter in thereat, because it is of a knaggy, difficult, and rugged access, this is the question which I ask of you. If I had put within this bottle two pints, the one of wine, and the other of water, thoroughly and exactly mingled together, how would you unmix them? After what manner would you go about to sever them, and separate the one liquor from the other, in such sort, that you render me the water apart, free from the wine, and the wine also pure,

[1] This is not a new chapter in M. Duchat's edition, but a continuation of the former.

without the intermixture of one drop of water, and both of them in the same measure, quantity, and taste, that I had embottled them? Or, to state the question otherwise. If your carmen and mariners, entrusted for the provision of your houses with the bringing of a certain considerable number of tuns, puncheons, pipes, barrels, and hogsheads of Graves wine, or of the wine of Orleans, Beaune, and Mirevaux, should drink out[2] the half, and afterwards with water fill up the other empty halves of the vessels as full as before; as the Limosins use to do, in their carriages by wains and carts, of the wines of Argenton and Sangaultier, after that, how would you part the water from the wine, and purify them both in such a case? I understand you well enough. Your meaning is, that I must do it with an ivy funnel. That is written, it is true, and the verity thereof explored by a thousand experiments; you have learned to do this feat before, I see it. But those that have never known it, nor at any time have seen the like, would hardly believe that it were possible. Let us nevertheless proceed.

But put the case, we were now living in the age of Sylla, Marius Cæsar, and other such Roman emperors, or that we were in the time of our ancient Druids, whose custom was to burn and calcine the dead bodies of their parents and lords, and that you had a mind to drink the ashes or cinders of your wives or fathers, in the infused liquor of some good white-wine, as Artemisia[3] drunk the dust and ashes of her husband Mausolus; or, otherwise, that you did determine to have them reserved in some fine urn, or reliquary pot; how would you save the ashes apart, and separate them from those other cinders and ashes into which the fuel of the funeral and bustuary fire hath been converted? Answer, if you can By my figgings, I believe it will trouble you so to do.

Well, I will dispatch, and tell you, that, if you take of this celestial Pantagruelion so much as is needful to cover the body of the defunct, and after that you shall have enwrapped and bound therein, as hard and closely as you can,

[2] *Should drink out.*] *Buffeter* in French, which signifies to give one *buffet*, or *cuff*: hence, metaphorically to mar a vessel of wine, by often tasting it before it was broached; or, rather, ashore, to fill it up with water; after much wine hath been stolen, or taken out of it. (Which to prevent, in the case of Yorkshire and Burton ale, I have heard, the sender puts the full cask into an empty one.) [3] See Aulus Gellius, l. x. c. xviii.

the corpse of the said deceased persons, and sewed up the folding-sheet, with thread of the same stuff, throw it into the fire, how great or ardent soever it be, it matters not a straw, the fire through this Pantagruelion will burn the body and reduce to ashes the bones thereof. and the Pantagruelion shall be not only not consumed nor burnt, but also shall neither lose one atom of the ashes enclosed within it, nor receive one atom of the huge bustuary heap of ashes resulting from the blazing conflagration of things combustible laid round about it, but shall at last, when taken out of the fire, be fairer, whiter,[4] and much cleaner than when you did put it in first. Therefore it is called Asbeston, which is as much as to say incombustible. Great plenty is to be found thereof in Carpasia,[5] as likewise in the climate Dia Cyenes, at very easy rates. O how rare and admirable a thing it is, that the fire, which devoureth, consumeth, and destroyeth all such things else, should cleanse, purge, and whiten this sole Pantagruelion Carpasian Asbeston! If you mistrust the verity of this relation, and demand for further confirmation of my assertion a visible sign, as the Jews, and such incredulous infidels use to do, take a fresh egg, and orbicularly, or rather, ovally, enfold it within this divine Pantaguelion. When it is so wrapped up, put it in the hot embers of a fire, how great or ardent soever it be, and, having left it there as long as you will, you shall at last, at your taking it out of the fire, find the egg roasted hard, and as it were burnt, without any alteration, change, mutation, or so much as a calefaction of the sacred Pantagruelion. For less than a million[6] of pounds sterling, modified, taken down and amoderated to the twelfth part of one four pence half-penny farthing, you are to put it to a trial, and make proof thereof.

Do not think to overmatch me here, by paragoning with it in the way of a more eminent comparison the Salamander. That is a fib; for, albeit a little ordinary fire, such as is used in dining-rooms and chambers, gladden, cheer up, exhilarate and quicken it, yet may I warrantably enough assure, that in the flaming fire of a furnace it will, like any other animated creature, be quickly suffocated, choked, consumed, and destroyed. We have seen experiment thereof, and Galen many ages ago hath clearly demonstrated and confirmed it, lib. 3.

[4] See Plutarch, in his Treatise of Oracles ceasing. [5] See Pausanias. [6] In the original, fifty thousand Bourdelois crowns.

De Temperamentis, and Dioscorides maintaineth the same doctrine, lib. 2. Do not here instance, in competition with this sacred herb, the feather allum, or the wooden tower of Pyræus, which Lucius Sylla[7] was never able to get burnt; for that Archelaus, governor of the town for Mithridates King of Pontus, had plastered it all over on the outside with the said allum. Nor would I have you to compare therewith the herb, which Alexander Cornelius called Eonem, and said, that it had some resemblance with that oak which bears the mistletoe, and that it could neither be consumed, nor receive any manner of prejudice by fire, nor by water, no more than the mistletoe, of which was built, said he, the so renowned ship Argos. Search where you please for those that will believe it. I in that point desire to be excused. Neither would I wish you to parallel therewith,—although I cannot deny, but that it is of a very marvellous nature,—that sort of tree which groweth along the mountains of Briançon and Ambrun, which produceth out of its root the good Agaric. From its body it yieldeth unto us a so excellent rosin, that Galen hath been bold to equal it unto the turpentine. Upon the delicate leaves thereof it retaineth for our use that sweet heavenly honey, which is called the manna; and, although it be of a gummy, oily, fat and greasy substance, it is notwithstanding unconsumable by any fire. It is in the Greek and Latin called Larix. The Alpinese name is Melze. The Anternorides and Venetians term it Larége; which gave occasion to that castle in Piedmont to receive the denomination of Larignum, by putting Julius Cæsar to a stand at his return from amongst the Gauls.[8]

Julius Cæsar[9] commanded all the yeomen, boors, hinds, and other inhabitants in, near unto, and about the Alps and

[7] See Aulus Gellius, l. xv. c. 1. [8] In the original, it is *at going to the Gauls.* [9] This is taken from Vitruvius, l. ii. c. ix. Philander, in his remarks on this passage of Vitruvius, Venice edition, 1557, says, that being at Venice he had a mind to try whether the melese, supposing it to be the larix of Vitruvius, would withstand the force of fire; but found that this pretended larix was consumed by it, though at first this wood seemed to defy the flame, and make it keep its distance. Upon which M. Le Clerc, who had some of the true incombustible larix, avers, in art. ii. of t. xii. of his Bibliotheque Choisie, that the meleze of Philander was not the true larix. I believe so too; but yet it is certain, by what goes before in Rabelais, that our author took the meleze for the larix, or incombustible wood of Vitruvius. In short, the true larix is not unknown to the virtuosi of Rome, one of whom sent some of it not long ago to Holland, where it is still kept.

Piedmont, to bring all manner of victuals and provision for an army to those places, which on the military road he had appointed to receive them for the use of his marching soldiery. To which ordinance all of them were obedient, save only those as were within the garrison of Larignum, who, trusting in the natural strength of the place, would not pay their contribution. The emperor, purposing to chastise them for their refusal, caused his whole army to march straight towards that castle, before the gate whereof was erected a tower built of huge big spars and rafters of the larch tree, fast bound together with pins and pegs of the same wood, and interchangeably laid on one another, after the fashion of a pile or stack of timber, set up in the fabric thereof to such an apt and convenient height, that from the parapet above the portcullis they thought with stones and leavers to beat off and drive away such as should approach thereto.

When Cæsar had understood, that the chief defence of those within the castle did consist in stones and clubs, and that it was not an easy matter to sling, hurl, dart, throw, or cast them so far as to hinder the approaches, he forthwith commanded his men to throw great store of bavins, faggots, and fascines round about the castle; and, when they had made the heap of a competent height, to put them all in a fair fire, which was thereupon incontinently done. The fire put amidst the faggots was so great and so high, that it covered the whole castle, that they might well imagine the tower would thereby be altogether burnt to dust and demolished. Nevertheless, contrary to all their hopes and expectations, when the flame ceased, and that the faggots were quite burnt and consumed, the tower appeared as whole, sound, and entire as ever. Cæsar, after a serious consideration had thereof, commanded a compass to be taken without the distance of a stone cast from the castle, round about it; there, with ditches and entrenchments to form a blockade; which when the Larignans understood, they rendered themselves upon terms. And then, by a relation from them, it was, that Cæsar learned the admirable nature and virtue of this wood, which of itself produceth neither fire, flame, nor coal, and would, therefore, in regard of that rare quality of incombustibility, have been admitted into this rank and degree of a true Pantagruelion plant; and that so much the rather, for that Pantagruel di-

rected that all the gates, doors, angiports, windows, gutters, frettized, and embowed ceilings, cans, and other whatsoever wooden furniture in the abbey of Theleme, should be all materiated of this kind of timber. He likewise caused to cover therewith the sterns, stems, cook-rooms or laps, hatchets, decks, courses, bends and walls of his carricks, ships, galleons, galleys, brigantines, foysts, frigates, crears, barks, floyts, pinks, pinnaces, hoys, catches, capers, and other vessels of his Thallassian arsenal; were it not that the wood or timber of the larch-tree being put within a large and ample furnace, full of huge vehemently flaming fire proceeding from the fuel of other sorts and kinds of wood, cometh at last to be corrupted, consumed, dissipated, and destroyed, as are stones in a lime-kiln. But this Pantagruelion Asbeston is rather by the fire renewed and cleansed, than by the flames thereof consumed or changed. Therefore,

Arabians, Indians, Sabæans,
Sing not, in hymns and Io Pæans,
Your incense, myrrh, or ebony.
Come here, a nobler plant to see,
And carry home, at any rate,
Some seed, that you may propagate.
If in your soil, it takes to heaven
A thousand thousand thanks be given;
And say with France, it goodly goes,
Where the Pantagruelion grows.

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

ADVERTISEMENT. (Published in Ozell's edition, 1750.) As Sir Thomas Urquhart's part of the translation ends here, the editor of this edition thinks proper to take notice, that the remarkable difference of style, which appears betwixt the three former and the two latter volumes, is entirely owing to the taste of the two translators, and not to Rabelais himself. Sir Thomas, from the redundancy of his fancy, endeavours continually to heighten and embellish his author, by a profusion of epithets, and various modes of expression, and not seldom even by thoughts of his own, helps which it must be allowed no author ever needed less than this. Mr. Motteux, though a gentleman of imagination, sticks more closely to the sense, turns, and phraseology of his original; and therefore may be said to have done it more justice. However, it must be allowed that both of them in the general, have succeeded happily in their labours on this most difficult of all the French writers. And as to the preface and remarks of Mr. Motteux, they are so esteemed abroad, that a translation of them into French is included in M. Le Duchat's quarto edition. [In the present edition these remarks for convenience of reference are given at the end of the several chapters to which they belong.]

BOOK IV.

TREATING OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

READER,—I don't know what kind of a preface I must write to find thee courteous, an epithet too often bestowed without a cause. The author of this work has been as sparing of what we call good nature, as most readers are now-a-days. So I am afraid his translator and commentator is not to expect much more than has been shewed them. What's worse, there are but two sorts of taking prefaces, as there are but two kinds of prologues to plays: for Mr. Bays was doubtless in the right, when he said that if thunder and lightning could not fright an audience into complaisance, the sight of the poet with a rope about his neck might work them into pity. Some, indeed, have bullied many of you into applause, and railed at your faults, that you might think them without any; and others, more safely, have spoken kindly of you, that you might think, or at least speak, as favourably of them, and be flattered into patience. Now, I fancy, there's nothing less difficult to attempt than the first method: for, in this blessed age, 'tis as easy to find a bully without courage, as a whore without beauty, or a writer without wit; though those qualifications are so necessary in their respective professions. The mischief is, that you seldom allow any to rail besides yourselves, and cannot bear a pride which shocks your own. As for wheedling you into a liking of a work I must confess it seems the safest way: but though flattery pleases you well when it is particular, you hate it, as little concerning you, when it is general. Then we knights of the quill are a stiff-necked generation, who as seldom care to seem to doubt the worth of our writings, and their being liked, as we love to flatter more than one at a time; and had rather draw our pens, and stand up for the beauty of our works (as some arrant fools used to do for that of their mistresses) to the last drop of our ink. And truly this submission, which sometimes wheedles you into pity, as seldom decoys you into love, as the awkward cringing of an antiquated fop, as moneyless as he is ugly, affects an experienced fair one. Now we as little value your pity, as a lover his mistress's, well satisfied that it is only a less uncivil way of dismissing us. But what if neither of these two ways will work upon you, of which doleful truth some of our playwrights stand so many living monuments? Why, then truly I think on no other way at present, but blending the two into one; and, from this marriage of huffing and cringing, there will result a new kind of careless medley, which, perhaps, will work upon both sorts of readers, those who are to be hectored, and those whom we must creep to. At least, it is like to please by its novelty; and it will not be the first monster that has pleased you, when regular nature could not do it.

If uncommon worth, lively wit, and deep learning, wove into wholesome satire, a bold, good, and vast design admirably pursued, truth

set out in its true light, and a method how to arrive to its oracle, can recommend a work, I am sure this has enough to please any reasonable man. The three books published some time since, which are in a manner an entire work, were kindly received: yet, in the French, they come far short of these two, which are also entire pieces; for the satire is all general here, much more obvious, and consequently more entertaining. Even my long explanatory preface was not thought improper. Though I was so far from being allowed time to make it methodical, that at first only a few pages were intended; yet as fast as they were printed I wrote on, till it proved at last like one of those towns built little at first, then enlarged, where you see promiscuously an odd variety of all sorts of irregular buildings. I hope the remarks I give now will not please less: for, as I have translated the work which they explain, I had more time to make them, though as little to write them. It would be needless to give here a large account of my performance: for, after all, you readers care no more for this or that apology, or pretence of Mr. Translator, if the version does not please you, than we do for a blundering cook's excuse, after he has spoiled a good dish in the dressing. Nor can the first pretend to much praise, besides that of giving his author's sense in its full extent, and copying his style, if it is to be copied; since he has no share in the invention or disposition of what he translates. Yet there was no small difficulty in doing Rabelais justice in that double respect: the obsolete words and turns of phrase, and dark subjects, often as darkly treated, make the sense hard to be understood even by a Frenchman, and it cannot be easy to give it the free easy air of an original: for even what seems most common talk in one language, is what is often the most difficult to be made so in another; and Horace's thoughts of comedy may be well applied to this:

"Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum; sed habet comœdia tantum
Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minus."

Far be it from me, for all this, to value myself upon hitting the words of cant in which my drolling author is so luxuriant; for though such words have stood me in good stead, I scarce can forbear thinking myself unhappy in having insensibly hoarded up so much gibberish and Billingsgate trash in my memory; nor could I forbear asking of myself, as an Italian cardinal said on another account, *D'onde hai tu pigliato tante coglionerie?* Where the devil didst thou rake up all these fripperies?[1]

It was not less difficult to come up to the author's sublime expressions. Nor would I have attempted such a task, but that I was ambitious of giving a view of the most valuable work of the greatest genius of his age, to the Mecænas and best genius of this. For I am not overfond of so ungrateful a task as translating, and would rejoice to see less versions, and more originals; so the latter were not as bad as many of the first are, through want of encouragement. Some indeed have deservedly gained esteem by translating; yet not many condescend to translate, but such as cannot invent; though, to do the first well, requires often as much genius, as to do the latter.

[1] The gracious acknowledgement of Cardinal Ippolite d'Este, to Ariosto, on dedicating to him his Orlando Furioso.

I wish, reader, thou mayest be as willing to do my author justice, as I have strove to do him right. Yet, if thou art a brother of the quill, it is ten to one thou art too much in love with thy own dear productions, to admire those of one of thy trade. However, I know three or four who have not such a mighty opinion of themselves; but I'll not name them, lest I should be obliged to place myself among them. If thou art one of those, who, though they never write, criticise every one that does; avaunt!—Thou art a professed enemy of mankind and of thyself who wilt never be pleased, nor let anybody be so, and knowest no better way to fame, than by striving to lessen that of others; though wouldst thou write thou mightst be soon known, even by the butter-women, and fly through the world in band-boxes. If thou art of the dissembling tribe, it is thy office to rail at those books which thou huggest in a corner. If thou art one of those eave-droppers, who would have their moroseness be counted gravity, thou wilt condemn a mirth which thou art past relishing; and I know no other way to quit the score, than by writing (as like enough I may) something as dull, or duller than thyself, if possible. If thou art one of those critics in dressing, those extempores of fortune, who, having lost a relation, and got an estate, in an instant, set up for wit and every extravagance, thou'lt either praise or discommend this book, according to the dictates of some less foolish than thyself, perhaps of one of those, who being lodged at the sign of the box and dice, will know better things, than to recommend to thee a work which bids thee beware of his tricks. This book might teach thee to leave thy follies: but some will say, it does not signify much to some fools whether they are so or not; for when was there a fool that thought himself one? If thou art one of those who would put themselves upon us for learned men in Greek and Hebrew, yet are mere blockheads in English, and patch together old pieces of the ancients, to get themselves clothes out of them, thou art too severely mauled in this work to like it. Who then will? some will cry. Nay, besides these, many societies that make a great figure in the world are reflected on in this book; which caused Rabelais to study to be dark, and even bedaub it with many loose expressions, that he might not be thought to have any other design than to droll; in a manner bewraying his book, that his enemies might not bite it. Truly, though now the riddle is expounded, I would advise those who read it, not to reflect on the author, lest he be thought to have been before-hand with them, and they be ranked among those who have nothing to show for their honesty, but their money; nothing for their religion, but their dissembling, or a fat benefice; nothing for their wit, but their dressing; for their nobility, but their title; for their gentility, but their sword; for their courage, but their huffing; for their preferment but their assurance; for their learning, but their degrees; or for their gravity, but their wrinkles or dulness. They had better laugh at one another here, as it is the custom of the world. Laughing is of all professions: the miser may hoard, the spendthrift squander, the politician plot, the lawyer wrangle, and the gamester cheat; still their main design is to be able to laugh at one another; and here they may do it at a cheap and easy rate. After all, should this work fail to please the greater number of readers, I am sure it cannot miss being

liked by those who are for witty mirth, and a chirping bottle; though not by those solid sots, who seem to have drudged all their youth long, only that they might enjoy the sweet blessing of getting drunk every night in their old age. But those men of sense and honour, who love truth, and the good of mankind in general above all other things, will undoubtedly countenance this work. I will not gravely insist upon its usefulness, having said enough of it in the preface to the first part. I will only add, that as Homer in his Odyssey makes his hero wander ten years through most parts of the then known world, so Rabelais, in a three months' voyage, makes Pantagruel take a view of almost all sorts of people and professions: with this difference, however, between the ancient mythologist and the modern, that while the Odyssey has been compared to a setting sun, in respect to the Iliads, Rabelais' last work, which is this Voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle (by which he means truth) is justly thought his masterpiece; being wrote with more spirit, salt, and flame, than the first part of his works. At near seventy years of age, his genius, far from being drained, seemed to have acquired fresh vigour, and new graces, the more it exerted itself; like those rivers which grow more deep, large, majestic, and useful by their course. Those who accuse the French of being as sparing of their wit, as lavish of their words, will find an Englishman in our author. I must confess indeed that my countrymen, and other southern nations, temper the one with the other, in a manner, as they do their wine with water, often just dashing the latter with a little of the first. Now here men love to drink their wine pure; nay, sometimes it will not satisfy, unless in its very quintessence, as in brandies; though an excess of this betrays want of sobriety, as much as an excess of wit betrays a want of judgment. But I must conclude, lest I be justly taxed with wanting both. I will only add, that as every language has its peculiar graces, seldom or never to be acquired by a foreigner, I cannot think I have given my author those of the English in every place; but as none compelled me to write, I fear to ask a pardon which yet the generous temper of this nation makes me hope to obtain. Albinus, a Roman, who had written in Greek, desired in his preface to be forgiven his faults of language: but Cato asked him in derision, whether any had forced him to write in a tongue of which he was not an absolute master. Lucullus wrote a history in the same tongue, and said, He had scattered some false Greek in it, to let the world know it was the work of a Roman. I will not say as much of my writings, in which I study to be as little incorrect as the hurry of business and shortness of time will permit; but I may better say, as Tully did of the history of his consulship, which he also had written in Greek, that what errors may be found in the diction, are crept in against my intent. Indeed Livius Andronicus and Terence, the one a Greek, the other a Carthaginian, wrote successfully in Latin, and the latter is perhaps the most perfect model of the purity and urbanity of that tongue; but I ought not to hope for the success of those great men. Yet am I ambitious of being as subservient to the useful diversion of the ingenious of this nation as I can, which I have endeavoured in this work, with hopes to attempt some greater tasks, if ever I am happy enough to have more leisure. In the meantime it will not dis-

please me, if it is known that this is given by one, who, though born and educated in France, has the love and veneration of a loyal subject for this nation; one who, by a fatality, which with many more made him say,

"Nos patriam fugimus et dulcia linquimus arva,"

is obliged to make the language of these happy regions as natural to him as he can, and thankfully say with the rest, under this Protestant government,

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

THE AUTHOR'S EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, AND MOST REVEREND LORD ODET, CARDINAL DE CHASTILLON.

You are not unacquainted, most illustrious prince, how often I have been, and am daily pressed and required by great numbers of eminent persons, to proceed in the Pantagruelian fables: they tell me that many languishing, sick, and disconsolate persons, perusing them, have deceived their grief, passed their time merrily, and been inspired with new joy and comfort. I commonly answer, that I aimed not at glory and applause, when I diverted myself with writing; but only designed to give by my pen, to the absent who labour under affliction, that little help which at all times I willingly strive to give to the present that stand in need of my art and service. Sometimes I at large relate to them, how Hippocrates in several places, and particularly in lib. 6. Epidem, describing the institution of the physician his disciple, and also Soranus of Ephesus, Oribasius, Galen, Hali Abbas, and other authors, have descended to particulars, in the prescription of his motions, deportment, looks, countenance, gracefulness, civility, cleanliness of face, clothes, beard, hair, hands, mouth, even his very nails; as if he were to play the part of a lover in some comedy, or enter the lists to fight some potent enemy. And indeed the practice of physic is properly enough compared by Hippocrates to a fight, and also to a farce acted between three persons, the patient, the physician, and the disease. Which passage has sometimes put me in mind of Julia's saying to Augustus her father.[1] One day she came before him in a very gorgeous, loose, lascivious dress, which very much displeased him, though he did not much discover his discontent. The next day she put on another, and in a modest garb, such as the chaste Roman ladies wore, came into his presence. The kind father could not then forbear expressing the pleasure which he took to see her so much altered, and said to her: Oh! how much more this garb becomes, and is commendable in the daughter of Augustus. But she, having her excuse ready, answered: This day, sir, I dressed myself to please my fa-

[1] See Macrobius, 1, 9, c. 5, of his *Saturnalia*.

ther's eye; yesterday, to gratify that of my husband. Thus disguised in looks and garb, nay even, as formerly was the fashion, with a rich and pleasant gown with four sleeves, which was called *phalonium* according to Petrus Alexandrinus in 6. Epidem. a physician might answer to such as might find the metamorphosis indecent: Thus have I accoutred myself, not that I am proud of appearing in such a dress; but for the sake of my patient, whom alone I wholly design to please, and no ways offend or dissatisfy. There is also a passage in our father Hippocrates, in the book I have named, which causes some to sweat, dispute, and labour: not indeed to know whether the physician's frowning, discontented, and morose Catonian look render the patient sad, and his joyful, serene, and pleasing countenance rejoice him; for experience teaches us that this is most certain; but whether such sensations of grief, or pleasure, are produced by the apprehension of the patient observing his motions and qualities in his physician, and drawing from thence conjectures of the end and catastrophe of his disease; as, by his pleasing look, joyful and desirable events, and by his sorrowful and unpleasing air, sad and dismal consequences; and whether those sensations be produced by a transfusion of the serene or gloomy, aerial or terrestrial, joyful or melancholic spirits of the physician, into the person of the patient, as is the opinion of Plato and Averroes.

Above all things, the fore-cited authors have given particular directions to physicians about the words, discourse, and converse, which they ought to have with their patients; every one aiming at one point, that is, to rejoice them without offending God, and in no ways whatsoever to vex or displease them. Which causes Herophilus[2] much to blame the physician Callianax, who, being asked by a patient of his, Shall I die? impudently made him this answer:

Patroclus died, whom all allow,
By much a better man than you.

Another, who had a mind to know the state of his distemper, asking him, after our merry Patelin's way; Well, doctor, does not my water tell you I shall die? He foolishly answered, No; if Latona, the mother of those lovely twins, Phœbus and Diana, begot thee. Galen, lib. 4, *Comment.* 6. Epidem., blames much also Quintus his tutor, who, a certain nobleman of Rome, his patient, saying to him, You have been at breakfast, my master, your breath smells of wine; answered arrogantly, Yours smells of fever: which is the better smell of the two, wine or a putrid fever? But the calumny of certain cannibals, misanthropes, perpetual eavesdroppers,[3] has

[2] Rabelais forgets himself. It was not Herophilus that blamed Callianax but another. Callianax, in the place from whence this is quoted, is only said to be an Herophilian. See Galen on lib. 6 of *Hippocrates de Epidem.* [3] *Agelastes*, i. e. one that never laughs; a Greek word.

been so foul and excessive against me, that it had conquered my patience, and I had resolved not to write one jot more. For the least of their detractions were, that my books are all stuffed with various heresies, of which, nevertheless, they could not show one single instance: much, indeed, of comical and facetious fooleries, neither offending God nor the king; (and truly I own they are the only subject, and only theme of these books) but of heresy, not a word, unless they interpreted wrong, and against all use of reason, and common language, what I had rather suffer a thousand deaths, if it were possible, than have thought: as who should make bread to be stone, a fish to be a serpent, and an egg to be a scorpion. This, my lord, emboldened me once to tell you, as I was complaining of it in your presence, that if I did not esteem myself a better Christian, than they shew themselves towards me, and if my life, writings, words, nay thoughts, betrayed to me one single spark of heresy, or I should in a detestable manner fall into the snares of the spirit of detraction, Διάβολος, who, by their means, raises such crimes against me; I would then, like the phœnix, gather dry wood, kindle a fire, and burn myself in the midst of it. You were then pleased to say to me, that King Francis, of eternal memory, had been made sensible of those false accusations; and that having caused my books (mine, I say, because several, false and infamous, have been wickedly laid to me) to be carefully and distinctly read to him by the most learned and faithful anagnost in this kingdom, he had not found any passage suspicious; and that he abhorred a certain envious, ignorant, hypocritical informer,[4] who grounded a mortal heresy on an *n* put instead of an *m*[5] by the carelessness of the printers.

As much was done by his son, our most gracious, virtuous, and blessed sovereign, Henry, whom Heaven long preserve: so that he granted you his royal privilege, and particular protection for me, against my slandering adversaries.

You kindly condescended since, to confirm me these happy news at Paris; and also lately, when you visited my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, who, for the benefit of his health, after a lingering distemper, was retired to St. Maur, that place (or rather paradise) of salubrity, serenity, conveniency, and all desirable country pleasures.

Thus, my lord, under so glorious a patronage, I am emboldened once more to draw my pen, undaunted now and secure; with hopes that you will still prove to me, against the power of detraction, a

[4] The original has it only a snake-eater, by which word Rabelais designs the monks; whom, in chap. 46, he compares to the Troglodytes, who, Pliny tells us, lib. 5, cap. 8, lived in caverns and fed on snakes.

[5] As there are instances enough that formerly they wrote *asme* with an *s*, for *ame*, the soul; this might be an impious allusion of *asme* to *asme*, an ass, which so often is mentioned, l. 3, c. 22 and 23, in the old editions. Those of Lyons, and that of 1626, corrected, as is said in the title, according to the censure passed in 1552, removed the scandal.

second Gallic Hercules in learning, prudence, and eloquence; an Alexicacos in virtue, power, and authority: you, of whom I may truly say what the wise monarch Solomon saith of Moses, that great prophet and captain of Israel, Ecclesiast. 45. A man fearing and loving God, who found favour in the sight of all flesh, well-beloved both of God and man; whose memorial is blessed. God made him like to the glorious saints, and magnified him so, that his enemies stood in fear of him; and for him made wonders; made him glorious in the sight of kings, gave him a commandment for his people, and by him showed his light: he sanctified him in his faithfulness, and meekness, and chose him out of all men. By him he made us to hear his voice, and caused by him the law of life and knowledge to be given.

Accordingly, if I shall be so happy as to hear any one commend those merry composures, they shall be adjured by me to be obliged, and pay their thanks to you alone, as also to offer their prayers to Heaven, for the continuance and increase of your greatness; and to attribute no more to me, than my humble and ready obedience to your commands; for by your most honourable encouragement, you at once have inspired me with spirit, and with invention; and without you my heart had failed me, and the fountain-head of my animal spirits had been dry. May the Lord keep you in his blessed mercy.

My Lord,

Your Most Humble, and Most Devoted Servant,

FRANCIS RABELAIS, *Physician.*

Paris, this 28th of January, MDLII.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

Good people. God save and keep you! Where are you? I can't see you:[1] stay—I'll saddle my nose with spectacles—oh, oh! it will be fair anon,[2] I see you.[3] Well, you have had a good vintage, they say: this is no bad news to Frank, you may swear. You have got an infallible cure against thirst: rarely performed

[1] He can't see good people, they are so scarce. So Aristophanes, in his Plutus, makes Cremylus say.

[2] It should be Englished, "soft and fair, Lent is drawing to an end: I see you."

[3] Rabelais, who but a moment before saw none of these good people, to whom he addresses his Prologue, or Preface, sees numbers of them all of a sudden; which he ascribes to Lent drawing to a conclusion. And, indeed, as soon as Easter approaches, in obedience to the Church's command, everybody is forward to receive the communion, in order to seem at least to be good people.

of you, my friends! You, your wives, children, friends, and families are in as good case as hearts can wish: it is well, it is as I would have it: God be praised for it, and if such be his will, may you long be so. For my part, I am thereabouts, thanks to his blessed goodness; and by the means of a little Pantagruelism, (which you know is a certain jollity of mind, pickled in the scorn of fortune,) you see me now hale and cheery, as sound as a bell, and ready to drink, if you will. Would you know why I'm thus, good people? I will even give you a positive answer—Such is the Lord's will, which I obey and revere; it being said in his word, in great derision to the physician neglectful of his own health, Physician, heal thyself.

Galen had some knowledge of the Bible, and had conversed with the Christians of his time, as appears *lib.* 11. *De Usu Partuum: lib.* 2. *De Differentiis Pulsuum, cap.* 3, and *ibid. lib.* 3. *cap.* 2. *and lib. De Rerum Affectibus* (if it be Galen's). Yet it was not for any such veneration of holy writ that he took care of his own health. No, it was for fear of being twitted with the saying so well known among physicians.

Ἰατρὸς ἄλλων αὐτὸς ἕλκεσι βρύων.[4]

He boasts of healing poor and rich,
Yet is himself all over itch.

This made him boldly say, that he did not desire to be esteemed a physician, if from his twenty-eighth year to his old age he had not lived in perfect health, except some ephemerous fevers,[5] of which he soon rid himself: yet he was not naturally of the soundest temper, his stomach being evidently bad. Indeed, as, he saith, *lib.* 5, *De Sanitate tuenda,* that physician will hardly be thought very careful of the health of others, who neglects his own. Asclepiades[6] boasted yet more than this; for he said that he had articled with fortune not to be reputed a physician, if he could be said to have been sick, since he began to practise physic, to his latter age, which he reached, lusty in all his members, and victorious over fortune; till at last the old gentleman unluckily tumbled down from the top of a certain ill-propt and rotten staircase, and so there was an end of him.

If by some disaster health is fled from your worships to the right or to the left, above or below, before or behind, within or without, far or near, on this side or the other side, wheresoever it be, may you presently, with the help of the Lord, meet with it. Having found it, may you immediately claim it, seize it, and secure it. The law allows it: the king would have it so: nay, you have

[4] A sentence ascribed by Plutarch to a certain tragic poet. See his discourses against Clotes the Epicurean.

[5] Fevers that last but a day and are cured with rest.

[6] See Pliny. l. 26, c. 3; l. 7, c. 27.

my advice for it. Neither more nor less than the law-makers of old did fully impower a master to claim and seize his runaway servant, wherever he might be found. Ods-bodikins, is it not written and warranted by the ancient customs of this so noble, so rich, so flourishing realm of France, that the dead[7] seizes the quick? See what has been declared very lately in that point by that learned, wise, courteous,[8] humane and just civilian, Andrew Tiraqueau, counsellor of the great, victorious, and triumphant[9] Henry II., in the most honourable court of Parliament at Paris. Health is our life, as Ariphron[10] the Sicyonian wisely has it; without health life is not life, it is not living life: 'ΑΒΙ'ΟΣ ΒΙ'ΟΣ, ΒΙ'ΟΣ ΑΒΙ'ΩΤΟΣ.[11] Without health life is only a languishment, and an image of death. Therefore, you that want your health, that is to say, That are dead, seize the quick; secure life to yourselves, that is to say, health.

I have this hope in the Lord, that he will hear our supplications, considering with what faith and zeal we pray, and that he will grant this our wish, because it is moderate and mean. Mediocrity was held by the ancient sages to be golden, that is to say precious, praised by all men, and pleasing in all places. Read the sacred Bible, you will find, the prayers of those who asked moderately were never unanswered. For example, little dapper Zaccheus, whose body and reliques the monks of St. Garlick,[12] near Orleans, boast of having, and nicknamed him St. Sylvanus;[13] he only wished to see our blessed Saviour near Jerusalem. It was but a small request, and no more than anybody then might pretend to. But

[7] That is, the death of a person gives a right to his heir to seize what he has left, i. e. to give him as it were livery and *seisin* of it.

[8] When Tiraqueau was lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Fontenay-le-Comte, he released Rabelais out of prison, into which the Cordeliers of the place had cast him. Rabelais here testifies his gratitude to him.

[9] M. Duchat says, the author having published this his fourth book, before Henry II. had seized the three bishoprics (Metz, Toul, and Verdun, I suppose he means) the eulogium we see here of that monarch, was inserted after the first edition, and only out of regard to that conquest.

[10] See Athenæus, l. 15, c. ultim.

[11] To these Greek words should be added, χωρὶς ὑγιείας and then the sentence is complete, otherwise not. Here it may not be amiss to observe, that the great Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, (now Albania Inferior) never prayed the gods to give him anything but health; and Menage used to say, "Sanitas, sanitatum, omnia sanitas."

[12] Or rather St. Onion; for Rabelais, who was a dear lover of puns (and the worse the pun the better, as Mr. Dryden used to say) quibbles upon the similitude between *ainan* and *onion;* for near Orleans there is an Abbey called St. Aignan, or Anian, as it is pronounced, and so sounds just like Oignon.

[13] From *sylva* a wood. Zaccheus might be so called from his climbing up a tree, the better to behold the Messias, as he passed by.

alas! he was but low-built; and one of so diminutive a size, among the crowd, could not so much as get a glimpse of him. Well then he struts, stands on tip-toes, bustles, and bestirs his stumps, shoves and makes way, and with much ado clambers up a sycamore. Upon this, the Lord, who knew his sincere affection, presented himself to his sight, and was not only seen by him, but heard also; nay, what is more, he came to his house, and blessed his family.

One of the sons of the prophets in Israel felling wood near the river Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river: so he prayed to have it again, (it was but a small request, mark ye me,) and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, as some spirits of contradiction say by way of scandalous blunder, but the helve after the hatchet, as you all properly have it. Presently two great miracles were seen: up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance the helve. Now had he wished to coach it to heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, to multiply in seed like Abraham, be as rich as Job, strong as Sampson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained it, do ye think? In troth, my friends, I question it very much.

Now I talk of moderate wishes in point of hatchet, (but harkee me, be sure you do not forget when we ought to drink,) I will tell you what is written among the apologues of wise Æsop the Frenchman. I mean the Phrygian and Trojan, as Max. Planudes makes him; from which people, according to the most faithful chroniclers, the noble French are descended. Ælian writes that he was of Thrace; and Agathias, after Herodotus, that he was of Samos; it is all one to Frank.

In his time lived a poor honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood-cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet; by his hatchet he earned many a fair penny of the best wood-mongers or log-merchants, among whom he went a jobbing; for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had death but met with him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bed-staff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with the most eloquent prayers—for you know necessity was the mother of eloquence. With the whites of his eyes turned up towards heaven, down on his marrow-bones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out, by way of litany, at every repetition of his supplications, My hatchet, lord Jupiter, my hatchet!

my hatchet! only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else! alas, my poor hatchet!

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council, about certain urgent affairs, and old gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you would rather have it so, it was young Phœbus the beau; but, in short, Tom's outcries and lamentations were so loud, that they were heard with no small amazement at the council-board. by the whole consistory of the gods. What a devil have we below, quoth Jupiter, that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, have not we had all along, and have not we here still enough to do, to set to rights a world of damned puzzling businesses of consequence? We made an end of the fray between Presthan, King of Persia, and Soliman the Turkish Emperor; we have stopped up the passages between the Tartars and the Muscovites; answered the Xeriff's petition; done the same to that of Golgots Rays;[14] the state of Parma's dispatched; so is that of Maydenburg, that of Mirandola, and that of Africa, that town on the Mediterranean which we call Aphrodisium;[15] Tripoli by carelessness has got a new master; her hour was come.

Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the restitution of their bells.[16]

In yonder corner are the Saxons, Easterlings, Ostrogoths, and Germans, nations formerly invincible, but now aberkeids,[17] bridled, curbed, and brought under by a paltry diminutive crippled fellow: they ask us revenge, relief, restitution of their former good sense, and ancient liberty.

But what shall we do with this same Ramus[18] and this Galland,

[14] The famous corsair Dragut. [15] A town of Affica, in Barbary. [16] King Francis I. had introduced the tax on salt throughout the country of Guienne. The people, especially the peasants, who could not brook this new imposition, took their opportunity, and when the new king, Henry II., was in Piedmont with most of his forces, rose in arms, and crowded into Bordeaux, when they massacred the king's lieutenant of the province, Tristan de Monnins, a kinsman of the high constable's. This rebellion, too much concerned the first (military) officer of the crown, for him to sit still, and not take immediate measures to punish it with severity. He hastened towards Bordeaux with some troops, and a good train of artillery, in 1549, and the gates being thrown open, on the bare terror of his name, among other disgraceful penalties which he inflicted on the people of Bordeaux, he took away all their bells; nor were they restored to them again till three months afterwards, together with their privileges. See Mezeray in the year above-mentioned. [17] It was the Emperor Charles V. who, though he had for many years been crippled with the gout, yet held the German noses to the grindstone, and had so done even from the time he obtained the victory over the Protestants at Mulberg in 1547. [18] Ramus opposed Aristotle's philosophy Gallandus defended it. Though Ramus never wrote against any of his adver-

with a pox to them, who, surrounded with a swarm of their scullions, blackguard ragamuffins, sizers, vouchers, and stipulators, set together by the ears the whole university of Paris? I am in a sad quandary about it, and for the heart's blood of me cannot tell yet with whom of the two to side.

Both seem to me notable fellows, and as true cods as ever pissed. The one has rose-nobles,[19] I say fine and weighty ones; the other would gladly have some too.[20] The one knows something; the other is no dunce. The one loves the better sort of men; the other is beloved by them. The one is an old cunning fox; the other with tongue and pen, tooth and nail, falls foul on the ancient orators and philosophers,[21] and barks at them like a cur.

What thinkest thou of it, say, thou bawdy Priapus? I have found thy council just before now, *et habet tua mentula mentem.*

King Jupiter, answered Priapus, standing up and taking off his cowl, his snout uncased and reared up, fiercely and stiffly propt, since you compare the one to a yelping snarling cur, and the other to sly Reynard the fox, my advice is, with submission, that without fretting or puzzling your brains any further about them, without any more ado, even serve them both as, in the days of yore, you did the dog and the fox. How? asked Jupiter; when? who were they? where was it? You have a rare memory, for aught I see, returned Priapus! This right worshipful father Baccus, whom we have here nodding with his crimson phiz, to be revenged on the Thebans, had got a fairy fox, who whatever mischief he did, was never to be caught or wronged by any beast that wore a head.

The noble Vulcan here present had framed a dog of Monesian brass, and with long puffing and blowing, put the spirit of life into him: he gave it to you, you gave it your Miss Europa, Miss Europa gave it Minos, Minos gave it Procris, Procris gave it Cephalus. He was also of the fairy kind; so that, like the lawyers of our age, he was too hard for all other sorts of creatures; nothing could escape the dog. Now who should happen to meet but these two? What do you think they did? Dog by his destiny was to take fox, and fox by his fate was not to be taken.

The case was brought before your council: you protested that you would not act against the fates; and the fates were contradictory. In short, the end and result of the matter was, that to re-

saries, yet Gallandus fell foul on him, and by the bye calls Rabelais a ridiculous writer; his words are, "Vernaculos ridiculi Pantagruelis libros," &c. Here Rabelais revenges himself, but not severely. See Ramus's life by Thomas Freigius, p. 34.

[19] Ramus who was rich

[20] Rabelais seems here to tax Peter Gallandus with having no other view in writing against Ramus, in behalf of the old philosophy, but only to get patrons that might make him rich too.

[21] Aristotle and Cicero.

concile two contradictions was an impossibility in nature. The very pang put you into a sweat;[22] some drops of which happening to light on the earth, produceth what the mortals call cabbage. All our noble consistory, for want of a categorical resolution, were seized with such a horrid thirst, that above seventy-eight hogsheads of nectar were swilled down at that sitting. At last you took my advice, and transmogrified them into stones; and immediately got rid of your perplexity, and a truce with thirst was proclaimed through this vast Olympus. This was the year of flabby cods, near Teumessus,[23] between Thebes and Chalcis.

After this manner, it is my opinion, that you should petrify this dog and this fox. The metamorphosis will not be incongruous:[24] for they both bear the name of Peter.[25] And because, according to the Limosin proverb, to make an oven's mouth there must be three stones, you may associate them with master Peter du Coignet,[26] whom you formerly petrified for the same cause. Then those three dead pieces shall be put in an equilateral trigone, somewhere in the great temple at Paris; in the middle of the porch, if you will; there to perform the office of extinguishers, and with their noses

[22] Nothing is so brackish to the taste as sweat, and nothing causes drought like cabbage, particularly that called cole-cabbage, whether dressed with beef-marrow for flesh days, or with oil for fish-days. The white cabbage-heads, being of themselves insipid, must be well peppered and salted, especially consisting of so many very thick leaves, that neither the salt nor pepper can penetrate, unless there is abundance of both. [23] Pausanias, in his Bœotica, relates this fable, and after him Cœlius Rhodiginus, Ovid, Suidas, &c.

[24] Read, instead of not incongruous, not unprecedented, there having been one before. [25] *Pierre*, in French, signifies both Peter and a stone. [26] Or de Coigneres, a knight and advocate-general of the parliament of Paris in the reign of Philip de Valois, did with great vigour, and some success, oppose the encroachments made by the clergy of his time on the king's authority. The ecclesiastics laboured hard to ruin this honest man, but in vain. So they fell foul on his memory, and as soon as ever he was dead, they caused to be made, in most of the churches which were chiefly resorted to, several odd kind of grotesque monkey-like figures in stone, and gave them the name of Pierre du Coignet, from their being placed in corners (*coins* in French.) These impertinent statues, they would have to represent the impious Pierre du Cognieres, as they called him. His being thus marked, before he died, for an enemy of the church, and a reprobate, people made a merit of abusing his statues any how. Thus at Notre Dame, at Paris, under a show of offering candles to the statue of Peter du Coignet, as is usually done to the images of the saints, they run the candles in his face when they wanted to extinguish them. And it being impossible but that this ridiculous figure, being put to such a use, must be extremely bedaubed and begrimed, thence it came about, that in order to exaggerate the ugliness of any body, it has been a common saying for above two hundred years, uglier than Pierre du Coignet.

put out the lighted candles, torches, tapers, and flambeaux; since, while they lived, they still lighted, ballock-like, the fire of faction, division, ballock sects,[27] and wrangling among those idle bearded boys, the students. And this will be an everlasting monument to show, that those puny self-conceited pedants, ballock-framers, were rather contemned than condemned by you. Dixi, I have said my say.

You deal too kindly by them, said Jupiter, for aught I see, Monsieur Priapus. You do not use to be so kind to every body, let me tell you; for as they seek to eternize their names, it would be much better for them to be thus changed into hard stones, than to return to earth and putrefaction. But now to other matters. Yonder behind us, towards the Tuscan sea, and the neighbourhood of Mount Appenine, do you see what tragedies[28] are stirred up by certain topping ecclesiastical bullies?[29] This hot fit will last its time, like the Limosins' ovens, and then will be cooled, but not so fast.

We shall have sport enough with it; but I foresee one inconveniency: for methinks we have but little store of thunder amunition, since the time that you, my fellow gods, for your pastime, lavished them away to bombard new Antioch,[30] by my particular permission; as since, after your example, the stout champions, who had undertaken to hold the fortress of Dindenarois[31] against all comers, fairly wasted their powder with shooting at sparrows; and

[27] If because it is Priapus that speaks here, we should take this word *couilloniques* in an obscene sense, we should fall into the very snare Rabelais had a mind to catch his less judicious readers in. These *couillonic* sects are not properly any other thing than the different orders of monks, or cucullated, i. e. hooded gentry; for the word may come from the Latin cucullus, a hood, as well as from *couillon*, the cod. Among these monks there are generally subsisting, divisions and factions, about things of much the same weight as those which then divided the university of Paris. [28] An allusion to the massacres of Cabrières, and Merindol, in 1547, by the orders of the Parliament of Aix. [29] *Pastophores* in the original, i. e. sacred priests, reverend prelates, among the ancient Egyptians.

[30] New Antioch must be the city of Rome. The word Antioch means nothing but preposterous venery, *ἀντι contra, et ὀχεία concubitus*. The thunder darted against this Antioch, may be the sacking of it in 1527, as also the considerable diminution of the extent of her church by the introduction of the Protestant religion; misfortunes which befel her when Rabelais wrote. [31] The German *dinten-narr* signifies one possessed with the demon of scribbling. I fancy, Rabelais, by this, means certain scholastics, who being furiously bent on debating with one another upon questions of no moment, were mute when they should have strenuously defended the doctrine and worship of the Romish church against the Lutherans, whose party, humanly speaking, could never have subsisted, if at the beginning it had been attacked by some preachers of the crusades.

then, not having wherewith to defend themselves in time of need, valiantly surrendered to the enemy, who were already packing up their awls, full of madness and despair, and thought on nothing but a shameful retreat. Take care this be remedied, son Vulcan: rouse up your drowsy cyclopes, Asteropes, Brontes, Arges, Polyphemus, Steropes, Pyracmon, and so forth; set them at work, and make them drink as they ought.

Never spare liquor to such as are at hot work. Now let us despatch this bawling fellow below. You, Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants. Mercury looked out at heaven's trap-door, through which as I am told, they hear what is said here below. By the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; though Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well.[32] The light-heeled deity saw that it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the synod. Marry, said Jupiter, we are finely helped up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must have it then for all this, for so it is written in the book of fate, (do you hear?) as well as if it was worth the whole duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it, let him have his hatchet again.

Now, let us make an end of the difference betwixt the levites and mole-catchers of Landerousse.[33] Whereabouts were we? Priapus was standing in the chimney-corner, and having heard what Mercury had reported, said in a most courteous and jovial manner:[34] King Jupiter, while by your order and particular favour, I was garden-keeper-general on earth, I observed that this word hatchet is equivocal to many things: for it signifies a certain instrument, by the means of which men fell and cleave timber. It also signifies (at least I am sure it did formerly) a female soundly and frequently thumpthumpriggletickletwiddletobyed. Thus I perceived that every

[32] See Lucian's Icaromenippus. [33] I think it should rather be translated, their mole-ships the monks of Landerousse; for Rabelais elsewhere more than once, calls the monks moles (not molecatchers) from their living as it were under ground. The original runs, "Resolvons la difference du clergé et de la taulpetiere de Landerousse." This difference between these two bodies of ecclesiastics, M. Duchat says, may have been the famous law suit between the chapter of St. Gatien of Tours, and the chapter of St. Martin of the same city, about the dirt (or *pus*) of St. Martin. The last were in possession of this pretended relic; but the property of it had been claimed by the former for the space of between threescore and fourscore years, and it was not till ten years after Rabelais' death, that the Huguenots cut this Gordian knot. See Beza's Ecclesiast. Hist. on the year 1563, and M. du Thou, l. 30.

[34] Priapus was reckoned to be Jupiter's son; wherefore Rabelais somewhere calls him *John Thursday*.

cock of the game used to call his doxy his hatchet; for with that same tool (this he said lugging out and exhibiting his nine-inch knocker) they so strongly and resolutely shove and drive in their helves, that the females remain free from a fear epidemical amongst their sex, viz., that from the bottom of the male's belly the instrument should dangle at his heel for want of such feminine props. And I remember, for I have a member, and a memory too, ay, and a fine memory, large enough to fill a butter-firkin :) I remember, I say, that one day of tubilustre[35] [horn-fair] at the festivals of good-man Vulcan in May, I heard Josquin Des Prez,[36] Ockeghem, Hobrecht, Agricola, Brumel, Camelin, Vigoris, de la Fage, Bruyer, Prioris, Seguin, de la Rue, Midy, Moulu, Mouton, Gascogne, Loysel, Compere, Penet, Fevin, Rousée, Richard Fort, Rousseau, Consilion, Constantio Festi, Jacquet Bercan, melodiously singing the following catch on a pleasant green.

"Long John to bed went to his bride,
And laid a mallet by his side:
What means this mallet, John, saith she?
Why! it is to wedge thee home, quoth he.
Alas! cried she, the man's a fool:
What need you use a wooden tool?
When lusty John does to me come,
He never shoves but with his bum."

Nine Olympiads, and an intercalary year after (I have a rare member, I would say memory; but I often make blunders in the symbolization and colligance of those two words) I heard Adrian Villart, Gombert, Janequin, Arcadet, Claudin, Certon, Manchicourt, Auxerre, Villiers, Sandrin, Sohier, Hesdin, Morales, Passereau, Maille, Maillart, Jacotin, Heurteur, Verdelot, Carpentras, l'Heritier, Cadeac, Doublet, Vermont, Bouteiller, Lupi, Pagnier, Millet, du Moulin, Alaire, Maraut, Morpain, Gendre, and other merry lovers of music, in a private garden,[37] under some fine shady trees, round about a bulwark of flagons, gammons, pasties, with several coated quails, and laced mutton, waggishly singing:

"Since tools without their hafts are useless lumber,
And hatchets without helves are of that number;
That one may go in t'other, and may match it,
I'll be the helve, and thou shalt be the hatchet."

[35] From *tuba*, a trumpet, and *lustrum*, a sacrifice. The Cambridge dictionary gives a somewhat different account of this feast from what Cotgrave does, who says, it was the day whereon the trumpets dedicated to sacrifices were hollowed (I suppose he means hallowed) and the trumpeters with water purged. M. Motteux, in his merry-way, calls it horn-fair.

[36] Ten of those many musicians named here, were the disciples of this excellent musician, who was of Cambray. There are several books of songs of his composing, printed with the music notes at Paris, Lyons, Antwerp, &c.

[37] Belon. l. 4, c. 26, of his Ornithologia, seems to speak of this adventure, and dates it in 1552.

Now would I know what kind of hatchet this bawling Tom wants? This threw all the venerable gods and goddesses into a fit of laughter, like any microcosm of flies; and even set limping Vulcan a hopping and jumping smoothly[38] three or four times for the sake of his dear. Come, come, said Jupiter to Mercury, run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets; his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size: then having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him the other two: if he take another, chop his head off with his own: and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner. Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phiz, that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot messenger, thanks to his low-crowned narrow-brimmed hat, his plume of feathers, heel-pieces, and running stick with pigeon wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, through the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying unto him; Thou hast bawled long enough to be a-dry: thy prayers and request are granted by Jupiter; see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee. Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy: then staring on Mercury, cries, Codszouks this is none of mine; I will not have it: the same he did with the silver one, and said, it is not this neither, you may even take them again. At last, he takes up his own hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there; then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the tip of his nose, he cried, By the mass, this is my hatchet, master god; if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brim full, covered with fine strawberries, next ides, i. e. the 15th of May.

Honest fellow, said Mercury, I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command, I give thee these two others; thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich: be honest. Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cartload of thanks, and revered the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastens close to his leathern girdle, and girds it above his breech like Martin of Cambray:[39] the two

[38] He danced the trihori of Bretagne. This, says Cotgrave, is a kind of Breton, and peasantly or boorish dance, consisting of three steps, and performed by those hobbling youths, commonly in a round.

[39] Martin and Martine are the names which are given to two figures, who each with a (*marteau*) hammer, strike the hours on the clock at Cambray. And Martin being represented as a peasant in a jacket, girded about the waist very tight; thence comes it that when a man is ridiculously girt with a belt over his clothes, people say, proverbially, he is girt like Martin of Cambray.

others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance amongst his neighbours and fellow-parishioners, with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea the first city in the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned massorets. At Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown-pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles: then with them purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, out-houses, thatched-houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of all other necessaries, and in a short time became the richest man in the country, nay even richer than that limping scrape-good Maulevrier. His brother bumpkins,[40] and the other yeomen and country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good fortune, were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity, of Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise; and as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to inquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by his great treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, Ha, ha! said they, was there no more to do but to lose a hatchet to make us rich? Mum for that; it is as easy as pissing a bed, and will cost but little. Are then at this time the revolutions of the heavens, the constellations of the firmament, and aspects of the planets such, that whosoever shall lose a hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? Ha, ha, ha! by Jove, you shall even be lost, and it please you, my dear hatchet. With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand.

[40] Rabelais' words are "Les francs gontiers et Jaques bons hommes." *Franc-gontier* is one of the better sort of peasants, and such whose circumstances enable them to help their poor neighbours, such as our Tom was before his good fortune. *Gunter* is a high-Dutch word made by contraction, from *gunstiger*, (derived originally from the verb *gonnon*); it signifies properly a man able to do others a service. *Franc-gontier* is a word of long standing in France. As for *Jaques bons-hommes*, they are the next step below the other: a good sort of country folks, to whom our romances give the name of *Jaques*, from their wearing a cotton sleeveless waistcoat called *jaques*.

The devil of one that had a hatchet left: he was not his mother's son, that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleaved in that country, through want of hatchets. Nay, the Æsopian apologue even saith, that certain petty country gents,[41] of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung their little mill and little field, to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that his treasure was come to him by this only means, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of mandates, a pennyworth of a new-made pope.

Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and invoked Jupiter: My hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet! on this side, my hatchet! on that side, my hatchet! ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet! The air round about rung again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold, and a third of silver.

Every he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver, Jupiter; but in the very nick of time, that they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground, whip, in a trice, Mercury lopped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads, thus cut off, the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.

You see how it is now; you see how it goes with those, who in the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water shirks, who scorn to wish for anything under ten thousand pounds: and do not for the future run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, Would to God, I had now one hundred seventy-eight millions of gold! Oh! how I should tickle it off. The deuce on you, what more might a king, an emperor, or a pope wish for? For that reason, indeed, you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes, all the good that comes to you of it is the itch or the scab, and not a cross in your breeches to scare the devil that tempts you to make these wishes: no more than those two mumpers, wishers after the custom of Paris;[42] one of whom only wished to have in good old gold as much as hath been spent, bought, and sold in Paris, since its first foundations were laid, to this hour; all of it valued at the price, sale, and rate of the dearest year in all that space of time. Do you think the fellow was bashful? Had he eaten sour plums

[41] *Janspill' hommes*, a sort of small gentry, a little given to pillage; thence the word.

[42] At Paris everything goes by grandeur: divine service lasts longer there than it does anywhere else, and the ell here exceeds in measure the ell of other places.

unpeeled? Were his teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wished our lady's church brim-full of steel needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many ducats as might be crammed into as many bags as might be sewed with each and every one of these needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by it, in your opinion? Why at night both my gentlemen had kibed-heels, a tetter in the chin, a church-yard cough in the lungs, a catarrh in the throat, a swingeing boil at the rump, and the devil of one musty crust of a brown george the poor dogs had to scour their grinders with. Wish therefore for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourself manfully, and do your best in the meantime.

Ay, but say you, God might as soon have given me seventy-eight thousand as the thirteenth part of one half: for he is omnipotent, and a million of gold is no more to him than one farthing. Oh, oh! pray tell me who taught you to talk at this rate of the power and predestination of God, poor silly people? Peace, tush, st, st, st! fall down before his sacred face, and own the nothingness of your nothing.

Upon this, O ye that labour under the affliction of the gout, I ground my hopes; firmly believing, that if it so pleases the divine goodness, you shall obtain health; since you wish and ask for nothing else, at least for the present. Well, stay yet a little longer with half an ounce of patience.

The Genoese do not use, like you, to be satisfied with wishing health alone, when after they have all the live-long morning been in a brown study, talked, pondered, ruminated, and resolved in the counting-houses, of whom and how they may squeeze the ready, and who by their craft must be hooked in, wheedled, bubbled, sharped, over-reached, and choused; they go to the exchange, and greet one another with a *Sanità et guadagno messer*;[43] health and gain to you, sir. Health alone will not go down with the greedy curmudgeons: they over and above must wish for gain, with a pox to them; ay, and for the fine crowns, or *scudi di Guadaigne*:[44] whence, heaven be praised, it happens many a time, that the silly wishers and wouldrs are baulked, and get neither.

Now, my lads, as you hope for good health, cough once aloud with lungs of leather; take me off three swingeing bumpers; prick up your ears; and you shall hear me tell wonders of the noble and odd Pantagruel.

ON THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.—The main design of this prologue is to teach us to be moderate in our wishes. The author brings several exam-

[43] At Florence, and throughout Italy, the middling sort of people scarce ever salute one another any otherwise.

[44] Thomas de Guadaigne, who is said to have lent Francis the First fifty thousand crowns, when he was first imprisoned. See Moreri, at the word Guadaigne.

ples to prove what advantages arise from it; particularly he makes use of a fable, in which (after some long but most diverting excursions) the moderation of a poor country fellow, who had lost his hatchet, and wished only to have it again, was largely rewarded; and others, who lost theirs on purpose, to be thus made rich, were undone. This is thought by some, to mean a gentleman of Poictou, who came to Paris with his wife about some business, where Francis the First fell in love with her; and having bestowed large sums of money on the husband, who some time after returned into the country, some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who had handsome wives or daughters, made their appearance with them at court, in hopes of the like fortune; but instead of it were forced to sneak into the country, after they had spent their estates, which was all they got for their pains.

Jupiter is brought in complaining of Ramus and Galland, who, surrounded with a swarm of their scullions, ragamuffins, sizers, vouchers, &c., set together by the ears the whole university of Paris. Petrus Ramus, or de la Ramée, was royal philosophy and oratory professor at that time; and Petrus Gallandus, or Galland, royal Greek professor; both were learned men, and Ramus particularly famous for rhetoric and oratory; he also wrote three books of dialectic institutions. But what divided the university, was his elegant, but too passionate animadversions on Aristotle's physics and metaphysics. Carpentarius, Schekius, and Riolanus, answered him, and particularly the first. I cannot find that Gallandus wrote against Ramus; yet either he has done it, or opposed him *viva voce*. Priapus is of opinion, they ought to be turned into stone, and associated to their name-sake, master Peter de Coignet, formerly petrified for such a reason. This du Coignet can be no other than Peter de Coigneres, the king's advocate in his parliament, mentioned by Pasquier.[44] In 1329 he caused all the prelates of France to be summoned before King Philip, who sat in his court of parliament attended by several princes and lords. There the advocate represented many abuses committed by the ecclesiastical court, which had encroached upon the parliament's rights, and used to take cognizance of all civil matters, under divers pretences of conscience, and unjustly favoured those that appealed or removed their causes to the spiritual court. The Archbishop of Sens, and the Bishop of Autun, spoke in behalf of the church's right, grounded on custom, time out of mind, and of equal validity of the law; then proffered to rectify every thing; and in short, so cunningly worked upon the king, that he told them he would make no innovations, nor would show his successors a way to molest the church. This made the clergy triumph, as if they had gained their point; and to be revenged on Pierre de Coigneres, they got a monkey hewed out of stone, and had it set up in a corner of Notre Dame at Paris: which figure, says Pasquier, by a kind of pun, was called Maitre Pierre du Coignet.[45] So Priapus advises Jupiter to petrify Ramus and Galland, saying, that Peter du Coignet had been turned into stone for the same cause, that is, for setting the learned at variance. Though after all, France is much obliged to that advocate, who seems to have laid the foundation of the liberties of the Gallican church.

[44] Recherches de Pasquier, lib. iii, chap. xxvii.

[45] That is, the chief corner-stone.

In the same council of the gods, Jupiter says, Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the restitution of their bells. I find in Du Tillet, that they had been taken from them in 1548. It appears that this prologue was written in 1548 or 1549; and I am apt to believe that these are the bells for whose recovery master Janotus de Bragmardo made the comical speech in the 19th chapter of the first book; the rather, because Henry d'Albret, King of Navarre (Rabelais' Gargantua) was then governor of Guienne, and acted against the rebels.—*M.*

CHAPTER I.

How Pantagruel went to sea to visit the oracle of Bacbuc, alias the Holy Bottle.

In the month of June, on Vesta's Holiday,[1] the very numerical day on which Brutus, conquering Spain, taught its strutting dons to truckle under him, and that niggardly miser Crassus was routed and knocked on the head by the Parthians, Pantagruel took his leave of the good Gargantua, his royal father. The old gentleman, according to the laudable custom of the primitive Christians, devoutly prayed for the happy voyage of his son and his whole company, and then they took shipping at the port of Thalassa. Pantagruel had with him Panurge, Friar John des Entomeures, alias of the funnels,[2] Epistemon,[3] Gymnast, Eusthenes,[4] Rhizotomus,[5] Carpalim,[6] *cum multis aliis*, his ancient servants and domestics: also Xenomanes, the great traveller, who had crossed

[1] The 9th of June, Ovid, l. 6. of the Fasti. [2] I should rather translate it Friar John of the chopping-knives, that being the true meaning of *entomeures*, as the anonymous Dutch scholiast rightly says on the words *entomeur*, and *entomer*: instead of the modern French word *entamer*, which signifies to have the first cut of a loaf or a joint of meat, or anything else, from the Greek ἐντομή, ἐντέμνειν, to cut, slice, sliver; all very agreeable and suitable virtues to Friar John des Entomeures, who loved to be perpetually running his nose into every kitchen, and playing at snicker-snee with any edible that came in his way; as the author describes him in chap. 10. and 11. of lib. 4. and lib. 1, chap. 27.

[3] *Epistémon.*] With the accent on the last syllable but one: Ἐπιστήμων, *scientiâ præditus*; a man of learning. [4] *Eusthenes.*] Robust, strong, well-proportioned: or a brave man. Εὐσθενής, *validus.*

[5] *Rhizotomus.*] Was a young page that served Gargantua as an apothecary, lib. 1. c. 23. It comes from the Greek ῥιζοτόμος, root-cutter, as apothecaries and druggists are. [6] *Carpalim.*] Pantagruel's lacquey; thus named from the Greek καρπαλιμῶς, i. e. suddenly, swiftly, the properties of a lackey, l. 2, c. 9. Carpalim's swiftness has already appeared.

so many dangerous roads, dikes, ponds, seas, and so forth, and was come some time before, having been sent for by Panurge.

For certain good causes and considerations him thereunto moving, he had left with Gargantua, and marked out, in his great and universal hydrographical chart, the course which they were to steer to visit the Oracle of the Holy Bottle Bacbuc.[7] The number of ships were such as I described in the third book, convoyed by a like number of triremes,[8] men of war,[9] galleons, and feluccas, well-rigged, caulked, and stored with a good quantity of Pantagruelion.

All the officers, dragomen, (interpreters,) pilots, captains, mates, boatswains, midshipmen, quartermasters, and sailors, met in the Thalemege, Pantagruel's principle flag-ship, which had in her stern, for her ensign, a huge large bottle half silver, well polished, the other half gold, enamelled with carnation; whereby it was easy to guess that white and red were the colours of the noble travellers, and that they went for the word of the Bottle.

On the stern of the second was a lantern, like those of the ancients, industriously made with diaphanous stone, implying that they were to pass by Lanternland. The third ship had for her device a fine deep China ewer. The fourth, a double-handed jar of gold, much like an ancient urn. The fifth, a famous can made of sperm of emerald.[10] The sixth, a monk's mumping bottle made of the four metals together. The seventh, an ebony funnel, all embossed and wrought with gold after the tauchic manner. The eighth, an ivy goblet very precious, inlaid with gold. The ninth, a cup of fine obriz gold. The tenth, a tumbler of aromatic agoloch (you call it lignum aloes) edged with Cyprian gold, after the Azemine make.[11] The eleventh, a golden vine-tub of mosaic

[7] Hebrew for a bottle; called so from the sound it makes when emptying. [8] A galley with three banks of oars, one above another; or with three oars (*tres remi*) on each side or bank.

[9] *Remberges* in the original. Both by its name and make, it should be but a sort of row-barge, not man of war. Howell's Cotgrave says, it is a long ship or sea-vessel, narrower than a galley, but swift and easy to be governed. [10] The *Prasius lapis* of Pliny, l. 37, c. 8. a sort of bastard emerald. [11] Persian make or work. From Agem. the name by which the Arabians call Persia. Horace, Carm. l. 2. od. 12, speaks of the first King of Persia, Achémes; from whom, according to Herodotus, the Persians were called Achemenians.

work. The twelfth, a runlet of unpolished gold, covered with a small vine of large Indian pearl of topiarian work. Insomuch that there was not a man, however in the dumps, musty, sourlooked, or melancholic he were, not even excepting that blubbering whiner Heraclitus, had he been there, but seeing this noble convoy of ships and their devices, must have been seized with present gladness of heart, and smiling at the conceit, have said, that the travellers were all honest topers, true-pitcher men; and have judged by a most sure prognostication, that their voyage both outward and homeward-bound, would be performed in mirth and perfect health.

In the Thalamege, where was the general meeting, Pantagruel made a short but sweet exhortation, wholly backed with authorities from Scripture upon navigation; which being ended, with an audible voice prayers were said in the presence and hearing of all the burghers of Thalassa, who had flocked to the mole to see them take shipping. After the prayers, was melodiously sung a psalm of the holy King David, which begins, "*When Israel went out of Egypt;*[12] and that being ended, tables were placed upon deck, and a feast speedily served up. The Thalassians, who had also borne a chorus in the psalm, caused store of bellytimber and vinegar to be brought out of their houses. All drank to them: they drank to all: which was the cause that none of the whole company gave up what they had eaten, nor were sea-sick, with a pain at the head and stomach; which inconveniency they could not so easily have prevented by drinking, for some time before, salt water, either alone or mixed with wine; using quinces, citron peel, juice of pomegranates, sourish sweetmeats, fasting a long time, covering their stomachs with paper, or following such other idle remedies, as foolish physicians prescribe to those that go to sea.

Having often renewed their tipplings, each mother's son retired on board his own ship, and set sail all so fast with a merry gale at south east; to which point of the compass the chief pilot, James Brayer by name, had shaped his course, and fixed all things accordingly. For seeing that the Oracle of the Holy Bottle lay near Cathay, in the Upper India, his advice, and that of Xenomanes also, was not to steer the course which the Portuguese use, while sailing through the

[12] In Rabelais' time, the Psalms of David were sung publicly at court, being newly put into rhyme by Marot.

torrid zone, and Cape Bona Speranza, at the south point of Africa, beyond the equinoctial line, and losing sight of the northern pole, their guide, they make a prodigious long voyage; but rather to keep as near the parallel of the said India as possible, and to tack to the westward of the said pole, so that winding under the north, they might find themselves in the latitude of the port of Olone, without coming nearer it for fear of being shut up in the frozen sea; whereas, following this canonical turn, by the said parallel, they must have that on the right to the eastward, which at their departure was on their left.

This proved a much shorter cut; for without shipwreck, danger, or loss of men, with uninterrupted good weather, except one day near the island of the Macreons, they performed in less than four months the voyage of Upper India, which the Portuguese, with a thousand inconveniences and innumerable dangers, can hardly complete in three years. And it is my opinion, with submission to better judgments, that this course was perhaps steered by those Indians who sailed to Germany, and were honourably received by the King of the Swedes,[13] while Quintus Metellus Celer was proconsul of the Gauls; as Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Mela, and Pliny after them tell us.

On Chap. I.—By Pantagruel and his attendants, who embarked for the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, we may understand Anthony Duke of Vendome, afterwards King of Navarre, setting out of the world of error, to search after truth; which Rabelais places in the bottle, because, drinking its wine, we are inspired with spirit and invention, and freely imparting our sentiments, discover those of others.

"Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
Plerumque duro; tu sapientium
Curas et arcanum jocoso
Consilium retegis Lyæo."—*Horat.*

As much is implied by the Greek proverb, ἐν οἴνῳ ἀλήθεια; by the Latin, *in vino veritas;* and as some have it among us, True philosophy lies in the bottle. Our author, like skilful dramatic writers, gives us a hint of his design in the first chapter, when just before Pantagruel sets sail, he makes him and his men go to prayers, and sing the 114th Psalm, "When Israel went out of Egypt," which country all know is generally taken, in a mystical sense, for error, or being a slave to it.

Bacbuc is a bottle in Hebrew, and the ships have all bottles, cups, or

[13] Of the three passages concerning this piece of history, in as many ancient authors, the first in date is lost, namely, that of Corn. Nepos, whom Pomp. Mela has but copied, l. 3. c. 5. *De Situ Orbis.*

wine vessels on their stern, to show that the whole fleet are for wine: only one has a lantern, to confirm what is said, that the guidance of good lights, i. e. learned men, is requisite in such an attempt. If we had a mind to say that our author had a double meaning all along, as he has in many places, we might suppose one easily; for this was written at the time of the Council of Trent, in which the restitution of the cup to the laity, and of marriage to the clergy were debated Panurge goes to the Oracle of the Bottle near Lanternland, where the lanterns, which may be the clergy, who think themselves the lights of the world, held then their provincial chapter. His business is, with the Bottle, to know whether he should marry or no! all his company there are made to drink water, which had the taste of wine; the word of the bottle is *trinch*, which is drink in High Dutch; and Panurge, having drunk, foretells that he shall be married; as indeed Montluc, Bishop of Valence, whom I take to be Rabelais' Panurge, is owned by all the historians of his age to have been: the application is easy.—M.

CH. II.—*How Pantagruel bought many rarities in the island of Medamothy.*

THAT day and the two following, they neither discovered land nor anything new; for they had formerly sailed that way: but on the fourth they made an island called Medamothy, of a fine and delightful prospect, by reason of the vast number of lighthouses, and high marble towers in its circuit, which is not less than that of Candia. Pantagruel, inquiring who governed there, heard that it was King Philophanes, absent at that time upon account of the marriage of his brother Philotheamon with the infanta of the kingdom of Engys.

Hearing this, he went ashore in the harbour, and while every ship's crew watered, passed his time in viewing divers pictures, pieces of tapestry, animals, fishes, birds, and other exotic and foreign merchandises, which were along the walks of the mole, and in the markets of the port. For it was the third day of the great and famous fair of the place, to which the chief merchants of Africa and Asia resorted. Out of these Friar John bought him two rare pictures; in one of which, the face of a man that brings in an appeal (or that calls out to another) was drawn to the life; and in the other a servant that wants a master, with every needful particular, action, countenance, look, gait, feature, and deportment, being an original, by Master Charles Charmois, principal painter to King Megistus;[1] and he paid for them in the

[1] The King of France, whom in chap. 35, of lib. 3, Rabelais calls the great king, and whom he here represents under the idea of the greatest king in Christendom.

court fashion, with congé and grimace.[2] Panurge bought a large picture, copied and done from the needle-work formerly wrought by Philomela, showing to her sister Progne how her brother-in-law Tereus had by force handselled her copyhold, and then cut out her tongue, that she might not (as women will) tell tales. I vow and swear by the handle of my paper lantern, that it was a gallant,[3] a mirific, nay, a most admirable piece. Nor do you think, I pray you, that in it was the picture of a man playing the beast with two backs with a female; this had been too silly and gross: no, no; it was another-guise thing, and much plainer. You may, if you please, see it at Theleme, on the left hand, as you go into the high gallery. Epistemon bought another, wherein were painted to the life, the ideas of Plato, and the atoms of Epicurus. Rhizotomus purchased another, wherein Echo was drawn to the life. Pantagruel caused to be bought, by Gymnast, the life and deeds of Achilles, in seventy-eight pieces of tapestry, four fathoms long, and three fathoms broad, all of Phrygian silk, embossed with gold and silver; the work beginning at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, continuing to the birth of Achilles: his youth, described by Statius Papinius; his warlike achievements, celebrated by Homer; his death and obsequies, written by Ovid and Quintus Calabar; and ending at the appearance of his ghost, and Polyxena's sacrifice, rehearsed by Euripides.

He also caused to be bought three fine young unicorns; one of them a male of a chesnut colour, and two grey dappled females; also a tarand, whom he bought of a Scythian of the Gelone's country.

A tarand[4] is an animal as big as a bullock, having a head like a stag, or a little bigger, two stately horns with large branches, cloven feet, hair long like that of a furred Muscovite, I mean a bear, and a skin almost as hard as steel armour. The Scythian said that there are but few tarands to be found in Scythia, because it varieth its colour according to the diversity of the places where it grazes and abides, and represents the colour of the grass, plants, trees, shrubs,

[2] *En monnoye de singe*, monkey's money, that is, in mumbling over (like a chattering monkey) some prayers on behalf of the merchant, who was satisfied with that sort of cash.

[3] This puts one in mind of that other picture in Tiberius's closet, not unlike it both for the subject and artifice, mentioned by Suetonius and Martial.

[4] See Pliny, l. 8, c. 34

flowers, meadows, rocks, and generally of all things near which it comes.[5] It hath this common with the sea-pulp, or polypus,[6] with the thoes, with the wolves[7] of India, and with the chameleon; which is a kind of a lizard so wonderful, that Democritus hath written a whole book[8] of its figure, and anatomy, as also of its virtue and property in magic. This I can affirm, that I have seen it change its colour, not only at the approach of things that have a colour, but by its own voluntary impulse, according to its fear or other affections: as for example, upon a green carpet, I have certainly seen it become green; but having remained there some time, it turned yellow, blue, tanned, and purple in course, in the same manner as you see a turkey-cock's comb change colour according to its passions. But what we find most surprising in this tarand is, that not only its face and skin, but also its hair could take whatever colour was about it. Near Panurge, with his kersey coat, its hair used to turn gray: near Pantagruel with its scarlet mantle, its hair and skin grew red; near the pilot, dressed after the fashion of the Isiaci of Anubis, in Egypt, its hair seemed all white; which two last colours the chameleon cannot borrow.[9]

When the creature was free from any fear or affection, the colour of its hair was just such as you see that of the asses of Meung.

ON CHAP. II.—As our author satirizes all conditions of men in this voyage, he thought he could not begin better than by reflecting on the follies and lies of travellers; which he does in this chapter. The first place at which our travelling Pantagruelists touch, is the island of Medamothi. All the countries in this voyage are islands, and he styled himself *Caloier des isles herres*, in the editions of 1553.

The island Medamothi, Μηδαμόθι *nusquam nullo in loco*, means an island that is no-where, and so cannot be found; and indeed most travellers and seafaring men are for going where no other went before, still bent on discoveries: and accordingly our Pantagruelion journalist tells us, that till they came to that island, they saw nothing new. Philophanes, who is king of the country, signifies one who desires to be seen. He is made absent from home (as travellers are) on account of his brother Philotheamon's marriage with the infanta of Engys: that is the neighbourhood. Philotheamon signifies, One who desires to see things: thus many travel either to see, or be seen, or for both. Now

[5] I do not understand the reasonableness of this reason; but it is a Scythian that speaks. [6] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 29. [7] Ibid. l. 8, c. 34. [8] Ibid. l. 22, c. 8. [9] See Plutarch in his Treatise of Natural Causes.

as this kingdom of Medamothi is no where, so those exotic rarities, which our travellers purchase there, are nothing but fictions and chimeras. As for example: the voice of a man who brings in an appeal; the picture of a servant who wants a master; that of echo drawn to the life; that of the ideas of Plato, and the atoms of Epicurus; that copied from Philomela's needle-work; Achilles's deeds in seventy-eight pieces of tapestry, all of Phrygian silk, embossed with gold and silver, some twenty-four feet long, and twenty broad; things which either are not, never were, or cannot be expressed with the pencil, as for example, the voice of a man who appeals, or who calls—for the French means both.

CH. III.—*How Pantagruel received a letter from his father Gargantua, and of the strange way to have speedy news from far distant places.*

WHILE Pantagruel was taken up with the purchase of those foreign animals, the noise of ten guns and culverins, together with a loud and joyful cheer of all the fleet, was heard from the mole. Pantagruel looked towards the haven, and perceived that this was occasioned by the arrival of one of his father Gargantua's celoces, or advice-boats, named the Chelidonia; because on the stern of it was carved in Corinthian brass, a sea swallow; which is a fish as large as a dare-fish of Loire, all flesh, without scale, with cartilaginous wings, (like a bat's,) very long and broad, by the means of which, I have seen them fly a fathom above water, about a bow-shot. At Marseilles this flying fish is called lendole. And indeed that ship was as light as a swallow; so that it rather seemed to fly on the sea than to sail. Malicorne, Gargantua's esquire carver, was come in her, being sent expressly by his master to have an account of his son's health and circumstances, and to bring him credentials. When Malicorne had saluted Pantagruel, and the prince had embraced him about the neck, and showed him a little of the cap-courtesy, before he opened the letters, the first thing he said to him, was, Have you here the Gozal,[1] the heavenly messenger?[2] Yes, sir, said he, here it is swaddled up in this basket. It was a gray pigeon, taken out of Gargantua's dove-house, whose young ones were just hatched when the advice-boat was going off.

[1] Hebrew word for a (flitting) pigeon. [2] This piece of ingenuity, or political contrivance, was not unknown to the ancients. See Pliny, l. 10, c. 24, and Frontinus, l. 3, but it was most happily practised in 1573, by the Dutch, when the Spaniards were besieging Harlem.

If any ill fortune had befallen Pantagruel, he would have fastened some black riband to his feet; but because all things had succeeded happily hitherto, having caused it to be undressed, he tied to its feet a white riband, and, without any further delay, let it loose. The pigeon presently flew away, cutting the air with an incredible speed; as you know that there is no flight like a pigeon's, especially when it hath eggs or young ones, through the extreme care which nature hath fixed in it to relieve and be with its young; insomuch, that in less than two hours it compassed in the air the long tract which the advice-boat, with all her diligence, with oars and sails, and a fair wind, could not go through in less than three days and three nights, and was seen as it was going into the dove-house to its nest. Whereupon the worthy Gargantua, hearing that it had the white riband on, was joyful and secure of his son's welfare. This was the custom of the noble Gargantua and Pantagruel, when they would have speedy news of something of great concern; as the event of some battle, either by sea or land; the surrendering or holding out of some strong place; the determination of some difference of moment; the safe or unhappy delivery of some queen or great lady; the death or recovery of their sick friends or allies, and so forth. They used to take the gozal, and had it carried from one to another by the post, to the places whence they desired to have news. The gozal, bearing either a black or white riband, according to the occurrences and accidents, used to remove their doubts at its return, making, in the space of one hour, more way through the air, than thirty post-boys could have done in one natural day. May not this be said to redeem and gain time with a vengeance, think you? For the like service, therefore, you may believe, as a most true thing, that, in the dove-houses of their farms, there were to be found, all the year long, store of pigeons hatching eggs, or rearing their young. Which may be easily done in aviaries and voleries, by the help of saltpetre and the sacred herb vervain.

The gozal being let fly, Pantagruel perused his father Gargantua's letter, the contents of which were as followeth:

My dearest Son,—The affection that naturally a father bears to a beloved son, is so much increased in me, by reflecting on the particular gifts which by the divine goodness have been heaped on thee, that since thy departure it hath

often banished all other thoughts out of my mind; leaving my heart wholly possessed with fear, lest some misfortune has attended thy voyage: for thou knowest that fear was ever the attendant of true and sincere love. Now because, as Hesiod sayeth, A good beginning of any thing is the half of it; or, Well begun is half done, according to the old saying; to free my mind from this anxiety, I have expressly dispatched Malicorne,[3] that he may give me a true account of thy health at the beginning of thy voyage. For if it be good, and such as I wish it, I shall easily foresee the rest.

I have met with some diverting books, which the bearer will deliver thee; thou mayest read them when thou wantest to unbend and ease thy mind from thy better studies. He will also give thee at large the news at court. The peace of the Lord be with thee. Remember me to Panurge, Friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, and the other principal domestics, my good friends. Dated at our paternal seat, this 13th day of June.

Thy father and friend, GARGANTUA.

CH. IV.—*How Pantagruel writ to his father Gargantua, and sent him several curiosities.*

PANTAGRUEL, having perused the letter, had a long conference with the esquire Malicorne; insomuch, that Panurge at last interrupting them, asked him, Pray, sir, when do you design to drink? when shall we drink? When shall the worshipful esquire drink? What a devil! have you not talked long enough to drink? It is a good motion, answered Pantagruel; go, get us something ready at the next inn; I think it is the Satyr on horseback. In the meantime he writ to Gargantua as followeth, to be sent by the aforesaid esquire.

Most gracious Father,—As our senses and animal faculties are more discomposed at the news of events unexpected, though desired, (even to an immediate dissolution of the soul from the body,) than if those accidents had been foreseen; so the coming of Malicorne hath much surprised and disordered me. For I had no hopes to see any of your servants, or to hear from you, before I had finished our voyage; and contented myself with the dear remembrance of

[3] There was one Sieur de Malicorne, &c., as appears by the records of Touraine, in 1559.

your august majesty, deeply impressed in the hindmost ventricle of my brain, often representing you to my mind.

But since you have made me happy beyond expectation, by the perusal of your gracious letter, and the faith I have in your esquire hath revived my spirits by the news of your welfare; I am, as it were, compelled to do what formerly I did freely, that is, first to praise the Blessed Redeemer, who by his divine goodness preserves you in this long enjoyment of perfect health; then to return you eternal thanks for the fervent affection which you have for me your most humble son and unprofitable servant.

Formerly a Roman, named Furnius, said to Augustus, who had received his father into favour, and pardoned him after he had sided with Anthony, that by that action the emperor had reduced him to this extremity, that for want of power to be grateful, both while he lived and after it, he should be obliged to be taxed with ingratitude. So I may say, that the excess of your fatherly affection drives me into such a straight, that I should be forced to live and die ungrateful; unless that crime be redressed by the sentence of the stoics, who say, that there are three parts in a benefit, the one of the giver, the other of the receiver, the third of the remunerator; and that the receiver rewards the giver, when he freely receives the benefit, and always remembers it; as on the contrary, that man is most ungrateful who despises and forgets a benefit. Therefore, being overwhelmed with infinite favours, all proceeding from your extreme goodness, and on the other side wholly incapable of making the smallest return, I hope, at least, to free myself from the imputation of ingratitude, since they can never be blotted out of my mind; and my tongue shall never cease to own, that, to thank you as I ought, transcends my capacity.

As for us, I have this assurance in the Lord's mercy and help, that the end of our voyage will be answerable to its beginning, and so it will be entirely performed in health and mirth. I will not fail to set down in a journal a full account of our navigation, that, at our return, you may have an exact relation of the whole.

I have found here a Scythian tarand, an animal strange and wonderful for the variations of colour on its skin and hair, according to the distinction of neighbouring things: it is as tractable and easily kept as a lamb; be pleased to accept of it.

I also send you three young unicorns, which are the tamest of creatures.

I have conferred with the esquire, and taught him how they must be fed. These cannot graze on the ground, by reason of the long horn on their forehead, but are forced to browse on fruit trees, or on proper racks, or to be fed by hand, with herbs, sheaves, apples, pears, barley, rye, and other fruits and roots, being placed before them.

I am amazed that ancient writers should report them to be so wild, furious, and dangerous, and never seen alive: far from it, you will find that they are the mildest things in the world, provided they are not maliciously offended. Likewise I send you the life and deeds of Achilles, in curious tapestry; assuring you whatever rarities of animals, plants, birds, or precious stones, and others, I shall be able to find and purchase in our travels, shall be brought to you, God willing, whom I beseech, by his blessed grace, to preserve you.

From Medamothy, this 15th of June. Panurge, Friar John, Epistemon, Xenomanes, Gymnast, Eusthemes, Rhizotomus, and Carpalim, having most humbly kissed your hand, return your salute a thousand times.

Your most dutiful son and servant, PANTAGRUEL.

While Pantagruel was writing this letter, Malicorne was made welcome with a thousand goodly good-morrows and howd'ye's: they clung about him so, that I cannot tell you how much they made of him, how many humble services, how many from my love and to my love were sent with him. Pantagruel, having writ his letters, sat down at table with him, and afterwards presented him with a large chain of gold, weighing eight hundred crowns; between whose septenary links, some large diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoise stones, and unions were alternately set in. To each of his bark's crew, he ordered to be given five hundred crowns. To Gargantua, his father, he sent the tarand covered with a cloth of satin, brocaded with gold: and the tapestry containing the life and deeds of Achilles, with the three unicorns in frized cloth of gold trappings: and so they left Medamothy; Malicorne, to return to Gargantua; and Pantagruel, to proceed in his voyage: during which, Epistemon read to him the books which the esquire had brought;

and because he found them jovial and pleasant, I shall give you an account of them, if you earnestly desire it.

CH. V.—*How Pantagruel met a ship with passengers returning from Lanternland.*

ON the fifth day, beginning already to wind by little and little about the pole, going still farther from the equinoctial line, we discovered a merchant-man to the windward of us. The joy for this was not small on both sides; we in hopes to hear news from sea, and those in the merchantman from land. So we bore upon them, and coming up with them we hailed them: and finding them to be Frenchmen of Xaintonge, backed our sails and lay by to talk to them. Pantagruel heard that they came from Lanternland; which added to his joy, and that of the whole fleet. We inquired about the state of that country, and the way of living of the Lanterns: and were told, that about the latter end of the following July, was the time prefixed[1] for the meeting of the general chapter of the Lanterns; and that if we arrived there at that time, as we might easily, we should see a handsome, honourable, and jolly company of Lanterns; and that great preparations were making, as if they intended to lanternise there to the purpose. We were told also, that if we touched at the great kingdom of Gebarim, we should be honourably received and treated by the sovereign of that country, King Ohabé, who, as well as all his subjects, speaks Touraine French.

While we were listening to this news, Panurge fell out with one Dingdong, a drover or sheep merchant of Taillebourg. The occasion of the fray was thus.

[1] The council of Trent, which, in concert with the Emperor and Pope, at this time continued sitting, in spite of the opposition made to it by the King of France. Rabelais, by the word lanterns, means the prelates and divines of that assembly; because, instead of enlightening the people, (as they would do if they answered the end of their function,) they consumed abundance of time in lanterning, as the French say, (i. e. trifling and playing the fool,) and in no wise healed or composed the differences of religion. To lanternize profoundly, as the author a little lower says they would do at this council, means to put one's self into a deep meditation, as the monks do, when the hood of their habit, being brought over their faces, looks like the top of a lantern. [Some of Rabelais' editors conceive that by Lanternland he alludes rather to Rochelle, where the Calvinists at that time seemed desirous of founding a second Geneva.]

This same Dingdong, seeing Panurge without a codpiece, with his spectacles fastened to his cap, said to one of his comrades, Prithee, look, is there not a fine medal of a cuckold? Panurge, by reason of his spectacles, as you may well think, heard more plainly by half with his ears than usually; which caused him (hearing this) to say to the saucy dealer in mutton, in a kind of a pet:

How the devil should I be one of the hornified fraternity, since I am not yet a brother of the marriage-noose, as thou art; as I guess by thy ill-favoured phiz?

Yea, verily, quoth the grazier, I am married, and would not be otherwise for all the pairs of spectacles in Europe; nay, not for all the magnifying gim-cracks in Africa; for I have got me the cleverest, prettiest, handsomest, properest, neatest, tightest, honestest, and soberest piece of woman's flesh for my wife, that is in all the whole country of Xaintonge; I will say that for her, and a fart for all the rest. I bring her home a fine eleven-inch-long branch of red coral for her Christmas-box. What hast thou to do with it? what is that to thee? who art thou? whence comest thou, O dark lanthorn of antichrist Answer, if thou art of God. I ask thee, by the way of question, said Panurge to him very seriously, if with the consent and countenance of all the elements, I had gingumbob'd, codpieced, and thumpthumpriggledtickledtwidled[2] thy so clever, so pretty, so handsome, so proper, so neat, so tight, so honest, and so sober female importance, insomuch that the stiff deity that has no forecast, Priapus, (who dwells here at liberty, all subjection of fastened codpieces, or bolts, bars, and locks, abdicated,) remained sticking in her natural Christmas-box in such a lamentable manner, that it were never to come out, but eternally should stick there, unless thou didst pull it out with thy teeth; what wouldst thou do? Wouldst thou everlastingly leave it there, or wouldst thou pluck it out with thy grinders? Answer me, O thou ram of Mahomet, since thou art one of the devil's gang. I would, replied the sheepmonger, take thee such a woundy cut on this spectacle-bearing lug of thine, with my trusty bilbo, as would smite thee dead as a herring. Thus, having taken pepper in the

[2] *Sacsachexevexinemasse*, in the original. A word not much shorter than *nastypatiturdifaciloxsifartical* fellow, which we see quoted in the Cambridge dictionary.

nose, he was lugging out his sword, but alas! cursed cows have short horns; it stuck in the scabbard; as you know that at sea, cold iron will easily take rust, by reason of the excessive and nitrous moisture. Panurge, so smitten with terror, that his heart sunk down to his midriff, scoured off to Pantagruel for help: but Friar John laid hand on his flashing scymitar that was new ground,[3] and would certainly have dispatched Dingdong to rights, had not the skipper, and some of his passengers, beseeched Pantagruel not to suffer such an outrage to be committed on board his ship. So the matter was made up, and Panurge and his antagonist shaked fists, and drank in course to one another, in token of a perfect reconciliation.

CH. VI.—*How the fray being over, Panurge cheapened one of Dingdong's sheep.*

THIS quarrel being hushed, Panurge tipped the wink upon Epistemon and Friar John, and taking them aside,—Stand at some distance out of the way, said he, and take your share of the following scene of mirth: you shall have rare sport anon, if my cake be not dough, and my plot do but take. Then addressing himself to the drover, he took off to him a bumper of good lantern wine.[1] The other pledged him briskly and courteously. This done, Panurge earnestly entreated him to sell him one of his sheep.

But the other answered him, Is it come to that, friend and neighbour? Would you put tricks upon travellers? Alas, how finely you love to play upon poor folk! Nay, you seem a rare chapman, that is the truth on it. Oh what a mighty sheep merchant you are! In good faith, you look liker one of the diving trade, than a buyer of sheep. Adzookers, what a blessing it would be to have one's purse, well lined with chink, near your worship at a tripe-house, when it begins to thaw![2] Humph, humph, did not we know you well, you might serve one a slippery trick! Pray do

[3] Friar John had got it new ground, upon Panurge's telling him (l. 3, c. 23,) that for want of occupation, it was become more rusty than the keyhole of an old powdering tub. [1] Excellent wine, wine-theological. [2] In a thaw, when tripe may be had almost for nothing, it would not be over-safe to be near you in a crowd of poor people striving to buy that sort of mouth ammunition. An honest man's purse would stand a bad chance in company of such an odd, ill-looking sort of chap as you.

but see, good people, what a mighty conjuror the fellow would be reckoned. Patience, said Panurge: but waving that, be so kind as to sell me one of your sheep. Come, how much? What do you mean, master of mine? answered the other. They are long-woolled sheep: from these did Jason take his golden fleece. The order of the house of Burgundy was drawn from them. Zwoons, man, they are oriental sheep, topping sheep, fatted sheep, sheep of quality. Be it so, said Panurge: but sell me one of them, I beseech you, and that for a cause, paying you ready money upon the nail, in good and lawful occidental current cash. Wilt say how much? Friend, neighbour, answered the seller of mutton, hark ye me a little, on the ear.

PANURGE. On which side you please; I hear you.

DINGDONG. You are going to Lantern-land, they say.

PAN. Yea, verily.

DING. To see fashions?

PAN. Yea, verily.

DING. And be merry?

PAN. Yea, verily.

DING. Your name is, as I take it, Robin Mutton?

PAN. As you please for that, sweet sir.

DING. Nay, without offence.

PAN. So I understand it.[3]

DING. You are, as I take it, the king's jester; are not you?

PAN. Yea, verily.

DING. Give me your hand—humph, humph, you go to see fashions, you are the king's jester, your name is Robin Mutton![4] Do you see this same ram? His name, too, is

[3] The first edition of the 2nd book of Rabelais, contained nothing injurious against Calvin: but Calvin, in the first of his letters, in the year 1553, having ranked Pantagruel among obscene and prohibited books, the reader has already seen how in his turn Rabelais delineates Calvin under the names of predestinator and impostor in the preface to the last editions of the said 2d book. Here, from scurrility he passes to raillery, and when he brings in Panurge answering Dingdong by "so I understand it," and by four "yea verilys" running, it is visible he ridicules the too frequent use of words in Calvin's catechism.

[4] To call any one *un plaisant Robin*, is as much as to call him simpleton, because a sheep is accounted the silliest of all quadrupeds. As for Robin, in the signification of mutton, that word may come from *Rupinus*; for sheep must have heads as hard as a rock (*rupes*) to push at one another as they do.

Robin. Here Robin, Robin, Robin! Baea, baea, baea. Hath he not a rare voice?

PAN. Ay, marry has he, a very fine and harmonious voice.

DING. Well, this bargain shall be made between you and me, friend and neighbour; we will get a pair of scales, then you Robin Mutton shall be put into one of them, and Tup Robin into the other. Now I will hold you a peck of Busch oysters, that in weight, value, and price, he shall outdo you, and you shall be found light in the very numerical manner, as when you shall be hanged and suspended.

Patience, said Panurge: but you would do much for me, and your whole posterity, if you would chaffer with me for him, or some other of his inferiors. I beg it of you; good your worship, be so kind. Hark ye, friend of mine, answered the other, with the fleece of these, your fine Rouen cloth is to be made; your Leominster superfine wool is mine arse to it; mere flock in comparison. Of their skins the best cordovan will be made, which shall be sold for Turkey and Montelimart, or for Spanish leather at least. Of the guts shall be made fiddle and harp strings, that will sell as dear as if they came from Munican[5] or Aquileia. What do you think of it, hah? If you please, sell me one of them, said Panurge, and I will be yours for ever.[6] Look, here is ready cash. What's the price? This he said, exhibiting his purse stuffed with new Henricuses.

CH. VII.—*Which if your read, you will find how Panurge bargained with Dingdong.*

NEIGHBOUR, my friend, answered Dingdong, they are meat for none but kings and princes: their flesh is so delicate, so savoury, and so dainty, that one would swear it melted in the mouth. I bring them out of a country where the very hogs, God be with us, live on nothing but myrobalans. The sows in the styes, when they lye-in (saving the honour of

[5] Some may understand, by this, the city of Munich, the capital of Bavaria; but I rather think the author had in his eye Monaco in Liguria; the best lutestrings coming from Italy.

[6] It is in the original, "j'en seray bien fort tenu au courrail de vostre huys." I shall be so much obliged to you, that for the time to come you shall do with me just what you please, even as if I were for ever fastened to the bolt of your door, and consequently must move forwards and backwards according to the action of your hand upon me.

this good company) are fed only with orange-flowers. But, said Panurge, drive a bargain with me for one of them,[1] and I will pay you for it like a king, upon the honest word of a true Trojan: come, come, what do you ask? Not so fast, Robin, answered the trader, these sheep are lineally descended from the very family of the ram that wafted Phryxus and Helle over the sea, since called the Hellespont. A pox on it, said Panurge, you are *clericus vel addiscens!*[2] *Ità* is a cabbage, and *verè* a leek, answered the merchant. But rr, rrr, rrrr, rrrrr, hoh Robin, rr, rrrrrrr, you do not understand that gibberish, do you?[3] Now I think of it, over all the fields, where they piss, corn grows as fast as if the Lord had pissed there; they need neither be tilled nor dunged. Besides, man, your chemists extract the best saltpetre in the world out of their urine. Nay, with their very dung (with reverence be it spoken) the doctors in our country make pills that cure seventy-eight kinds of diseases, the least of which is the evil of St. Eutropius of Xaintes, from which, good Lord deliver us! Now what do you think on't, neighbour, my friend? The truth is, they cost me money, that they do. Cost what they will, cried Panurge, trade with me for one of them, paying you well. Our friend, quoth the quack-like sheep man, do but mind the wonders of nature that are found in those animals, even in a member which one would think were of no use. Take me but these horns, and bray them a little with an iron pestle, or with an andiron, which you please, it is all one to me; then bury them wherever you will, provided it be where the sun may shine, and water them frequently; in a few months I will engage you will have the best asparagus in the world not even excepting those of Ravenna. Now, come and tell me whether the horns of you other knights of the bull's feather have such a virtue and wonderful propriety?

[1] This is all taken from Merlinus Coccaius Macaronic XI at the beginning:

"Fraudifer ergo loquit pastorem Cingar ad unum:
Vis, compagne, mihi castorem vendere grossum?"

[2] You know so many fine things, that if you are not a clerk, you are at least aspiring to be one. [3] The canine voice of a shepherd or drover, getting together, or putting forward, a flock of sheep: r, "litera, quæ in rixando prima est, canina vocatur," says Erasmus. See his Adages at the word *canina facundia*.

Patience, said Panurge. I do not know whether you be a scholar or no, pursued Dingdong: I have seen a world of scholars, I say great scholars, that were cuckolds, I'll assure you. But hark you me, if you were a scholar, you should know that in the most inferior members of those animals—which are the feet—there is a bone—which is the heel—the astragalus, if you will have it so, wherewith, and with that of no other creature breathing, except the Indian ass, and the dorcades of Libya, they used in old times to play at the royal game of dice, whereat Augustus[4] the emperor won above fifty thousand crowns one evening. Now such cuckolds as you will be hanged ere you get half so much at it. Patience, said Panurge; but let us dispatch. And when my friend and neighbour, continued the canting sheep-seller, shall I have duly praised the inward members, the shoulders, the legs, the knuckles, the neck, the breast, the liver, the spleen, the tripes, the kidneys, the bladder, wherewith they make footballs; the ribs, which serve in Pigmy-land to make little cross-bows, to pelt the cranes with cherry-stones; the head, which with a little brimstone serves to make a miraculous decoction to loosen and ease the belly of costive dogs? A turd on it, said the skipper to his preaching passenger, what a fiddle-faddle have we here? There is too long a lecture by half: sell him if thou wilt; if thou wilt not, do not let the man lose more time. I hate a gibble-gabble, and a rimble-ramble talk I am for a man of brevity. I will, for your sake, replied the holder forth; but then he shall give me three livres, French money, for each pick and choose. It is a woundy price, cried Panurge; in our country, I could have, five, nay six for the money: see that you do not overreach me, master. You are not the first man whom I have known to have fallen, even sometimes to the endangering, if not breaking, of his own neck, for endeavouring to rise all at once. A murrain seize thee for a blockheaded booby, cried the angry seller of sheep; by the worthy vow of our lady of Charroux,[5] the worst in this flock is four times better than those which in

[4] See Suetonius, ch. 71, of the life of Augustus.

[5] Rabelais' words are, *par le digne vœu de Charrous*, i. e. by the worthy vow of Charroux. M. Motteux has added our lady: neither was that relict the image of our lady, or of any other female, but of a very large man; none of the female sex were suffered to come near it. See more of it in Explanatory Remarks at the end of this chapter.

days of yore the Coraxians in Tuditania,[5] a country of Spain, used to sell for a gold talent each; and how much dost thou think, thou Hibernian fool, that a talent of gold was worth? Sweet sir, you fall into a passion, I see, returned Panurge: well hold, here is your money. Panurge, having paid his money, chose him out of all the flock a fine topping ram; and as he was hauling it along, crying out and bleating, all the rest, hearing and bleating in concert, stared, to see whither their brother ram should be carried. In the meanwhile the drover was saying to his shepherds: Ah! how well the knave could choose him out a ram; the whore-son has skill in cattle. On my honest word, I reserved that very piece of flesh for the Lord of Cancale, well knowing his disposition: for the good man is naturally overjoyed when he holds a good-sized handsome shoulder of mutton instead of a left-handed racket, in one hand, with a good sharp carver in the other: got wot how he bestirs himself then.

ON CHAP. VII.—Our author, to ridicule a foolish relique that was in great repute in Poictou in his time, makes Dingdong swear by it. It was called, The worthy vow of Charroux. The people gave that name to a large wooden statue, in the shape of a man, covered with plates of silver, which the monks kept in a corner of their monastery. They used to show it but every seventh year, and then shoals of people thronged to see it; but none of the female sex were suffered to come near to kiss it; this mighty blessing was wholly reserved for men or boys; but the women used to watch to catch the men who had kissed it at unawares, and clipt them about the neck and kissed them; by which means they were persuaded they drew to themselves, and sucked in, the virtuous efficacy which they had got by touching the shrine. A tall lady was so very presumptuous as to dare kiss that blessed worthy vow, and, behold! the angry wooden saint in an instant grew five feet taller than he was before; at least the people said so, and the monks reported it for gospel-truth. Yet all its worth and virtue could not protect it against the sieur Bouganet, and other protestant gentlemen, who in the year 1562, stripped it of its silver robes, and since that they were called, the valets de chambre of the worthy vow of Charroux.—*M.*

[5] Rabelais does indeed express himself exactly as it is translated, which would make one believe the Coraxians were a people of Tuditania. They were far from being so: Tuditania is Andalusia: the Coraxians were a people of Colchis. It was a troublesome, expensive, and difficult thing to carry sheep from Colchis to Andalusia (from one end of the Mediterranean to the other.) This was what made the Coraxian sheep sell so dear among the Andalusians, who, besides abounding with gold, as they did, stuck at no price, and valued no money, so they could but furnish themselves with a breed of such sheep. See Strabo's Geography, l. 3.

VIII.—*How Panurge caused Dingdong and his sheep to be drowned in the sea.*

On a sudden, you would wonder how the thing was so soon done; for my part I cannot tell you, for I had not leisure to mind it; our friend Panurge, without any further tittle-tattle, throws you his ram overboard into the middle of the sea, bleating and making a sad noise. Upon this all the other sheep in the ship, crying and bleating in the same tone, make all the haste they could to leap nimbly into the sea, one after another; and great was the throng who should leap in first after their leader. It was impossible to hinder them: for you know that it is the nature of sheep always to follow the first, wheresoever it goes; which makes Aristotle, lib. 9. *De Hist. Animal.*, mark them for the most silly and foolish animals in the world. Dingdong, at his wit's end, and stark staring mad, as a man who saw his sheep destroy and drown themselves before his face, strove to hinder and keep them by might and main; but all in vain: they all, one after the other frisked and jumped into the sea, and were lost. At last he laid hold on a huge sturdy one by the fleece, upon the deck of the ship, hoping to keep it back, and so save that and the rest: but the ram was so strong that it proved too hard for him, and carried its master into the herring pond in spite of his teeth; where it is supposed he drank somewhat more than his fill; so that he was drowned, in the same manner as one-eyed Polyphemus' sheep carried out of the den Ulysses and his companions. The like happened to the shepherds and all their gang, some laying hold on their beloved tup, this by the horns, the other by the legs, a third by the rump, and others by the fleece; till in fine they were all of them forced to sea, and drowned like so many rats. Panurge on the gunnel of the ship, with an oar in his hand, not to help them you may swear, but to keep them from swimming to the ship, and saving themselves from drowning, preached and canted to them all the while, like any little Friar Oliver Maillard, or another Friar John Burgess; laying before them rhetorical common-places concerning the miseries of this life, and the blessings and felicity of the next; assuring them that the dead were much happier than the living in this vale of misery, and promising to erect a stately cenotaph and honorary tomb to every one of them, on the highest

summit of Mount Cenis, at his return from Lantern-land; wishing them, nevertheless, in case they were not disposed to shake hands with this life, and did not like their salt liquor, they might have the good luck to meet with some kind whale which might set them ashore safe and sound, on some land of Gotham, after a famous example.[1]

The ship being cleared of Dingdong and his tups: Is there ever another sheepish soul[2] left lurking on board? cried Panurge. Where are those of Toby Lamb, and Robin Ram, that sleep whilst the rest are a feeding? Faith I cannot tell myself. This was an old coaster's trick. What thinkest of it, Friar John, hah? Rarely performed, answered Friar John: only methinks that as formerly in war, on the day of battle, a double pay was commonly promised the soldiers for that day: for if they overcome, there was enough to pay them; and if they lost, it would have been shameful for them to demand it, as the cowardly foresters[3] did after the battle of Cerizoles: so likewise, my friend, you ought not to have paid your man, and the money had been saved. A fart for the money, said Panurge: have I not had above fifty thousand pounds worth of sport? Come now, let us be gone; the wind is fair. Hark you me, my friend John: never did man do me a good turn, but I returned, or at least acknowledged it: no, I scorn to be ungrateful; I never was, nor ever will be: never did man do me an ill one without rueing the day that he did it, either in this world or the

[1] *A l'example de Jonas*, says Rabelais, which I think is less shocking.

[2] *Sheepish soul.*] *Ame mouttoniere;* alluding to those who, like true sheep, are incapable of determining upon anything of themselves. According to that of Juvenal;

"Vervecum in patria, crassoque sub aëre nasci."

[3] *Cowardly foresters.*] *Les fuyars gruyers*, in the original. M. Motteux, in the explanation of this word, follows Cotgrave, who says *gruyer* is a general name for all the king's officers belonging to a forest, as keepers, verdurers, woodwards, and the like. But that it cannot mean so here, is plain to a demonstration. *Gruyers*, says M. Duchat, were soldiers raised and levied for Swiss, in the county of Gruyere, situated between Berne and the city of Sion, hard by Lausanne and the lake of Geneva. See Paulus Jovius, hist. l. 44. There were some of these Gruyers in the French army at the battle of Cerizol; and as their bravery was no less depended upon than that of the Swiss themselves, they were posted promiscuously among the true Swiss in the rear; but they turned tail at the very first onset, which gave occasion to Martin Bellay to say, that it was a very difficult thing to disguise an ass like a war-horse. See his Mem. in the year 1543.

next. I am not yet so much a fool neither. Thou damnest thyself like any old devil, quoth Friar John: it is written, *Mihi vindictam, &c.* Matter of breviary, mark ye me.

ON CHAP. V. TO VIII.—From Panurge's quarrel with Dindenault the drover, whom I have called Dingdong, and that sheepmonger's misfortune, we may raise this moral; that the private broils of pastors often prove the ruin of their flocks; foolish, headstrong, and ready, right or wrong, one and all, to rise and fall with the bell-wether. Dingdong's quack-like canting stuff does not hinder him from selling the sheep by which he lives.

After all, this may be the relation of some of Montluc's adventures, burlesqued after our author's way. For, as we have observed in the preface to the first three books, that the Bishop of Valence was a protestant, at least in his opinions: everybody knew it, and the Mareschal de Montluc, his brother, made no mystery of it in his memoirs; he was molested more than once about it, and particularly by the Dean of Valence, of whom we have spoke in the said preface, and for whom the bishop proved too hard by his subtlety and credit, which inclined him to make use of all possible means to be revenged on one who had plagued him so long.—*M.*

CH. IX.—*How Pantagruel arrived at the island of Ennasin, and of the strange ways of being akin in that country.*

WE had still the wind at south south west, and had been a whole day without making land. On the third day, at the flies up rising, (which, you know, is some two or three hours after the sun's,) we got sight of a triangular island, very much like Sicily for its form and situation. It was called the Island of Alliances.

The people there are much like your carrot-pated Poitevins, save only that all of them, men, women, and children, have their noses shaped like an ace of clubs. For that reason the ancient name of the country was Ennasin.[1] They were all akin, as the mayor of the place told us, at least they boasted so.

You people of the other world esteem it a wonderful thing, that, out of the family of the Fabii[2] at Rome, on a certain day, which was the 13th of February, at a certain gate, which was the Porta Carmentalis, since named Scelerata, formerly situated at the foot of the Capitol, between the

[1] *Ennasin.*] Noseless or flat-nosed. At Metz, *enasé* signifies *enchiffrené*, because those who have flat-noses speak through the nose, or rather snuffle as if they had no nose. *Enchiffrené* generally means one whose nose is stopt with a rheum: one that hath the murr, or pose.

[2] *Fabii.*] See Aulus Gellius, l. 17, c. 21

Tarpeian rock and the Tiber, marched out against the Veientes of Etruria, three hundred and six men bearing arms, all related to each other, with five thousand other soldiers, every one of them their vassals, who were all slain near the river Cremera, that comes out of the lake of Beccano. Now from this same country of Ennasin, in case of need, above three hundred thousand, all relations, and of one family, might march out. Their degrees of consanguinity and alliance are very strange: for being thus akin and allied to one another, we found that none was either father or mother, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, son-in-law, or daughter-in-law, godfather or godmother, to the other; unless, truly, a tall flat-nosed old fellow, who, as I perceived, called a little shitten-arsed girl, of three or four years old, father, and the child called him daughter.

Their distinction of degrees of kindred was thus: a man used to call a woman, my lean bit;[3] the woman called him, my porpoise. Those, said Friar John, must needs stink damnably of fish, when they have rubbed their bacon one with the other. One smiling on a young buxom baggage, said, Good morrow, dear currycomb. She, to return him his civility, said, The like to you, my steed. Ha! ha! ha! said Panurge, that is pretty well in faith; for indeed it stands her in good stead to curry-comb this steed. Another greeted his buttock with a Farewell, my case. She replied, Adieu trial. By St. Winifred's placket, cried Gymnast, this case has been often tried. Another asked a she-friend of his, How is it, hatchet? She answered him, At your service, dear helve. Odds belly, saith Carpalim, this helve and this hatchet are well matched. As we went on, I saw one who, calling his she-relation, styled her my crum, and she called him, my crust.

Quoth one to a brisk, plump, juicy female, I am glad to see you, dear tap. So am I to find you so merry, sweet spiggot, replied she. One called a wench, his shovel; she called him, her peal: one named his, my slipper; and she my foot: another, my boot; she, my shasoon.[4]

[3] There is a fish called by the French, by way of antiphrasis, *maigre* (lean bit). It is a sea fish as well as the porpoise, as this last is vulgarly written; though *porc-pisce* is known to be the true spelling; it being a sort of hog fish, or sea hog. Rabelais here quibbles upon the two words. I take the maigre to be a sort of halibut.

[4] *Estivallet.*] A buskin or summer-boot, called so from the High

In the same degree of kindred, one called his, my butter; she called him, my eggs; and they were akin just like a dish of buttered eggs. I heard one call his, my tripe, and she called him, my faggot. Now I could not, for the heart's blood of me, pick out or discover what parentage, alliance, affinity, or consanguinity was between them, with reference to our custom; only they told us that she was faggot's tripe. (*Tripe de fagot*, means the smallest sticks in a faggot.) Another complimenting his convenient, said, Yours, my shell: she replied, I was yours before, sweet oyster. I reckon, said Carpalim, she hath gutted his oyster. Another long-shanked ugly rogue, mounted on a pair of high-heeled wooden slippers, meeting a strapping, fusty, squobbed dowdy, says he to her, How is it, my top? She was short upon him, and arrogantly replied, Never the better for you, my whip. By St. Anthony's hog, said Xeomanes, I believe so; for how can this whip be sufficient to lash this top?

A college professor, well provided with cod, and powdered and prinked up, having a while discoursed with a great lady, taking his leave, with these words, Thank you, sweet-meat; she cried, There needs no thanks, sour-sauce. Saith Pantagruel, This is not altogether incongruous, for sweetmeat must have sour sauce. A wooden loggerhead said to a young wench, It is long since I saw you, bag: All the better, cried she, pipe. Set them together, said Panurge, then blow in their arses, it will be a bagpipe. We saw, after that, a diminutive hump-backed gallant, pretty near us, taking leave of a she relation of his, thus: Fare thee well, friend hole: she reparteed, Save thee, friend peg. Quoth Friar John, What could they say more, were he all peg and she all hole? But now would I give something to know if every cranny of the hole can be stopped up with that same peg.

A bawdy bachelor, talking with an old trout, was saying, Remember, rusty gun. I will not fail, said she, scourer.[5] Do you reckon these two to be akin? said Pantagruel to the mayor: I rather take them to be foes: in our country a woman would take this as a mortal affront. Good people of the other world, replied the mayor, you have few such and so near relations as this gun and scourer are to one another; for they both come out of one shop.[6] What, was

Dutch, *stiefel*, or rather the Latin, *æstivale*, because used in summer (*æstas*). [5] *Scourer.*] Fyste, in the original: (*veese.*) [6] *One shod.*] One hole in the original: (*d'ung trou.*)

the shop their mother?[7] quoth Panurge. What mother, said the mayor, does the man mean? That must be some of your world's affinity; we have here neither father nor mother: your little paltry fellows, that live on the other side the water, poor rogues, booted with whisps of hay, may indeed have such; but we scorn it. The good Pantagruel stood gazing and listening; but at those words he had like to have lost all patience.

Having very exactly viewed the situation of the island, and the way of living of the Enasséd nation, we went to take a cup of the creature at a tavern, where there happened to be a wedding after the manner of the country. Bating that shocking custom, there was special good cheer.

While we were there, a pleasant match was struck up betwixt a female called Pear (a tight thing, as we thought, but by some, who knew better things, said to be quaggy and flabby,) and a young soft male, called Cheese, somewhat sandy. (Many such matches have been, and they were formerly much commended.) In our country we say, *Il ne fut oncques tel mariage, qu'est de la poire et du fromage;* there is no match like that made between the pear and the cheese: and in many other places good store of such bargains have been driven. Besides, when the women are at their last prayers, it is to this day a noted saying, that after cheese comes nothing.

In another room I saw them marrying an old greasy boot to a young pliable buskin. Pantagruel was told, that young buskin took old boot to have and to hold, because she was of special leather, in good case, and waxed, seared, liquored, and greased to the purpose, even though it had been for the fisherman that went to bed with his boots on. In another room below, I saw a young brogue[8] taking a young slipper for better for worse: which, they told us, was neither for the sake of her piety, parts, or person, but for the fourth comprehensive p, portion; the spankers, spur-royals, rose-

[7] In the original, was the wind their mother. Alluding, though jestingly, to what the ancient naturalists have advanced concerning the winds making the mares in Spain conceive.

[8] *Une jeune escafignon.* Under the idea of a *escafignon* (i. e. a single-soled shoe of thin leather; a rope-dancer, or tumbler's pump) Rabelais ridicules a young thread-bare, single-soled gentleman; a gentleman of low degree.

nobles, and other coriander seed with which she was quilted all over.

ON CHAP. IX.—By the island of Ennasin, where such strange alliances are made, Rabelais at once exposes unequal matches, and the dull jests and stupidity of gross clowns; which, as the Latin hath it, have no nose, that is, no wit. Thus he tells us, that all the men, women, and children of the Ennaséd, or noseless, island are like your carrot-pated Poictevins, who are a boorish sort of people. I must own that the comments, which Pantagruel's companions make on their ridiculous manner of being akin, are little better than the text. Yet those wretched quibbles and conundrums, are what your country-fellows admire mightily; and all this chapter would be read or (to speak more properly) be heard read by such people with as much pleasure, as I translated most of it with pain. But in the main, the meaning is admirable; for what more deserves a reproof, than the foolish unequal marriages made every day, which are as odd jests, and as improper as some of those in the chapter? The match struck up between the pear (which seemed right and firm, but was known by some to be flabby) and the soft cheese, is more natural, and made very often in our world; and bating its emblem, which is of the nature of the island, there is salt and nose in that conjunction: nor is there less in that of the old greasy boot, and the young pliable buskin and the brogue and the slipper; which are in a manner a key to the rest.—*M.*

CH. X.—*How Pantagruel went ashore at the island of Chely, where he saw King St. Panigon.*

WE sailed right before the wind, which we had at west, leaving those odd alliancers with their ace-of-clubs snouts, and having taken height by the sun, stood in for Chely,[1] a large, fruitful, wealthy, and well-peopled island. King St. Panigon, first of the name, reigned there, and, attended by the princes, his sons, and the nobles of his court, came as far as the port to receive Pantagruel, and conducted him to his palace; near the gate of which, the queen, attended by the princesses her daughters, and the court ladies, received us. Panigon directed her and all her retinue to salute Pantagruel and his men with a kiss; for such was the civil custom of the country: and they were all fairly bussed accordingly, except Friar John, who stepped aside, and sneaked

[1] Read (instead of stood in for Chely) stood out to sea. (*Montasmes en haulte mer.*) Read likewise (instead of having taken the height of the sun) about sunset (*sus la declination du soliel, &c.*) As for taking the height of the sun, it is certain that the translator did not take the height of the author's meaning, in this place; his words are, "feismes scalle en l'isle de Chely." We landed on the island of Chely. *Faire scale*, is to land, set foot on land, to go ashore, says Cotgrave expressly.

off among the king's officers. Panigon used all the entreaties imaginable to persuade Pantagruel to tarry there that day and the next: but he would needs be gone, and excused himself upon the opportunity of wind and weather, which being oftener desired than enjoyed, ought not to be neglected when it comes. Panigon, having heard these reasons, let us go, but first made us take off some five and twenty or thirty bumpers each.

Pantagruel, returning to the port, missed Friar John, and asked why he was not with the rest of the company? Panurge could not tell how to excuse him, and would have gone back to the palace to call him, when Friar John overtook them, and merrily cried, long live the noble Panigon! As I love my belly, he minds good eating, and keeps a noble house and a dainty kitchen. I have been there, boys. Every thing goes about by dozens. I was in good hopes to have stuffed my puddings there like a monk. What! always in a kitchen, friend? said Pantagruel. By the belly of St. Crampacon, quoth the Friar, I understand the customs and ceremonies which are used there, much better than all the formal stuff, antic postures, and nonsensical fiddle-faddle that must be used with those women, *magni magna, shittencumshita*, cringes, grimaces, scrapes, bows, and congées; double honours this way, triple salutes that way, the embrace, the grasp, the squeeze, the hug, the leer, the smack, *baso las manos de vostra mercé, de vostra maestá.* You are most *tarabin, tarabas, Stront*;[2] that is downright Dutch. Why all this adó? I do not say but a man might be for a bit by the bye and away, to be doing as well as his neighbours; but this little nasty cringing and courtesying made me as mad as any March devil.[3] You talk of kissing ladies; by the worthy and sacred frock I wear, I seldom venture upon it, lest I be served as was the Lord of Guyercharois. What was it? said Pantagruel; I know him; he is one of the best friends I have.

He was invited to a sumptuous feast, said Friar John, by a relation and neighbour of his, together with all the gentle-

[2] *Stront.*] *Bren c'est merde à Rouen*, i. e. turd; turd is the Rouen word. And, indeed, it is hardly used any where else but there; nor there but in the suburbs and country round about; a rustical, clownish word.

[3] After this add, St. Benedict never dissembled for the matter. "St. Benoist n'en mentit jamais" (a rhyme). On this M. Duchat observes, that neither the Benedictine, nor any other monks, ever salute anybody otherwise than by bowing their head and body.

men and ladies in the neighbourhood. Now some of the latter [the ladies] expecting his coming, dressed the pages in women's clothes, and finified them like any babies;[4] then ordered them to meet my lord at his coming near the draw-bridge; so the complimenting monsieur came, and there kissed the petticoated lads with great formality.[5] At last the ladies, who minded passages in the gallery, burst out with laughing, and made signs to the pages to take off their dress; which the good lord having observed, the devil a bit he durst make up to the true ladies to kiss them, but said, that since they had disguised the pages, by his great grandfather's helmet, these were certainly the very footmen and grooms still more cunningly disguised. Odds fish, *da jurandi*, why do not we rather remove our humanities into some good warm kitchen of God, that noble laboratory; and there admire the turning of the spits, the harmonious rattling of the jacks and fenders, criticise on the position of the lard, the temperature of the pottages, the preparation for the dessert, and the order of the wine service? *Beati immaculati in via.*[6] Matter of breviary, my masters.

CH. XI.—*Why monks love to be in kitchens.*

THIS, said Epistemon, is spoke like a true monk: I mean like a right monking monk,[1] not a bemonked monastical monkling. Truly you put me in mind of some passages that happened at Florence, some twenty years ago, in a company of studious travellers, fond of visiting the learned, and seeing the antiquities of Italy, among whom I was. As we viewed

[4] *Like any babies.*] *En damoiselles bien pimpantes et atourées.* Like young girls curiously pranked up and dizened out. [5] It was then the custom for a gentleman, as soon as he lighted among the ladies, to kiss them all on the cheek; and this mode continued in France till Henry the Third's time. See H. Stephens, p. 379, of his Dial. concerning the new French Lang. Italianized. [6] *Beati, &c.*] Blessed are those that are undefiled in their way. The first words of the 119th Psalm, profaned by Friar John, who applies them to such as get no spots on their clothes, when they visit from time to time the convent kitchen.

[1] *Monking monk.*] *Moine moinant* is he that has the direction and government of the other monks of his convent. Whereas a bemonked monk (*moyne moyné*) means any monk who is obliged to obey the monking monk, and to suffer himself to be led by him. In which sense, when any brother friar seems to make scorn of the post he is advanced to in the house, they tell him jocularly, by way of consolation, it is better however to be a horse than a cart.

the situation and beauty of Florence, the structure of the dome, the magnificence of the churches and palaces, we strove to outdo one another in giving them their due; when a certain monk of Amiens, Bernard Lardon by name, quite angry, scandalized, and out of all patience, told us, I do not know what the devil you can find in this same town, that is so much cried up: for my part I have looked and pored and stared as well as the best of you: I think my eyesight is as clear as another body's; and what can one see after all? There are fine houses, indeed, and that is all. But the cage does not feed the birds. God and Monsieur St. Bernard, our good patron, be with us! in all this same town I have not seen one poor lane of roasting cooks; and yet I have not a little looked about, and sought for so necessary a part of a commonwealth: ay, and I dare assure you that I have pried up and down with the exactness of an informer; as ready to number both to the right and left, how many, and on what side, we might find most roasting cooks, as a spy would be to reckon the bastions of a town. Now at Amiens,[3] in four, nay five times less ground than we have trod in our contemplations, I could have shown you above fourteen streets of roasting cooks, most ancient, savoury, and aromatic. I cannot imagine what kind of pleasure you can have taken in gazing on the lions and Africans, (so methinks you call their tigers,) near the belfry; or in ogling the porcupines and ostriches in the Lord Philip Strozzi's palace. Faith and truth I had rather see a good fat goose at the spit. This porphyry, those marbles are fine; I say nothing to the contrary: but our cheesecakes at Amiens are far better in my mind. These ancient statues are well made; I am willing to believe it: but by St. Ferreol of Abbeville,[4] we have young wenches in our country, which please me better a thousand times.

What is the reason, asked Friar John, that monks are

[3] The reason of the vast number of cooks' shops, with which, for a long time, the whole province of Picardy, and especially the city of Amiens, has abounded, is because the inns there find travellers in nothing but a table-cloth, and a cover (i. e.) a plate with a napkin, knife, fork, and spoon) with glasses: not forgetting bread and wine, you may be sure. See *Jodoc. Sincer. Itiner. Gall.* p. 315.

[4] Friar Bernard Lardon loved the fat-bacon-like lasses of this country, and he swears it too by the saint that has the superintendency of the fattening of geese. See Apol. for Herodotus, ch. 38.

always to be found in kitchens; and kings, emperors, and popes are never there? Is there not, said Rhizotomus, some latent virtue and specific property hid in the kettles and pans, which, as the loadstone attracts iron, draws the monk there, and cannot attract emperors, popes, or kings? Or is it a natural induction and inclination, fixed in the frocks and cowls, which of itself leads and forceth those good religious men into kitchens, whether they will or no? He means, forms following matter, as Averoës calls them, answered Epistemon. Right, said Friar John.

I will not offer to solve this problem, said Pantagruel; for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily; but I will tell you what I have heard.[5]

Antigonus, King of Macedon, one day coming to one of his tents, where his cooks used to dress his meat, and finding there poet Antagoras frying a conger, and holding the pan himself, merrily asked him, Pray, Mr. Poet, was Homer frying congers when he wrote the deeds of Agamemnon? Antagoras readily answered; but do you think, sir, that when Agamemnon did them, he made it his business to know if any in his camp were frying congers? The king thought it an indecency that a poet should be thus a frying in a kitchen; and the poet let the king know, that it was a more indecent thing for a king to be found in such a place. I will clap another story upon the neck of this, quoth Panurge, and will tell you what Breton Villandry[6] answered one day to the Duke of Guise.

They were saying that at a certain battle of King Francis, against the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, Breton, armed cap-a-pé to the teeth, and mounted like St. George; yet sneaked off, and played least in sight during the engagement. Blood an'ouns, answered Breton, I was there, and can prove it easily; nay, even where you, my lord, dared not have been. The duke began to resent this as too rash and saucy: but Breton easily appeased him, and set them all a laughing. I

[5] What I have read, it should be; *avois leu*. It is in Plutarch's notable sayings of ancient kings, princes, and captains.

[6] John le Breton, Lord of Villandry, favourite of Francis I., and secretary to that prince, and Henry II. in 1537. See Cardan, *De Vita Propria*, ch. 32. He wrote several memoirs of the most considerable occurrences of France under the kings, his masters, and la Croix-du-Maine was possessed of some written with the author's own hand.

gad, my lord, quoth he, I kept out of harm's way; I was all the while with your page Jack, skulking in a certain place where you had not dared hide your head, as I did. Thus discoursing, they got to their ships, and left the island of Chely.

ON CHAP. X. AND XI.—The island of Cheli, which comes after that of the Ennaséd alliancers, is as it were its antipodes; and the one is as courtly as the other is clownish. The word Cheli is Greek, and signifies the lips, χείλεα, χείλη; thus it may be called the island of the lips, or of compliments. King St. Panigon, first of the name, reigned in that large, well-peopled, fruitful kingdom, and being attended by the princes his sons, and the nobles of his court, comes as far as the port to receive Pantagruel, and conducts him to his palace; the queen, the princesses, the court-ladies, receive him at the gate; Panigon makes them all salute Pantagruel and his men with a kiss, according to the civil custom of the country; all the compliments and entreaties imaginable are used to persuade Pantagruel to stay there a day or two; he excuses himself, but is not suffered to go, till he and his men have drank with the king: all this is compliment. Friar John alone inveighs against this formal stuff, antic postures, and nonsensical fiddle-faddle, cringes, grimaces, scrapes, embraces, leers, &c., and slinks into the kitchens, where there was something more substantial for a monk, who does not use to feed on empty talk. So, though the island was populous, fertile, and of large extent, he admires nothing but the culinary laboratories, the turning of the spits, the harmonious rattling of the jacks and fender; and is for criticising on the position of the lard, the temperature of the pottages, the preparation for the dessert, and the order of the wine-service. All the eleventh chapter illustrates that monastical inclination to frequent kitchens.—*M.*

CH. XII.—*How Pantagruel passed through the land of Pettifogging, and of the strange way of living among the Catchpoles.*

STEERING our course forwards the next day, we passed through Pettifogging, a country all blurred and blotted, so that I could hardly tell what to make on it. There we saw some pettifoggers and catchpoles, rogues that will hang their father for a groat. They neither invited us to eat or drink; but, with a multiplied train of scrapes and cringes, said they were all at our service, for a consideration.

One of our interpreters related to Pantagruel their strange way of living, diametrically opposite to that of our modern Romans; for at Rome a world of folks get an honest livelihood by poisoning, drubbing, lambasting, stabbing, and murdering; but the catchpoles earn theirs by being thrashed; so that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the poor

dogs with their wives and children, would be starved. This is just, quoth Panurge, like those who, as Galen tells us, cannot erect the cavernous nerve towards the equinoctial circle, unless they are soundly flogged.[1] By St. Patrick's slipper, whoever should jirk me so, would soon, instead of setting me right, throw me off the saddle, in the devil's name.

The way is this, said the interpreter. When a monk, levite, close-fisted usurer, or lawyer owes a grudge to some neighbouring gentleman, he sends to him one of those catchpoles, or apparitors, who nabs, or at least cites him, serves a writ or warrant upon him, thumps, abuses, and affronts him impudently by natural instinct, and according to his pious instructions: insomuch, that if the gentleman hath but any guts in his brains,[2] and is not more stupid than a gyrin frog,[3] he will find himself obliged either to apply a faggot-stick or his sword to the rascal's jobbernol, give him the gentle lash, or make him cut a caper out at the window, by way of correction. This done, Catchpole is rich for four months at least, as if bastinadoes were his real harvest: for the monk, levite, usurer, or lawyer, will reward him roundly; and my gentleman must pay him such swingeing damages, that his acres must bleed for it, and he be in danger of miserably rotting within a stone doublet, as if he had struck the king.

Quoth Panurge, I know an excellent remedy against this; used by the Lord of Basché.[4] What is it? said Pantagruel. The Lord of Basché, said Panurge, was a brave, honest, noble-spirited gentleman, who, at his return from the long war, in which the Duke of Ferrara, with the help of the French, bravely defended himself against the fury of Pope

[1] Cœlius Rhodiginus, l. 6. c 37, of his ancient readings, and before him J. Picus de la Mirandola, l. 3, of his treatise against Judicial Astrology, speak of a certain man, who, to raise his lechery, would cause himself to be flogged with rods steeped in vinegar, till he was all over of a gore blood Simon Goulard, l. 4, p. 635 of his wonderful and memorable stories, relates this fact as a very singular and uncommon thing; and it may have been so perhaps in his time; but now-a-days some people will tell ye the thing is frequently practised in France, and elsewhere, in houses of bad repute. See De Lolme's History of the Flagellants. [2] *Hath but, &c.*] Hath not the dead palsy. [3] *Gyrin frog*] A tad-pole. An unformed frog; from the Greek γυρῖνος, frog-spawn. [4] *Lord of Basché.*] Doubtless a descendant of Perron de Basché, steward of the household to King Charles VIII., who sent him into Italy, before he went thither himself at the head of his army. See Commines, l. 7, c. 3.

Julius the Second, was every day cited, warned, and prosecuted at the suit, and for the sport and fancy of the fat prior of St. Louant.[5]

One morning, as he was at breakfast with some of his domestics (for he loved to be sometimes among them) he sent for one Loire his baker, and his spouse, and for one Oudart, the vicar of his parish, who was also his butler, as the custom was then in France; then said to them before his gentleman and other servants: You all see how I am daily plagued with these rascally catchpoles: truly if you do not lend me your helping hand, I am finally resolved to leave the country, and go fight for the sultan, or the devil, rather than be thus eternally teazed. Therefore to be rid of their damned visits, hereafter, when any of them come here, be ready you baker and your wife, to make your personal appearance in my great hall, in your wedding clothes, as if you were going to be affianced. Here take these ducats, which I give you to keep you in a fitting garb. As for you, Sir Oudart, be sure you make your personal appearance there in your fair surplice and stole, not forgetting your holy water, as if you were to wed them. Be you there also, Trudon, said he to his drummer, with your pipe and tabour. The form of matrimony must be read, and the bride kissed at the beat of the tabour; then all of you, as the witnesses used do in this country, shall give one another the remembrance of the wedding,—which you know is to be a blow with your fist, bidding the party struck, remember the nuptials by that token. This will but make you have the better stomach to your supper; but when you come to the catchpole's turn, thrash him thrice and threefold, as you would a sheaf of green corn; do not spare him; maul him, drub him, lambast him, swinge him off, I pray you. Here, take these steel gauntlets, covered with kid. Head, back, belly, and sides, give him blows innumerable: he that gives him most, shall be my best friend. Fear not to be called to an account about it; I will stand by you: for the blows must seem to be given in jest, as it is customary among us at all weddings.

Ay, but how shall we know the catchpole, said the man of God? All sorts of people daily resort to this castle. I have taken care of that, replied the lord. When some fellow,

[5] St. Lovant. Liventius. The priory of St. Louens, in the diocese of Tours, &c.

either on foot, or on a scurvy jade, with a large broad silver ring[6] on his thumb, comes to the door, he is certainly a catchpole: the porter, having civilly let him in, shall ring the bell; then be all ready, and come into the hall, to act the tragi-comedy, whose plot I have now laid for you.

That numerical day, as chance would have it, came an old fat ruddy catchpole. Having knocked at the gate, and then pissed, as most men will do, the porter soon found him out, by his large greasy spatterdashes, his jaded hollow-flanked mare, his bag full of writs and informations dangling at his girdle, but, above all, by the large silver hoop on his left thumb.

The porter was civil to him, admitted him kindly, and rung the bell briskly. As soon as the baker and his wife heard it, they clapped on their best clothes, and made their personal appearance in the hall, keeping their gravities like a new-made judge. The dominie put on his surplice and stole, and as he came out of his office, met the catchpole, had him in there, and made him suck his face a good while, while the gauntlets were drawing on all hands: and then told him, you are come just in pudding-time; my lord is in his right cue: we shall feast like kings anon, here is to be swingeing doings; we have a wedding in the house; here, drink and cheer up; pull away.

While these two were at hand-to-fist, Basché, seeing all his people in the hall in their proper equipages, sends for the vicar. Oudart comes with the holy water pot, followed by the catchpole, who, as he came into the hall, did not forget to make good store of awkward cringes, and then served Basché with a writ. Basché gave him grimace for grimace, slipped an angel into his mutton fist, and prayed him to assist at the contract and ceremony: which he did. When it was ended, thumps and fisticuffs began to fly about among the assistants; but when it came to the catchpole's turn, they all laid on him so unmercifully with their gauntlets, that they at last settled him, all stunned and battered, bruised and mortified, with one of his eyes black and blue, eight ribs bruised, his brisket sunk in, his omoplates in four quarters, his under jawbone in three pieces; and all this in jest, and no harm done. God wot how the levite belaboured him,

[6] To seal the writs and writings, belike; for they were not signed in those days.

hiding within the long sleeve of his canonical shirt his huge steel gauntlet lined with ermine: for he was a strong built ball, and an old dog at fisticuffs. The catchpole, all of a bloody tiger-like stripe,[7] with much ado crawled home to L'Isle Bouchart, well pleased and edified however with Basché's kind reception; and, with the help of the good surgeons of the place, lived as long as you would have him. From that time to this, not a word of the business; the memory of it was lost with the sound of the bells that rung with joy at his funeral.

CH. XIII.—*How, like Master Francis Villon, the Lord of Basché commended his servants.*

THE catchpole being packed off on blind Sorrel,—so he called his one-eyed-mare,—Basché sent for his lady, her women, and all his servants, into the arbour of his garden; had wine brought, attended with good store of pasties, hams, fruit, and other table-ammunition, for a nunchion; drank with them joyfully, and then told them this story.

Master Francis Villon, in his old age, retired to St. Maxent, in Poictou, under the patronage of a good honest abbot of the place. There to make sport for the mob, he undertook to get "The Passion" acted, after the way, and in the dialect of the country. The parts being distributed, the play having been rehearsed, and the stage prepared, he told the mayor and aldermen, that the mystery would be ready after Niort fair, and that there only wanted properties and necessaries, but chiefly clothes fit for the parts: so the mayor and his brethren took care to get them.

Villon, to dress an old clownish father grey-beard, who was to represent G—d the father, begged of Friar Stephen Tickletoby, sacristan to the Franciscan friars of the place, to lend him a cope and a stole. Tickletoby refused him, alleging, that by their provincial statutes, it was rigorously forbidden to give or lend any thing to players. Villon replied, that the statute reached no farther than farces, drolls, antics, loose and dissolute games, and that he asked no more than what he had seen allowed at Brussels and other places. Tickletoby, notwithstanding, peremptorily bid him provide himself elsewhere if he would, and not to hope for any thing out of his monastical wardrobe. Villon gave an account of

[7] Dappled with variety of contusions.

this to the players, as of a most abominable action; adding, that God would shortly revenge himself, and make an example of Tickletoby.

The Saturday following, he had notice given him, that Tickletoby, upon the filly of the convent—so they call a young mare that was never leaped yet—was gone a mumping to St. Ligarius, and would be back about two in the afternoon. Knowing this, he made a cavalcade of his devils of "The Passion" through the town. They were all rigged with wolves', calves', and rams' skins,[1] laced and trimmed with sheep's heads, bull's feathers, and large kitchen tenter-hooks, girt with broad leathern girdles; whereat hanged dangling huge cow-bells and horse-bells, which made a horrid din. Some held in their claws black sticks full of squibs and crackers: others had long lighted pieces of wood, upon which, at the corner of every street, they flung whole handfuls of rosin-dust, that made a terrible fire and smoke. Having thus led them about, to the great diversion of the mob, and the dreadful fear of little children, he finally carried them to an entertainment at a summer-house, without the gate that leads to St. Ligarius.

As they came near to the place, he espied Tickletoby afar off, coming home from mumping, and told them in macaronic verse.

Hic est de patria, natus, de gente belistra,[2]
Qui solet antiquo bribas portare bisacco.[3]

A plague on his friarship, said the devils then; the lousy beggar would not lend a poor cope to the fatherly father; let us fright him. Well said, cried Villon; but let us hide ourselves till he comes by, and then charge him home briskly with your squibs and burning sticks. Tickletoby being come to the place, they all rushed on a sudden into the road to meet him, and in a frightful manner threw fire from all sides upon him and his filly foal, ringing and tingling their bells, and howling like so many real devils, Hho, hho, hho, hho, brrou, rrou, rrourrs, rrrourrs, hoo, hou, hou hho, hho, hhoi. Friar Stephen, don't we play the devils rarely? The filly was soon scared out of her seven senses, and began to

[1] This masquerade which generally was performed on New Year's day, was prohibited as impious: but Villon gave himself very little concern about that. [2] A beggarly race. [3] A monk's double pouch.

start, to funk it, to squirt it, to trot it, to fart it, to bound it, to gallop it, to kick it, to spurn it, to calcitrate it, to wince it, to frisk it, to leap it, to curvet it, with double jerks, and bum-motions; insomuch that she threw down Tickletoby, though he held fast by the tree of the pack-saddle with might and main. Now his straps and stirrups were of cord; and on the right side, his sandals were so entangled and twisted, that he could not for the heart's blood of him get out his foot. Thus he was dragged about by the filly through the road, scratching his bare breech all the way; she still multiplying her kicks against him, and straying for fear over hedge and ditch; insomuch that she trepanned his thick skull so, that his cockle brains were dashed out near the Osanna or high-cross. Then his arms fell to pieces, one this way, and the other that way; and even so were his legs served at the same time. Then she made a bloody havoc with his puddings; and being got to the convent, brought back only his right foot and twisted sandal, leaving them to guess what had become of the rest.

Villon, seeing that things had succeeded as he intended, said to his devils, You will act rarely, gentlemen devils, you will act rarely; I dare engage you will top your parts. I defy the devils of Saumur, Douay, Montmorillon, Langez, St. Espain, Angers; nay, by gad, even those of Poictiers, for all their bragging and vapouring, to match you.

Thus, friends, said Basché, I foresee, that hereafter you will act rarely this tragical farce, since the very first time you have so skilfully hampered, bethwacked, belammed, and bebumped the catchpole. From this day I double your wages, As for you, my dear, said he to his lady, make your gratifications as you please; you are my treasurer, you know. For my part, first and foremost, I drink to you all. Come on, box it about, it is good and cool. In the second place, you, Mr. Steward, take this silver basin, I give it you freely. Then you, my gentlemen of the horse, take these two silver gilt cups, and let not the pages be horse-whipped these three months. My dear, let them have my best white plumes of feathers, with the gold buckles to them. Sir Oudart, this silver flagon falls to your share: this other I give to the cooks. To the valets de chambre I give this silver basket; to the grooms, this silver gilt boat; to the porter, these two plates; to the hostlers, these ten porringers. Trudon, take

you these silver spoons and this sugar box. You, footman, take this large salt. Serve me well, and I will remember you. Fox on the word of a gentleman, I had rather bear in war one hundred blows on my helmet in the service of my country, than be once cited by these knavish catchpoles, merely to humour this same gorbellied prior.

CH. XIV.—*A further account of catchpoles who were drubbed at Basché's house.*

FOUR days after, another, young, long-shanked, raw-boned catchpole, coming to serve Baschè with a writ at the fat prior's request, was no sooner at the gate, but the porter smelt him out, and rung the bell; at whose second pull, all the family understood the mystery. Loire was kneading his dough; his wife was sifting meal; Oudart was toping in his office; the gentlemen were playing at tennis; the Lord Basché at in and out with my lady; the waiting-men and gentlewomen at push-pin; the officers at lanterlue, and the pages at hot-cockles, giving one another smart bangs. They were all immediately informed that a catchpole was housed.

Upon this, Oudart put on his sacerdotal, and Loire and his wife their nuptial badges: Trudon piped it, and then taboured it like mad: all made haste to get ready, not forgetting the gauntlets. Basché went into the outward yard: there the catchpole meeting him fell on his marrow-bones, begged of him not to take it ill, if he served him with a writ at the suit of the fat prior; and in a pathetic speech, let him know that he was a public person, a servant to the monking tribe, apparitor to the abbatial mitre, ready to do as much for him, nay, for the least of his servants, whensoever he would employ and use him.

Nay, truly, said the lord, you shall not serve your writ till you have tasted some of my good quinquenays wine, and been a witness to a wedding which we are to have this very minute. Let him drink and refresh himself, added he, turning towards the levitical butler, and then bring him into the hall. After which, Catchpole, well stuffed and moistened, came with Oudart to the place where all the actors in the farce stood ready to begin. The sight of their game set them a laughing, and the messenger of mischief grinned also for company's sake. Then the mysterious words[1] were

[1] Sacramental words.

muttered to and by the couple, their hands joined, the bride bussed, and all besprinkled with holy water. While they were bringing wine and kickshaws, thumps began to trot about by dozens. The catchpole gave the levite several blows. Oudart, who had his gauntlet hid under his canonical shirt, draws it on like a mitten, and then, with his clenched fist, souse he fell on the catchpole, and mauled him like a devil: the junior gauntlets dropped on him likewise like so many battering rams. Remember the wedding by this, by that, by these blows, said they. In short they stroked him so to the purpose, that he pissed blood out at mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, and was bruised, thwackt, battered, bebumped, and crippled at the back, neck, breast, arms, and so forth. Never did the bachelors at Avignon, in carnival time, play more melodiously at raphe, than was then played on the catchpole's microcosm: at last down he fell.

They threw a great deal of wine on his snout, tied round the sleeve of his doublet a fine yellow and green favour, and got him upon his snotty beast, and God knows how he got to L'Isle Bouchart; where I cannot truly tell you whether he was dressed and looked after or no, both by his spouse and the able doctors of the country; for the thing never came to my ears.

The next day they had a third part to the same tune, because it did not appear by the lean catchpole's bag, that he had served his writ. So the fat prior sent a new catchpole, at the head of a brace of bums, for his *guard du corps*, to summon my lord. The porter ringing the bell, the whole family was overjoyed, knowing that it was another rogue. Basché was at dinner with his lady and the gentlemen; so he sent for the catchpole, made him sit by him, and the bums by the women, and made them eat till their bellies cracked with their breeches unbuttoned. The fruit being served, the catchpole arose from table, and before the bums cited Basché. Basché kindly asked him for a copy of the warrant, which the other had got ready: he then takes witness, and a copy of the summons. To the catchpole and his bums he ordered four ducats for civility money. In the meantime all were withdrawn for the farce. So Trudon gave the alarm with his tabour. Basché desired the catchpole to stay and see one of his servants married, and witness

the contract of marriage, paying him his fee. The catchpole slap dash was ready, took out his ink-horn, got paper immediately, and his bums by him.

Then Loire came into the hall at one door, and his wife with the gentlewomen at another, in nuptial accoutrements. Oudart, in pontificalibus, takes them both by their hands, asketh them their will, giveth them the matrimonial blessing, and was very liberal of holy water. The contract written, signed, and registered, on one side was brought wine and comfits; on the other, white and orange-tawny-coloured favours were distributed: on another, gauntlets privately handed about.

CH. XV.—*How the ancient custom at nuptials is renewed by the catchpole.*

THE catchpole, having made shift to get down a swinging sneaker of Breton wine, said to Basché, Pray, Sir, what do you mean? You do not give one another the memento of the wedding. By St. Joseph's wooden shoe, all good customs are forgot. We find the form, but the hare is scampered; and the nest, but the birds are flown. There are no true friends now-a-days. You see how, in several churches, the ancient laudable custom of tippling, on account of the blessed saints O O, at Christmas,[1] is come to nothing. The world is in its dotage, and doomsday is certainly coming all so fast. Now come on; the wedding, the wedding, the wedding; remember it by this. This he said, striking

[1] It was formerly a custom throughout France, and is still in some parts of it, to make, in the parish church, about seven o'clock in the evening for the nine days next before Christmas day, certain prayers or anthems called the Christmas O O's, because in the books which prescribe these anthems they begin with O O, as "O sapientia, O adonai, O radix," &c. To him that was last married in the parish, especially if he be one in good circumstances, is carried a very large O, represented in burnished gold on a large piece of very thick parchment, with several ornaments of gold or other fine colours. This O was every evening of the nine days put on the top of the lutrin; there stayed the O all the time that the anthem was singing. The person to whom the O had been sent, was wont, in return, to make a present of a piece of money to the curate, who, on his part, spent some of it in regaling his friends. After the holidays, the O was carried back to the new-married man, who set it up in the most honourable place of his house. It was this ancient custom the catchpole laments the loss of, because most commonly he had a share in the booty, either from the curate or the married man.

Basché and his lady; then her women and the levite. Then the tabor beat a point of war, and the gauntlets began to do their duty: insomuch that the catchpole had his crown cracked in no less than nine places. One of the bums had his right arm put out of joint, and the other his upper jaw-bone or mandibule dislocated; so that it hid half his chin, with a denudation of the uvula, and sad loss of the molar, masticatory, and canine teeth. Then the tabor beat a retreat; the gauntlets were carefully hid in a trice, and sweetmeats afresh distributed to renew the mirth of the company. So they all drank to one another, and especially to the catchpole and his bums. But Oudart cursed and damned the wedding to the pit of hell, complaining that one of the bums had utterly disincornifistibulated his nether shoulder-blade. Nevertheless, he scorned to be thought a flincher, and made shift to tope to him on the square.

The jawless bum shrugged up his shoulders, joined his hands, and by signs begged his pardon; for speak he could not. The sham bridegroom made his moan, that the crippled bum had struck him such a horrid thump with his shoulder-of-mutton fist on the nether elbow, that he was grown quite esperruquanchuzelubelouzerircliced down to his very heel, to the no small loss of mistress bride.

But what harm had poor I done? cried Trudon, hiding his left eye with his kerchief, and showing his tabour cracked on one side: they were not satisfied with thus poaching, black and blueing, and morrambouzevezengouzequoquemorgasacbaquevezinemaffreliding my poor eyes, but they have also broke my harmless drum. Drums indeed are commonly beaten at weddings,—and it is fit they should; but drummers are well entertained, and never beaten. Now let Belzebub even take the drum, to make his devilship a night-cap.[2] Brother, said the lame catchpole, never fret thyself; I will make thee a present of a fine, large, old patent, which I have here in my bag, to patch up thy drum, and for Madame St. Ann's sake I pray thee forgive us. By Our Lady of Riviere, the blessed dame, I meant no more harm than the child unborn. One of the querries, who hopping and halting like a mumping cripple, mimicked the good limping Lord de la Roche Posay, directed his discourse to the bum with the pouting jaw, and told him, What, Mr. Manhound,

[2] Either top or bottom was beat out.

was it not enough thus to have morcrocastebezastevereste-grigeligoscopapopondrillated us all in our upper members with your botched mittens, but you must also apply such morderegripippiatabirofreluchamburelurecaquelurintimpaniments on our shin-bones with the hard tops and extremities of your cobbled shoes. Do you call this children's play? By the mass, it is no jest. The bum, wringing his hands, seemed to beg his pardon, muttering with his tongue, mon, mon, mon, vrelon, von, von, like a dumb man. The bride crying laughed, and laughing cried, because the catchpole was not satisfied with drubbing her without choice or distinction of members, but had also rudely roused and toused her; pulled off her topping, and not having the fear of her husband before his eyes, treacherously trepignemanpenillorifrizonoufresterfumbledtumbled and squeezed her lower parts. The devil go with it, said Basché; there was much need indeed that this same Master King[3] (this was the catchpole's name) should thus break my wife's back: however, I forgive him now; these are little nuptial caresses. But this I plainly perceive, that he cited me like an angel, and drubbed me like a devil.[4] He hath something in him of Friar Thumpwell. Come, for all this, I must drink to him, and to you likewise his trusty esquires. But, said his lady, why hath he been so very liberal of his manual kindness to me, without the least provocation? I assure you, I by no means like it: but this I dare say for him, that he hath the hardest knuckles that ever I felt on my shoulders. The steward held his left arm in a scarf, as if it had been rent and torn in twain: I think it was the devil, said he, that moved me to assist at these nuptials; shame on ill luck; I must needs be meddling with a pox, and now see what I have got by the bargain, both my arms are wretchedly engoulevezinemassed and bruised. Do you call this a wedding? By St. Bridget's tooth, I had rather be at that of a Tom T——d-man. This is, on my word, even just such another feast as was that of the Lapithæ, described by the philosopher[5] of

[3] In chap. 5. of l. 3. of Fœneste, the serjeant of Doué, who came to serve a writ on la Roche Bosseau, is likewise named Monsieur le Roy (Mr. King,) either because all of that profession execute their commission in the king's name, and because, as is said before, he that strikes one of them had as good strike the king.

[4] They call the ushers and serjeants angels of the court. To drub, *dauber*, from *delapare*, is properly what that angel of Satan did, who buffeted St. Paul.

[5] Lucian, in his Lapithæ.

Samosata. One of the bums had lost his tongue. The two other, though they had more need to complain, made their excuse as well as they could, protesting that they had no ill design in this dumbfounding; begging that, for goodness sake, they would forgive them; and so, though they could hardly budge a foot, or wag along, away they crawled. About a mile from Basché's seat, the catchpole found himself somewhat out of sorts. The bums got to L'Isle Bouchard, publicly saying, that since they were born, they had never seen an honester gentleman than the Lord of Basché, or civiller people than his, and that they had never been at the like wedding (which I verily believe; but that it was their own faults if they had been tickled off, and tossed about from post to pillar, since themselves had began the beating. So they lived I cannot exactly tell you how many days after this. But from that time to this it was held for a certain truth, that Basché's money was more pestilential, mortal, and pernicious to the catchpoles and bums, than were formerly the aurum Tholosanum[6] and the Sejan horse to those that possessed them. Ever since this, he lived quietly, and Basché's wedding grew into a common proverb.[7]

CH. XVI.—*How Friar John made trial of the nature of the catchpoles.*

THIS story would seem pleasant enough, said Pantagruel, were we not to have always the fear of God before our eyes. It had been better, said Epistemon, if those gauntlets had fallen upon the fat prior. Since he took a pleasure in spending his money partly to vex Basché, partly to see those catchpoles banged, good lusty thumps would have done well on his shaven crown, considering the horrid concussions now-a-days among those puny judges. What harm had done those poor devils the catchpoles? This puts me in mind, said Pantagruel, of an ancient Roman named L. Neratius.[1] He was of noble blood, and for some time was rich; but had this tyrannical inclination, that whenever he went out of doors, he caused his servants to fill their pockets with gold and silver, and meeting in the street your spruce gallants and better sort of beaux, without the least provocation, for

[6] See Cicero, *de Nat. Deorum*, l. 3; Justin, l. 22.; Strabo, l. 4. It became a Latin proverb. [7] See d'Aubigne, Baron de Fœneste, l. 3, c. 5. [1] See Aulus Gellius, l. 20, c. 1.

his fancy, he used to strike them hard on the face with his fist; and immediately after that, to appease them, and hinder them from complaining to the magistrates, he would give them as much money as satisfied them according to the law of the twelve tables. Thus he used to spend his revenue, beating people for the price of his money. By St. Bennet's sacred boot, quoth Friar John, I will know the truth of it presently.

This said, he went on shore, put his hand in his fob, and took out twenty ducats; then said with a loud voice, in the hearing of a shoal of the nation of catchpoles, Who will earn twenty ducats, for being beaten like the devil? Io, Io, Io, said they all: you will cripple us for ever, sir, that is most certain; but the money is tempting. With this they were all thronging who should be first, to be thus preciously beaten. Friar John singled him out of the whole knot of these rogues in grain, a red-snouted catchpole, who upon his right thumb wore a thick broad silver hoop, wherein was set a good large toad-stone. He had no sooner picked him out from the rest, but I perceived that they all muttered and grumbled; and I heard a young thin-jawed catchpole, a notable scholar, a pretty fellow at his pen, and, according to public report, much cried up for his honesty at Doctors-Commons,[2] making his complaint, and muttering, because this same crimson phiz carried away all the practice; and that if there were but a score and a half of bastinadoes[3] to be got, he would certainly run away with eight and twenty of them. But all this was looked upon to be nothing but mere envy.

Friar John so unmercifully thrashed, thumped, and belaboured Red-snout, back and belly, sides, legs, and arms, head, feet, and so forth, with the home and frequently repeated application of one of the best members of a faggot, that I took him to be a dead man: then he gave him the twenty ducats; which made the dog get on his legs, pleased like a little king or two. The rest were saying to Friar John, Sir, sir, brother devil, if it please you to do us the favour to beat some of us for less money, we are all at your devilship's command, bags, papers, pens, and all. Red-snout cried out against them, saying, with a loud voice,

[2] In the ecclesiastical court; *en court d'ecclise:* the old way of spelling *eglise* (church).

[3] See Racine, *les Plaideurs*, a. i. sc. 5.

Body of me, you little prig, will you offer to take the bread out of my mouth? will you take my bargain over my head; would you draw and inveigle from me my clients and customers? Take notice, I summon you before the official this day sevennight; I will law and claw you like any old devil of Vauverd,[4] that I will——Then turning himself towards Friar John, with a smiling and joyful look, he said to him, Reverend father in the devil, if you have found me a good hide, and have a mind to divert yourself once more, by beating your humble servant, I will bate you half in half this time, rather than lose your custom: do not spare me, I beseech you: I am all, and more than all yours, good Mr. Devil; head, lungs, tripes, guts and garbage; and that at a pennyworth, I'll assure you. Friar John never heeded his proffers, but even left them. The other catchpoles were making addresses to Panurge, Epistemon, Gymnast, and others, entreating them charitably to bestow upon their carcasses a small beating, for otherwise they were in danger of keeping a long fast: but none of them had a stomach to it. Some time after, seeking fresh water for the ship's company, we met a couple of old female catchpoles of the place, miserably howling and weeping in concert. Pantagruel had kept on board, and already had caused a retreat to be sounded. Thinking that they might be related to the catchpole that was bastinadoed, we asked them the occasion of their grief. They replied, that they had too much cause to weep; for that very hour from an exalted triple tree, two of the honestest gentlemen in Catchpole-land had been made to cut a caper on nothing. Cut a caper on nothing; said Gymnast; my pages use to cut capers on the ground: to cut a caper on nothing, should be hanging and choking, or I am out. Ay, ay, said Friar John, you speak of it like St. John de la Palisse.[5]

We asked them why they treated these worthy persons with such a choking hempen sallad. They told us they had only borrowed, alias stolen, the tools of the mass, and hid them under the handle of the parish.[6] This is a very allegorical way of speaking, said Epistemon.

[4] The palace of Vauvert, built by King Robert, on the actual site of the rue d'Enfer (street of Hell) was abandoned, as a rookery of devils, after the excommunication of its founder. [5] Allusion to the old fashion of saying *l'apocalice* for apocalypse. [6] The belfry. A Poitevin word, used only by the villagers of Poictou, in way of metaphor stupid and coarse as themselves.

ON CHAPS. XII. XIII. XIV. XV. AND XVI.—All these chapters are occasioned by Pantagruel's passing by Pettifogging, and give us an account of the way of living of the apparitors, serjeants, and bailiffs, and such inferior ministers of the law. Nothing can seem dark in what our author has said of them, if we observe what he makes one of Pantagruel's interpreters, or dragomen, relate: "That at Rome a world of folk get an honest livelihood by poisoning, rib-roasting, and stabbing; but the catchpoles earn theirs by being drubbed; so that if they were long without a tight lambasting, the poor dogs with their wives and children would even be starved!" Our author says this, because in Francis the First's and Henry the Second's reigns that rascally tribe had no income so beneficial, as that which came to them from a beating. The nobility thought it so great an affront to be cited, or arrested, by that vermin, that they stood too much on their punctilio, and for that reason they severely used those bailiffs or apparitors, who came to them to discharge their office, and who sometimes were sent out of malice. So when the man-catchers, who desired nothing more than to be banged, had been misused, they had swinging damages to make them amends. Rabelais exposes the folly, villany, and abuse of this practice on both sides; which has been since so well redressed, that if the bailiffs had nothing to depend on but bastinadoes, those necessary evils would long since have all been starved.

As the betrothing or nuptials of Basché grew into a proverb; so from that Villon, who was a famous poet in the reign of Louis the XIth., but more famous yet for his cheats and villanies than for his poetry, came the word villoner, which has been long used to signify to cheat, or play some rogue's trick. I shall have occasion to take notice of him in my remarks on the last chapter of the fourth book.

Pantagruel's companions are told of two of the honestest men in all Catchpole-land, who were made "to cut a caper on nothing," for stealing the tools of the mass, and hiding them under the handle of the parish. This must be some sacrilegious theft of church plate in those times; and, by the by, we may see what esteem Rabelais had for the catchpoles, since he makes those rogues the honestest in all that country. Friar John says, that this was as mysterious a way of speaking as St. John's *de la pallise*. *De la Pallise* is the name of a family in France; but he means, *de l'apocalypse*. The handle of the parish may mean the steeple of the church.—*M.*

CH. XVII.—*How Pantagruel came to the islands of Tohu and Bohu; and of the strange death of Widenostrils, the swallower of windmills.*

THAT day Pantagruel came to the two islands of Tohu and Bohu, where the devil a bit we could find any thing to fry with.[1] For one Widenostrils,[2] a huge giant, had swallowed

[1] This is not exact to the French. Rabelais uses a proverbial phrase; *ne trovasmes que frire*, which properly means, the devil a bit found we there to fry; that is as Duchat observes, we found neither fish nor flesh. He goes on; this is the very *sacrum sine fumo* of the ancients, mentioned by Erasmus in his Adages. [2] *Bringuenarilles*. Nose-slitters, says

every individual pan, skillet, kettle, frying-pan, dripping-pan, and brass and ironpot in the land, for want of windmills, which were his daily food. Whence it happened, that somewhat before day, about the hour of his digestion, the greedy churl was taken very ill, with a kind of a surfeit, or crudity of stomach, occasioned, as the physicians said, by the weakness of the concocting faculty of his stomach, naturally disposed to digest whole windmills at a gust, yet unable to consume perfectly the pans and skillets; though it had indeed pretty well digested the kettles and pots; as they said, they knew by the hypostases[3] and eneoremes[4] of four tubs of second-hand drink which he had evacuated at two different times that morning. They made use of divers remedies, according to art, to give him ease: but all would not do; the distemper prevailed over the remedies, insomuch that the famous Widenostrils died that morning, of so strange a death, that, I think you ought no longer to wonder at that of the poet Æschylus. It had been foretold him by the soothsayers, that he would die on a certain day, by the ruin of something that should fall on him. That fatal day being come in its turn, he removed himself out of town, far from all houses, trees, rocks, or any other things that can fall, and endanger by their ruin; and strayed in a large field, trusting himself to the open sky; there, very secure, as he thought, unless, indeed, the sky should happen to fall, which he held to be impossible. Yet, they say, that the larks are much afraid of it; for if it should fall, they must all be taken.

The Celts that once lived near the Rhine—they are our noble valiant French—in ancient times were also afraid of the sky's falling: for being asked by Alexander the Great, what they feared most in this world, hoping well they would say that they feared none but him, considering his great achievements; they made answer, that they feared nothing but the sky's falling: however, not refusing to enter into a confederacy with so brave a king; if you believe Strabo, lib. 7, and Arrian, lib. 1.

M. Duchat, from the German *brechen*, and *narilles* for *nasilles*, after the Paris manner of pronouncing that word. Cotgrave, from whom M. Motteux takes it, says it means wide-nostrils. [3] A sediment in urine. [4] Cotgrave says *encoresmes*, the signs of urine, especially those that swim on the top thereof. I do not think there is any such word as *encoresmes*.

Plutarch also, in his book of the face that appears on the body of the moon, speaks of one Pharnaces, who very much feared the moon should fall on the earth, and pitied those that live under that planet, as the Æthiopians and Taprobanians, if so heavy a mass ever happened to fall on them; and would have feared the like of heaven and earth, had they not been duly propped up and borne by the atlantic pillars as the ancients believed, according to Aristotle's testimony, lib. 5, *Metaphys.* Notwithstanding all this, poor Æschylus was killed by the fall of the shell of a tortoise, which falling from betwixt the claws of an eagle high in the air, just on his head, dashed out his brains.

Neither ought you to wonder at the death of another poet, I mean old jolly Anacreon, who was choked with a grape-stone. Nor at that of Fabius the Roman prætor, who was choked with a single goat's hair, as he was supping up a porringer of milk.[5] Nor at the death of that bashful fool, who by holding in his wind, and for want of letting out a bumgunshot, died suddenly in the presence of the Emperor Claudius. Nor at that of the Italian, buried on the Via Flaminia at Rome, who, in his epitaph,[6] complains that the bite of a she puss[7] on his little finger was the cause of his

[5] Thus far these examples are taken out of Pliny, l. 7, c. 7.

[6] It is to be seen in the church of the monks of St. Austin; and Francis Schottus, a senator of Antwerp, gives it in these words in his travels over Italy:

"Hospes disce novum mortis genus: improba felis
Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, et intereo."
Hear a new kind of death, ye goers-by:
A cat my finger bit, and lo! I die.

[7] *Fût mort par estre mord d'une chatte, &c.* Instead of *mordu*, bit, in Rabelais' time they used to say *mords*; and H. Stevens, p. 144, of his Dialogues "Du Nouveau Lang. Fran. Italianisé," insists upon it, that according to analogy, that way of speaking was right, and ought to be continued. And indeed for proof that they did not in those days say *mordu*, but *mords*, I shall transcribe honest Clem. Marot's epigram, *Epousée farouche:*

"L'epousé la premiere nuit
Asseuroit sa femme farouche:
Mordez-moi, dit it, s'il vous cuit:
Voila mon doigt en vostre bouche.
Elle y consent; il s'escarmouche;
Et apres qu'il l'eust deshousée,
Or ca, dit-il, tendre rosée,
Vous ay je fait du mal ains?
Adonc, respondit l'epousée,
Je ne vous ay pas *mords* aussi."

One, married to a country flirt
Full skittish, said the youth,
"Bite me, my dear, if you I hurt;
My finger's in your mouth."
When all was o'er, he asked his bride,
If any thing did sting her?
She, by a question too, replied,
"And did I bite your finger?"

death. Nor of that of Q. Lecanius Bassus, who died suddenly of so small a prick with a needle on his left thumb, that it could hardly be discerned. Nor of Quenelault, a Norman physician, who died suddenly at Montpellier, merely for having side-ways took a worm out of his hand with a pen-knife. Nor of Philomenes,[8] whose servant having got him some new figs for the first course of his dinner, whilst he went to fetch wine, a straggling well-hung ass got into the house, and seeing the figs on the table, without further invitation, soberly fell to. Philomenes coming into the room, and nicely observing with what gravity the ass eat its dinner, said to his man, who was come back, Since thou hast set figs here for this reverend guest of ours to eat, methinks it is but reason thou also give him some of this wine to drink. He had no sooner said this, but he was so excessively pleased, and fell into so exorbitant a fit of laughter, that the use of his spleen took that of his breath utterly away, and he immediately died. Nor of Spurius Saufeius,[9] who died supping up a soft boiled egg as he came out of a bath. Nor of him who, as Boccacio tells us, died suddenly by picking his grinders with a sage-stalk.[10] Nor of Phillipot Placut, who being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which causes, perhaps, many not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident. Nor of the painter Zeuxis, who killed himself with laughing at the sight of the antic jobbernol of an old hag drawn by him. Nor, in short, of a thousand more of which authors write; as Varrius, Pliny, Valerius, J. Bapista Fulgosus, and Bacabery the elder.[11] In short, Gaffer Widenostrils choked himself with eating a huge lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of physicians.

They likewise told us there, that the King of Cullan in Bohu had routed the grandees of King Mecloth, and made sad work with the fortresses of Belima.

[8] See Valerius Maximus and Lucian. [9] Rabelais might as well have called him by his right name, Appius Saufeius, as Pliny does, l. 7, c. 33, but having a mind to bamboozle his readers, and lead them a wild-goose-chase, he chooses to err with Fulgosus, who gives this Saufeius the prænomen of Spurius, l. 9, c. 12. [10] A huge toad had just before cast his venom upon it. [11] There are two Bacou-berys on the river Oise. Perhaps the person who relates this comical death of Phillipot Placut was born at one of them; as writers often assume the name of the place of their birth.

After this, we sailed by the islands of Nargues and Zargues? also by the islands of Teleniabin and Geleniabin, very fine and fruitful in ingredients for clysters; and then by the islands of Enig and Evig,[12] on whose account formerly the Landgrave of Hesse was swinged off with a vengeance.

ON CHAP. XVII.—From Catchpole-land Pantagruel comes to two islands, which the author calls *Tohu* and *Bohu*, from two Hebrew words, which, I am told, are taken out of the first chapter of Genesis, where it is said, the earth was *tohu va bohu*, that is, void, and in confusion, without form or beauty, and in short, a chaos. This may well be applied to a country that is ruined by war; the fury of the soldiers on one side, and exactions of chiefs, many times leaving little or nothing behind them. This makes Rabelais say, that the devil a bit they could find anything there to fry with; which is an expression often used by the French, when they would say, there is no subsisting in a place.

The giant Bringuenarilles, or Wide-nostrils, had taken away the means of frying there by devouring every individual pan, skillet, kettle, frying-pan, dripping-pan, and brass and iron pot in the land, for want of wind-mills, which used to be his daily food. By this giant we may understand those gigantic bodies of men, vast armies, that bring terror and destruction with them wherever they come; and in particular, those roaring hectors, freebooters, desperadoes, and bullying huff-snuffs, for the most part like those whom Tacitus styles *hospitibus tantum metuendi*, who at the beginning of the war or campaign, live profusely at the husbandman's cost; but when the poor boor has been ruined by those unwelcome guests, they even destroy, and in a manner devour, the straw of the beds, and the pans, kettles, and, in short, whatever comes in their way.

[12] Enig (einige) is a pronoun, and signifies any, (and I am apt to think our any comes from enig.) As for evig, (ewige) it is an adjective and signifies everlasting; (perhaps too from evig we have our word ever.) However this matter stands, the case Rabelais referred to was this. One clause of the treaty between Charles V. and the Landgrave of Hesse, was, That the latter should remain in the court of the former among his retinue *ohne einige gefangniss*, without any confinement; as much as to say, it was by no means as a prisoner that the landgrave should be obliged to abide a certain time about the Emperor, but purely and only that the conqueror might be sure the conquered would undertake nothing to the prejudice of the said treaty. Instead of the word *einige*, any, which joined with the particle *ohne*, without, manifestly means without any; the emperor had got the word *ewige*, perpetual, slipt into the act. So that the landgrave, who reckoned on being obliged to follow the emperor, no longer than till the agreement made between them was fully executed, was filled with surprise when he was given to understand, that by virtue of the word *ewige*, foisted into the place *einige*, he had made and owned himself the emperor's prisoner for as many years as it should please that monarch to have him continue so. This is the foul play which Rabelais calls the *estifilade*, or being swinged off as it were with leather-straps; for that is the proper meaning of *estifilade*.

Rabelais tells us, that at last Gaffer Wide-nostrils was choked with eating a huge lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of physicians; which very well represents the destiny of those swaggering bravos, who, when the war is over, too often either take to the highway, and other bad courses, for which they are choked sometimes for as inconsiderable matters as a lump of butter taken from a higgler; or else, being reduced to live obscurely on a narrow fortune, waste and pine away by the chimney-corner, half-starved with their small pittance, and lead a lingering sorrowful life, worn out with their former excesses, the fatigues of war, and old age; as little regarded as they were feared much, when by open violence they lived in riot and luxury at the expense of the unfortunate.—*M.*

CH. XVIII.—*How Pantagruel met with a great storm at sea.*

THE next day we espied nine sail[1] that came spooning before the wind: they were full of Dominicans, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Egnatins, Celestins, Theatins, Amadeans,[2] Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, and the devil and all of other holy monks and friars,[3] who were going to the Council of Chesil, to sift and garble some new articles of faith against the new heretics. Panurge was overjoyed to see them, being most certain of good luck for that day, and a long train of others. So having courteously saluted the blessed fathers, and recommended the salvation of his precious soul to their devout prayers and private ejaculations, he caused seventy-eight dozen of Westphalia hams, units of pots of caviare, tens of Bolonia sausages, hundreds of botargoes, and thousands of fine angels, for the souls of the dead, to be thrown on board their ships. Pantagruel seemed metagrabolized, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholic as a cat. Friar John, who soon perceived it, was inquiring of him whence should come this unusual sadness? when the master, whose watch it was, observing the fluttering of the ancient above the poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judged that we should have wind; therefore he

[1] M. Duchat says, and it is manifested by the next chapter, that there was but one sail, which Rabelais calls *une orque*. An ourk is properly a sea-fish, enemy to the whale, of a prodigious, and, indeed, monstrous size, and almost round, known in Saintonge by the name of epaulart. From the largeness of this fish, perhaps, it comes about that the biggest sort of ships, designed for the ocean, are called ourks. [2] Augustin monks, founded at Rapaille by Amadæus Duke of Savoy, 1448, after he had renounced the papacy in favour of Nicholas V. They are a branch of the Franciscans. [3] Rabelais only says, "et aultres saincts religieux;" *i. e.* and other holy monks and friars.

bid the boatswain call all hands upon deck, officers, sailors, foremast-men, swabbers, and cabin-boys, and even the passengers; made them first settle their top-sails, take in their sprit-sail; then he cried, in with your top-sails, lower the fore-sail, tallow under the parrels, brade up close all them sails, strike your top-masts to the cap, make all sure with your sheepsfeet, lash your guns fast. All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blowed a storm; the sea began to roar, and swell mountain high: the rut of the sea was great, the waves breaking upon our ship's quarter; the north-west wind blustered and over-blowed; boisterous gusts, dreadful clashing and deadly scuds of wind whistled through our yards, and made our shrouds rattle again. The thunder grumbled so horridly, that you would have thought heaven had been tumbling about our ears; at the same time it lightened, rained, hailed; the sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick, and gloomy, so that we had no other light than that of the flashes of lightning, and rending of the clouds: the hurricanes, flaws, and sudden whirlwinds began to make a flame about us, by the lightnings, fiery vapours, and other aerial ejaculations. Oh how our looks were full of amazement and trouble, while the saucy winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous waves of the main! Believe me, it seemed to us a lively image of the chaos, where fire, air, sea, land, and all the elements were in a refractory confusion. Poor Panurge having, with the full contents of the inside of his doublet, plentifully fed the fish, greedy enough of such odious fare, sat on the deck all in a heap, with his nose and arse together, most sadly cast down, moping and half dead; invoked and called to his assistance all the blessed he and she saints he could muster up; swore and vowed to confess in time and place convenient, and then bawled out frightfully, steward, maitre d'hotel, see hoe! my friend,[4] my father, my uncle, prithee let us have a piece of powdered beef or pork; we shall drink but too much anon, for aught I see. Eat little and drink the more, will hereafter be my motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord, and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very minute of an hour,

[4] Panurge considers this steward as his all, because he was now the only person could do him any service, by giving him his fill of victuals, before an unlucky wave should have carried off both the one and the other.

well on shore, on terra firma, hale and easy. O twice and thrice happy those that plant cabbages! O Destinies, why did you not spin me for a cabbage-planter? O how few are there to whom Jupiter hath been so favourable, as to predestinate them to plant cabbages! They have always one foot on the ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever plants cabbages, is now, by my decree, proclaimed most happy; for as good a reason as the philosopher Pyrrho, being in the same danger, and seeing a hog near the shore, eating some scattered oats, declared it happy in two respects; first, because it had plenty of oats, and besides that, was on shore. Ha, for a divine and princely habitation, commend me to the cows floor.

Murder! This wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my friends! a little vinegar. I sweat again with mere agony. Alas, the mizen sail is split, the gallery is washed away, the masts are sprung, the main-top-mast-head dives into the sea; the keel is up to the sun; our shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas! alas! where is our main course? *Al is verlooren, by Godt;*[6] our top-mast is run adrift. Alas! who shall have this wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these whales. Your lanthorn is fallen, my lads. Alas! do not let go the main tack nor the bowlin. I hear the block crack; is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us have the hull, and let all the rigging be damned. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous. Look to the needle of your compass, I beseech you, good Sir Astrophil, and tell us, if you can, whence comes this storm. My heart's

[6] Low German; all is lost by G—d. It is in the original, "tout est frelore, bigoth," which means the same thing. When the Swiss were beaten at the battle of Marignan, there was a song for four voices, set to music by the famous Clement Jannequin, and reprinted at Venice, by Jer. Scot. 1550, the burden of which was:

Tout est frelore,
La tintelore,
Tout est frelore, bigot.

After the farce of Patelin, which has these words, in it, they became French, and the late gay Mademoiselle de Limueil sung them as she was dying. All is lost, by G—d. A gay lady indeed! Bigot, or by G—d, is the St. Picaut of Panurge, l. 3, c. 29. Peter Larrivey, act 2nd, last scene of his comedy called Morfondu, calls him Saint Picot: so, to save the oath, they make the oath itself a saint; for there is no such saint as St. Picault in reality, nor ever was.

sunk down below my midriff. By my troth, I am in a sad fright, bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost for ever. I conskite myself for mere madness and fear. Bou, bou, bou, bou, Otto to to to to ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous. I sink, I am drowned, I am gone, good people, I am drowned.

CH. XIX.—*What countenances Panurge and Friar John kept during the storm.*

PANTAGRUEL, having first implored the help of the great and Almighty Deliverer, and prayed publicly with fervent devotion, by the pilot's advice held tightly the mast of the ship. Friar John had stripped himself to his waistcoat, to help the seamen. Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much. Panurge alone sat on his breech upon deck, weeping and howling. Friar John espied him going on the quarter-deck, and said to him, Odzoons! Panurge the calf, Panurge the whiner, Panurge the brayer, would it not become thee much better to lend us here a helping hand, than to lie lowing like a cow, as thou dost, sitting on thy stones like a bald-breeched baboon? Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, returned Panurge; Friar John, my friend, my good father, I am drowning, my dear friend! I drown! I am a dead man, my dear father in God, I am a dead man, my friend: your cutting hanger cannot save me from this: alas! alas! we are above ela.[1] Above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas! we are now above *g sol re ut.* I sink, I sink, ha, my father, my uncle, my all. The water is got into my shoes by the collar; bous, bous, bous, paish, hu, hu, hu, he, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas! alas! Hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be, be, bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, alas! alas! Now I am like your tumblers, my feet stand higher than my head. Would to heaven I were now with those good holy fathers bound for the council, whom we met this morning,[2] so godly, so fat, so merry, so plump, and comely. Holos, bolos, holas, holas, alas! This devilish wave, (*mea culpa*

[1] Allusion from (helas) alas, to ela, a term in music. Panurge's meaning is, that in their present imminent danger of death, their alas's would do no good. [2] Add in the ork, *dedans l'orque.* This confirms M. Duchat's assertion, that there was but one sail loaded with monks. See the first line of the preceding chapter.

Deus,) I mean this wave of God,[3] will sink our vessel. Alas, Friar John, my father, my friend, confession. Here I am down on my knees; *confiteor;* your holy blessing. Come hither and be damned, thou pitiful devil, and help us, said Friar,—who fell a swearing and cursing like a tinker,—in the name of thirty legions of black devils, come; will you come? Do not let us swear at this time, said Panurge; holy father, my friend, do not swear, I beseech you; tomorrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our ship leaks. I drown, alas, alas! I will give eighteen hundred thousand crowns to any one that will set me on shore, all bewrayed and bedaubed as I am now. If ever there was a man in my country in the like pickle. *Confiteor*, alas! a word or two of testament or codicil at least. A thousand devils seize the cuckoldy cow-hearted mongrel, cried Friar John. Ods belly, art thou talking here of making thy will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our stumps lustily, or never? Wilt thou come, ho devil? Midshipman, my friend; O the rare lieutenant; here Gymnast, here on the poop. We are, by the mass, all beshit now, our light is out. This is hastening to the devil as fast as it can. Alas, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas, alas, alas, alas, said Panurge, was it here we were born to perish? Oh! ho! good people, I drown, I die. *Consummatum est.* I am sped—*Magna, gna, gna,* said Friar John. Fye upon him, how ugly the shitten howler looks. Boy, younker, see hoyh. Mind the pumps, or the devil choke thee. Hast thou hurt thyself? Zoons, here fasten it to one of these blocks. On this side, in the devil's name, hay—so my boy. Ah, Friar John, said Panurge, good ghostly father, dear friend, do not let us swear, you sin. Oh ho, oh ho, be be be bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my friends. I die in charity with all the world. Farewell, *in manus.* Bohus bohous, bhousowauswaus. St. Michael of Aure! St. Nicholas! now, now or never, I here make you a solemn vow, and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me this time, I mean if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you a fine large little chapel or two, between Candé and Monsoreau,[4] where neither

[3] Panurge, who had just uttered a profane expression, corrects himself in complaisance to a friend, who represents to him the danger they are all in. [4] Panurge would say, a fine large chapel, or two little ones, but fear had disordered his sense. What he adds, viz. Where neither cow nor calf shall feed, alludes to the proverb:

cow nor calf shall feed. Oh ho, oh ho. Above eighteen pailfuls or two of it are got down my gullet; bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how dammed bitter and salt it is! By the virtue, said Friar John, of the blood, the flesh, the belly, the head, if I hear thee again howling,[5] thou cuckoldy cur, I will maul thee worse than any sea wolf. Ods fish, why do not we take him up by the lugs and throw him overboard to the bottom of the sea? Here, sailor, ho honest fellow. Thus, thus, my friend, hold fast above. In truth here is a sad lightning and thundering; I think that all the devils are got loose; it is holiday with them; or else Madame Proserpine is in child's labour: all the devils dance a morrice.

CH. XX.—*How the Pilots were forsaking their ships in the greatest stress of weather.*

OH, said Panurge, you sin, Friar John, my former crony! former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my heart to tell it you: for I believe this swearing doth your spleen a great deal of good; as it is a great ease to a wood cleaver to cry hem at every blow; and as one who plays at nine pins is wonderfully helped, if, when he hath not thrown his bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander by leans and screws his body half way about, on that side which the bowl should have took to hit the pin. Nevertheless you offend, my sweet friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of cabirotadoes?[1] Would not this secure us from this

"Entre Candé et Monsoreau
La ne paist brebis ne veau."

Between Candé and Montsorrow,
There feeds nor sheep, nor calf, nor cow.

By this proverb we are informed that there is but a very small extent of land, and that too very barren, between the manor of Montsoreau and the village of Candé, which are only parted by the Vienne, and the sands on each side of that river.

[5] It runs thus in Rabelais, If I hear thee again pieping like a chicken, I will scratch thy back worse than a file. By this he compares Panurge to a hen, and himself to a cock, who would scratch him where he did not itch, and as it were *en loup marin*, i. e. with a sea-wolf's skin (such as joiners use to polish their work with.) That fish (called also a requiem) is very rough skinned, ravenous, and wide-mouthed, but good meat, says Cotgrave.

[1] Mind how our author drolls upon the name of this dish of meat, equivocating to that of the gods Cabiri; and how amidst a storm he brings in their priests, who were always miraculously preserved in storms at sea, how violent soever they were, says the commentator of Apollonius. These Cabiri were gods highly revered in Samothrace, as

storm? I have read, that in a storm at sea no harm ever befel the ministers of the gods Cabiri, so much celebrated by Orpheus, Apollonius, Pherecides, Strabo, Pausanias, and Herodotus.[2] He doats, he raves, the poor devil! A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred million of devils seize the hornified doddipole. Lend us a hand here, hoh, tiger, wouldst thou? Here, on the starboard side. Ods me, thou buffalo's head stuffed with relics, what ape's paternoster art thou muttering and chattering here between thy teeth? That devil of a sea calf is the cause of all this storm, and is the only man who doth not lend a helping hand. By G—, if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the head and ears with a vengeance, and chastise thee like any tempestative devil. Here mate, my lad, hold fast, till I have made a double knot. O brave boy! Would to heaven thou wert abbot of Talemouze, and that he that is were guardian of Croullay. Hold, brother Ponocrates, you will hurt yourself man. Epistemon, pray thee stand off out of the hatch-way. Methinks I saw the thunder fall there but just now. Con the ship, so ho—Mind your steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the long boat clear—steady. Ods fish, the beak-head is staved to pieces. Grumble, devils, fart, belch, shite, a turd on the wave. If this be weather, the devil is a ram. Nay, by G—, a little more would have washed me clear away into the current. I think all the legions of devils hold here their provincial chapter, or are polling, canvassing, and wrangling for the election of a new rector. Starboard;

being the penates of those islanders. Cabir, in Syriac, signifies potent. Not only the priests belonging to the Cabiri, but all others of that sodality, were secure in time of storm, though the sea went never so high. As for the dish called cabirotades, or capilotades, according to Boyer, it is a French ragout of remnants of meat. Capilotade, Cotgrave says, is stewed meat, compounded of veal, capon, chicken, or partridge, minced, spiced, and laid upon several beds of cheese. Again; cabirots, says Cotgrave, is the sperm, or spawn of sturgeons, (*cavear*) spread upon bread, and eaten with vinegar, oil, and pepper.

[2] I am afraid I shall punish the reader with puns. But it is the author's fault, not mine. Rabelais concludes this sentence with Herodotus (*Herodote*) and begins the next with *il radote*: he dotes. Can there be a more manifest pun than *Herodote* and *il radote*, to such as speak French right; nay, it is so plain, that the famous Menage tells us, (under the word *radoter*) several have been induced, from this allusion of Rabelais, to believe that *radoter* properly signifies to tell stories as unlikely to be true, as many things seem to be that are related by the historian Herodotus.

well said. Take heed; have a care of your noddle, lad, in the devil's name. So ho, starboard, starboard. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, cried Panurge, bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither heaven nor earth; of the four elements we have here only fire and water left. Bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy divine bounty, that I were at this present hour in the close at Sevillè, or at Innocent's, the pastry-cook, over against the painted wine vault at Chinon, though I were to strip to my doublet, and bake the petti-pasties myself.

Honest man, could not you throw me ashore? you can do a world of good things, they say. I give you all Salmigondinois, and my large shore full of whilks, cockles, and periwinkles, if, by your industry, I ever set foot on firm ground. Alas, alas, I drown. Harkee, my friends, since we cannot get safe into port, let us come to an anchor into some road, no matter whither. Drop all your anchors; let us be out of danger, I beseech you. Here honest tar, get you into the chains, and heave the lead, if it please you. Let us know how many fathom water we are in. Sound, friend, in the Lord Harry's name. Let us know whether a man might here drink easily, without stooping. I am apt to believe one might. Helm a-lee, hoh, cried the pilot. Helm a-lee; a hand or two at the helm; about ships with her; helm a-lee, helm a-lee. Stand off from the leech of the sail. Hoh! belay, here make fast below; hoh, helm a-lee, lash sure the helm a-lee, and let her drive. Is it come to that? said Pantagruel: our good Saviour then help us. Let her lie under the sea, cried James Brahier, our chief mate, let her drive. To prayers, to prayers, let all think on their souls, and fall to prayers; nor hope to escape but by a miracle. Let us, said Panurge, make some good pious kind of vow: alas, alas, alas! bou, bou, be, be, be, bous, bous, bous, oho, oho, oho, oho, let us make a pilgrim: come, come, let every man club his penny towards it, come on. Here, here, on this side, said Friar John, in the devil's name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake unhang the rudder: hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink, I say, of the best and most cheering; do you hear, steward, produce, exhibit; for, do you see this, and all the rest will as well go to the devil out of hand. A pox on that wind-broker Æolus, with his fluster-blusters. Sirrah, page, bring me

here my drawer (for so he called his breviary); stay a little here, haul, friend, thus. Odzoons, here is a deal of hail and thunder to no purpose. Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we All-saints day? I believe it is the unholy holiday of all the devil's crew. Alas, said Panurge, Friar John damns himself here as black as buttermilk for the nonce. Oh what a good friend I lose in him. Alas, alas, this is another gats-bout than last year's. We are falling out of Scylla into Charybdis. Oho! I drown. *Confiteor;* one poor word or two by way of testament, Friar John, my ghostly father; good Mr. Abstractor, my crony, my Achates, Xenomanes, my all. Alas! I drown; two words of testament here upon this ladder.

CH. XXI.—*A continuation of the storm, with a short discourse on the subject of making testaments at sea.*

To make one's last will, said Epistemon, at this time that we ought to bestir ourselves and help our seamen, on the penalty of being drowned, seems to me as idle and ridiculous a maggot as that of some of Cæsar's men, who, at their coming into the Gauls, were mightily busied in making wills and codicils; bemoaned their fortune, and the absence of their spouses and friends at Rome; when it was absolutely necessary for them to run to their arms, and use their utmost strength against Ariovistus their enemy.

This also is to be as silly, as that jolt-headed loblolly of a carter, who, having laid his waggon fast in a slough, down on his marrow-bones, was calling on the strong-backed deity, Hercules, might and main, to help him at a dead lift, but all the while forgot to goad on his oxen, and lay his shoulder to the wheels, as it behoved him: as if a Lord have mercy upon us, alone, would have got his cart out of the mire.

What will it signify to make your will now? for either we shall come off or drown for it. If we escape, it will not signify a straw to us; for testaments are of no value or authority, but by the death of the testators. If we are drowned, will it not be drowned too? Pr'ythee who will transmit it to the executors? Some kind wave will throw it ashore, like Ulysses, replied Panurge; and some king's daughter, going to fetch a walk in the fresco, on the evening, will find it, and take care to have it proved and fulfilled; nay, and have some stately cenotaph erected to my memory, as Dido

had to that of her good man Sichæus;[1] Æneas to Deiphobus,[2] upon the Trojan shore, near Rhœte; Andromache to Hector,[3] in the city of Buthrotus; Aristotle to Hermias and Eubulus;[4] the Athenians to the poet Euripides; the Romans to Drusus[5] in Germany, and to Alexander Severus,[6] their emperor, in the Gauls; Argentier to Callaischre;[7] Xenocrates to Lysidices;[8] Timares to his son Teleutagoras; Eupolis and Aristodice to their son Theotimus; Onestus to Timocles;[9] Callimachus to Sopolis, the son of Dioclides;[10] Catullus to his brother;[11] Statius to his father:[12] Germain of Brie to Hervé, the Breton tarpaulin.[13] Art thou mad, said

[1] Whence Rabelais had this, I know not. Perhaps he took for a cenotaph, the funeral pile which gave occasion to Dido to burn herself with the sacrifice she had been offering to the manes of Sichæus. See Justin. l. 18, c. 6. [2] Æneid, l. 6, v. 505. [3] Ibid. l. 3, v. 302. [4] See Diogenes Laertius, in the Life of Aristotle. [5] See Suetonius, in the Life of the Emperor Claudius. [6] See Lampridius, in the Life of that Emperor. [7] Read Callaischrus; Καλλαίσχρος. He perishing at sea, the poets, doubtless well paid by his heirs, set themselves at work to make cenotaphs, (honorary tombs) to his memory: two of which are extant, l. 3. of the Anthologia, c. 22. One by Leonidas, the other by Argentarius. [8] Read, Xenocrites. See the Anthologia. [9] See the Anthologia, l, 3, p. 366, Wechel's edition. [10] See the epigram of Callimachus, Epigram. 22. [11] See the 103rd epigram of Catullus. [12] See the Sylvæ of Statius, l. 5. Epiced. 3. [13] In the year 1512, on St. Lawrence's day, there was off St. Mahe, in Bretagne, a great sea fight, between the French fleet and the English, who were above two to one in number of ships. [So says M. Duchat of the English. He goes on.] The English seeing their admiral in danger, threw fire into that of France, commanded by Captain Hervé, a Breton. He, after having in vain endeavoured to save his ship, finding the loss of her inevitable, grappled with the English ship, to which the wind having carried the fire, the Regent of England, and the Cordeliere (Franciscan nun) of France, (so were the two ships called) perished with all that were on board. Germain de Brie, in Latin Germanus Brixeus, wrote, upon this occasion, a poem entituled Chordigera, *(Cordeliere)* dedicated to Queen Anne, at the conclusion whereof he raised this following cenotaph to the memory of Captain Hervé.

Hervei Cenotaphium.

" Magnanimi manes Hervei, nomenque verendum
Hic lapis observat, non tamen ossa tegit
Ausus enim Anglorum numerosæ occurrere classi,
Qua patrium infestans jam prope littus erat,
Chordigerâ invectus regali puppe; Britannis
Marte prius sævo comminus edomitis,
Arsit Chordigeræ in flammâ, extremoque cadentem
Servavit moriens excidio patriam.
Prisca duos ætas Decios miratur: at unum
Quem conferre queat, nostra duobus habet."

Friar John, to run on at this rate? Help, here, in the name of five hundred thousand millions of cart-loads of devils, help! may a shanker gnaw thy moustachios, and the three rows of pock-royals and cauliflowers cover thy bum and turd-barrel, instead of breeches and cod-piece. Codsooks our ship is almost overset. Ods death, how shall we clear her? it is well if she do not founder. What a devilish sea there runs! She will neither try nor hull; the sea will overtake her, so we shall never escape; the devil escape me. Then Pantagruel was heard to make a sad exclamation, saying, with a loud voice, Lord save us, we perish; yet not as we would have it, but thy holy will be done. The Lord and the blessed Virgin be with us, said Panurge. Holos, alas, I drown; be be be bous, be bous, bous: in manus. Good heavens, send me some dolphin to carry me safe on shore, like a pretty little Arion. I shall make shift to sound the harp, if it be not unstrung. Let nineteen legions of black devils seize me, said Friar John, (the Lord be with us, whispered Panurge, between his chattering teeth.) If I come down to thee, I will show thee to some purpose, that the badge of thy humanity dangles at a calf's breech, thou ragged, horned, cuckoldy booby:[11] mgna, mgnan, mgnan: come

To this Sir Thomas More made the following sharp answer:

"Hervea cum Decus unum conferre duobus
Ætas, te, Brixi, judice, nostra potest.
Sed tamen hoc distant: illi quod sponte peribant;
Hic perut, quoniam non potuit fugere."

See the epigrams of Sir Thomas More, and the poems of Germain de Brie. The latter have been reprinted in the collection made by Gruterus, under the name of Rhanutius Gherus, of the Latin poems, published by the French in the 16th century. It is in 16mo. in 3 vols. printed in 1599.

[14] Mr. Motteux here not only mistakes the meaning of the word cornart; (for how could Panurge be a cuckold that was not yet married?) but likewise the rest of the sentence. Rabelais' words are, *veau coquart, cornat escorné*. Upon which Duchat says: *veau coquart*, raw sot, cockaded prig, who is always trimmed up with a cock's feather in his cap; the beaux of that age being used to adorn their bonnets with a cock's feather, from whence our word cockade, I suppose; though we ought to write it, as the French do, *coquarde*. M. Duchat goes on to the next word, *veau cornart*, which Mr. Motteux, as I said above, took for cuckold, as if it came from *corne*, horn; whereas *veau cornart* is an ignorant doctor, who, to procure the more respect, is never seen abroad without his tippet or hood (*cornette*, in French) to show he is graduated. See chap. viii. *des Illustres Proverbes*. Lastly, *veau escorné*, an arrant scrub, who has, by his base pranks, already loaded himself with contempt and scorn; *escorno*, in Italian; from whence Rabelais borrows it.

hither and help us, thou great weeping calf, or may thirty millions of devils leap on thee. Wilt thou come, sea-calf? Fie! how ugly the howling whelp looks. What, always the same ditty? Come on now, my bonny drawer. This he said, opening his breviary. Come forward, thou and I must be somewhat serious for a while; let me peruse thee stiffly. *Beatus vir qui non abiit.* Pshaw, I know all this by heart; let us see the legend of Mons. St. Nicholas.

Horrida tempestas montem turbavit acutum.

Tempeste[15] was a mighty flogger of lads, at Mountaigu College. If pedants be damned for whipping poor little innocent wretches their scholars, he is, upon my honour, by this time fixed within Ixion's wheel, lashing the crop-eared, bob-tailed cur that gives it motion. If they are saved for having whipped innocent lads, he ought to be above the—[16]

Ch. XXII.—*An end of the storm.*

Shore, shore![1] cried Pantagruel. Land to, my friends, I see land! Pluck up a good spirit,[2] boys, it is within a kenning. So! we are not far from a port.—I see the sky clearing up to the northwards.—Look to the south-east! Courage, my hearts, said the pilot; now she will bear the hullock of a sail: the sea is much smoother; some hands aloft to the main-top. Put the helm a-weather. Steady! steady! Haul your after mizen bowlings. Haul, haul, haul! Thus, thus, and no near. Mind your steerage; bring your main tack aboard. Clear your sheets; clear your bowlings; port, port. Helm a lee. Now to the sheet on the starboard side, thou son of a whore. Thou art mightily pleased, honest fellow, quoth Friar John, with hearing make mention of thy mother. Luff, luff, cried the quartermaster that conned the ship, keep her full, luff the helm. Luff. It is, answered the

[15] Anthony Tempeste, doctor of Paris, principal of Montaigu college, where his picture is still to be seen. Eutrapel's Tales, ch. 26. The Latin verse alludes to this of Horace.

"Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit et imbres."

[16] The period interrupted by Pantagruel's crying out he saw land.

[1] *Terre, terre!* land, land. This is the γῆν ὁρῶ or *terram video* of Diogenes, when he found he was got toward the conclusion of a certain voluminous book, with which he was quite tired. [2] In the original, *couraige de brebis*: on with a sheep's courage. The nearer sheep draw to the fold, the more they bleat.

steersman. Keep her thus. Get the bonnets fixed. Steady, steady.

That is well said, said Friar John; now, this is something like a tansey. Come, come, come children, be nimble. Good, Luff, luff, thus. Helm a-weather. That is well said and thought on. Methinks the storm is almost over. It was high time, faith: however, the Lord be thanked. Our devils begin to scamper. Out with all your sails. Hoist your sails. Hoist. That is spoke like a man, hoist, hoist. Here, a God's name, honest Ponocrates; thou art a lusty fornicator; the whoreson will get none but boys. Eusthenes, thou art a notable fellow. Run up to the fore-top sail. Thus, thus. Well said, I faith; thus, thus. I dare not fear anything all this while, for it is holiday. Vea, vea, vea! huzza! This shout of the seaman is not amiss, and pleases me, for it is holiday. Keep her full thus. Good. Cheer up my merry mates, all, cried out Epistemon; I see already Castor on the right.[3] Bo, bo, bous, bous, bous, said Panurge, I am much afraid it is the bitch Helen. It is truly Mixarchagenas,[4] returned Epistemon, if thou likest better that denomination, which the Argives give him. Ho, ho! I see land too: let her bear in with the harbour: I see a good many people on the beach: I see a light on an obeliscolychny. Shorten your sails, said the pilot; fetch the sounding line; we must double that point of land, and mind the sands. We are clear of them, said the sailors. Soon after, Away she goes, quoth the pilot, and so doth the rest of our fleet: help came in good season.

By St. John, said Panurge, this is spoke somewhat like: O the sweet word! there is the soul of music in it. Mgna, mgna, mgna, said Friar John; if ever thou taste a drop of it, let the devil's dam taste me, thou ballocky devil. Here, honest soul, here is a full sneaker[5] of the very best. Bring the flagons: dost hear, Gymnast? and that same large pasty jambic, or gammonic, even as you will have it. Take heed you pilot her in right.

Cheer up, cried out Pantagruel; cheer up, my boys: let us be ourselves again. Do you see yonder, close by our ship,

[3] See Pliny, l. 2, c. 37, and the Scaligerana, at the word *Nbotiluca*.
[4] Read Mixarchagevas; for that is the true reading. See Plutarch, problem 23, question 63.
[5] Rabelais uses our English word tankard, but spells it tanquart.

two barks, three sloops, five ships, eight pinks, four yawls, and six frigates, making towards us, sent by the good people of the neighbouring island to our relief? But who is this Ucalegon below, that cried, and makes such a sad moan? Were it not that I hold the mast firmly with both my hands, and keep it straighter than two hundred tacklings—I would ——It is, said Friar John, that poor devil, Panurge, who is troubled with a calf's ague; he quakes for fear when his belly is full. If, said Pantagruel, he hath been afraid during this dreadful hurricane and dangerous storm, provided he hath done his part like a man, I do not value him a jot the less for it. For as, to fear in all encounters, is the mark of a heavy and cowardly heart; as Agamemnon did, who, for that reason, is ignominiously taxed by Achilles with having dog's eyes, and a stag's heart:[6] so, not to fear when the case is evidently dreadful, is a sign of want or smallness of judgment. Now, if anything ought to be feared in this life, next to offending God, I will not say it is death. I will not meddle with the disputes of Socrates and the academics, that death of itself is neither bad nor to be feared; but, I will affirm, that this kind of shipwreck is to be feared, or nothing is. For, as Homer saith, it is a grievous, dreadful, and unnatural thing, to perish at sea. And, indeed, Æneas, in the storm that took his fleet near Sicily, was grieved that he had not died by the hand of the brave Diomedes; and said that those were three, nay four times happy, who perished in the conflagration at Troy. No man here hath lost his life, the Lord our Saviour be eternally praised for it: but in truth here is a ship sadly out of order. Well, we must take care to have the damage repaired. Take heed we do not run aground and bulge her.

CH. XXIII.—*How Panurge played the good fellow when the storm was over.*

WHAT cheer, ho, fore and aft? quoth Panurge. Oh ho! all is well, the storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as to let me be the first that is sent on shore; for I would by all means a little untruss a point. Shall I help you still? Here, let me see, I will coil this rope; I have plenty of courage, and of fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honest tar. No, no, I have not a bit of fear. Indeed, that same

[6] Iliad 1st.

decumane wave, that took us fore and aft, somewhat altered my pulse. Down with your sails; well said. How now, Friar John? you do nothing. Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but St. Martin's running footman[1] may still be hatching us some further mischief? shall I come and help you again? Pork and peas choke me, if I do heartily repent, though too late, not having followed the doctrine of the good philosopher, who tell us that to walk by the sea, and to navigate by the shore, are very safe and pleasant things: just as it is to go on foot, when we hold our horse by the bridle. Ha! ha! ha! by G— all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me see, I will do this as it should be, or the devil is in it.

Epistemon, who had the inside of one of his hands all flayed and bloody, having held a tackling with might and main, hearing what Pantagruel had said, told him: You may believe, my lord, I had my share of fear as well as Panurge; yet I spared no pains in lending my helping hand. I considered, that since by fatal and unavoidable necessity, we must all die, it is the blessed will of God that we die this or that hour, and this or that kind of death: nevertheless we ought to implore, invoke, pray, beseech, and supplicate him: but we must not stop there; it behoveth us also to use our endeavours on our side, and, as the holy writ saith, to co-operate with him.

You know what C. Flaminius, the consul said, when by Hannibal's policy he was penned up near the lake of Peruse, alias Thrasymene. Friends, said he to his soldiers, you must not hope to get out of this place barely by vows or prayers to the gods; no, it is by fortitude and strength we must escape and cut ourselves a way with the edge of our swords through the midst of our enemies.

Sallust likewise makes M. Portius Cato say this: The help of the gods is not obtained by idle vows and womanish complaints; it is by vigilance, labour, and repeated endeavours, that all things succeed according to our wishes and designs. If a man, in time of need and danger, is negligent, heartless, and lazy, in vain he implores the gods; they are then justly angry and incensed against him. The devil take me, said Friar John (I'll go his halves, quoth Panurge), if

[1] The Devil. The legend of St. Martin assigns him the devil for a running footman on a certain occasion.

the close of Sevillé had not been all gathered, vintaged, gleaned, and destroyed, if I had only sung *contra hostium insidias* (matter of breviary) like all the rest of the monkish devils, and had not bestirred myself to save the vineyard as I did, despatching the truant picaroons of Lerné with the staff of the cross.

Let her sink or swim a God's name, said Panurge, all's one to Friar John; he doth nothing; his name is Friar John Do-little;[2] for all he sees me here sweating and puffing to help with all my might this honest tar, first of the name.—Hark you me, dear soul, a word with you;—but pray be not angry. How thick do you judge the planks of our ship to be? Some two good inches and upwards, returned the pilot; don't fear. Odskilderkins, said Panurge, it seems then we are within two fingers' breadth of damnation.

Is this one of the nine comforts of matrimony?[3] Ah, dear soul, you do well to measure the danger by the yard of fear. For my part, I have none on't; my name is William Dreadnought. As for my heart, I have more than enough on't; I mean none of your sheep's heart; but of wolf's heart;[4] the courage of a bravo. By the pavilion of Mars, I fear nothing but danger.

CH. XXIV.—*How Panurge was said to have been afraid without reason, during the storm.*

GOOD morrow, gentlemen, said Panurge, good morrow to you all: you are in very good health, thanks to heaven and yourselves: you are all heartily welcome, and in good time. Let us go on shore.—Here cockswain, get the ladder over the gunnel; man the sides: man the pinnace, and get her by the ship's side. Shall I lend you a hand here? I am stark mad for want of business, and would work like any two yokes of oxen. Truly this is a fine place, and these look like a very

[2] In opposition to Panurge, whose name comes from fac-totum, do-all.

[3] A pleasant comparison between a man, however lucky in marrying, and another that is embarked, and on the sea; however good the ship be he has under him, yet is he not sure he shall not be cast away.

He that in wedlock (twice) ventures his carcase
(Twice) ventures a drowning, and faith that is a hard case,

says a merry poet. A small book of the *Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony*, attributed to Antoine de la Sale, was several times reprinted in the sixteenth century. [4] Forced courage; for a wolf never turns head to fight, but when he cannot run away with his prey.

good people. Children, do you want me still in anything? do not spare the sweat of my body, for God's sake, Adam —that is man—was made to labour and work, as the birds were made to fly. Our Lord's will is, that we get our bread with the sweat of our brows, not idling and doing nothing, like this tatterdamallion of a monk here, this Friar Jack, who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dies for fear.—Rare weather.—I now find the answer of Anacharsis, the noble philosopher, very proper: being asked what ship he reckoned the safest? he replied, That which is in the harbour. He made yet a better repartee, said Pantagruel, when somebody inquiring which is greater, the number of the living or that of the dead? he asked them, amongst which of the two they reckoned those that are at sea? ingeniously implying, that they are continually in danger of death, dying alive, and living die. Portius Cato also said, that there were but three things of which he would repent; if ever he had trusted his wife with his secret, if he had idled away a day, and if he had ever gone by sea to a place which he could visit by land. By this dignified frock of mine, said Friar John to Panurge, friend, thou hast been afraid during the storm, without cause or reason: for thou wert not born to be drowned, but rather to be hanged, and exalted in the air, or to be roasted in the midst of a jolly bonfire.[1] My lord, would you have a good cloak for the rain; leave me off your wolf and badger-skin mantle: let Panurge but be flayed, and cover yourself with his hide. But do not come near the fire, nor near your blacksmith's forges, a God's name; for in a moment you will see it in ashes. Yet be as long as you please in the rain, snow, hail, nay, by the devil's maker, throw yourself, or dive down to the very bottom of the water, I'll engage you'll not be wet at all. Have some winter boots made of it, they'll never take in a drop of water: make bladders of it to lay

[1] After bonfire, add, like a father. "Pendu ou brulé comme ung pere," are Rabelais' words. M. Duchat tells us that Rabelais, by like a father, means like one of the Lutherans, or first reformers, who in France were denominated fathers (*peres*, in French) because in those days, praying in French, (as they still do) most of their prayers begin with, Father everlasting, (*Pere eternel.*) So the returning thanks in Latin, which beginneth with the word *agimus*, has got the Catholics the surname of Agimus. S. Ange to Mascurat, who could not endure the Huguenots, says, "Tu devrois plustost dire avec moy;

Pere eternel et agimus,
Soyez tous deux les bien venus."

under boys, to teach them to swim, instead of corks, and they will learn without the least danger. His skin, then, said Pantagruel, should be like the herb called true maiden's hair, which never takes wet nor moistness, but still keeps dry, though you lay it at the bottom of the water as long as you please; and for that reason is called Adiantos.

Friend Panurge, said Friar John, I pray thee never be afraid of water: thy life for mine thou art threatened with a contrary element. Ay, ay, replied Panurge, but the devil's cooks dote sometimes, and are apt to make horrid blunders as well as others: often putting to boil in water, what was designed to be roasted on the fire: like the head cooks of our kitchen, who often lard partridges, queests, and stock-doves, with intent to roast them, one would think; but it happens sometimes, that they even turn the partridges into the pot, to be boiled with cabbages, the queests with leak pottage, and the stock-doves with turnips. But hark you me, good friends, I protest before this noble company, that as for the chapel which I vowed to Mons. St. Nicholas, between Candé and Monsoreau, I honestly mean that it shall be a chapel of rose-water,[2] which shall be where neither cow nor calf shall be fed: for between you and I, I intend to throw it to the bottom of the water. Here is a rare rogue for you, said Eusthenes: here is a pure rogue, a rogue in grain, a rogue enough, a rogue and a half. He is resolved to make good the Lombardic proverb, *Passato el pericolo, gabbato el santo.*[3]

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

ON CHAP. XVIII. AND THE SIX FOLLOWING.—These chapters contain a description of a dreadful storm, which Pantagruel's fleet met with. It began immediately after they came up with nine sail laden with all sorts of monks, who were going to the Council of Chesil, to sift and garble some articles of faith against the new heretics.

This council can be no other but that of Trent, then sitting, in which such sort of articles were framed. The word chesil, by the transposition of a single letter, makes the Hebrew word *chelis*, three; whence comes *chelism*, thirty, which is *trente* in French: and, if you will keep to the number *chelis*, or three, the name of that town, which is *Tridentum* in Latin, is partly made up of it; so there is no doubt but in one of those senses the author had a mind to let us know his meaning.

The storm in these chapters, is undoubtedly the cruel persecution

[2] A distilling chapel, that is, a limbeck. The word *chapelle*, in the signification of an alembick, is to be found in Nicot and Oudin.

[3] The danger once over, the saint is despised.

that was raised in France in the reign of Henry II. It began in 1548, by a kind of inquisition to prosecute the Lutherans. These are Du Tillet's words about it: *Il fut ordonné qu'une seance extraordinaire se feroit des juges à Paris, pour connoistre particulierement du faict des heretiques. En icelle quelques miserables furent punis de cruels supplices à toute rigueur.*[4] It was ordered that the judges should meet in an extraordinary manner at Paris, to take particular cognizance of the cases of the heretics. Some wretches suffered cruel punishment, inflicted by that assembly with the utmost rigour.

During that storm Pantagruel shows an heroic steadfastness and constancy of mind; Friar John an undaunted courage, and a great activity; all Pantagruel's household do their best to save the ship and help one another; Panurge alone sits on his tail upon deck, weeping and howling, and says a thousand ridiculous things suggested to him by his fear; sometimes he wishes himself with the blessed fathers, whom they met steering their course for the Council of Chesil: presently he proves as great a milk-sop as most of his brother deists do on such occasions, and is most mightily godly; then he is for making his will. In short, nothing can be more unaccountable than the vows, wishes, and moans of that maudling coward, till the storm abates, and the fleet comes in sight of the island of the Macreons. Then he plays the good fellow, and is as busy as any six, seeming as resolute and active as he was fearful and unmanly before.

The storm begins just as soon as they have been met by monks; mention is made in it of the thunder's falling on a part of the ship; which may mean the ecclesiastical censures, and the pope's thunderbolts: then, when the storm abates, Friar John says, our devils began to scamper. I will show that by devils Rabelais has meant the monks, and persecuting tempters of the church of Rome. As for Panurge's seeming a papist in the midst of the storm, it give us exactly his character; for he was doubtless ready enough to make all the grimaces of a rank papist in the midst of the persecution; though, as soon as it was past, he laughed at St. Nicholas, the water saint, to whom he had promised a chapel, if he escaped, between Candé and Monsoreau, where neither cow nor calf should feed. The word chapel is equivocal in French, signifying a limbeck; so he says he will throw one in the river, doubtless that which drowns up all the ground between those two towns, and thus he means to fulfil his vow. Perhaps this is also designed to ridicule the vows and behaviour of seamen in a storm.

Pantagruel's holding the mast of the ship tight with both his hands all the while, by the skipper's advice, implies, that as the family of Navarre, and particularly Anthony of Bourbon, was best able to protect the great ones, who were embarked together for a reformation, it was fit he should do it with his power; and accordingly Du Tillet tells us, that none but *miserables* (poor wretches) suffered. If any one will say, that, perhaps Rabelais did not in this voyage mean any particular persons, I hope at least they will grant he has admirably described the different behaviour of most men in danger, and chiefly in persecuting times.

[4] Du Tillet, Chron. Abreg. des Rois de France, 1548.

CH. XXV.—*How, after the Storm, Pantagruel went on shore in the Islands of the Macreons.*

IMMEDIATELY after, he went ashore at the port of an island which they called the island of the Macreons.[1] The good people of the place received us very honourably. An old Macrobius (so they called their eldest elderman) desired Pantagruel to come to the town-house to refresh himself, and eat something: but he would not budge a foot from the mole till all his men were landed. After he had seen them, he gave order that they should all change clothes, and that some of all the stores in the fleet should be brought on shore, that every ship's crew might live well: which was accordingly done, and God wot how well they all toped and carouzed. The people of the place brought them provisions in abundance. The Pantagruelists returned them more: as the truth is their's were somewhat damaged by the late storm. When they had well-stuffed the insides of their doublets, Pantagruel desired every one to lend their help to repair the damage; which they readily did. It was easy enough to refit there; for all the inhabitants of the island were carpenters, and all such handicrafts as are seen in the arsenal at Venice. None but the largest island was inhabited, having three ports and ten parishes; the rest being overrun with wood, and desert, much like the forest of Arden. We entreated the old Macrobius to show us what was worth seeing in the island; which he did; and in the desert and dark forest we discovered several old ruined temples, obelisks, pyramids, monuments, and ancient tombs, with divers inscriptions and

[1] Some will have this to be Great Britain; others will have it take in likewise the province of Bretagne, in France wherein, as well as in England, the tales of Eutrapel ch 33, observe there are still to be seen a world of ancient monuments and singular rarities, as are mentioned in this chapter. The translator of Rabelais into English is of opinion it means England, and no other country; but, although it is certain that people live there to a very great age, yet that does not determine the question. The sole reason is, those who in Edward the Sixth's time, to avoid persecution in France, fled into England, found the secret there to prolong a life which they had not failed to have lost in their own country. Again, literally taken, may it not mean the Isle of Wight, which in the Romance of Perceforest, is called the Isle of Life? and that romance, which extends its heroes' lives to many ages, makes them live so long for no other reason, but on account of his assigning them that island to reside in; from whence they are at last forced to be taken, in order to put them into a possibility of dying.

epitaphs; some of them in hieroglyphic characters; others in the Ionic dialect; some in the Arabic, Agarenian, Sclavonian, and other tongues; of which Epistemon took an exact account. In the interim, Panurge said to Friar John, is this the island of the Macreons? Macreon signifies in Greek an old man, or one much stricken in years. What is that to me, said Friar John, how can I help it? I was not in the country when they christened it. Now I think on it, quoth Panurge, I believe the name of mackerel (that is a bawd in French) was derived from it: for procuring is the province of the old, as buttock-riggling is that of the young. Therefore I do not know but this may be the bawdy or Mackerel island, the original and prototype of the island of that name at Paris. Let us go and dredge for cock-oysters. Old Macrobius asked, in the Ionic tongue, How, and by what industry and labour, Pantagruel got to their port that day, there having been such blustering weather, and such a dreadful storm at sea. Pantagruel told him that the Almighty Preserver of mankind had regarded the simplicity and sincere affection of his servants, who did not travel for gain or sordid profit; the sole design of their voyage being a studious desire to know, see, and visit the Oracle of Bacbuc, and take the word of the Bottle upon some difficulties offered by one of the company: nevertheless this had not been without great affliction, and evident danger of shipwreck. After that, he asked him what he judged to be the cause of that terrible tempest, and if the adjacent seas were thus frequently subject to storms; as in the ocean are the Ratz of Sammaieu,[2] Maumusson,[3] and in the Mediterranean sea the gulph of Sataly,[4]

[2] In Bretagne, a dangerous passage, because of the rapidity of the currents there.

[3] The canal so called, is likewise very dangerous, on account of the numberless banks and quicksands there, which are moving up and down continually. It is two leagues long, and one broad, and separates the isles of Alvert and Oleron.

[4] Anciently Attalia, in Pamphylia. It is still very dangerous, but nothing near so much as it was heretofore, by reason of a sea-monster, which, if we believe Villamont in his travels, was wont to infest that part of the sea, till the Empress St. Helena, in her return from Jerusalem, from whence she was bringing the nails with which our Saviour was fastened to the cross, threw one of them into the waves there; which has rendered that monster so gentle, that it is but seldom he now-a-days meddles with any of the ships that come near the place of his abode. See Villamont's Voyages, l. 2, c. 5.

Montargentan,[5] Piombino, Capo Melio in Laconia,[6] the Straits of Gibraltar, Faro di Messina, and others.

CH. XXVI.—*How the good Macrobius gave us an account of the Mansion and Decease of the Heroes.*

THE good Macrobius then answered,—Friendly strangers, this island is one of the Sporades; not of your Sporades that lie in the Carpathian sea, but one of the Sporades of the ocean: in former times rich, frequented, wealthy, populous, full of traffic, and in the dominions of the rulers of Britain, but now, by course of time, and in these latter ages of the world, poor and desolate, as you see. In this dark forest, above seventy-eight thousand Persian leagues in compass, is the dwelling-place of the demons and heroes, that are grown old, and we believed that some one of them died yesterday; since the comet, which we saw for three days before together, shines no more: and now it is likely, that at his death there arose this horrible storm; for while they are alive all happiness attends both this and the adjacent islands, and a settled calm and serenity. At the death of every one of them, we commonly hear in the forest, loud and mournful groans, and the whole land is infested with pestilence, earthquakes, inundations, and other calamities; the air with fogs and obscurity, and the sea with storms and hurricanes. What you tell us, seems to me likely enough, said Pantagruel. For, as a torch or candle, as long as it hath life enough and is lighted, shines round about, disperses its light, delights those that are near it, yields them its service and clearness, and never causes any pain or displeasure; but as soon as it is extinguished, its smoke and evaporation infect the air, offend the by-standers, and are noisome to all: so, as long as those noble and renowned souls inhabit their bodies, peace, profit, pleasure, and honour never leave the places where they abide; but as soon as they leave them, both the continent and adjacent islands are annoyed with great commotions; in the air fogs, darkness, thunder, hail; tremblings, pulsations, agitations of the earth; storms and hurricanes at sea; together with sad complaints amongst the people, broaching of religions, changes in governments, and ruins of commonwealths.

[5] Porto de Telamone, in Tuscano. [6] Cabo de Malvasia; anciently Malleum Promontorium.

We had a sad instance of this lately, said Eustemon, at the death of that valiant and learned knight, William du Bellay; during whose life France enjoyed so much happiness, that all the rest of the world looked upon it with envy, sought friendship with it, and stood in awe of its power; but now, after his decease, it hath for a considerable time been the scorn of the rest of the world.[1]

Thus, said Pantagruel, Anchises being dead at Drepani, in Sicily, Æneas was dreadfully tossed and endangered by a storm; and perhaps for the same reason, Herod, that tyrant and cruel King of Judea, finding himself near the passage of a horrid kind of death,—for he died of a phthiriasis, devoured by vermin and lice; as before him died L. Sylla, Pherecydes, the Syrian, the preceptor of Pythagoras, the Greek poet Alcmæon, and others,—and foreseeing that the Jews would make bonfires at his death, caused all the nobles and magistrates to be summoned to his seraglio, out of all the cities, towns, and castles of Judea, fraudulently pretending that he had some things of moment to impart to them. They made their personal appearance; whereupon he caused them all to be shut up in the hippodrome of the seraglio; then said to his sister Salome, and Alexander her husband: I am certain that the Jews will rejoice at my death; but if you will observe and perform what I tell you, my funeral shall be honourable, and there will be a general mourning. As soon as you see me dead, let my guards, to whom I have already given strict commission to that purpose, kill all the noblemen and magistrates that are secured in the hippodrome. By these means, all Jewry shall, in spite of themselves, be obliged to mourn and lament, and foreigners will imagine it to be for my death, as if some heroic soul had left her body. A desperate tyrant wished as much when he said, When I

[1] Soon after the death of William du Bellay, the Emperor Charles V. forced the Duke of Cleves to depart from the alliance he had made with France; and as Francis I. was generally reckoned to have brought into the Mediterranean, and even before the Castle of Nice, the corsair Barbarossa, the emperor, at that time almighty in Germany, not only hindered the ambassadors, sent by the king to the diet, from setting foot within the empire, but was going to hang a herald they had dispatched before for passports; so absolute was the emperor in Germany, after the death of M. de Langey, who, being present in all the diets, never failed to support the glory and interests of France, by representing to the Germans, in those assemblies, their true interest, and the measures they were to take to preserve their liberty. See Sleidan, l. 15.

die, let earth and fire be mixed together; which was as good as to say, let the whole world perish. Which saying the tyrant Nero altered, saying, While I live, as Suetonius affirms it. This detestable saying, of which Cicero, lib. *De Finib.* and Seneca, lib. 2, *De Clementia*, make mention, is ascribed to the Emperor Tiberius, by Dion Nicæus and Suidas.

CH. XXVII.—*Pantagruel's discourse of the decease of heroic souls; and of the dreadful prodigies that happened before the death of the late Lord de Langey.*

I WOULD not, continued Pantagruel, have missed the storm that hath thus disordered us, were I also to have missed the relation of these things told us by this good Macrobius. Neither am I unwilling to believe what he said of a comet that appears in the sky some days before such a decease. For some of those souls are so noble, so precious, and so heroic that heaven gives us notice of their departing some days before it happens. And as a prudent physician, seeing by some symptoms that his patient draws towards his end, some days before, gives notice of it to his wife, children, kindred, and friends, that, in that little time he hath yet to live, they may admonish him to settle all things in his family, to tutor and instruct his children as much as he can, recommend his relict to his friends in her widowhood, and declare what he knows to be necessary about a provision for the orphans; that he may not be surprised by death without making his will, and may take care of his soul and family: in the same manner the heavens, as it were, joyful for the approaching reception of those blessed souls, seem to make bonfires by those comets and blazing meteors, which they at the same time kindly design should prognosticate to us here, that in a few days one of those venerable souls is to leave her body, and this terestrial globe. Not altogether unlike this was what was formerly done at Athens, by the judges of the Areopagus. For when they gave their verdict to cast or clear the culprits that were tried before them, they used certain notes according to the substance of the sentences; by Θ, signifying sentence to death;[1] by T, absolution;[2] by A, ampliation[3] or a demur, when the

[1] From the Greek Θανατος, death; and it is to this signification of the theta (in the judgments passed by the Greeks) that this verse of Persius alludes. "Et potis es vitio nigrum præfigere theta."

[2] In Greek, τελέωσις. [3] Rabelais follows the error of Erasmus, who had no correct copy of Asconius to go by. That gram-

case was not sufficiently examined. Thus having publicly set up those letters, they eased the relations and friends of the prisoners, and such others as desired to know their doom, of their doubts. Likewise by these comets, as in ætherial characters, the heavens silently say to us, Make haste mortals, if you would know or learn of the blessed souls any thing concerning the public good, or your private interest; for their catastrophe is near, which being past, you will vainly wish for them afterwards.

The good-natured heavens still do more: and that mankind may be declared unworthy of the enjoyment of those renowned souls, they fright and astonish us with prodigies, monsters, and other foreboding signs, that thwart the order of nature.

Of this we had an instance several days before the decease of the heroic soul of the learned and valiant Chevalier de Langey, of whom you have already spoken. I remember it, said Epistemon; and my heart still trembles within me, when I think on the many dreadful prodigies that we saw five or six days before he died. For the Lords D'Assier,[4] Chemant, one-eyed Mailly, St. Ayl, Villeneufue-la-Guyart, Master Gabriel, physician of Savillan, Rabelais, Cohuau, Massuau, Majorici, Bullou, Cercu, alias Bourgmaistre, Francis Proust, Ferron, Charles Girard, Francis Bourré, and many other friends and servants to the deceased, all dismayed, gazed on each other without uttering one word; yet not without foreseeing that France would in a short time be deprived of a knight so accomplished, and necessary for its glory and protection, and that heaven claimed him again as its due. By the tufted tip of my cowl, cried Friar John, I am even resolved to become a scholar before I die. I have a pretty good head-piece of my own, you must confess. Now pray give me leave to ask you a civil question. Can these same heroes or demigods you talk of, die? May I never be damned, if I was not so much a lobcock as to believe they had been immortal, like so many fine angels. Heaven for-

marian says nothing absolutely of what we see here in Rabelais, and in the Adages of Erasmus, chil. 1, cent. 5, ch. 56; since A, according to him, is the mark of absolution, C. of condemnation, and the two letters N.L., i.e. *non liquet*, denotes ampliation. [4] See an account of all these gentlemen in M. Duchat and what legacies were left them by the Chevalier de Langey. Our author had fifty livres tournois yearly rent-charge, till such time as he should have a benefice, worth at least 300 livres per annum.

give me! but this most reverend father, Macrobius, tells us they die at last. Not all, returned Pantagruel.

The stoics held them all to be mortal, except one, who alone is immortal, impassable, invisible. Pindar plainly saith, that there is no more thread, that is to say, no more life, spun from the distaff and flax of the hard-hearted fates for the goddesses Hamadryades, than there is for those trees that are preserved by them, which are good, sturdy, downright oaks; whence they derived their original, according to the opinion of Callimachus, and Pausanias in Phoci. With whom concurs Martianus Capella. As for the demigods, fauns, satyrs, sylvans, hobgoblins, ægipanes, nymphs, heroes, and demons, several men have, from the total sum, which is the result of the divers ages calculated by Hesiod, reckoned their life to be 9720 years: that sum consisting of four special numbers orderly arising from one, the same added together, and multiplied by four every way, amounts to forty; these forties, being reduced into triangles by five times, make up the total of the aforesaid number. See Plutarch, in his book about the Cessation of Oracles.

This, said Friar John, is not matter of breviary; I may believe as little or as much of it as you and I please. I believe, said Pantagruel, that all intellectual souls are exempted from Atropos's scissors. They are all immortal, whether they be of angels, of demons, or human: yet I will tell you a story concerning this, that is very strange, but is written and affirmed by several learned historians.

CH. XXVIII.—*How Pantagruel related a very sad story of the death of the heroes.*

EPITHERSES, the father of Æmilian the rhetorician, sailing from Greece to Italy, in a ship freighted with divers goods and passengers, at night the wind failed them near the Echinades, some islands that lie between the Morea and Tunis, and the vessel was driven near Paxos. When they got thither, some of the passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a voice was heard that called aloud, Thamous! which cry surprised them all. This same Thamous was their pilot, an Egyptian by birth, but known by name only to some few travellers. The voice was heard a second time, calling Thamous, in a frightful tone; and none making answer, but trembling, and remaining

silent, the voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before.

This caused Thamous to answer; Here am I; what dost thou call me for? What wilt thou have me do? Then the voice, louder than before, bid him publish, when he should come to Palodes, that the great god Pan was dead.

Epitherses related that all the mariners and passengers, having heard this, were extremely amazed and frighted; and that consulting among themselves, whether they had best conceal or divulge what the voice had enjoined; Thamous said, his advice was, that if they happened to have a fair wind, they should proceed without mentioning a word of it, but if they chanced to be becalmed, he would publish what he had heard. Now when they were near Palodes, they had no wind, neither were they in any current. Thamous then getting up on the top of the ship's forecastle, and casting his eyes on the shore, said that he had been commanded to proclaim that the great god Pan was dead. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when deep groans, great lamentations, and doleful shrieks, not of one person, but of many together, were heard from the land.

The news of this—many being present—was soon spread at Rome; insomuch that Tiberius, who was then emperor, sent for this Thamous, and having heard him, gave credit to his words. And inquiring of the learned in his court, and at Rome, who was that Pan? he found by their relation that he was the son of Mercury and Penelope, as Herodotus and Cicero in his third book of the Nature of the Gods had written before.

For my part, I understand it of that great Saviour of the faithful, who was shamefully put to death at Jerusalem, by the envy and wickedness of the doctors, priests, and monks of the Mosaic law. And methinks, my interpretation is not improper; for he may lawfully be said in the Greek tongue to be *Pan*, since he is our *all*. For all that we are, all that we live, all that we have, all that we hope, is him, by him, from him, and in him. He is the god Pan, the great shepherd, who, as the loving shepherd Corydon affirms, hath not only a tender love and affection for his sheep, but also for their shepherds. At his death, complaints, sighs, fears, and lamentations were spread through the whole fabric of the universe, whether heavens, land, sea or hell.

The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine: for this most good, most mighty Pan, our only Saviour, died near Jerusalem, during the reign of Tiberius Cæsar.

Pantagruel, having ended this discourse, remained silent, and full of contemplation. A little while after, we saw the tears flow out of his eyes[1] as big as ostrich's eggs. God take me presently, if I tell you one single syllable of a lie in the matter.

ON CHAPS. XXV. XXVI. XXVII. AND XXVIII.—The island of the Macreons, where the fleet went into harbour after the storm, signifies the island where men are long-lived. Its eldest elderman is named Macrobius, or Long-lived. We are told in the 26th chapter, that it was in the dominions of the ruler of Britain; consequently it was a safe port against the tempest of persecution, the reformation being openly professed at that time in England under King Edward VI. This causes Rabelais to make his persecuted fleet take shelter there, and to say that men lived long in that island; because none were put to death on account of their religion.

The ruins of temples, obelisks, pyramids, ancient tombs and monuments, which they see there, denote the decay, downfall, and ruin of Popery, unfrequented, and left in dismal solitude. The souls of the heroes, who are lodged in those ruined mansions, are the true Christians who had cast off the yoke of Popery, and of the blind worship of saints, many of them fabulous, to which the superstition of the Papists had made them raise temples, obelisks, and monuments, as formerly the heathens did to their false gods.

The old Macrobius says, that the death of one of those heroes had occasioned the storm. By which our author gives us to understand, that troubles and commotions are often raised in kingdoms at the death of those eminent persons who have governed them under their kings; and probably, he may have had a mind to mark the death of Margaret de Valois, Queen of Navarre, sister to King Francis I., which happened towards the latter end of the year 1549, about a year after the Lady Jane d'Albret, Princess of Navarre, had been married to Anthony de Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, Rabelais' Pantagruel. That princess, who had always protected the reformers and the reformed, as has been observed in the preface to the first three books, was not less eminent for her piety, wit, learning, and virtue, than for her royal extraction. Valentine d'Alsinois, a French lady, made the following epitaph on her—

"Musarum decima et charitum quarta, inclyta regum
Et soror et conjux Margaris illa jacet."

CH. XXIX.—*How Pantagruel sailed by the Sneaking Island, where Shrovetide reigned.*

THE jovial fleet being refitted and repaired, new stores taken

[1] When before, l. 3, c. 2, Rabelais describes Pantagruel as the best little and great good man that ever girded a sword to his side, he seems to hint that the great qualities of that prince were mixed with abundance of others not so great. Here, he makes him weep, out of the constitutional softness of his temper, and the tenderness of his disposition.

in, the Macreons over and above satisfied and pleased with the money spent there by Pantagruel, our men in better humour than they used to be, if possible, we merrily put to sea the next day, near sunset, with a delicious fresh gale.

Xenomanes showed us afar off the Sneaking Island,[1] where reigned Shrovetide,[2] of whom Pantagruel had heard much talk formerly: for that reason he would gladly have seen him in person, had not Xenomanes advised him to the contrary: first, because this would have been much out of our way; and then for the lean cheer, (*manger maigre,*) which he told us was to be found at that prince s court, and indeed all over the island.

You can see nothing there for your money, said he, but a huge greedy guts, a tall woundy swallower of hot wardens[3] and muscles;[4] a long-shanked mole-catcher;[5] an overgrown bottler of hay;[6] a mossy-chinned demi-giant, with a double shaven crown, of lantern breed;[7] a very great loitering noddy-peaked youngster,[8] banner-bearer to the fish-eating tribe,[9] dictator of mustard land,[10] flogger of little children,[11] calciner

[1] *L'Isle de Tapinois*, in French, means neither more or less than the habitation of the monks, which in ch. 46 of l. 3, and in the Prol. of l. 4, Rabelais calls *taupetiers*, and their churches *taupétieres;* properly holes which the moles root in the ground; because the monks are shut up therein like so many moles *(taupes,* in French, from *talpa,* a mole, in Latin.) Lent is said to dwell in these monks' convents, where abstinence from flesh is supposed, and ought to reign.

[2] *Quaresme-prenant.* Rabelais means the beginning of Lent, or if you will, the whole time of Lent; not what we call Shrovetide strictly. The popish ecclesiastics, begin their Lent before the laity; Shrove-Tuesday is to them a day of humiliation.

[3] Grey peas, in the original.

[4] Rabelais rather means herrings; his expression is *ung grand cacquerotier* (not *cacquerolier.*) Now *cacquerotier* is *cacqueruptier;* one that makes ruptures in cags (or barrels) of herrings, which in time of Lent the cloistral folks are often doing, because it is a great article of their subsistence.

[5] Lent is the chief season of the whole year for mole-catching.

[6] Hay beginning to be scarce in Lent, there is much of it sold by bottles, or trusses.

[7] Lent is mossy, or downy-chinned, because it has not been long on the footing it now is. Demi-giant, because of its length. Of lantern-breed, and with shaven crown, because Lent was first established by the ecclesiastics, whom Rabelais elsewhere calls lanterniers.

[8] *Bien grand lanternier*, in French, and that is all. On which word M. Duchat observes: Lent makes fools of (*lanterne*) those that keep it; and furthermore, as there are in Lent many nocturnal devotions, there are lanterns then to be seen trotting about in proportion.

[9] Rabelais so calls the first day of Lent, because it precedes many other days on which fish is always eaten.

[10] Because in many of the Lent dishes there is mustard used

[11] Partly because fast-

of ashes,[12] father and foster-father to physicians;[13] swarming with pardons,[14] indulgences, and stations; a very honest man; a good catholic, and as brimful of devotion as ever he can hold.

He weeps the three-fourth parts of the day, and never assists at any weddings[15] but, give the devil his due, he is the most industrious larding-stick and skewer-maker[16] in forty kingdoms.

About six years ago, as I passed through Sneaking-land, I brought home a large skewer[17] from thence, and made a present of it to the butchers of Quande, who set a great value upon them, and that for a cause. Some time or other, if ever we live to come back to our own country, I will show you two of them fastened on the great church porch. His usual food is pickled coats of mail,[18] salt helmets and head-pieces, and salt sallads; which sometimes makes him piss pins and needles. As for his clothing, it is comical enough of conscience, both for make and colour; for he wears grey and cold,[19] nothing before, and nought behind, with the sleeves of the same.

ing, and likewise a melancholy bilious diet, in Lent, is apt to make parents and schoolmasters very peevish to their children; and partly because during the holy week, the whipping part is redoubled among the cucullated gentry.

[12] Both on account of people's going to church on Ash-Wednesday, to have ashes put on their heads; and also because in Lent there being plenty of brands on the hearths, then, or never, is the time to reduce the same to ashes, for lye to wash and cleanse their linen with.

[13] In ch. 29 of l. 5. The food people use in Lent engenders the distempers of the whole year.

[14] In time of Lent people run a *stationing*, (i. e. visiting the churches) to gain the pardons and indulgencies each church abounds with.

[15] The church forbids marrying in Lent.

[16] In Lent, especially towards the end, butchers begin to busy themselves to make skewers; and cooks, larding-sticks, and the like.

[17] It should be a gross of skewers (12 dozen). *J'en emportay une grosse.* Mr. Motteux took grosse for the feminine of gros, large.

[18] The original has salt coats of mail, salt casks, salt morrians, and salt sallads. On which M. Duchat's note is: all Lent food is high seasoned, and hard of digestion, and the name such meats go by, are those of *salades*, a sort of head-piece so called; *morions*, another sort of head-piece, &c., (though this latter means, likewise, a small red delicious mushroom, called *morillios* salted for winter use.

[19] Lent weather is generally grey and cold; but that is not all Rabelais means. His "nothing before, nothing behind, and sleeves of the same," alludes to Saint Francis's rule, enjoining the grey friars to wear no shirts, and to re-iterate in time of Lent the discipline (whip) on their naked skin.

You will do me a kindness, said Pantagruel, if, as you have described his clothes, food, actions, and pastimes, you will also give me an account of his shape and disposition in all its parts. Prithee do, dear cod, said Friar John, for I have found him in my breviary, and then follows the moveable holy-days. With all my heart, answered Xenomanes; we may chance to hear more of him as we touch at the Wild Island, the dominions of the squob Chitterlings, his enemies; against whom he is eternally at odds: and were it not for the help of the noble Carnival, their protector, and good neighbour, this meagre-looking Shrovetide would long before this have made sad work among them, and rooted them out of their habitation. Are these same Chitterlings, said Friar John, male or female, angels, or mortals, women or maids? They are, replied Xenomanes, females in sex, mortal in condition, some of them maids, others not. The devil have me, said Friar John, if I be not for them. What a shameful disorder in nature, is it not, to make war against women? Let us go back, and hack the villain to pieces.—What! meddle with Shrovetide? cried Panurge, in the name of Belzebub, I am not yet so weary of my life. No, I am not yet so mad as that comes to. *Quid juris?* Suppose we should find ourselves pent up between the Chitterlings and Shrovetide? between the anvil and the hammers?[20] Shankers and buboes stand off! godzooks, let us make the best of our way, I bid you good night, sweet Mr. Shrovetide; I recommend to you the Chitterlings, and pray don't forget the puddings.

CH. XXX.—*How Shrovetide is anatomized and described by Xenomanes.*

As for the inward parts of Shrovetide, said Xenomanes; his brain is (at least it was in my time) in bigness,[1] colours, substance, and strength, much like the left cod of a he hand-worm.

The ventricles of his said brain like an auger.
The worm-like excrescence, like a christmas-box.
The membranes, like a monk's cowl.
The funnel, like a mason's chisel.
The fornix, like a casket.
The glandula pinealis, like a bagpipe.
The rete mirabile, like a gutter.

[20] It is Lent, (called by the translator Shrove-tide,) that is the striker and persecutor. The Chitterlings are the sufferers, the party struck and persecuted.

[1] Whoever invented Lent, in Rabelais' opinion, had no great share of wisdom.

The dug-like processus, like a patch.
The tympanums, like a whirly-gig.
The rocky bones, like a goose-wing.
The nape of the neck, like a paper lantern.
The nerves, like a pipkin.
The uvula, like a sackbut.
The palate, like a mitten.
The spittle, like a shuttle.
The almonds, like a telescope.
The bridge of his nose, like a wheelbarrow.
The head of the larynx, like a vintage-basket.
The stomach, like a belt.
The pylorus, like a pitchfork.
The wind-pipe, like an oyster-knife.
The throat, like a pincushion stuffed with oakum.
The lungs, like a prebend's furgown.
The heart, like a cope.
The mediastine, like an earthern cup.
The pleura, like a crow's bill.
The arteries, like a watch-coat.
The midriff, like a montero-cap.
The liver, like a double-tongued mattock.
The veins, like a sash-window.
The spleen, like a catcal.
The guts, like a trammel.
The gall, like a cooper's adze.
The entrails, like a gantlet.
The mesentery, like an abbot's mitre.
The hungry-gut, like a button.
The blind gut like a breast-plate.
The colon like a bridle.
The arse-gut like a monk's leathern bottle.
The kidneys, like a trowel.
The loins, like a padlock.
The ureters, like a pot-hook.
The emulgent veins, like two gilliflowers.
The spermatic vessels, like a cully-mully-puff.
The parastata, like an ink-pot.
The bladder, like a stone-bow.
The neck, like a mill clapper.
The mirach,[2] or lower parts of the belly, like a high-crowned hat.
The siphach,[3] or its inner rind, like a wooden cuff.
The muscles, like a pair of bellows.
The tendons, like a hawking-glove.
The ligaments, like a tinker's budget.
The bones, like three-cornered cheese-cakes.
The marrow, like a wallet.
The cartilages, like a field-tortoise, alias a mole.
The glandules in the mouth, like a pruning-knife.
The animal spirits, like swingeing fisty-cuffs.
The blood-fermenting, like a multiplication of flirts on the nose.
The urine, like a fig-pecker.
The sperm, like a hundred tenpenny nails.

And his nurse told me, that being married to Mid-lent,[5] he

[2] An Arabian word, thus defined by Leonellus Faventius, in his De Medendis Morbis: *mirach*, says he, "dicitur pars ventris exterior, composita ex cute, pinguedine, et octo musculis ventris.

[3] *Est siphac*, says the same author, "panniculus nervosus, solidus, continens inter se zirbum, stomachum, et hepar." [4] Alias a mole, is of Mr. Motteux's own putting in. Rabelais says, *tortue de guarriges*: which is a sort of land-tortoise, nothing of the mole-kind. It is not so large as the water-tortoise, but has a much finer shell, and its belly is yellow. There's plenty of them in Languedoc, where the fields and bushes are called *guarriges*. [5] During the whole time of Lent, except on midlent-day, none, in the Romish communion, are allowed to marry. This suggested to Rabelais the thought of making a match between *la Mi-careme*, i. e. Mid-lent, and *le Careme*, i. e. Lent himself; and as Lent, in point of marriages, is barren, thence it comes that, from such a match, can proceed nothing but *local* adverbs, and certain double-

only begot a good number of local adverbs, and certain double fasts.

His memory he had like a scarf.
His common sense, like a buzzing of bees.
His imagination, like the chime of a set of bells.
His thoughts, like a flight of starlings.
His conscience, like the unnestling of a parcel of young herons.
His deliberations, like a set of organs.
His repentance,[6] like the carriage of a double cannon.
His undertakings, like the ballast of a galleon.
His understanding, like a torn breviary.
His notions like snails crawling out of strawberries.
His will, like three filberts in a porringer.
His desire, like six trusses of hay.
His judgment, like a shoeing horn.
His discretion, like the truckle of a pully.
His reason, like a cricket stool.

CH. XXXI.—*Shrovetide's outward parts anatomized.*

SHROVETIDE, continued Xenomanes, is somewhat better proportioned in his outward parts, excepting the seven ribs which he had over and above the common shape of men.

His toes, were like a virginal on an organ.
His nails, like a gimlet.
His feet, like a guitar.
His heels, like a club.
The soles of his feet like a crucible.
His legs, like a hawk's lure.
His knees, like a joint-stool.
His thighs, like a steel cap.
His hips, like a wimble.
His belly as big as a tun, buttoned after the old fashion, with a girdle riding over the middle of his bosom.
His navel, like a cymbal.
His groin, like a minced pie.
His member, like a slipper.
His purse, like an oil cruet.
His genitals, like a joiner's plainer.
Their erecting muscles, like a racket.
The perineum, like a flageolet.
His arse-hole, like crystal looking-glass.
His bum, like a harrow.
His loins, like a butter-pot.
The peritonæum, or caul, wherein his bowels were wrapped, like a billiard-table.
His back, like an overgrown rack-bent cross-bow.
The vertebræ, or joints of his back-bone, like a bagpipe.
His ribs, like a spinning-wheel.
His brisket, like a canopy.
His shoulder-blades like a mortar.
His breast, like a game at nine-pins.
His paps, like a horn-pipe.
His arm-pits, like a chequer.
His shoulders like a hand-barrow.
His arms, like a riding-hood.
His fingers like a brotherhood's and-irons.
The fibulæ, or lesser bones of his legs, like a pair of stilts.
His shin-bones, like sickles.
His elbows, like a mouse trap.
His hands, like a curry-comb.
His neck, like a talboy.

fasts: the fastings indeed beginning to increase after mid-lent, and everybody desiring to know, *whither* they must go, [i. e. to what church;] *whence* [from what church] they must come; and lastly *through* what church they must pass to gain the indulgences.

[6] Slow, and attended with great preparatives.

His throat, like a felt to distil hippocras.
The knob in his throat, like a barrel, where hanged two brazen wens, very fine and harmonious, in the shape of an hour-glass.
His beard, like a lantern.
His chin, like a mushroom.
His ears, like a pair of gloves.
His nose, like a buskin.
His nostrils, like a forehead cloth.
His eye-brows, like a dripping-pan.
On his left brow was a mark of the shape and bigness of an urinal.
His eye-lids, like a fiddle.
His eyes, like a comb-box.
His optic nerves, like a tinder-box.
His forehead, like a false cup.
His temples, like the cock of a cistern.
His cheeks, like a pair of wooden shoes.
His jaws, like a caudle cup.
His teeth, like a hunter's staff.[1] Of such colt's teeth as his, you will find one at Coonges les Royaux in Poictou, and two at la Brosse[2] in Xaintonge, on the cellar door.
His tongue, like a jew's harp.
His mouth, like a horse-cloth.
His face embroidered like a mule's pack saddle.
His head contrived like a still.
His skull, like a pouch.
The suturæ, or seams of his skull, like the annulus piscatoris, or the fisher's signet.[3]
His skin, like a gabardine.
His epidermis, or outward skin, like a bolting-cloth.
His hair, like a scrubbing-brush.
His fur, such as above said.

CH. XXXII.—*A continuation of Shrovetide's countenance, postures, and way of behaving.*

IT is a wonderful thing, continued Xenomanes, to hear and see the state of Shrovetide.

If he chanced to spit, it was whole baskets full of goldfinches.
If he blowed his nose, it was pickled grigs.
When he wept, it was ducks with onion sauce.
When he trembled, it was large venison pasties.
When he did sweat, it was old ling with butter sauce.
When he belched, it was bushels of oysters.
When he sneezed, it was whole tubs full of mustard.
When he coughed, it was boxes of marmalade.
When he sobbed, it was watercresses.
When he yawned, it was pots full of pickled pease.
When he sighed, it was dried neat's tongues.
When he whistled, it was a whole scuttle full of green apes.
When he snored, it was a whole pan full of fried beans.
When he frowned, it was soused hogs' feet.
When he spoke, it was coarse brown russet cloth; so little it was like crimson silk, with which Parisatis desired that the words of such as spoke to her son Cyrus, King of Persia, should be interwoven.

[1] Long, by much fasting. [2] Boccace, in his Genealogy of the Gods gives an historical account of some giant's teeth, two whereof were found at Drepano, in Sicily, fastened to the roof of our lady's church there, by two iron chains. [3] The pope's seal is doubtless meant by this.

When he blowed, it was indulgence money-boxes.
When he winked, it was buttered buns.
When he grumbled, it was March cats.
When he nodded, it was iron-bound waggons.
When he made mouths, it was broken staves.
When he muttered, it was lawyers' revels.
When he hopped about, it was letters of licence and protections.
When he stepped back, it was sea cockle-shells.
When he slabbered, it was common ovens.
When he was hoarse, it was an entry of morrice-dancers.
When he broke wind, it was dun cows' leather spatterdashes.
When he funcked, it was washed-leather boots.
When he scratched himself, it was new proclamations.
When he sung, it was peas in cods.
When he evacuated, it was mushrooms and morilles.
When he puffed, it was cabbages with oil, alias caules amb'olif.[4]
When he talked, it was the last year's snow.
When he dreamt, it was of a cock and a bull.
When he gave nothing, so much for the bearer.
If he thought to himself, it was whimsies and maggots.[5]
If he dozed, it was leases of lands.

What is yet more strange, he used to work doing nothing, and did nothing though he worked; caroused sleeping, and slept carousing, with his eyes open, like the hares in our country, for fear of being taken napping by the Chitterlings, his inveterate enemies; biting he laughed, and laughing bit; eat nothing fasting, and fasted eating nothing; mumbled upon suspicion, drank by imagination, swam on the tops of high steeples, dried his clothes in ponds and rivers, fished in the air, and there used to catch decumane lobsters; hunted at the bottom of the herring-pond, and caught there ibices, stambouc,[6] chamois, and other wild goats; used to put out the eyes of all the crows which he took sneakingly;[7] feared

[4] *Caules amb'olif* in Rabelais: on which M. Duchat says, cabbages or coleworts, with oil, is a common dish among the people of Gascony and Languedoc, who abound more with oil than butter. *Ambe d'oli, avec d'huile*, is the true Languedocian word, though Rabelais spells it otherwise. [5] Rabelais says, "S'il songeoit, c'etoient vits volants et rampans contre une muraille." If he dreamt, it was whim-whams, men's pissing tools, flying in the air, or creeping up a wall. Such dreams prove sometimes dangerous, especially to the fair sex, as we learn from Verville's Moyen de Parvenir. Mademoiselle de Lescar, says he, dreaming one night that she was in a ploughed field, where they were sowing catzoes, she sprung out of bed on a sudden, and broke her arm in straining to catch a catzoe, one of the largest size, as it was falling to the ground. This she confessed to the king's surgeon.

[6] From the German word stein-bock, i. e. rock or mountain goats, not unlike a roe-buck. [7] In the Sneaking island rather. En Tapinois. By the crows whose eyes he put out, may be meant the

nothing but his own shadow, and the cries of fat kids;[8] used to gad abroad some days, like a truant school-boy; played with the ropes of bells on festival days of saints;[9] made a mallet of his fist, and writ on hairy parchment[10] prognostications and almanacks with his huge pin-case.

Is that the gentleman? said Friar John: he is my man: this is the very fellow I looked for; I will send him a challenge immediately. This is, said Pantagruel, a strange and monstrous sort of man, if I may call him a man. You put me in mind of the form and looks of Amodunt and Dissonance. How were they made, said Friar John? May I be peeled like a raw onion, if ever I heard a word of them. I'll tell you what I read of them in some ancient apologues, replied Pantagruel.

Physis—that is to say Nature—at her first burthen begat Beauty and Harmony, without carnal copulation, being of herself very fruitful and prolific. Antiphysis, who ever was the antagonist of Nature, immediately, out of a malicious spite against her for her beautiful and honourable productions, in opposition begot Amodunt and Dissonance,[11] by copulation with Tellumon.[12] Their heads were round like a foot-

monks, who, the moment they make profession, are to see nothing but with their superior's eyes. [8] Rabelais seems here to point at such monks as long to eat flesh, but are afraid of two things: first, lest their *companion* should betray them; secondly, lest the cries of the kid they have a mind to feast upon, should discover them. Monks usually go abroad in couples to visit the sick or to gather contributions for the sick, &c. &c. &c. [9] This is far from what Rabelais means by, *se jouoit ès cordes des cainct*s. *Cainct* (from *cinctus* in Latin) is one that is girded about or *cinctured*, as the cordeliers are with a cord (*crorde*, in French;) with which cord or rope they play, and divert themselves, when they are within the walls of their convent; but abroad they trumpet forth its praises, and extol its merit and virtue to the skies. Some of the new editions of Rabelais have it indeed, *se joüoit ès cordes des saincts:* but Rabelais, even in that case, does not allude at all to church bell-ropes, but puns upon the coincidence of sounds between *cordes* and *corps des saincts;* as if he had said, they play with the bodies of saints and reliques, and make use of them as ways and means to get money. [10] Took a great deal of pains to no purpose. To write with a pen on hairy parchment, is losing one's labour and time too.

[11] Or Amodun, that is, says the Dutch scholiast, *sine modo*, from the primitive *a*, and the noun *modus*.) A deformed, irregular, enormous thing. Thus says our author, Amodunt and Discordance were the offspring of Antiphysis, i. e. repugnant to, or against nature.

[12] As all the learned men I have hitherto consulted (says M. Duchat) on this pretended ancient apologue, have confessed themselves to be

ball, and not gently flatted on both sides, like the common shape of men. Their ears stood pricked up like those of asses; their eyes, as hard as those of crabs, and without brows, stared out of their heads, fixed on bones like those of our heels; their feet were round, like tennis-balls; their arms and hands turned backwards towards the shoulders; and they walked on their heads, continually turning round like a ball, topsy-turvy, heels over head.

Yet—as you know that apes esteem their young the handsomest in the world—Antiphysis extolled her offspring, and strove to prove, that their shape was handsomer and neater than that of the children of Physis: saying, that thus to have spherical heads and feet, and walk in a circular manner, wheeling round, had something in it of the perfection of the divine power, which makes all beings eternally turn in that fashion; and that to have our feet uppermost, and the head below them, was to imitate the Creator of the universe; the hair being like the roots,[13] and the legs like the branches of man: for trees are better planted by their roots, than they could be by their branches. By this demonstration she implied, that her children were much more to be praised for being like a standing tree, than those of Physis, that made a figure of a tree upside down. As for the arms and hands, she pretended to prove that they were more justly turned towards the shoulders, because that part of the body ought not to be without defence, while the forepart is duly fenced with teeth, which a man cannot only use to chew, but also to defend himself against those things that offend him. Thus, by the testimony and astipulation of the brute beasts, she drew all the witless herd and mob of fools into her opinion, and was admired by all brainless and nonsensical people.

Since that, she begot the hypocritical tribes of eaves-drop-

utterly ignorant who was the author of it: till such time as it is discovered, adds he, supposing it not to be Rabelais himself, which is very possible, I shall only take notice, after Varro, in the fragments of his *De Diis*; S. Augustin, l. 7, c. 23, of the City of God; and *Stuckius de Gentilium sacris, &c.* Zurich edition, 1598; I say, I shall content myself with observing, that the Romans who made Tellumon one of their divinities, distinguished him from their deity Tellus in this, viz. the latter, Tellus, according to their theology, was the earth, as to conception, and Tellumon the same earth as to production. [It is copied from Cœlius Calcagninus, *Opera*, Bâle, 1544, folio, page 622.]

[13] Hardly intelligible. Read therefore as Rabelais wrote it; seeing the hair is in man like roots, and the legs like branches.

ping dissemblers, superstitious pope-mongers, and priest-ridden bigots, the frantic Pistolets,[14] the demoniacal Calvins, impostors of Geneva,[15] the scrapers of benefices, apparitors with the devil in them, and other grinders and squeezers of livings, herb-stinking hermits,[16] gulligutted dunces of the cowl, church vermin, false zealots, devourers of the substance of men, and many more other deformed and ill-favoured monsters, made in spite of nature.

ON CHAPS. XXIX. XXX. XXXI. AND XXXII.—The sneaking island, which Pantagruel sailed by when he left that of the Macreons, is the dwelling of Shrovetide; by which we must understand Lent; for the ecclesiastics of the church of Rome begin their Lent before the laity; Shrove-Tuesday is to them a day of humiliation, and is properly the time when men are shriven; our author calls it Quaresmeprenant, that is, the beginning of Quadragesima; in opposition to Mardigras, Shrove-Tuesday. The Cardinal de Lorraine, says a book called "L'Heraclite François," made three clergymen in a manner titular bishops of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, reserving the whole income of those bishoprics to himself, and leaving them little of them besides the title of bishops. For this reason they were called *les evesques de caresmeprenant;* because they looked as meagre and starved as if it had been Lent with them all the year; but I cannot think that our author reflects here on that cardinal. His design seems rather to expose the superstition of the Papists about Lent, and how much the practice of it, their way, shocked good sense; this made him run on for two or three chapters with an odd description of that ridiculous monster; and probably also to secure himself from the informations of his prying enemies, by that mixture of comical seeming nonsense. For, as in the time of Lent, the superstition, grimaces, and hypocrisy of the Papists are most observable, and they look on it in a manner as the basis of the Christian religion, it would have been dangerous to have attacked them openly in point.

We find that the wise Xenomanes, one of Pantagruel's most experienced companions, advises him not to go where Shrovetide reigned, and says it would be much out of their way to the Oracle of Truth: that there is very lean cheer at this court; that he is a double-shaveling, banner-bearer to the fish-eating tribe, a flogger of little children, because

[14] Under the name of Pistolets, Rabelais alludes to the black and white factions, a sort of Guelphs and Ghibellines, who, about the year 1300, sprung up in Italy, in the little town of Pistoia; which place likewise gave name afterwards to (*pistolets de poche*) pocket-pistols.

[15] Rabelais here avenges himself on Calvin, who had attacked him in his work, *De Scandalis*, published in 1550.

[16] *Enraigez putherbes*. it is in Rabelais; who does not thereby allude to any-herb-stinking hermits, but to a certain monk, a great enemy to our author, whose name was Puy-Herbaut, calling himself Putherbeus; which, in old French signifies a well, infected with herbs which make folks mad. He had but ill-Latinized his own name to a book he wrote against Rabelais: published in 1549, entitled, *Theotimus, sive de expungendis et tollendis malis libris.*

Papists do penance, and whip themselves then; a calciner of ashes, because of Ash-Wednesday; that he swarms with pardons, indulgences and stations; which makes the author say, in the 31st chapter, that Shrovetide being married to Mid-Lent, only begot a good number of local adverbs; that is, the stations, the churches, and chapels, whither the gulled mob must go, whence they come, and through which they must pass to gain the indulgences. We are told besides, that he never assists at weddings, but, give the devil his due, is the most industrious larding-stick and skewer-maker in forty kingdoms; because the butchers have then little else to do but to make some. Lent is an enemy to sausages and chitterlings, because, as well as all other flesh (I mean dead flesh) the people are forbid to taste of any then.

Friar John, always daring and hasty, is for destroying Lent; but Panurge, still fearful and wary, is not of his mind. Rabelais calls that island Tapinois; that word in French is generally used adverbially, with the preposition *en*, to signify an underhand way of acting. Some derive it from the Greek verb ταπεινόω, *humilem reddo;* and so it suits with the true design of Lent, to humble man and make him look sneakingly. Besides, Lent, sneaking in some years sooner, and others later, may also for that reason well be said to dwell in Tapinois. The ingenious fable of nature and her counterpart, is brought in to shew that those who enjoin things that shock nature, as is the church of Rome's way of keeping Lent, have the confidence to make laws contrary to those of God, and the impudence to pretend to justify them by reason: so Rabelais tells us, that Antiphysis, the mother of Lent, begot also the eavesdropping dissemblers, superstitious pope-mongers and priest-ridden bigots, scrapers of benefices, mad herb-stinking hermits, gulli-gutted dunces of the cowl, church vermin, devourers of the substance of men, and other deformed and ill-favoured monsters, made in spite of nature. —*M.*

Ch. XXXIII.—*How Pantagruel discovered a monstrous physeter, or whirlpool, near the Wild Island.*

About sunset, coming near the Wild Island, Pantagruel spied afar off a huge monstrous physeter,[1]—a sort of whale, which some call a whirlpool,—that came right upon us, neighing, snorting, raised above the waves higher than our main-tops, and spouting water all the way into the air, before itself, like a large river falling from a mountain: Pantagruel showed it to the pilot, and to Xenomanes.

By the pilot's advice, the trumpets of the Thalamege were sounded, to warn all the fleet to stand close, and look to themselves. This alarm being given, all the ships, galleons, frigates, brigantines,—according to their naval discipline,

[1] A species of whale, seen sometimes off the French coast, particularly towards Bayonne. The Greeks have named this fish Physeter, as much as to say, the blower, on account of the vast quantity of water it blows, as it were, out of a hole in the upper part of its head.

—placed themselves in the order and figure of a Greek upsilon, (Ψ) the letter of Pythagoras, as cranes do in their flight; and like an acute angle,[2] in whose cone and basis the Thalamege placed herself ready to fight smartly. Friar John, with the grenadiers,[3] got on the forecastle.

Poor Panurge began to cry and howl worse than ever: Babillebabou, said he, shrugging up his shoulders, quivering all over with fear, there will be the devil upon dun. This is a worse business than that the other day. Let us fly, let us fly; old Nick take me if it is not Leviathan, described by the noble prophet Moses, in the life of patient Job. It will swallow us all, ships and men, shag, rag, and bobtail, like a dose of pills. Alas, it will make no more of us, and we shall hold no more room in its hellish jaws, than a sugar-plum in an ass's throat. Look, look, it is upon us; let us wheel off, whip it away, and get ashore. I believe it is the very individual sea monster that was formerly designed to devour Andromeda: we are all undone. Oh! for some valiant Perseus here now to kill the dog.

I'll do its business presently, said Pantagruel; fear nothing. Odds-belly, said Panurge, remove the cause of my fear then. When the devil would you have a man be afraid, but when there is so much cause? If your destiny be such, as Friar John was saying a while ago,[4] replied Pantagruel, you ought to be afraid of Pyroeis, Eous, Æthon, and Phlegon, the sun's coach horses, that breathe fire at the nostrils; and not of physeters, that spout nothing but water at the snout and mouth. Their water will not endanger your life; and that element will rather save and preserve than hurt or endanger you.

Ay, ay, trust to that, and hang me, quoth Panurge: yours is a very pretty fancy. Odd's fish: did I not give you a sufficient account of the element's transmutation, and the blunders that are made of roast for boiled, and boiled for roast? Alas, here it is; I'll go hide myself below. We are dead men, every mother's son of us: I see upon our main-top that merciless hag Atropos,[5] with her scissors new

[2] This observation on the manner of the cranes flying, is Plutarch's in the treatise where he examines what creatures show most sense.

[3] Bombardiers in Rabelais.

[4] In ch. 24, Friar John advises Panurge not so much to fear water as fire.

[5] The physeter, which Panurge's fear represented to him as lifting up its head higher than the main-top.

ground, ready to cut our threads all at one snip. Oh! how dreadful and abominable thou art; thou hast drowned a good many beside us, who never made their brags of it. Did it but spout good, brisk, dainty, delicious white wine, instead of this damned bitter salt water, one might better bear with it, and there would be some cause to be patient; like that English lord,[6] who being doomed to die, and had leave to choose what kind of death he would, chose to be drowned in a butt of malmsey. Here it is.—Oh, oh! devil! Sathanas! Leviathan! I cannot abide to look upon thee, thou art so abominably ugly.—Go to the bar, go take the pettifoggers.

CH. XXXIV.—*How the monstrous physeter was slain by Pantagruel.*

THE physeter, coming between the ships and the galleons, threw water by whole tuns upon them, as if it had been the cataracts of the Nile in Ethiopia. On the other side, arrows, darts, gleaves, javelins, spears, harping-irons, and partizans, flew upon it like hail. Friar John did not spare himself in it. Panurge was half dead for fear. The artillery roared and thundered like mad, and seemed to gall it in good earnest, but did but little good: for the great iron and brass cannon-shot, entering its skin, seemed to melt like tiles in the sun.

Pantagruel then, considering the weight and exigency of

[6] George Duke of Clarence, whom his brother, Edward IV. King of England, put to that sort of death in Feb., 1477, or, according to the Roman calendar, 1478, through a conceit that Merlin's prophecies were relative to the Duke of Clarence, as the person that would one day deprive his (the King's) children of the crown. See the continuation of Monstrelet, fol. 196. Fulgosus, l. 9, c. 12, and Martin du Bellais' memoirs, l. 1, on the year 1514. Some historians [see Georg. Lilii Chronicon, 1568] satisfy themselves with saying, that this unfortunate Duke George was suffocated in the tower of London, without specifying whether it was by means of wine or otherwise. But supposing that the Duke had really made choice of this way of going out of the world, as is related by Rabelais; yet this lord's mad fancy would not be without example: witness the following epigram, among the Tombeaux of Michael Harslob, of Berlin, printed in 8vo, at Franckfort on the Oder, in the year 1571.

"In cyatho vini pleno cum musca periret,
Sic, ait Oeneus, sponte perire velim."

When in a cup of wine a fly was drowned.
So, said Vinarius, may my days be crowned!

the matter, stretched out his arms, and showed what he could do. You tell us, and it is recorded, that Commodus, the Roman emperor, could shoot with a bow so dexterously, that at a good distance he would let fly an arrow through a child's fingers, and never touch them. You also tell us of an Indian archer, who lived when Alexander the Great conquered India, and was so skilful in drawing the bow, that at a considerable distance he would shoot his arrows through a ring, though they were three cubits long, and their iron so large and weighty, that with them he used to pierce steel cutlasses, thick shields, steel breast-plates, and generally what he did hit, how firm, resisting, hard, and strong soever it were. You also tell us wonders of the industry of the ancient Franks, who were preferred to all others in point of archery; and when they hunted either black or dun beasts, used to rub the head of their arrows with hellebore, because the flesh of the venison struck with such an arrow, was more tender, dainty, wholesome, and delicious—paring off, nevertheless, the part that was touched round about. You also talk of the Parthians, who used to shoot backwards, more dexterously than other nations forwards; and also celebrate the skill of the Scythians in that art, who sent once to Darius, King of Persia, an ambassador, that made him a present of a bird, a frog, a mouse, and five arrows, without speaking one word; and being asked what those presents meant, and if he had commission to say anything, answered, that he had not: which puzzled and gravelled Darius very much, till Gobrias, one of the seven captains that had killed the magi, explained it, saying to Darius: By these gifts and offerings the Scythians silently tell you, that except the Persians, like birds, fly up to heaven, or like mice, hide themselves near the centre of the earth, or, like frogs, dive to the very bottom of ponds and lakes, they shall be destroyed by the power and arrows of the Scythians.

The noble Pantagruel was, without comparison, more admirable yet in the art of shooting and darting: for with his dreadful piles and darts, nearly resembling the huge beams that support the bridges of Nantes, Saumur, Bergerac, and at Paris the millers and the changers bridges, in length, size, weight, and iron-work, he, at a mile's distance, would open an oyster, and never touch the edges; he would snuff a candle, without putting it out; would shoot a mag-pie in the eye;

take off a boot's under-sole, or, a riding-hood's lining, without soiling them a bit; turn over every leaf of Friar John's breviary, one after another, and not tear one.

With such darts, of which there was good store in the ship, at the first blow he ran the physeter in at the forehead so furiously, that he pierced both its jaws and tongue: so that from that time to this it no more opened its guttural trap-door, nor drew and spouted water. At the second blow he put out its right eye, and at the third its left: and we had all the pleasure to see the physeter bearing those three horns in its forehead, somewhat leaning forwards in an equilateral triangle.

Meanwhile it turned about to and fro, staggering and straying like one stunned, blinded, and taking his leave of the world. Pantagruel, not satisfied with this, let fly another dart, which took the monster under the tail likewise sloping; then with three other on the chine, in a perpendicular line, divided its flank from the tail to the snout at an equal distance: then he larded it with fifty on one side, and after that, to make even work, he darted as many on its other side: so that the body of the physeter seemed like the hulk of a galleon with three masts, joined by a competent dimension of its beams, as if they had been the ribs and chain-wales of the keel; which was a pleasant sight. The physeter then giving up the ghost, turned itself upon its back, as all dead fishes do; and being thus overturned, with the beams and darts upside down in the sea, it seemed a scolopendra or centipede, as that serpent is described by the ancient sage Nicander.

ON CHAPS. XXXIII. AND XXXIV.—The monstrous physeter, or whirlpool, a huge fish which dies of the wounds given him by Pantagruel near the Wild Island, where lived the Chitterlings; Shrovetide's mortal foes, seem to have a relation to the expiration of Lent; about which time in France they have conquered all their stores of salt fish, and after which flesh rules on the tables; and many are so wild for chitterlings, and other meat, that they get flesh dressed on Easter-eve late at night, and fall to like mad, as soon as the clock strikes twelve: for that reason he makes the fish die near a flesh country.—*M.*

CH. XXXV.—*How Pantagruel went on shore in the wild island, the ancient abode of the Chitterlings.*[1]

THE boat's crew of the ship Lantern towed the physeter

[1] *Andouilles*, which is the word Rabelais has all along used, is properly a big hog's gut stuffed with chitterlings cut small, and other entrails cut

ashore on the neighbouring shore, which happened to be the Wild Island,[2] to make an anatomical dissection of its body, and save the fat of its kidneys, which, they said, was very useful and necessary for the cure of a certain distemper, which they called want of money. As for Pantagruel, he took no manner of notice of the monster; for he had seen many such, nay, bigger, in the Gallic ocean. Yet he condescended to land in the Wild Island, to dry and refresh some of his men, (whom the physeter had wetted and bedaubed,) at a small desert sea-port towards the south, seated near a fine pleasant grove, out of which flowed a delicious brook of fresh, clear, and purling water. Here they pitched their tents, and set up their kitchens; nor did they spare fuel.

Every one having shifted, as they thought fit, Friar John rang the bell, and the cloth was immediately laid, and supper brought in. Pantagruel eating cheerfully with his men, much about the second course, perceived certain little sly Chitterlings clambering up a high tree near the pantry, as still as so many mice. Which made him ask Xenomanes, what kind of creatures these were; taking them for squirrels, weazels, martins, or ermines. They are Chitterlings, replied Xenomanes. This is the Wild Island, of which I spoke to you this morning: there hath been an irreconcilable war, this long time, between them and Shrovetide, their malicious and ancient enemy. I believe that the noise of the guns, which we fired at the physeter, hath alarmed them, and made them fear their enemy hath come with his forces to surprise them, or lay the island waste; as he hath often attempted to do, though he still came off but bluely; by reason of the care and vigilance of the Chitterlings, who, (as Dido said to Æneas's companions, that would have landed at Carthage without her leave or knowledge,) were forced to watch and stand upon their guard, considering the malice of their enemy, and the neighbourhood of his territories.

Pray, dear friend, said Pantagruel, if you find that by some honest means we may bring this war to an end, and

into small pieces, and seasoned with pepper and salt, not forgetting sweet herbs.

[2] There is reason to believe, that by the wild island Rabelais means culinary fire, fire in the kitchens. The company go thither to dry themselves, and the ships' crews to melt the physeter's fat. What is more; it is the very element of chitterlings; and, lastly, nothing is so wild as fire is, since it devours every thing.

reconcile them together, give me notice of it; I will use my endeavours in it, with all my heart, and spare nothing on my side to moderate and accommodate the points in dispute between both parties.

That is impossible at this time, answered Xenomanes. About four years ago, passing incognito by this country, I endeavoured to make a peace, or at least a long truce among them; and I certainly had brought them to be good friends and neighbours, if both one and the other parties would have yielded to one single article. Shrovetide would not include in the treaty of peace, the wild puddings, nor the highland sausages, their ancient gossips and confederates. The Chitterlings demanded, that the fort of Cacques[3] might be under their government, as is the Castle of Sullouoir,[4] and that a parcel of I don't know what stinking villains,[5] murderers, robbers, that held it then, should be expelled. But they could not agree in this, and the terms that were offered seemed too hard to either party. So the treaty broke off, and nothing was done. Nevertheless, they became less severe, and gentler enemies than they were before; but since the denunciation of the national Council of Chesil, whereby they—the Chitterlings—were roughly handled,[6] hampered, and cited; whereby also Shrovetide was declared filthy, beshitten, and bewrayed,[7] in case he made any league, or agreement with them; they are grown wonderfully inveterate, incensed, and obstinate against one another, and there is no way to remedy it. You might sooner reconcile cats and rats, or hounds and hares together.

[3] Cacque is what we call a cag, keg, or barrel, or other vessel, to keep salt fish in, and herrings, which two are Shrovetide's chief ammunition.

[4] In some editions, Sallouoir. Allusion between the castle of Soleurre in Switzerland (*castrum Salodorense*) and *saloir*, a powdering tub: which is commonly shaped like an antique tower, and the chitterlings for the most part keep garrison therein. [5] Stinking herring, and putrified stock-fish, which are in the cags, enough to poison such as come near them, or eat of them.

[6] Read, towzed, groped, grabbled, ruffled, tumbled, crumpled, and berumpled. *Farfouillées, godelurées, &c.* It means the council branded the chitterlings with infamy, for suffering themselves, and the entrails to be so handled. [7] Add unfledged and stock-fishified: *hallebrené*, and *stocfisé*. *Hallebrené;* incapable of supporting themselves, or flying, like unfledged wild ducklings, called *hallebrens*. *Stocfisé*, excommunicated, or headless like a dried cod, which the Germans call stoc-fisch, from a word which in their language signifies a fish without a head.

CH. XXXVI.—*How the wild Chitterlings laid an ambuscade for Pantagruel.*

WHILE Xenomanes was saying this, Friar John spied twenty or thirty young slender-shaped Chitterlings, posting as fast as they could towards their town, citadel, castle, and fort of Chimney, and said to Pantagruel, I smell a rat: there will be here the devil upon two sticks,[1] or I am much out. These worshipful Chitterlings may chance to mistake you for Shrove-tide, though you are not a bit like him. Let us once in our lives leave our junketing for a while, and put ourselves in a posture to give them a bellyful of fighting, if they would be at that sport. There can be no false Latin in this, said Xenomanes; Chitterlings are still Chitterlings, always double-hearted,[2] and treacherous.

Pantagruel then arose from table, to visit and scour the thicket, and returned presently; having discovered, on the left, an ambuscade of squab Chitterlings; and on the right, about half a league from thence, a large body of huge giant-like armed Chitterlings, ranged in battalia along a little hill, and marching furiously towards us at the sound of bagpipes, sheep's paunches, and bladders, the merry fifes and drums, trumpets, and clarions, hoping to catch us as Moss caught his mare. By the conjecture of seventy-eight standards, which we told, we guessed their number to be two and forty thousand, at a modest computation.

Their order, proud gait, and resolute looks, made us judge that they were none of your raw, paltry links, but old war-like Chitterlings and Sausages. From the foremost ranks to the colours they were all armed cap-à-pié with small arms, as we reckoned them at a distance: yet, very sharp, and case-hardened. Their right and left wings were lined with a great number of forest puddings, heavy pattipans, and horse sausages, all of them tall and proper islanders, banditti, and wild.

Pantagruel was very much daunted, and not without cause; though Epistemon told him that it might be the use

[1] Rabelais, "il y aura icy de l'asne, je le prevoy." We shall have the braying scene here, or I am much out. That is, says M. Duchat, there will be a scene of errors, as between the two country-bumpkins, in Don Quixote, who, by their counterfeit brayings, always met each other instead of meeting with the ass they were in quest of. [2] He quibbles upon *andouilles* being (*doublées*) lined with small guts

and custom of the Chitterlingonians to welcome and receive thus in arms their foreign friends, as the noble kings of France are received and saluted at their first coming into the chief cities of the kingdom, after their advancement to the crown. Perhaps, said he, it may be the usual guard of the queen of the place; who, having notice given her, by the junior Chitterlings of the forlorn hope whom you saw on the tree, of the arrival of your fine and pompous fleet, hath judged that it was, without doubt, some rich and potent prince, and is come to visit you in person.

Pantagruel, little trusting to this, called a council, to have their advice at large in this doubtful case. He briefly showed them how this way of reception, with arms, had often, under colour of compliment and friendship, been fatal. Thus, said he, the Emperor Antonius Caracalla, at one time, destroyed the citizens of Alexandria, and at another time, cut off the attendants of Artabanus, King of Persia, under colour of marrying his daughter: which, by the way, did not pass unpunished: for, a while after, this cost him his life.

Thus Jacob's children destroyed the Sichemites, to revenge the rape of their sister Dinah. By such another hypocritical trick, Gallienus the Roman emperor, put to death the military men in Constantinople. Thus, under colour of friendship, Antonius enticed Artavasdes, King of Armenia; then, having caused him to be bound in heavy chains, and shackled, at last put him to death.

We find a thousand such instances in history; and King Charles VI. is justly commended for his prudence to this day, in that, coming back victorious over the Ghenters and other Flemings, to his good city of Paris, and when he came to Bourget, a league from thence, hearing that the citizens with their mallets—whence they got the name of Maillotins[3]—were marched out of town in battalia, twenty thousand strong, he would not go into the town, till they had laid down their arms, and retired to their respective homes; though they protested to him, that they had taken arms with no other design than to receive him with the greater demonstration of honour and respect.

[3] *Maillotins.* The Parisians had taken these two-headed hammers, *(maillets,)* out of the town house, and this happened in 1413.

CH. XXXVII.—*How Pantagruel sent for Colonel Maul-Chitterling, and Colonel Cut-Pudding; with a discourse well worth your hearing, about the names of places and persons.*

THE resolution of the council was, that, let things be how they would, it behoved the Pantagruelists to stand upon their guard. Therefore Carpalim and Gymnast were ordered by Pantagruel to go for the soldiers that were on board the Cup galley, under the command of Colonel Maul-chitterling, and those on board the Vine-tub frigate, under the command of Colonel Cut-pudding the younger. I will ease Gymnast of that trouble, said Panurge, who wanted to be upon the run: you may have occasion for him here. By this worthy frock of mine, quoth Friar John, thou hast a mind to slip thy neck out of the collar, and absent thyself from the fight, thou white-livered son of a dunghill! upon my virginity thou wilt never come back. Well, there can be no great loss in thee; for thou wouldest do nothing here but howl, bray, weep, and dishearten the good soldiers. I will certainly come back, said Panurge, Friar John, my ghostly father, and speedily too: do but take care that these plaguy Chitterlings do not board our ships. All the while you will be a fighting, I will pray heartily for your victory, after the example of the valiant captain and guide of the people of Israel, Moses. Having said this, he wheeled off.

Then said Epistemon to Pantagruel, the denomination of these two colonels of yours, Maul-chitterling and Cut-pudding, promiseth us assurance, success, and victory, if those Chitterlings should chance to set upon us. You take it rightly, said Pantagruel, and it pleaseth me to see you foresee and prognosticate our victory by the name of our colonels.

This way of foretelling by names is not new; it was in old times celebrated, and religiously observed by the Pythagoreans. Several great princes and emperors have formerly made use of it. Octavianus Augustus, second emperor of the Romans, meeting on a day a country fellow named Eutychus,—that is, fortunate,—driving an ass named Nicon—that is in Greek, victorious,—moved by the signification of the ass's and ass-driver's names, remained assured of all prosperity and victory.

The Emperor Vespasian, being once all alone at prayers, in the temple of Serapis, at the sight and unexpected coming of

a certain servant of his, named Basilides,—that is, royal,—whom he had left sick a great way behind, took hopes and assurance of obtaining the empire of the Romans. Regillian was chosen emperor, by the soldiers, for no other reason, but the signification of his name. See the Cratylus of the divine Plato. (By my thirst I will read him, said Rhizotomus; I hear you so often quote him.) See how the Pythagoreans, by reason of the names and numbers, conclude that Patroclus was to fall by the hand of Hector; Hector by Achilles; Achilles by Paris; Paris by Philoctetes. I am quite lost in my understanding, when I reflect upon the admirable invention of Pythagoras, who by the number, either even or odd, of the syllables of every name,[1] would tell you of what side a man was lame, hunch-backed, blind, gouty, troubled with the palsy, pleurisy, or any other distemper incident to human kind; allotting even numbers to the left, and odd ones to the right side of the body.

Indeed, said Epistemon, I saw this way of syllabising tried at Xaintes, at a general procession, in the presence of that good, virtuous, learned, and just president, Brian Vallée,[2] Lord of Douhait. When there went by a man or woman that was either lame, blind of one eye, or hump-backed, he had an account brought him of his or her name; and if the syllables of the name were of an odd number, immediately, without seeing the persons, he declared them to be deformed, blind, lame, or crooked of the right side; and of the left, if they were even in number: and such indeed we ever found them.

By this syllabical invention, said Pantagruel, the learned have affirmed, that Achilles kneeling, was wounded by the arrow of Paris in the right heel; for his name is of odd syllables; (here we ought to observe that the ancients used to kneel the right foot:) and that Venus was also wounded before Troy in the left hand; for her name in Greek is Αφροδίτη, of four syllables; Vulcan lamed of his left foot for the same reason; Philip, King of Macedon, and Hannibal, blind of the right eye; not to speak of sciaticas, broken bellies, and hemicranias, which may be distinguished by this Pythagorean reason.

[1] Read every person's proper name, *d'ung chascun nom propre. Nom propre* is one's surname; *nome de baptême* one's Christian name, says Boyer. [2] It was he who saved Scaliger from the stake when accused of having feasted in Lent. It is not unlikely Rabelais lay under a similar obligation to him.

But returning to names: do but consider how Alexander the Great, son of King Philip, of whom we spoke just now, compassed his undertaking, merely by the interpretation of a name. He had besieged the strong city of Tyre, and for several weeks battered it with all his power: but all in vain. His engines and attempts were still baffled by the Tyrians, which made him finally resolve to raise the seige, to his great grief; foreseeing the great stain which such a shameful retreat would be to his reputation. In this anxiety and agitation of mind he fell asleep, and dreamed that a satry was come into his tent, capering, skipping, and tripping it up and down, with his goatish hoofs, and that he strove to lay hold on him. But the satyr still slipt from him, till at last, having penned him up into a corner, he took him. With this he awoke, and telling his dream to the philosophers and sages of his court, they let him know that it was a promise of victory from the gods, and that he should soon be master of Tyre; the word *satyros*, divided in two, being *sa Tyros*, and signifying Tyre is thine; and in truth, at the next onset, he took the town by storm, and, by a complete victory, reduced that stubborn people to subjection.

On the other hand, see how, by the signification of one word, Pompey fell into despair. Being overcome by Cæsar at the battle of Pharsalia, he had no other way left to escape but by flight; which, attempting by sea, he arrived near the island of Cyprus, and perceived on the shore, near the city of Paphos, a beautiful and stately palace: now asking the pilot what was the name of it, he told him, that it was called κακοβασιλία,[3] that is, evil king; which struck such a dread and terror in him, that he fell into despair, as being assured of losing shortly his life; insomuch that his complaints, sighs, and groans were heard by the mariners and other passengers. And indeed, a while after, a certain strange peasant, called Achillas, cut off his head.

To all these examples might be added what happened to L. Paulus Emilius,[4] when the senate elected him imperator, that is, chief of the army which they sent against Perses, King of Macedon. That evening returning home to prepare for his expedition, and kissing a little daughter of his called Trasia, she seemed somewhat sad to him. What is the

[3] Read, κακοβασιλεῦς. See Val. Max. l. 1, c. 5. [4] See Cicero *De Divinatione*, &c.

matter, said he, my chicken? Why is my Trasia[5] thus sad and melancholy? Daddy, replied the child, Persa[6] is dead. This was the name of a little bitch, which she loved mightily. Hearing this, Paulus took assurance of a victory over Perses.

If time would permit us to discourse of the sacred Hebrew writ, we might find a hundred noted passages, evidently showing how religiously they observed proper names and their significations.

He had hardly ended this discourse, when the two colonels arrived with their soldiers, all well armed and resolute. Pantagruel made them a short speech, entreating them to behave themselves bravely, in case they were attacked; for he could not yet believe that the Chitterlings were so treacherous: but he bad them by no means to give the first offence; giving them carnival for the watch-word.

CH. XXXVIII.—*How Chitterlings are not to be slighted by men.*

YOU shake your empty noddles now, jolly topers, and do not believe what I tell you here, any more than if it were some tale of a tub. Well, well, I cannot help it. Believe it if you will; if you will not, let it alone. For my part, I very well know what I say. It was in the Wild Island, in our voyage to the Holy Bottle; I tell you the time and place; what would you have more? I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient giants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pelion, on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Olympus, to dash out the god's brains, unnestle them, and scour their heavenly lodgings. Theirs was no small strength, you may well think, and yet they were nothing but Chitterlings from the waist downwards, or, at least, serpents, not to tell a lie for the matter.

The serpent that tempted Eve, too, was of the Chitterling kind, and yet it is recorded of him, that he was more subtle than any beast of the field. Even so are Chitterlings. Nay, to this very hour they hold in some universities, that this

[5] Rabelais has it Tratia. It should indeed be Tertia, which being abbreviated into Tria, the printers, often none of the best guessers, made it Tratia instead of Tertia.

[6] Plutarch, in the life of Paulus Emilius, copied this passage from Cicero; but not being thoroughly versed in the Latin tongue, as he somewhere owns himself, he made of this bitch, a dog, which he calls Perseus.

same tempter was the Chitterling called Ithyphallus,[1] into which was transformed bawdy Priapus, arch-seducer of females in paradise, that is, a garden, in Greek.[2]

Pray now tell me, who can tell but that the Swiss, now so bold and warlike, were formerly Chitterlings? For my part I would not take my oath to the contrary. The Himantopodes, a nation very famous in Ethiopia, according to Pliny's description, are Chitterlings, and nothing else. If all this will not satisfy your worships, or remove your incredulity, I would have you forthwith (I mean drinking first, that nothing be done rashly) visit Lusignan, Parthenay, Vouant, Mervant, and Ponzauges in Poictou. There you will find a cloud of witnesses, not of your affidavit men of the right stamp, but credible, time out of mind, that will take their corporal oath, on Rigomés knuckle-bone,[3] that Melusina, their founder, or foundress, which you please, was woman from the head to the prick-purse,[4] and thence downwards was a serpentine Chitterling, or if you will have it otherwise, a Chitterling-dized serpent. She nevertheless had a genteel and noble gait, imitated to this very day by your hop-merchants of Britanny, in their paspié and country dances.

What do you think was the cause of Erichthonius's being the first inventor of coaches, litters, and chariots? Nothing but because Vulcan had begot him with Chitterlingdized legs; which to hide, he chose to ride in a litter, rather than on horseback; for Chitterlings were not yet in esteem at that time.

The Scythian nymph, Ora,[5] was likewise half woman and half Chitterling; and yet seemed so beautiful to Jupiter, that nothing could serve him but he must give her a touch of his godship's kindness; and accordingly he had a brave boy by her, called Colaxes; and therefore I would have you leave off shaking your empty noddles at this, as if it were a story, and firmly believe that nothing is truer than the gospel.

[1] See H. Cornelius Agrippa, in his treatise *De Origine Peccati*.

[2] Read, in paradise, as the Greeks call it, but garden in French.

[3] Read, right arm. [4] *Aux boursavits*. See the old romance of Melusina. [5] Herodotus, in the beginning of his fourth book, speaks of one Colaxis, son of Jupiter, and immediately after tells a story of a Scythian nymph, half woman and half serpent, who lay with Hercules. Rabelais, writing by memory, has confounded and altered these two fables.

CH. XXXIX.—*How Friar John joined with the cooks to fight the Chitterlings.*

FRIAR JOHN, seeing these furious Chitterlings thus boldly march up, said to Pantagruel, Here will be a rare battle of hobby-horses, a pretty kind of puppet-show fight, for ought I see. Oh! what mighty honour and wonderful glory will attend our victory! I would have you only be a bare spectator of this fight, and for any thing else, leave me and my men to deal with them. What men? said Pantagruel. Matter of breviary, replied Friar John. How came Potiphar, who was head cook of Pharoah's kitchens, he that bought Joseph, and whom the said Joseph might have made a cuckold, if he had not been a Joseph; how came he, I say, to be made general of all the horse in the kingdom of Egypt? Why was Nabuzardan, King Nebuchadnezzar's head cook, chosen, to the exclusion of all other captains, to besiege and destroy Jerusalem. I hear you, replied Pantagruel. By St. Christopher's whiskers, said Friar John, I dare lay a wager that it was because they had formerly engaged Chitterlings, or men as little valued; whom to rout, conquer, and destroy, cooks are, without comparison, more fit, than cuirassiers and gens d'-armes armed at all points, or all the horse and foot in the world.

You put me in mind, said Pantagruel, of what is written amongst the facetious and merry sayings of Cicero. During the more than civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey, though he was much courted by the first, he naturally leaned more to the side of the latter. Now one day, hearing that the Pompeyians, in a certain rencontre, had lost a great many men, he took a fancy to visit their camp. There he perceived little strength, less courage, but much disorder. From that time, foreseeing that things would go ill with them, as it since happened, he began to banter now one and then another, and be very free of his cutting jests: so some of Pompey's captains, playing the good fellows, to show their assurance, told him, do you see how many eagles we have yet? (They were then the device of the Romans in war.) They might be of use to you, replied Cicero, if you had to do with magpies.

Thus seeing we are to fight Chitterlings, pursued Pantagruel, you infer thence that it is a culinary war, and have a

mind to join with the cooks. Well, do as you please. I will stay here in the meantime, and wait for the event of the rumpus.

Friar John went that very moment among the sutlers, into the cook's tents, and told them in a pleasing manner; I must see you crowned with honour and triumph this day, my lads; to your arms are reserved such achievements as never yet were performed within the memory of man. Odd's belly, do they make nothing of the valiant cooks? let us go fight yonder fornicating Chitterlings! I will be your captain. But first let us drink boys,—come on—let us be of good cheer. Noble captain, returned the kitchen tribe, this was spoken like yourself; bravely offered: huzza! we are all at your excellency's command, and will live and die by you. Live, live, said Friar John, a God's name: but die by no means. That is the Chitterlings' lot; they shall have their bellyful of it: come on then, let us put ourselves in order; Nabuzardan's the word.

CH. XL.—*How Friar John fitted up the sow; and of the valiant cooks that went into it.*

THEN, by Friar John's order, the engineers and their workmen fitted up the great sow that was in the ship Leathern-bottle. It was a wonderful machine, so contrived, that, by means of large engines that were round about in rows, it threw forked iron bars, and four square steel-bolts; and in its hold two hundred men at least could easily fight, and be sheltered. It was made after the model of the sow of Riole, by the means of which Bergerac was re-taken from the English, in the reign of Charles the Sixth.[1]

Here are the names of the noble and valiant cooks who went into the sow, as the Greeks did into the Trojan horse.

Sour-sauce.	Crisp-pig.	Carbonadoe.
Sweet-meat.	Greasy-slouch.	Sop-in-pan.
Greedy-gut.	Fat-gut.	Pick-fowl.
Liquorice-chops.	Bray-mortar.	Mustard-pot.
Soused-pork.	Lick-sauce.	Hog's-haslet.
Slap-sauce.	Hog's-foot.	Chopt-phiz.
Cock-broth.	Hodge-podge.	Gallimaufrey.
Slipslop.		

[1] Rabelais mistakes. It was in Charles the Fifth's reign, in the year 1378, two years before that prince's death. Froissart, vol. ii. c. 2, on that year. They sent to Riolle for a huge machine called a sow, which was so contrived as to cast prodigious stones, and could easily shelter a hundred men at arms, in their approaches to attack the town.

All these noble cooks, in their coat of arms, did bear, in a field gules, a larding-pin vert, charged with a chevron argent.

Lard, hog's-lard.	Pinch-lard.	Snatch-lard.
Nibble-lard.	Top-lard.	Gnaw-lard.
Filch-lard.	Pick-lard	Scrape-lard.
Fat-lard.	ave-lard.	Chew-lard.

Gaillardon (by syncope) born near Rambouillet. The culinary doctor's name was Gaillardlardon, in the same manner as you use to say idolatrous for idololatrous.

Stiff-lard.	Catch-lard.	Waste-lard.
Dainty-lard.	Cut-lard.	Ogle-lard.
Watch-lard.	Mince-lard.	Weigh-lard.
Sweet-lard.	Fresh-lard.	Gulch-lard.
Eat-lard.	Rusty-lard.	Eye-lard.
Snap-lard.		

Names unknown among the Marranes and Jews.[2]

Ballocky.	Monsieur-Ragout.	Mustard-sauce.
Pick-sallad.	Snail-dresser.	Claret-sauce.
Broil-rasher.	Soup-monger.	Swill-broth.
Cony-skin.	Brewis-belly.	Thirsty.
Dainty-chops.	Chine-picker.	Kitchen-stuff.
Pie-wright.	Crack-pipkin.	Verjuice.
Pudding-pan.	Scrape-pot.	Salt-gullet.
Save-dripping.	Porridge-pot.	Suck-gravy.
Water-cress.	Lick-dish.	Macaroon.
Scrape-turnip.	Toss-pot.	Skewer-maker.
Trivet.		

Smell-smock; he was afterwards taken from the kitchen, and removed to chamber-practice, for the service of the noble Cardinal Hunt-venison.[3]

Rot-Roast.	Prick-madam.	Fox-tail.
Dish-clout.	Pricket.	Fly-flap.
Save-suet.	Flesh-smith.	Old-Grizzle.
Fire-fumbler.	Cram-gut.	Ruff-belly.
Pillicock.	Tuzzy-mussy.	Sirloin.
Long-tool.	Jacket-liner.	Spit-mutton.
Prick-pride.	Guzzle-drink.	Fritter-fryer.

[2] Who abominate bacon, and all sorts of lardings. [3] In Rabelais, Cardinal le Veneur. John le Veneur-Carrouges, Bishop of Lisieux, made Cardinal at Marseilles by Pope Clement VII. in 1533 He was such a lover of partridge, that he had them kept all the year round at his country house.

Hog's-gullet.	Strutting-tom.	Smutty-face.
Saffron-sauce.	Slashed-snout.	

Mondam, that first invented madam's sauce, and for that discovery, was thus called in the Scotch-French dialect.[4]

Loblolly.	GoodmanGoosecap.	Snap-gobbet.
Slabber-chops.	Munch-turnip.	Scurvy-phiz.
Scum-pot.	Sloven.	Trencher-man.
Gully-guts.	Swallow-pitcher.	Pudding-bag.
Rinse-pot.	Wafer-monger.	Pig-sticker.
Drink-spiller.		

Robert: he invented Robert's sauce, so good and necessary for roasted conies, ducks, fresh pork, poached eggs, salt fish, and a thousand other such dishes.

Cold-eel.	Frying-pan.	Big-snout
Thornback.	Man of dough.	Lick-finger.
Gurnard.	Sauce-doctor.	Tit-bit.
Grumbling-gut.	Waste-butter.	Sauce-box.
Alms-scrip.	Shitbreech.	All fours.
Taste-all.	Thick-brawn.	Whimwham.
Scrap-merchant.	Tom T—d.	Baste-roast.
Belly-timberman.	Mouldy-crust.	Gaping-Hoyden.
Hashee.	Hasty.	Calf's pluck.
Frig-palate.	Red-herring.	Leather-breeches.
Powdering-tub.	Cheesecake.	

All these noble cooks went into the sow, merry, cheery, hale, brisk, old dogs at mischief, and ready to fight stoutly. Friar John, ever and anon waving his huge scimitar, brought up the rear, and double-locked the doors on the inside.

CH. XLI.—*How Pantagruel broke the Chitterlings at the knees.*

THE Chitterlings advanced so near, that Pantagruel perceived that they stretched their arms, and already began to charge their lances; which caused him to send Gymnast to know what they meant, and why they thus, without the least provocation, came to fall upon their old trusty friends, who had neither said nor done the least ill thing to them. Gymnast being advanced near their front, bowed very low, and

[4] Our author ridicules the Scotch pronunciation of the French tongue, which Brantome likewise says, is perfect jargon in the mouth of a Scotchman, whose natural speech is in itself "rurale, barbare, malsonnate, and malseante." See Dam. illust. of Brantome, disc. 3. Before in l. ii. c. 9. "Saint Treignan foutys vous d'Escouss ou j'ay failly à entendre."

said to them, as loud as ever he could: We are friends, we are friends; all, all of us your friends, yours, and at your command; we are for Carkival, your old confederate. Some have since told me, that he mistook, and said cavernal instead of carnival.[1]

Whatever it was, the word was no sooner out of his mouth, but a huge little squab Sausage, starting out of the front of their main body, would have griped him by the collar. By the helmet of Mars, said Gymnast, I will swallow thee; but thou shalt only come in in chips and slices; for, big as thou art, thou couldest never come in whole. This spoke, he lugs out his trusty sword, kiss-mine-arse, (so he called it,) with both his fists, and cut the sausage in twain. Bless me, how fat the foul thief was! it puts me in mind of the huge bull of Berne, that was slain at Marignan, when the drunken Swiss were so mauled there. Believe me, it had little less than four inches lard on its paunch.

The Sausage's job being done, a crowd of others flew upon Gymnast, and had most scurvily dragged him down, when Pantagruel with his men came up to his relief. Then began the martial fray, higgledy piggledy. Maul-chitterling did maul Chitterlings; Cut-pudding did cut puddings; Pantagruel did break the Chitterlings at the knees;[2] Friar John play'd at least in sight within his sow, viewing and observing all things; when the pattipans, that lay in ambuscade, most furiously sallied out upon Pantagruel.

Friar John, who lay snug all this while, by that time perceiving the route and hurly-burly, set open the doors of his sow, and sallied out with his merry Greeks, some of them armed with iron-spits, others with handirons, racks, fire-shovels, frying-pans, kettles, gridirons, oven forks, tongs, dripping pans, brooms, iron pots, mortars, pestles, all in battle array, like so many house-breakers, hallooing and roar-

[1] Gymnast had said, after the manner of the Gascons, Gradimars, instead of Mardigras; which provoked the Chitterlings' wrath: for he imagined they did it on purpose to affront their good friend Mardigras, (which here means our Shrove Tuesday, or rather all the whole Carnival.)

[2] A proverbial expression for attempting impossibilities; as is that of breaking Chitterlings by mere strength of arm. Amadis, l. 8, c. 53. "The gods have permitted the death of your brother. They have preserved my father; they are pleased to frustrate your designs, and favour his; and you are for breaking the eel at your knees." Rabelais's early commentators will have this chapter to pourtray the Battle of Marignan. His modern editors regard it as a mock recital of the combats so frequently occurring in the romances of chivalry.

ing out altogether most frightfully, Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan, Nabuzardan. Thus shouting and hooting, they fought like dragons, and charged through the pattipans and sausages. The Chitterlings perceiving this fresh reinforcement, and that the others would be too hard for them, betook themselves to their heels, scampering off with full speed, as if the devil had come for them. Friar John, with an iron crow, knocked them down as fast as hops: his men too were not sparing on their side. O! what a woful sight it was! the field was all over strewed with heaps of dead or wounded Chitterlings; and history relates, that had not heaven had a hand in it, the Chitterling tribe had been totally routed out of the world, by the culinary champions. But there happened a wonderful thing, you may believe as little or as much of it as you please.

From the north flew towards us a huge, fat, thick, grizzly swine, with long and large wings, like those of a windmill; its plumes red crimson,[3] like those of a phenicoptere (which in Languedoc they call flaman;) its eyes were red, and flaming like a carbuncle; its ears green like a Prasin emerald; its teeth like a topaz; its tail long and black like jet; its feet white, diaphonous, and transparent like a diamond, somewhat broad, and of the splay kind, like those of geese, and as Queen Dick's[4] used to be at Thoulouse, in the days of yore. About its neck it wore a gold collar, round which were some Ionian characters, whereof I could pick out but two words, ΥΣ ΑΘΗΝΑΝ: hog-teaching Minerva.

The sky was clear before; but at that monster's appearance, it changed so mightily for the worse, that we were all amazed at it. As soon as the Chitterlings perceived the flying hog, down they all threw their weapons, and fell on their knees, lifting up their hands, joined together without speaking one word, in a posture of adoration. Friar John and his party kept on mincing, felling, braining, mangling,

[3] If, as some imagine, the Chitterlings in this chapter are the Swiss at the battle of Marignan, this phenicoptere may mean the Cardinal of Sion; and the mustard which he laid to their wounds, may be the gold with which he pacified them. [4] *La Royne Pedaucque. Pié d'oie*: Goose-foot. At Toulouse there is a bridge called Queen Pedauque's bridge. Menage says, that the statue of that queen, with goose feet, is to be seen at Dijon, in the porch of St. Benigne's church, and at Nevers, in the cathedral church there; and asserts, that she was called *Pedauque*, because of her splay-footedness.

and spitting the Chitterlings like mad: but Pantagruel sounded a retreat, and all hostility ceased.

The monster having several times hovered backwards and forwards between the two armies, with a tail-shot voided above twenty-seven butts of mustard on the ground; then flew away through the air, crying all the while, Carnival, Carnival, Carnival.

ON CHAP. XXXV. AND THE SIX FOLLOWING.—Pantagruel lands in the Wild Island to refresh his men, whom the fish had disordered. He would not come where Shrovetide lived, but goes ashore at the dwelling of the Chitterlings, because he did not love Lent. There they pitched their tents, fixed their kitchen batteries; the cloth is immediately laid, supper brought in, and all eat cheerfully, as is usual after Lent. What happens in that island, and the fight in which the chitterlings, sausages, and pastry-pans, are mauled by Pantagruel and his men, and particularly by the friar at the head of the cooks, partly seems a comical allegory, which denotes the good cheer at Easter, after the Lent-keepers have mastered that time of mortification. Sausages, chitterlings, &c., which are preserved with salt, help them to appease hunger, at the same time that they create and heighten thirst.

It is obvious that the 37th chapter ridicules the method used by some of the ancients, and to this day, of foretelling things by the names of persons. We find that the Chitterlingonians knowing at last that Pantagruel is Shrovetide's foe, and a friend to Carnival, their old confederate, pay him their homage, and send, under the conduct of young Niphleseth, seventy-eight thousand royal Chitterlings to Gargantua, who made a present of them to the great King of Paris; but most of them died, and were buried in heaps in a part of Paris, called to this day the street paved with Chitterlings; yet, at the request of the court ladies, young Niphleseth was preserved, honourably used, and since that married to heart's content. We need not understand Hebrew to find out what our joking author means by that young Chitterling (*mentula*) Niphleseth, of whom the charitable, or rather selfish ladies took such mighty care.

After all, the description of a misunderstanding between the French, and the Swiss and Germans that had reformed, may be couched under those notions of Chitterlings. In the 35th chapter we find a treaty on foot to reconcile them to Shrovetide: and as the council was then sitting, some concessions were made by the pope's party in case of a likelihood of an accommodation. Besides, Rabelais mentions, that Shrovetide (by which may be meant here the Swiss, or Germans of the Roman communion) was threatened with being declared bewrayed (*i. e.* excommunicated) in case he made any league or agreement with the Chitterlings: since which they were grown wonderfully inveterate and obstinate against one another. He also tells us, that they desired the expulsion of I do not know what stinking villains, murderers and robbers, that held the castle of Salloir (which means a powdering-tub). These might be monks and friars. What's more, in the 37th chapter, Rabelais, enumerating the power and antiquity of Chitterling-like

people, says, Who can tell but that the Swiss, now so bold and resolute, were formerly Chitterlings? For my part, I would not take my oath to the contrary. Some of the Swiss are now, and were then, a wild sort of people, as our author calls his Chitterlings, whom he brings in marching up boldly in battalia. By the queen may be meant the republic, which word is feminine in Latin and in French. The Chitterlings sent by the queen, are the soldiers which Switzerland sent them, as it does still, to the French; many of which died by change of air, for want of mustard (i. e. pay), and other accidents. And what Xenomanes said, that Chitterlings were double-hearted and treacherous, suits also very well with their taking side now with the emperor, then with the French, *vice versa*, in that age. In the 41st chapter, Gymnast, having lugged out his sword with both his fists, cut a huge wild squab sausage in two. Bless me, says our historian, how fat the foul thief was! It puts me in mind of the huge bull of Berne, that was slain at Marignan, when the drunken Swiss were so mauled there: believe me, it had little less than four inches lard on its paunch. By this great bull of Berne is meant Pontiner, a famous gigantic fat captain of the Swiss, who being killed at the battle of Marignan, some of the Germans who sided with the French, to show they were fully revenged on the Swiss, who had been too hard for them in several other engagements, run the points of their pikes and lances in that monstrous officer's fat paunch, as Paulus Jovius observes in the account he gives of that battle. I have not leisure to get and peruse some books, which probably would enable me to give here the particulars to which this allegory relates; but I believe that any one, that will examine this narrowly, may find it much as I have said; and perhaps something more than the expiration of Lent may also be meant by the killing of the great fish by Pantagruel.

CH. XLII.—*How Pantagruel held a treaty with Niphleseth, Queen of the Chitterlings.*

THE monster being out of sight, and the two armies remaining silent, Pantagruel demanded a parley with the lady Niphleseth, Queen of the Chitterlings, who was in her chariot,[1] by the standards; and it was easily granted. The queen alighted, courteously received Pantagruel, and was glad to see him. Pantagruel complained to her of this breach of peace: but she civilly made her excuse, telling him that a false information had caused all this mischief; her spies having brought her word, that Shrovetide their mortal foe, was landed, and spent his time in examining the urine of physeters.

[1] In chap. 38. it is said, that Erichthonius first brought into use coaches and litters to hide the ugliness of his legs; which is taken from Servius, on these verses of the third book of the Georgics.

"Primus Erichthonius currus et quatuor ausus
Jungere equos, rapidisque rotis insistere victor,"

It was with the same view that Niphleseth chose to appear in her chariot.

She, therefore, entreated him to pardon them their offence; telling him that sir-reverence was sooner found in Chitterlings than gall; and offering, for herself and all her successors, to hold of him, and his, the whole island and country; to obey him in all his commands, be friends to his friends, and foes to his foes; and also to send every year, as an acknowledgment of their homage, a tribute of seventy-eight thousand Chitterlings, to serve him at his first course at table, six months in the year;[2] which was punctually performed. For the next day she sent the aforesaid quantity of royal Chitterlings to the good Gargantua, under the conduct of young Niphleseth, infanta of the island.

The good Gargantua made a present of them to the great King of Paris. But by change of air, and for want of mustard, (the natural balsam and restorer of Chitterlings,) most of them died. By the great king's particular grant, they were buried in heaps in a part of Paris, to this day called, *La Rue pavée d'Andouilles*; the street paved with Chitterlings. At the request of the ladies at his court, young Niphleseth was preserved, honourably used, and since that married to her heart's content; and was the mother of many fine children, for which heaven be praised.

Pantagruel civilly thanked the queen, forgave all offences, refused the offer she had made of her country, and gave her a pretty little knife.[3] After that he asked her several nice questions concerning the apparition of that flying hog. She answered, that it was the idea of Carnival, their tutelary god in time of war, first founder, and original of all the Chitterling race; for which reason he resembled a hog; for Chitterlings drew their extraction from hogs.

Pantagruel asking for what purpose, and curative indication, he had voided so much mustard on the earth, the queen replied, that mustard[4] was their sanc-greal, and celestial balsam, of which, laying but a little in the wounds of the fallen Chitterlings, in a very short time the wounded were healed, and the dead restored to life. Pantagruel held

[2] Chitterlings are not eaten above six months in the year at most.

[3] As they do the savages of America. These knives are called *parguois* corruptly for *pragois*, being made at Prague in Bohemia.

[4] Henry V., King of England, was wont to say, in the same sense, that war without fire was not worth a rush, any more than sausages without mustard. See J. Juvenal des Ursin's Hist. ch. vi. on the year 1420.

no further discourse with the queen, but retired on ship-board. The like did all the boon companions, with their implements of destruction, and their huge sow.

CH. XLIII.—*How Pantagruel went into the island of Ruach.*

Two days after, we arrived at the island of Ruach; and I swear to you, by the celestial hen and chickens, that I found the way of living of the people so strange and wonderful, that I cannot, for the heart's blood of me, half tell it you. They live on nothing but wind, eat nothing but wind, and drink nothing but wind. They have no other houses but weathercocks. They sow no other seeds but the three sorts of wind-flowers, rue, and herbs that make one break wind to the purpose: these scour them off charmingly. The common sort of people, to feed themselves, make use of feather, paper, or linen fans, according to their abilities. As for the rich,[1] they live by the means of windmills.

When they would have some noble treat, the tables are spread under one or two windmills.[2] There they feast as merry as beggars, and during the meal, their whole talk is commonly of the goodness, excellency, salubrity, and rarity of winds; as you, jolly topers, in your cups, philosophize and argue upon wines. The one praises the south-east, the other the south-west, this the west and by south, and this the east and by north; another the west, and another the east; and so of the rest. As for lovers and amorous sparks, no gale for them like a smock-gale. For the sick they use bellows, as we use clysters among us.

Oh! (said to me a little diminutive swollen bubble) that I had now but a bladder-full of that same Languedoc wind which they call Cierce. The famous physician, Scurron,[3]

[1] Rabelais introduces into the isle of Winds, divers sorts of persons, and even more than one nation. By the common sort of people, who makes use of fans of various kinds, we may understand, literally, the great number of male and female dealers in fans: who not only make fans for Paris, and all France, but also send them abroad to England and other countries. As for the rich, who feed on windmills, they are the proprietors of such sort of useful country houses (explained in the Trevoux dictionary, under the word *usines*) which are very frequent about Paris, and bring in a considerable revenue to the owners.

[2] In Italy and South-France they make use of large fans, which are hung to the ceiling, and are waved to and fro by a servant, to cool the rooms, particularly at meals.

[3] His name was Schyron; witness the inscription over the gate of the anatomy theatre at Montpellier,

passing one day by this country, was telling us, that it is so strong, that it will make nothing of overturning a loaded waggon. Oh! what good would it not do my œdipodic leg.[4] The biggest are not the best; but, said Panurge, rather would I had here a large butt of that same good Languedoc wine, that grows at Mirevaux, Canteperdrix, and Frontignan.

I saw a good likely sort of a man there, much resembling Ventrose, tearing and fuming in a grievous fret, with a tall burly groom, and a pimping little page of his, laying them on, like the devil, with a buskin. Not knowing the cause of his anger, at first I thought that all this was by the doctor's advice, as being a thing very healthy to the master to be in a passion, and to his man to be banged for it. But at last I heard him taxing his man with stealing from him like a rogue as he was, the better half of a large leathern bag of an excellent southerly wind, which he had carefully laid up, like a hidden reserve, against the cold weather.[5]

They neither exonerate, dung, piss, nor spit in that island; but, to make amends, they belch, fizzle, funk, and give tail shots in abundance. They are troubled with all manner of distempers: and, indeed, all distempers are engendered, and proceed from ventosities, as Hippocrates demonstrates, lib. *De Flatibus*. But the most epidemical among them is the wind-cholic. The remedies which they use are large clysters, whereby they void store of windiness. They all die of dropsies and tympanies; the men farting, and the women fizzling: so that their soul takes her leave at the back-door.

Some time after, walking in the island, we met three hair-brained airy fellows, who seemed mightily puffed up, and went to take their pastime, and view the plovers,[6] who live

built by King Henry II. "Curantibus Johanne Schyronio, Antonio Saporta, Gulielmo Rondeletio, et J. Boccatio, 1556." Schyron was counsellor of the king, royal professor, and Chancellor of the University of Montpellier, and died very old, in the aforesaid year 1556, after he had made a figure among the learned from the year 1530.

[4] Lame or gouty leg. [5] Read, against the sultry hot weather, not cold weather. *Arriere-saison* means autumn, vintage, or harvest-time. In Lower Languedoc they call garbin a certain cool breeze of wind, which freshens up in that country about noon in Autumn. It comes very seasonably for the harvesters and vintagers, who, without it, would never be able to endure the excessive heats of that season. Which makes the author say, that he had carefully laid it up *comme une viande rare*, as a tit-bit. [6] The 23rd novel of the Heptam-

on the same diet as themselves, and abound in the island, I observed that as your true topers, when they travel, carry flasks, leathern bottles, and small runlets along with them, so each of them had at his girdle a pretty little pair of bellows. If they happened to want wind, by the help of those pretty bellows they immediately drew some, fresh and cool, by attraction and reciprocal expulsion: for, as you well know, wind essentially defined, is nothing but fluctuating and agitated air.

Awhile after, we were commanded, in the king's name, not to receive, for three hours, any man or woman of the country, on board our ships; some having stolen from him a rousing fart, of the very individual wind which old goodman Æolus, the snorer, gave Ulysses, to conduct his ship, whenever it should happen to be becalmed. Which fart the king kept religiously, like another sanc-greal, and performed a world of wonderful cures with it, in many dangerous diseases, letting loose, and distributing to the patient, only as much of it as might frame a virginal fart; which is, if you must know, what our sanctimonials, alias nuns, in their dialect, call ringing backwards.[7]

CH. XLIV.—*How small rain lays a high wind.*

PANTAGRUEL commended their government and way of living, and said to their hypenemian mayor. If you approve Epicurus's opinion, placing the *summum bonum* in pleasure, (I mean pleasure that is easy and free from toil,) I esteem you happy; for your food being wind, costs you little or nothing, since you need but blow. True, sir, returned the mayor, but, alas! nothing is perfect here below: for too often, when we are at table, feeding on some good blessed wind of God, as on celestial manna, merry as so many friars, down drops on a sudden some small rain, which lays our wind, and so robs us of it. Thus many a meal is lost for want of meat.

eron: "You live, then, upon faith and hope, as the plover does upon wind? you are very easy to maintain, and are subsisted at a cheap rate." This is a vulgar error of the plovers living on wind. See Belon, l. 5, c. 18, of his Ornithologia. [7] Rabelais says, "les sanctimoniales appellant ung pet sonnet;" *i. e.* the nuns call a fart, sonnet. *Sonnet* I take to be a diminutive of the *son* (sound) and means a sort of a small, still, silent sound. It likewise signifies a song, or tune. Nuns are so very chaste, at least in speech, that they scruple to call a fart by its right name; and an escape of that nature is never mentioned by them any otherwise than by the term *sonnet*.

Just so, quoth Panurge, Jenin Toss-pot, of Quinquenais, evacuating some wine of his own burning [urine] on his wife's posteriors, laid the ill-fumed wind that blowed out of their centre, as out of some magisterial æolipile. Here is a kind of a whim on that subject, which I made formerly:

One evening when Toss-pot had been at his butts,
And Joan, his fat spouse, crammed with turnips her guts,
Together they pigg'd, nor did drink so besot him,
But he did what was done when his daddy begot him.
Now, when to recruit, he'd fain have been snoring,
Joan's back-door was filthily puffing and roaring:
So, for spite he bepiss'd her, and quickly did find,
That a small rain lays a very high wind.

We are also plagued yearly with a very great calamity, cried the mayor, for a giant, called Widenostrils, who lives in the island of Tohu, comes hither every spring to purge, by the advice of his physicians, and swallows us, like so many pills, a great number of windmills, and of bellows also, at which his mouth waters exceedingly.

Now this is a sad mortification to us here, who are fain to fast over three or four whole Lents every year for this, besides certain petty Lents, ember weeks, and other orison and starving tides. And have you no remedy for this? asked Pantagruel. By the advice of our Mezarims, replied the mayor, about the time that he uses to give us a visit, we garrison our windmills with good store of cocks and hens. The first time that the greedy thief swallowed them, they had like to have done his business at once: for they crowed and cackled in his maw, and fluttered up and down athwart and along in his stomach, which threw the glutton into a lipothymy cardiac passion, and dreadful and dangerous convulsions, as if some serpent, creeping in at his mouth, had been frisking in his stomach.

Here is a comparative, as altogether incongruous and impertinent, cried Friar John, interrupting them; for I have formerly heard, that if a serpent chance to get into a man's stomach, it will not do him the least hurt, but will immediately get out, if you do but hang the patient by the heels, and lay a pan full of warm milk near his mouth. You were told this, said Pantagruel, and so were those who gave you this account; but none ever saw or read of such a cure. On the contrary, Hippocrates, in his fifth book of *Epidem*, writes, that such a case happening in his time, the patient presently died of a spasm and convulsion.

Besides the cocks and hens, said the mayor, continuing his story, all the foxes in the country whipped into Widenostrils' mouth, posting after the poultry; which made such a stir with Reynard at their heels, that he grievously fell into fits each minute of an hour.

At last, by the advice of a Baden enchanter,[1] at the time of the paroxysm, he used to flay a fox,[2] by way of antidote and counter-poison. Since that he took better advice, and eases himself with taking a clyster made with a decoction of wheat and barley corns, and of livers of goslings; to the first of which the poultry run, and the foxes to the latter. Besides, he swallows some of your badgers or fox-dogs, by the way of pills and boluses. This is our misfortune.

Cease to fear, good people, cried Pantagruel, this huge Widenostrils, this same swallower of Windmills, is no more, I will assure you: he died, being stifled and choked with a lump of fresh butter at the mouth of a hot oven, by the advice of his physicians.

ON CHAPS. XLIII. AND XLIV.—The island of Ruach, where people live on nothing but wind, according to the sense of the Hebrew word, is the island of Wind, or the Vane island.

It is an emblem of the court, where men feed themselves, and are fed by others, with wind, compliments, flattery, promises, and empty vain hopes, more than any where else. The weathercocks, which are the only houses in that island, imply the uncertain and variable state of courtiers; first, because the court is still where the prince is: and as the weathercock is always in motion, now to the east, and then presently to the west, yet is still fixed in one place, and only moves round its centre: so the courtier is still at home when at court, yet the court is sometimes in one place, and sometimes another. Besides, as the warm south sometimes gently blows on a weathercock, and soon the cold north rudely whirls it about; so the courtier's house is either cherished, or roughly blown upon, according to the prince's breath.

The wind-flowers, rue, and such carminative herbs, which are the only things sowed there, which scour them off in that island, denote the attendance, craft, and pains, which are the seeds by which we hope to rise and reap favour at court; but when the time of harvest comes, we find ourselves only rid (by a thorough knowledge of the place, and chiefly by balks and disappointments) of a great deal of wind, vain, empty hopes, that swelled and puffed us up.

The common sort of people, who, to feed themselves, make use of feather, paper, or linen fans, according to their abilities, put me in

[1] *Ung enchanteur badin*, not *baden*. It only means a juggler, or mountebank quack, or tumbler. [2] This proverbial expression for vomiting, does admirably well here in speaking of Widenostrils disemboguing the foxes that were got down to the bottom of his maw.

mind of a poor fellow, who fed himself a long time with hopes of obtaining a place worth at least £50 a year, only because he knew Sir J. F——'s coachman, with whom he spent some £20 or £30 that were his all, in hopes of a recommendation to his master, which his patron even wanted for himself, while he fooled him out of his money. Thus the poor, as well as the rich, aim at something generally above their reach. The wind-mills, by the means of which the rich live, may be designed to denote the kings and princes of those days: mills with mighty sails, which gave that nourishing wind plentifully, according to the dispositions in which they were with respect to the courtiers that continually surrounded them. It also signifies that the latter sometimes get nothing but words or favours, merely honorary, and void of substance and solidity. Some of those royal wind-mills have been used to wheel round, with every wind, as readily as weathercocks; turning their backs, in an unaccountable manner, to those on whom they looked most favourably but a moment before.

The age during which our doctor flourished has given many instances of this sad truth; as Jacques de Baune, Lord of Semblançay, Admiral Chabot, and the Constable de Bourbon, who having all three possessed King Francis I.'s favour, became the objects and the victims of his hatred. The first, hanged at Montfaucon, (the Tyburn of Paris,) for a crime of which Louis de Savoy, the king's mother, alone was guilty. The second, condemned without reason, to lose his head on a scaffold, and then declared not guilty; the sense of which usage worked so strongly on his mind, that it effected what the executioner was to have done. And the third, a prince of the blood, and by his great merit high constable of France, (a trust thought too great now-a-days,) first deprived of his government of the Milanese, his master being grown jealous of his glory; then of the profits and exercise of his great office; and, finally, of the vast estate of the house of Bourbon, which was his right of inheritance, as eldest of that branch of the royal family. —*M.*

CH. XLV.—*How Pantagruel went ashore in the island of Pope-Figland.*

THE next morning we arrived at the island of Pope-figs; formerly a rich and free people, called the Gaillardets; but now, alas! miserably poor, and under the yoke of the Papimen.[1] The occasion of it was this.

On a certain yearly high holiday, the burgomaster, syndics,

[1] Read Papimanes, as in the original. It is a word composed of *papa*, pope, and *mania*, madness, (in Greek) and means such whose love and zeal for the pope is so excessive, that it may be counted madness. Here M. Duchat observes, that Spain is a true papimany country: therefore, adds he, it is not at all unlikely, that by the island of Pope-figland, subject to the Papimanes, Rabelais means Navarre, after that about the year 1512, Ferdinand, the Catholic, had seized that kingdom, by virtue of a certain pretended bull, which had put it under an interdict, for adhering, as was pretended, to the council, convened at Pisa, against Pope Julius II.

and topping rabbies of the Gaillardets, chanced to go into the neighbouring island Papimany to see the festival, and pass away the time. Now one of them having espied the pope's picture, (with the sight of which, according to a laudable custom, the people were blessed on high-offering holidays,) made mouths at it, and cried, a fig for it! as a sign of manifest contempt and derision. To be revenged of this affront, the Papimen, some days after, without giving the others the least warning, took arms, and surprised destroyed, and ruined the whole island of the Gaillardets; putting the men to the sword, and sparing none but the women and children; and those too only on condition to do what the inhabitants of Milan were condemned to, by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa.

These had rebelled against him in his absence, and ignominiously turned the empress out of the city, mounting her a horseback[2] on a mule called Thacor,[3] with her breech foremost towards the old jaded mule's head, and her face turned towards the crupper. Now Frederick being returned, mastered them, and caused so careful a search to be made, that he found out and got the famous mule Thacor. Then the hangman, by his order, clapped a fig into the mule's jim-crack, in the presence of the enslaved cits that were brought into the middle of the great market-place, and proclaimed, in the emperor's name, with trumpets, that whosoever of them would save his own life, should publicly pull the fig out with his teeth, and after that, put it in again in the very individual cranny whence he had drawn it, without using his hands, and that whoever refused to do this, should presently swing for it, and die in his shoes. Some sturdy fools, standing upon their punctillio, chose honourably to be hanged, rather than submit to so shameful and abominable a disgrace; and others, less nice in point of ceremony, took heart of grace, and even resolved to have at the fig, and a fig for it, rather than make a worse figure with a hempen collar, and die in the air, at so short warning: accordingly when they had neatly picked out the fig with their teeth, from old

[2] This infamous punishment is still inflicted in Germany, on professed prostitutes. [3] A scab or pile in the fundament, Cotgrave says; but, according to the Cambridge Dictionary, it means the fundament itself. See under the word *anus*. The Hebrew word is *tachor*, not *thacor*.

Thacor's snatch-blatch, they plainly showed it the head's-man, saying, *ecco lo fico*, behold the fig.

By the same ignominy the rest of these poor distressed Gaillardets saved their bacon, becoming tributaries and slaves, and the name of Pope-figs was given them, because they said, a fig for the pope's image. Since this, the poor wretches never prospered, but every year the devil was at their doors, and they were plagued with hail, storms, famine, and all manner of woes, as an everlasting punishment for the sin of their ancestors and relations. Perceiving the misery and calamity of that generation, we did not care to go further up into the country; contenting ourselves with going into a little chapel near the haven, to take some holy water. It was dilapidated and ruined, wanting also a cover—like Saint Peter at Rome. When we were in, as we dipped our fingers in the sanctified cistern, we spied in the middle of that holy pickle, a fellow muffled up with stoles, all under water, like a diving duck, except the tip of his snout to draw his breath. About him stood three priests, true shavelings, clean shorn, and polled, who were muttering strange words to the devils out of a conjuring book.

Pantagruel was not a little amazed at this, and, inquiring what kind of sport these were at, was told, that, for three years last past, the plague had so dreadfully raged in the island, that the better half of it had been utterly depopulated, and the lands lay fallow and unoccupied. Now, the mortality being over, this same fellow, who had crept into the holy tub, having a large piece of ground, chanced to be sowing it with white winter wheat, at the very minute of an hour that a kind of a silly sucking devil, who could not yet write or read, or hail and thunder, unless it were on parsley or coleworts, had got leave of his master Lucifer to go into this island of Pope-figs, where the devils were very familiar with the men and women, and often went to take their pastime.

This same devil being got thither, directed his discourse to the husbandman, and asked him what he was doing. The poor man told him, that he was sowing the ground with corn, to help him to subsist the next year. Ay, but the ground is none of thine, Mr. Plough-jobber, cried the devil, but mine; for since the time that you mocked the pope, all this land has been proscribed, adjudged, and abandoned to us. How-

ever, to sow corn is not my province: therefore I will give thee leave to sow the field, that is to say, provided we share the profit. I will, replied the farmer. I mean, said the devil, that of what the land shall bear, two lots shall be made, one of what shall grow above ground, the other of what shall be covered with earth: the right of choosing belongs to me; for I am a devil of noble and ancient race; thou art a base clown. I therefore chose what shall lie under ground, take thou what shall be above. When dost thou reckon to reap, hah? About the middle of July, quoth the farmer. Well, said the devil, I'll not fail thee then: in the meantime, slave as thou oughtest. Work, clown, work: I am going to tempt to the pleasing sin of whoring, the nuns of Dryfart, the sham saints of the cowl, and the gluttonish crew: I am more than sure of these. They need but meet, and the job is done: true fire and tinder, touch and take: down falls nun and up gets friar.

On Chap. XLV.—By the island of the Pope-figs, is meant those who followed Luther or Calvin's reformation, and chiefly the Germans and the French. They were called the Gaillardes at first; principally, because they were at first brisk and merry, or gaillard; as when the landsknechts, generally Protestants, plundered Rome in 1527, they led several bishops and cardinals, in their proper accoutrements, through the streets on mules and asses, with their faces turned towards the tail; threw the host, relics, and images of saints about the streets, and forced the pope to buy a peace with 400,000 ducats, and remain a prisoner till it was paid, after he had been almost starved in Castel St. Angelo, where he invited the cardinals to a treat of ass's flesh, as if it had been one of the greatest dainties imaginable. This our author calls *faire la figue*, to revile and feague, or say, a fig for the pope; and he has ingeniously brought in the story of the citizens of Milan, who used an empress just as the landsknechts served the cardinals, which also is somewhat like the practice of the inquisition, who serve Protestants so. Now when the Emperor, Charles V., had been too hard for the Protestants in Germany, and the Kings Francis I. and Henry II. had persecuted them in France, they were in a dismal condition, and under the yoke of the Papimanes, and got the name of Pope-figs, not only because they had reviled the pope, but because they were forced to creep to him, and lay under his lash. The hail, storms, and famine, that plague them continually, mean the persecutions; the hobgoblins and devils that haunt them, are the monks, as the author insinuates at the latter end of chapter 46.

By the country fellow, who runs into the holy-water-stock, and is immersed in that blessed pickle, all but the tip of the snout, for fear of being clawed off by the devil, we must understand the constraint in which the Protestants lived, while to deliver themselves from the persecutions of the popish hob-goblins, they were forced to be plunged

over head and ears in the superstitious worship of the church of Rome; took holy water by handfuls, and hid themselves under stoles, which are the badge of priesthood: that is to say, they professed popery, as they are now forced to do in France: and some even entered into orders, and were priests, monks, bishops, and even cardinals, though they were far from being papists in their hearts.

Brisonnet, Bishop of Meaux, was one of these; for having silenced the preaching Franciscans throughout his diocese, and appointed James Fabre, *alias* La Fevre of Estaplé, Girard Ruffi, Michael Arande, and Martial, to preach against the errors of the Church of Rome, he recanted, through fear, as soon as he was called to an account about it. Ruffi himself did the same, and, from a Lutheran preacher, became a Roman bishop; and so did Martial, who being at first Brisonnet's disciple, was afterwards penitentiary, or head-confessor at Paris. The Bishop of Valence, our Panurge, was one of those dissemblers; and even the great Admiral Chatillon's brother, Odet, the cardinal to whom this book is dedicated by Rabelais, who himself did like the rest.—*M.*

CH. XLVI.—*How a junior devil was fooled by a husbandman of Pope-Figland.*

IN the middle of July, the devil came to the place aforesaid, with all his crew at his heels, a whole choir of the younger fry of hell; and having met the farmer, said to him, Well, clod-pate, how hast thou done, since I went? Thou and I must share the concern. Ay, master devil, quoth the clown, it is but reason we should. Then he and his men began to cut and reap the corn: and, on the other side, the devil's imps fell to work, grubbing up and pulling out the stubble by the root.

The countryman had his corn thrashed, winnowed it, put it into sacks, and went with it to market. The same did the devil's servants, and sat them down there by the man to sell their straw.[1] The countryman sold off his corn at a good rate, and with the money filled an old kind of a demi-buskin, which was fastened to his girdle. But the devil a sou the devils took: far from taking handsel, they were flouted and jeered by the country louts.

Market being over, quoth the devil to the farmer, Well, clown, thou hast choused me once, it is thy fault; chouse me twice, it will be mine, Nay, good sir devil, replied the farmer, how can I be said to have choused you, since it was your worship that chose first? The truth is, that, by this trick, you thought to cheat me, hoping that nothing would

[1] Read stubble.

spring out of the earth for my share, and that you should find whole under ground the corn which I had sowed, and with it tempt the poor and needy, the close hypocrite, or the covetous griper; thus making them fall into your snares. But troth, you must even go to school yet: you are no conjurer, for aught I see: for the corn that was sown is dead and rotten, its corruption having caused the generation of that which you saw me sell: so you chose the worst, and therefore are cursed in the gospel.[2] Well, talk no more of it, quoth the devil: what canst thou sow our field with for next year? If a man would make the best of it, answered the ploughman, it were fit he sow it with radishes. Now, cried the devil, thou talkest like an honest fellow, bumpkin: well, sow me good store of radishes, I will see and keep them safe from storms, and will not hail a bit on them. But harkye me, this time I bespeak for my share what shall be above ground; what is under shall be thine. Drudge on, looby, drudge on. I am going to tempt heretics; their souls are dainty victuals,[3] when broiled in rashers, and well powdered. My Lord Lucifer has the griping in the guts; they will make a dainty warm dish for his honour's maw.

When the season of radishes was come, our devil failed not to meet in the field, with a train of rascally underlings, all waiting devils, and finding there the farmer and his men, he began to cut and gather the leaves of the radishes. After him the farmer with his spade dug up the radishes, and clapped them up into pouches. This done, the farmer, and their gangs, hied them to market, and there the farmer presently made good money of his radishes: but the poor devil took nothing; nay, what was worse, he was made a common laughing stock by the gaping hoydons. I see thou hast played me a scurvy trick, thou villanous fellow, cried the angry devil: at last I am fully resolved even to make an end of the business betwixt thee and myself, about the ground, and these shall be the terms: we will clapperclaw

[2] An old proverb, which involves slanderers and devils in one and the same malediction; for as much as the former choosing rather to speak evil than good of their neighbours, are like the devils, who, in the day of judgment, shall fall on the wicked, and let good men alone.

[3] Those whom the devil, in those days tempted to burn the Lutherans, did really believe his devilship's mouth watered at the souls of those supposed strayers from the fold of the church.

each other, and whoever of us two shall first cry, Hold, shall quit his share of the field, which shall wholly belong to the conqueror. I fix the time for this trial of skill, on this day seven-night: assure thyself that I will claw thee off like a devil. I was going to tempt your fornicators, bailiffs, perplexers of causes, scriveners, forgers of deeds, two-handed councillors, prevaricating solicitors, and other such vermin; but they were so civil as to send me word by an interpreter, that they are all mine already. Besides our master Lucifer is so cloyed with their souls, that he often sends them back to the smutty scullions, and slovenly devils of his kitchen, and they scarce go down with them, unless now and then, when they are high-seasoned.[4]

Some say there is no breakfast like a student's, no dinner like a lawyer's, no afternoon's nunchion like a vinedresser's, no supper like a tradesman's, no second supper[5] like a serving wench's, and none of these meals equal to a frockified hobgoblin's.[6] All this is true enough. Accordingly, at my Lord Lucifer's first course, hobgoblins, alias imps in cowls, are a standing dish. He willingly used to breakfast on students; but, alas, I do not know by what ill luck they have of late years joined the Holy Bible[7] to their studies: so the devil a one we can get down among us; and I verily believe that unless the hypocrites of the tribe of Levi help us in it, taking from the enlightened book-mongers their St. Paul, either by threats, revilings, force, violence, fire, and faggot, we shall not be able to hook in any more of them, to nibble at below. He dines commonly on councillors, mischief-mongers, multipliers of law suits, such as wrest and pervert right and law, and grind and fleece the poor: he never fears to want any of these. But who can endure to be wedded to a dish?

He said, the other day, at a full chapter, that he had a great mind to eat the soul of one of the fraternity of the cowl, that had forgot to speak for himself, in his sermon;

[4] It is said, such sort of souls soon corrupt.

[5] *Reguoubilloner*; to steal an after supper: banquet late at nights; as servants frequently do, when their masters and mistresses are in bed.

[6] "Nil mendicatis sociorum dulcius offis.

Il n'est vie que de coquin, no life like a beggar's says the old proverb.

[7] Here Rabelais smells of the fagot, says M. Duchat. A French way of speaking, significative of the danger one runs of being burned for a heretic.

and he promised double pay, and a large pension, to any one that should bring him such a tit-bit piping hot. We all went a hunting after such a rarity, but came home without the prey: for they all admonish the good women to remember their convent. As for afternoon nunchions, he has left them off, since he was so wofully griped with the cholic; his fosterers, sutlers, charcoal-men, and boiling cooks having been sadly mauled and peppered off in the northern countries.[8]

His high devilship sups very well on tradesmen, usurers, apothecaries, cheats, coiners, and adulterers of wares. Now and then, when he is on the merry pin, his second supper is of serving wenches; who, after they have, by stealth, soaked their faces with their master's good liquor, fill up the vessel with it at second hand, or with other stinking water.

Well, drudge on, boor, drudge on; I am going to tempt the students of Trebisonde,[9] to leave father and mother, forego for ever the established and common rule of living, disclaim and free themselves from obeying their lawful sovereign's edicts, live in absolute liberty, proudly despise every one, laugh at all mankind, and taking the fine jovial little cap of poetic licence,[10] become so many pretty hobgoblins.[11]

[8] This seems to regard the expulsion of the monks out of England, under Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; and also that of the religious out of the two northern kingdoms.

[9] Read Trebizonde. The author seems here to derive the name of the imperial city of Trebizonde from the Greek τραπεζα, *mensa*, a table, for the opportunity of insinuating that none but gormandizers and idle bellies would take up with a cloistered life.

[10] Rabelais says, And taking the fine jovial little *biggin* of poetic innocence. On which M. Duchat observes *beguin* is the capuche or monachal hood, invented to distinguish from seculars (or people of the world) such persons as make professions of a benignity and an innocence worthy of the golden age of the poets. In Flanders, they called *benings* and *beningues*, (some years after the establishment of the two first orders of religious mendicants) certain men and certain women, who, without making vows, devoting themselves in an especial manner to works of charity and mercy, took, in imitation of the said religious, a sort of hood, as a badge, that should prevent people's looking upon them, to be entirely of the secular kind. From those words it is, that they have since corruptly been called *beguins*, and *beguines*, and at length their hood too was called *beguin*. Friar James de Guise, in his Chronicles of Hainault, vol. 3, ch. 133, says, the Countess of Flanders began the *benignage*, and instituted the first *chapellany*.

[11] *Farfadets gentils*. Gentlemen hobgoblins, i. e. gentlemen monks. The author ridicules the Benedictines and Bernardins, who assume the title of *dom* (from *dominus*) as if they were all gentlemen.

ON CHAP. XLVI.—The stubble and the leaves of the radishes, which are all that falls to the young devil's share, while the countryman reaps the profit of the corn and fruit he had sowed in his field, show that the pretended papists only gave the outside and insignificant forms to the Church of Rome, and that their hearts and minds were not inclinable to follow its doctrine. Our author's honest boldness is very remarkable, both in this chapter and many of the next. He makes the young devil say, that at Lucifer's first course, hobgoblins (*alias* imps in cowls) are a standing dish. He willingly, says the imp, used to breakfast on students; but alas, I do not know by what ill luck they have of late joined the Holy Bible to their studies; so the devil a one can get down among us; and I verily believe, that unless the cafars (i. e. hypocrites of the tribe of Levi) help us in it, taking from the enlightened bookmongers their St. Paul, either by threats, revilings, force, violence, or fire and faggot, we shall not be able to hook in any more of them to nibble at below.

The foresters, suttlers, charcoalmen, and boiling cooks of hell, that were mauled and peppered off in the northern countries, are the monks and priests, who were routed there, particularly in England.

By the students of Trebisonde, he means those of the popish universities, where, as he says, they are tempted by the devils (by which he means monks and priests, professors, and their tutors) to leave father and mother, forego for ever the established and common rule of living, free themselves from obeying their lawful sovereign's edicts, live in absolute liberty, and taking the fine jovial little cap of poetic licence, become so many pretty hobgoblins. The cap of licence, means their degrees, or the cowl; and poetic, is only added to blind the thing; so the monks leave father and mother, and disclaim all authority but the pope's.—*M.*

CH. XLVII.—*How the Devil was deceived by an old woman of Pope-Figland.*

THE country lob trudged home very much concerned and thoughtful, you may swear; insomuch that his good woman, seeing him thus look moping, weened that something had been stolen from him at market: but when she had heard the cause of his affliction, and seen his budget well lined with coin, she bade him be of good cheer, assuring him that he would be never the worse for the scratching bout in question; wishing him only to leave her to manage that business, and not trouble his head about it; for she had already contrived how to bring him off cleverly. Let the worst come to the worst, said the husbandman, it will be but a scratch; for I'll yield at the first stroke, and quit the field. Quit a fart, replied the wife; he shall have none of the field: rely upon me, and be quiet; let me alone to deal with him. You say he is a pimping little devil, that is enough; I will

soon make him give up the field, I will warrant you. Indeed, had he been a great devil, it had been somewhat.

The day that we landed in the island happened to be that which the devil had fixed for the combat. Now the countryman, having, like a good Catholic, very fairly confessed himself, and received,[1] betimes in the morning, by the advice of the vicar, had hid himself, all but the snout, in the holy water pot, in the posture in which we found him; and just as they were telling us this story, news came that the old woman had fooled the devil, and gained the field. You may not be sorry, perhaps, to hear how this happened.

The devil, you must know, came to the poor man's door, and rapping there, cried, So ho! ho the house! ho, clodpate! where art thou? Come out with a vengeance; come out with a wannion; come out and be damned: now for clawing. Then briskly and resolutely entering the house, and not finding the countryman there, he spied his wife lying on the ground, piteously weeping and howling. What is the matter? asked the devil. Where is he? what does he? Oh! that I knew where he is, replied threescore and five, the wicked rogue, the butcherly dog, the murderer! He has spoiled me; I am undone; I die of what he has done to me. How, cried the devil, what is it? I will tickle him off for you by and by. Alas, cried the old dissembler, he told me, the butcher, the tyrant, the tearer of devils, told me, that he had made a match to scratch with you this day, and to try his claws, he did but just touch me with his little finger, here betwixt the legs, and has spoiled me for ever. Oh! I am a dead woman; I shall never be myself again: do but see! Nay, and besides, he talked of going to the smith's, to have his pounces sharpened and pointed. Alas! you are undone, Mr. Devil; good sir, scamper quickly, I am sure he won't stay; save yourself, I beseech you. While she said this, she uncovered herself up to the chin, after the manner in which the Persian women met their children who fled from the fight,[2] and plainly showed her what do ye call it. The frighten'd devil, seeing the enormous solution of the continuity in all its dimensions, blessed him-

[1] *Avoit communie*, i. e. had taken the sacrament. [2] See Plutarch. These women when their sons were flying from the enemy, pulled up their clothes, and in scorn bade them come and hide themselves once more in their mothers' bellies.

self, and cried out, Mahon, Demiourgon, Megæra, Alecto, Persephone; slife, catch me here when he comes! I am gone: sdeath, what a gash! I resign him the field.

Having heard the catastrophe of the story, we retired a ship-board, not being willing to stay there any longer. Pantagruel gave to the poor's box of the fabric of the church,[3] eighteen thousand good royals, in commiseration of the poverty of the people, and the calamity of the place.

ON CHAP. XLVII.—By the old woman of Pope-figland, who frights the devil, and puts him to flight, the author means that the monks and priests of the Church of Rome were so ignorant, and their tenets so groundless, that the very women could make fools of them even at demonstrative arguments.—*M.*

CH. XLVIII.—*How Pantagruel went ashore at the island of Papimany.*

HAVING left the desolate island of the Popefigs, we sailed, for the space of a day, very fairly and merrily, and made the blessed island Papimany. As soon as we had dropt anchor in the road, before we had well moored our ship with ground-tackle, four persons, in different garbs, rowed towards us in a skiff. One of them was dressed like a monk in his frock, draggle-tailed, and booted: the other like a falconer, with a lure, and a long-winged hawk on his fist: the third like a solicitor, with a large bag, full of informations, subpœnas, breviates, bills, writs, cases, and other implements of pettifogging. The fourth looked like one of your vine barbers about Ocleans, with a jantee pair of canvass trousers, a dosser, and a pruning knife at his girdle.

As soon as the boat had clapped them on board, they all with one voice asked, Have you seen him, good passengers, have you seen him?—Who? asked Pantagruel. You know who, answered they. Who is it? asked Friar John. 'Sblood and 'ounds, I'll thrash him thick and threefold. This he said, thinking that they inquired after some robber, murderer, or church-breaker. Oh wonderful, cried the four, do not you foreign people know the one? Sirs, replied Epistemon, we do not understand those terms: but if you will be pleased to let us know who you mean, we will tell you the truth of the matter, without any more ado. We mean,

[3] A good lesson for princes to be generous and liberal on occasion. Pantagruel went nowhere but he bestowed his favours liberally, and left all the marks of a princely munificence.

said they, He that is. Did you ever see him? He that is, returned Pantagruel, according to our theological doctrine, is God, who said to Moses, I am that I am.[1] We never saw him, nor can he be beheld by mortal eyes. We mean nothing less than that supreme God, who rules in heaven, replied they; we mean the god on earth. Did you ever see him? Upon my honour, replied Carpalim, they mean the pope. Ay, ay, answered Panurge: yea verily, gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much bettered me. How! cried they, our sacred decretals inform us, that there never is more than one living. I mean successively, one after the other, returned Panurge: otherwise I never saw more than one at a time.

O thrice and four times happy people! cried they, you are welcome, and more than double welcome! They then kneeled down before us and would have kissed our feet, but we would not suffer it, telling them that, should the pope come thither in his own person, it is all they could do to him. No, certainly, answered they, for we have already resolved upon the matter. We would kiss his bare arse, without boggling at it, and eke his two pounders: for he has a pair of them, the holy father, that he has; we find it so by our fine decretals, otherwise he could not be pope. So that, according to our subtile decretalin philosophy, this is a necessary consequence: he is pope; therefore, he has genitories (genitals) and should genitories no more be found in the world, the world could no more have a pope.

While they were talking thus, Pantagruel inquired of one of the coxswain's crew, who those persons were? he answered, that they were the four estates of the realm; and added, that we should be made as welcome as princes, since we had seen the pope. Panurge having been acquainted with this by Pantagruel, said to him in his ear, I swear and vow, sir,

[1] Instead of those words, Rabelais only says, "Et en tel mot se declaira à Moses," i. e. and in that word he declared himself to Moses. What word? *He that is:* not, I am that I am. God said not to Moses, I am that I am, but *I am he that is.* And therefore Rabelais makes him say so too. Our English Bibles indeed have it, I am that I am, and so has the Latin, *Ego sum qui sum;* but the former should be, as I said before, I am he that is, and the later *Ego sum qui est.* The Septuagint translation has it right, εγω ειμι ὁ ὢν, I am he that is. Accordingly Rabelais begins this period with *He that is;* for no being besides God truly is.

it is even so; he that has patience may compass any thing. Our seeing the pope hath done us no good: now, in the devil's name, it will do us a great deal. We then went ashore, and the whole country, men, women, and children, came to meet us as in a solemn procession. Our four estates cried out to them with a loud voice, "They have seen him! they have seen him! they have seen him!" That proclamation being made, all the mob kneeled before us, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and crying, O happy men! O most happy! and this acclamation lasted about a quarter of an hour.

Then came the school-master of the place, with all his ushers, and school-boys, whom he magisterially flogged, as they used to whip children in our country formerly, when some criminal was hanged, that they might remember it. This displeased Pantagruel, who said to them, Gentlemen, if you do not leave off whipping these poor children, I am gone. The people were amazed, hearing his stentorian voice; and I saw a little hump with long fingers, say to the hypodidascal, What! in the name of wonder do all those that see the pope grow as tall as yon huge fellow that threatens us! Ah! how I shall think time long till I have seen him too, that I may grow and look as big. In short, the acclamations were so great, that Homenas[2] (so they called their bishop) hastened thither, on an unbridled mule, with green trappings, attended by his apposts (as they said) and his supposts, or officers, bearing crosses, banners, standards, canopies, torches, holy water-pots, &c. He too wanted to kiss our feet, (as the good Christian Valfinier did to Pope Clement,) saying, that one of their hypothetes, that is, one of the scavengers, scourers, and commentators of their holy decretals, had written that, in the same manner as the Messiah, so long and so much expected by the Jews, at last appeared among them; so, on some happy day of God, the pope would come into that island; and that, while they waited for that blessed time, if any who had seen him at Rome, or elsewhere, chanced to come among them, they should be sure to make much of them, feast them plentifully, and treat them with a great deal of reverence. However, we civilly desired to be excused.

[2] This word is a production of that of *homme*. They use it in Languedoc, when they would say, a great loggerheaded booby, that has neither wit nor breeding.

CH. XLIX.—*How Homenas, Bishop of Papimany, showed us the Uranopet*[1] *decretals.*

HOMENAS then said to us: It is enjoined us by our holy decretals to visit churches first, and taverns after. Therefore, not to decline that fine institution, let us go to church; we will afterwards go and feast ourselves. Man of God, quoth Friar John, do you go before, we will follow you: you spoke in the matter properly, and like a good Christian; it is long since we saw any such. For my part this rejoices my mind very much, and I verily believe that I shall have the better stomach after it. Well it is a happy thing to meet with good men! Being come near the gate of the church, we spied a huge thick book, gilt, and covered all over with precious stones, as rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and pearls, more, or at least as valuable as those which Augustus consecrated to Jupiter Capitolinus. This book hung in the air, being fastened with two thick chains of gold to the zoophore[2] of the porch. We looked on it, and admired it. As for Pantagruel, he handled it, and dandled it, and turned it as he pleased, for he could reach it without straining; and he protested, that whenever he touched it, he was seized with a pleasant tickling at his finger's end, new life and activity in his arms, and a violent temptation in his mind to beat one or two serjeants, or such officers, provided they were not of the shaveling kind.[3] Homenas then said to us, The law was formerly given to the Jews by Moses,

[1] Descending from heaven, or ascending to heaven. [2] Cotgrave defines it, A painted carved girdle, or border, about a porch or pillar. But he does not tell us whence it is derived. The Cambridge Dictionary, under the word zophorus, (which certainly is misspelt for zoophorus,) says, "A frieze or border in pillars, or other works, set off with the shapes of several things (he should have said living creatures, Ζωα and other things) graven upon it." I shall only add, that the Greeks sometimes mean by it the oblique circle of the heavens, called the Zodiac, filled with the representations of animals, &c. Architects call it, as I said before, the frieze, which everybody knows is between the architrave and the cornice. [3] Because by the Decretals it was forbid, under pain of excommunication, on any account whatever, to strike either clerics or laics that were tonsured. Now before the year 1425, there were in France multitudes of serjeants clerical, and others laical, who had undergone tonsure, and who, under favour of that, committed several grievous offences in the execution of their offices, without being liable to any punishment; and though, in that year, and even in 1518, endeavours were used to redress those grievances, both by arrêt and edict, the disorder still continued in some when our author wrote this

written by God himself. At Delphos, before the portal of Apollo's temple, this sentence, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ ΑΥΤΟΝ, was found written with a divine hand. And some time after it, E I was also seen,[4] and as divinely written and transmitted from heaven. Cybele's image was brought out of heaven, into a field called Pessinunt, in Phrygia; so was that of Diana to Tauris, if you will believe Euripides; the oriflamb, or holy standard, was transmitted out of heaven to the noble and most Christian kings of France, to fight against the unbelievers. In the reign of Numa[5] Pompilius, second King of the Romans, the famous copper buckler called Ancile, was seen to descend from heaven. At Acropolis, near Athens, Minerva's[6] statue formerly fell from the imperial heaven. In like manner the sacred decretals, which you see, were written with the hand of an angel,[7] of the cherubim kind. You outlandish people will hardly believe this, I fear. Little enough of conscience, said Panurge.—And then, continued Homenas, they were miraculously transmitted to us here from the very heaven of heavens; in the same manner as the river Nile is called Diipetes, by Homer, the father of all philosophy, (the holy decretals always excepted.) Now, because you have seen the pope, their evangelist and everlasting protector, we will give you leave to see and kiss them on the inside, if you think meet. But then you must fast three days before, and canonically confess; nicely and strictly mustering up, and inventorising your sins, great and small, so thick that one single circumstance of them may not escape you; as our holy decretals, which you see direct. This will take up some time. Man of God, answered Panurge, we have seen and descried decrees, and eke decretals enough of conscience; some on paper, others on parchment, fine and gay like any painted paper lantern,[8] some on vellum, some in manuscript, and others in print: so you need not take

[4] Plutarch has written a treatise, showing the signification of this mysterious E I; which two letters were also divinely written, and transmitted from heaven, says the Dutch scholiast. [5] See Plutarch. [6] See Pausanias's Attics. [7] Erasmus, in his *Exequiæ Seraphicæ*. "Christus legem evangelicam promulgavit: Franciscus legem suam, angeli manibus descriptam, tradidit seraphicis fratribus." This tradition could not but be known to Homenas; but, as it would have derogated from the dignity of the decretals, he did not think himself obliged to take any notice of it, much less to lay any stress upon it. [8] *Parchemin lanterné* means only transparent, as the horn of a lantern.

half these pains to show these. We will take the good-will for the deed, and thank you as much as if we had. Ay, marry, said Homenas, but you never saw these that are angelically written. Those in your country are only transcripts from ours; as we find it written by one of our old decretaline scholiasts. For me, do not spare me; I do not value the labour; so I may serve you: do but tell me whether you will be confessed, and fast only three short little days of God? As for confessing, answering Panurge, there can be no great harm in it; but this same fasting, master of mine, will hardly down with us at this time, for we have so very much overfasted ourselves at sea, that the spiders have spun their cobwebs over our grinders. Do but look on this good Friar John des Entomeures, (Homenas then courteously demy-clipped him about the neck) some moss is growing in his throat, for want of bestirring and exercising his chaps. He speaks the truth, vouched Friar John; I have so much fasted that I am almost grown hump-shouldered.[9] Come, then, let us go into the church, said Homenas; and pray forgive us if for the present, we do not sing you a fine high mass. The hour of mid-day is past, and after it our sacred decretals forbid us to sing mass, I mean your high and lawful mass. But I will say a low and dry one,[10] for you. I had rather have one moistened with some good Anjou wine, cried Panurge; fall to, fall to your low mass, and dispatch. Odd's-boddikins, quoth Friar John, it frets me to the guts that I must have an empty stomach at this time of day. For, had I eaten a good breakfast, and fed like a monk, if he should chance to sing us the *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*, I had then brought thither bread and wine for the traits passez,[11] (those that are gone before.) Well, patience; pull away, and save tide: short and sweet,[12] I pray you, and this for a cause.

[9] It should be, grown quite hump-shouldered, or hump-backed. *Tout bossu*, in French. This expression is taken from the correspondency there is between a stomach that is empty, and a sack that is so, which cannot stand on end, but falls together of a heap. [10] A little mass, or low mass: a mass without communion. "Messa bassa, messa senza communione," says Oudin. [11] Rabelais plays upon the word *trépassés* (the dead). You must know that, to go to mass for the dead, is, say the Italians, "andar alla messa doppo haver fatta collatione, perche vi si porta pane e vino," i. e. to go to mass after having taken a repast, because then you carry with you bread and wine, (in your belly suppose). This is what Friar John merrily alludes to.

[12] Don't be long about your mass. Rabelais says, "trousséz la

CH. L.—*How Homenas showed us the arch-type, or representation of a pope.*

MASS being mumbled over, Homenas took a huge bundle of keys out of a trunk near the head altar, and put thirty-two of them into so many key-holes; put back so many springs; then with fourteen more mastered so many padlocks, and at last opened an iron window strongly barred above the said altar. This being done, in token of great mystery, he covered himself with wet sackcloth, and drawing a curtain of crimson satin, showed us an image daubed over, coarsely enough, to my thinking: then he touched it with a pretty long stick, and made us all kiss the part of the stick that had touched the image. After this he said unto us, What think you of this image? It is the likeness of a pope, answered Pantagruel: I know it by the triple crown, his furred amice, his rochet, and his slipper. You are in the right, said Homenas; it is the idea of that same good god on earth, whose coming we devoutly await, and whom we hope one day to see in this country. O happy, wished for, and much expected day! and happy, most happy you, whose propitious stars have so favoured you, as to let you see the living and real face of this good god on earth! by the single sight of whose picture we obtain full remission of all the sins which we remember that we have committed, as also a third part, and eighteen quarantaines of the sins which we have forgot;[1] and indeed we only see it on high annual holidays.

This caused Pantagruel to say, that it was a work like those which Dædalus used to make,[2] since, though it were deformed and ill drawn, nevertheless some divine energy, in

court, de paour (peur) que ne se crotte." Tuck it up short, for fear of its daggling. Thus in the play called the Passion of Jesus Christ, with four dramatis personæ, St. John, to the headsman who was come to dispatch him:

"Amy, puis que finer me fault,
Pour tenir justice et raison,
Accorde que face oraison,
A dieu, per pensée devote."

GRONGNART, *Bourreau.*

"Fay le donc court, que ne se crotte,
Je ne veuil plus attendre a l'huis."

"Friend, since I must suffer death
For having been sincere,
Grant me to finish my last breath,
To God in humble prayer."

GRUMBLEBBY, *the Headsman.*

"Then make it short, for fear of daggling;
I cannot stand much longer haggling."

[1] This is the style of the penitential canons.

[2] Wrong; it should have been translated, A work like that which once, upon a certain occasion, was made by Dædalus. For Dædalus was a most ingenious artificer, and this work here alluded to was as clumsily made as possibly he could make it, and that for a cause, which the reader will see in M. Duchat's note; a pleasant story enough about Juno's jealousy, but too long to be here inserted.

point of pardons, lay hid and concealed in it. Thus, said Friar John, at Sevillé, the rascally beggars being one evening on a solemn holiday at supper in the spital, one bragged of having got six blancs, or two-pence half-penny; another eight liards, or two-pence; a third, seven caroluses, or six-pence; but an old mumper made his vaunts of having got three testons, or five shillings. Ah, but, cried his comrades, thou hast a leg of God;[3] as if, continued Friar John, some divine virtue could lie hid in a stenching ulcerated rotten shank. Pray, said Pantagruel, when you are for telling us some such nauseous tale, be so kind as not to forget to provide a bason, Friar John: I'll assure you, I had much ado to forbear bringing up my breakfast. Fie! I wonder a man of your coat is not ashamed to use thus the sacred name of God, in speaking of things so filthy and abominable! fie, I say. If among your monking tribes such an abuse of words is allowed, I beseech you leave it there, and do not let it come out of the cloisters. Physicians, said Epistemon, thus attribute a kind of divinity to some diseases: Nero also extolled mushrooms, and, in a Greek proverb, termed them divine food, because with them he had poisoned Claudius his predecessor. But methinks, gentlemen, this same picture is not over-like our late pope's.[4] For I have seen them, not with their pallium, amice, or rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turban; and while the Christian commonwealth was in peace, they alone were most furiously and cruelly making war. This must have been then, returned Homenas, against the rebellious, heretical Protestants; reprobates, who are disobedient to the holiness of this good god on earth. It is not only lawful for him to do so, but it is enjoined him by the sacred decretals; and if any dare transgress one single iota against their commands, whether they be emperors, kings, dukes, princes, or commonwealths, he is immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of all their goods, take their kingdoms from them, proscribe them,

[3] Both a Hebrew and Greek expression for a rotten ulcerated leg. See Henry Stephen's *Dial du Nouv. Lang. Fr. Ital.* and Plutarch, c. 33, of the dialogue about which are the most sensible beasts.

[4] Alexander VI. and Julius II. But chiefly the last, who in 1511, with a helmet on his head, and cuirass on his back and breast, appeared before Miranda, to hasten the siege of that place, which he thought his generals were slack in carrying on.

anathematize them, and destroy not only their bodies, those of their children, relations, and others, but damn also their souls to the very bottom of the most hot and burning cauldron in hell. Here, in the devil's name, said Panurge, the people are no heretics; such as was our Raminagrobis, and as they are in Germany and England. You are Christians of the best edition, all picked and culled, for ought I see. Ay, marry are we, returned Homenas, and for that reason we shall all be saved. Now let us go and bless ourselves with holy-water, and then to dinner.

CH. LI.—*Table-talk in praise of the decretals.*

Now, topers, pray observe that while Homenas was saying his dry mass, three collectors, or licensed beggars of the church, each of them with a large bason, went round among the people, with a loud voice; Pray remember the blessed men who have seen his face. As we came out of the temple, they brought their basons brim full of papimany chink to Homenas, who told us that it was plentifully to feast with; and that, of this contribution and voluntary tax, one part should be laid out in good drinking, another in good eating, and the remainder in both: according to an admirable exposition hidden in a corner of their holy decretals; which was performed to a T, and that at a noted tavern not much unlike that of Will's at Amiens.[1] Believe me, we tickled it off there with copious cramming, and numerous swilling.

I made two notable observations at that dinner: the one, that there was not one dish served up, whether of cabrittas, capons, hogs, (of which latter there is great plenty in Papimany,)[2] pigeons, conies, leverets, turkeys, or others, without abundance of magistral stuffing: the other, that every course, and the fruit also, were served up by unmarried females of the place, tight lasses, I will assure you, waggish, fair, good-conditioned, and comely, spruce and fit for business. They were all clad in fine long white albs, with two girdles; their hair interwoven with narrow tape and purple riband, stuck with roses, gilly-flowers, marjoram, daffidown-dillies, thyme, and other sweet flowers.

At every cadence, they invited us to drink and bang it about, dropping us neat and genteel courtesies: nor was the

[1] It has been already said, in a note on ch. XI. of this book, how it came about there were formerly so many cook's shops at Amiens.

[2] The sneerers, among the Catholics, call their canons God Almighty's hogs.

sight of them unwelcome to all the company; and as for Friar John, he leered on them sideways, like a cur that steals a capon. When the first course was taken off, the females melodiously sung us an epode in the praise of the sacrosant decretals; and then the second course being served up, Homenas, joyful and cheery, said to one of the she butlers, light here, Clerica.[3] Immediately one of the girls brought him a tall-boy brim-full of extravagant wine.[4] He took fast hold of it, and fetching a deep sigh,[5] said to Pantagruel, My lord, and you my good friends, here's to ye, with all my heart: you are all very welcome. When he had tipped that off, and given the tall-boy to the pretty creature, he lifted up his voice and said, O most holy decretals, how good is good wine found through your means! This is the best jest we have had yet, observed Panurge. But it would still be a better, said Pantagruel, if they could turn bad wine into good.

O seraphic Scxtum! continued Homenas, how necessary are you not to the salvation of poor mortals! O cherubic Clementinæ! how perfectly the perfect institution of a true Christian is contained and described in you! O angelical Extravagantés! how many poor souls that wander up and down in mortal bodies, through this vale of misery, would perish, were it not for you! When, ah! when shall this special gift of grace be bestowed on mankind, as to lay aside all other studies and concerns, to use you, to peruse you, to understand you, to know you by heart, to practise you, to incorporate you, to turn you into blood, and incentre you into the deepest ventricles of their brains, the inmost marrow of their bones, and most intricate labyrinth of their arteries? Then, ah, then! and no sooner than then, nor otherwise

[3] Rabelais' words are *Clerice, esclaire icy*. A sensible pun to such as speak French. Light here, clerk. Words properly of a curate ordering his young clerk to light him with his lantern, in administering the sacraments to a sick person. Homenas makes use of it here, to let his servants know they should fill him nothing but bumpers, (lampées in French,) which likewise alludes to lamp-light.

[4] Tythe wine, granted to Homenas's church by some extravaganté, i. e. extraordinary constitution added to the body of the canon law.

[5] Much cause indeed to sigh, like the fat prior, in Marot, who cried—

" Qu'on ha de maulx pour servir saincte eglise!
O! how much we go through who serve the church!"

Not unlike a parson I knew, possessed of one of your fat-goose livings of 400*l* a year, stroking his hand over his pot-belly, after dinner, in his elbow-chair: O my God! said he, very devoutly.

than thus, shall the world be happy! While the old man was thus running on, Epistemon rose and softly said to Panurge, For want of a close stool, I must even leave you for a moment or two: this stuff has unbunged the orifice of my mustard-barrel: but I'll not tarry long.

Then, ah then! continued Homenas, no hail, frost, ice, snow, overflowing, or vis major: then plenty of all earthly goods here below. Then uninterrupted and eternal peace through the universe, an end of all wars, plunderings, drudgeries, robbing, assassinates, unless it be to destroy these cursed rebels the heretics. Oh, then, rejoicing, cheerfulness, jollity, solace, sports, and delicious pleasures, over the face of the earth. Oh! what great learning, inestimable erudition, and god-like precepts, are knit, linked, rivetted, and mortised in the divine chapters of these eternal decretals!

Oh! how wonderfully, if you read but one demy canon, short paragraph, or single observation of these sacrosanct decretals, how wonderfully, I say, do you not perceive to kindle in your hearts a furnace of divine love, charity towards your neighbour, (provided he be no heretic,) bold contempt of all casual and sublunary things, firm content in all your affections, and extatic elevation of soul even to the third heaven.

CH. LII.—*A continuation of the miracles caused by the decretals.*

SPOKE like an organ,[1] quoth Panurge; but for my part, I believe as little of it as I can. For, one day by chance I happened to read a chapter of them at Poictiers, at the most decretali potent Scotch doctor's, and old Nick turn me into bumfodder, if this did not make me so hide-bound and costive, that for four or five days I hardly scumbered one poor butt of sir-reverence; and that, too, was full as dry and hard, I protest, as Catullus tells us were those of his neighbour Furius:

"Nec toto decies cacas in anno,
Atque id durius est fabâ, et lapillis:
Quod tu si manibus teras, fricesque,
Non unquam digitum inquinare posses."

[1] *Voicy, dist Panurge, qui dict d'orgues.* *Orgues* meaning organs, Panurge does as much as say to Homenas, You have heard others talk thus, and upon that footing you affirm it; and so you do just like the organs, which yield a delightful sound, when well managed; but for my part, I will not believe you without good vouchers.

Oh, ho, cried Homenas,[2] by our lady, it may be you were then in a state of mortal sin, my friend. Well turned, cried Panurge, this was a new strain egad.

One day, said Friar John, at Sevillé I had applied to my posteriors, by way of hind-towel, a leaf of an old Clementinæ, which our rent-gatherer, John Guimard, had thrown out into the green of our cloister; now the devil broil me like a black pudding, if I was not so abominably plagued with chaps, chawns, and piles at the fundament, that the orifice of my poor nockandroe was in a most woful pickle for I do not know how long. By our lady, cried Homenas, it was a plain punishment of God, for the sin that you had committed in bewraying that sacred book, which you ought rather to have kissed and adored; I say with an adoration of latria, or of hyperdulia at least: the Panormitan[3] never told a lie in the matter.

Saith Ponocrates: At Montpelier, John Choüart having bought of the monks of St. Olary a delicate set of decretals, written on fine large parchment of Lamballe,[4] to beat gold between the leaves, not so much as a piece that was beaten in them came to good, but all were dilacerated and spoiled. Mark this, cried Homenas; it was a divine punishment and vengeance.

At Mans, said Eudemon, Francis Cornu, apothecary, had turned an old set of Extravagantés into waste paper: may I never stir, if whatever was lapped up in them was not immediately corrupted, rotten, and spoiled; incense, pepper, cloves, cinnamon, saffron, wax, cassia, rhubarb, tamarinds, all drugs and spices, were lost without exception. Mark, mark, quoth Homenas, an effect of divine justice! This comes of putting the sacred Scriptures to such profane uses.

At Paris, said Carpalim, Snip Groignet the tailor had turned an old Clementinæ into patterns and measures, and all the clothes that were cut on them were utterly spoiled and lost; gowns, hoods, cloaks, cassocks, jerkins, jackets, waistcoats, capes, doublets, petticoats, corps de robes, farthingales, and so forth. Snip, thinking to cut a hood, would

[2] *Inian*, in the original; i. e. by St. John; a childish oath, says Cotgrave. [3] *Nicolas de Tudeschi*, a Sicilian, Archbishop of Palermo, in 1425. His Commentary on the Clementinæ was printed in 8vo, at Paris, 1516. See Draudius' Bibliotheque. [4] A town of Bretagne, famous for the manufactory of parchment.

cut you out a codpiece; instead of a cassock, he would make you a high-crowned hat; for a waistcoat, he would shape you out a rochet; on the pattern of a doublet, he would make you a thing like a frying-pan; then his journeymen having stitched it up, did jag it and pink it at the bottom, and so it looked like a pan to fry chesnuts. Instead of a cape, he made a buskin; for a farthingal, he shaped a montero cap; and thinking to make a cloak, he would cut out a pair of your big out-strouting Swiss breeches, with panes like the outside of a tabour. Insomuch that Snip was condemned to make good the stuffs to all his customers; and to this day poor cabbage's hair grows through his hood, and his arse through his pocket-holes. Mark, an effect of heavenly wrath and vengeance! cried Homenas.

At Cahusac, said Gymnast, a match being made by the lords of Estissac and Viscount Lausun to shoot at a mark, Perotou had taken to pieces a set of decretals,[5] and set one of the leaves for the white to shoot at: now I sell, nay I give and bequeath for ever and aye, the mould of my doublet to fifteen hundred hampers full of black devils, if ever any archer in the country (though they are singular marksmen in Guienne) could hit the white. Not the least bit of the holy scribble was contaminated or touched: nay, and Sansornin the elder, who held stakes, swore to us, figues dioures, hard figs, (his greatest oath,) that he had openly, visibly, and manifestly seen the bolt of Carquelin moving right to the round circle in the middle of the white; and that just on the point, when it was going to hit and enter, it had gone aside above seven foot and four inches wide of it towards the bakehouse.

Miracle! cried Homenas, miracle! miracle! Clerica, come wench, light, light here. Here's to you all, gentlemen; I vow you seem to me very sound Christians. While he said this, the maidens began to snicker at his elbow, grinning, giggling, and twittering among themselves. Friar John began to paw, neigh, and whinny at the snout's end, as one ready to leap, or at least to play the ass, and get up and ride tantivy to the devil, like a beggar on horseback.[6]

[5] Add, printed on canonge paper. A beautiful large paper, called by Vives, "Charta grandis, augustana, sive imperialis." [6] It is in the original "monter dessus, comme Herbault sus paovres gens." Which has two meanings; one is, fall upon them, as your gentlemen's dogs fall upon beggars at the gates; the other is, ride them, worry them, and harass them, as some lords of manors do their poor tenants.

Methinks, said Pantagruel, a man might have been more out of danger near the white of which Gymnast spoke, than was formerly Diogenes near another. How is that? asked Homenas; what was it? Was he one of our decretalists? Rarely fallen in again egad, said Epistemon, returning from stool; I see he will hook his decretals in, though by the head and shoulders.

Diogenes, said Pantagruel, one day, for pastime, went to see some archers that shot at butts, one of whom was so unskilful, that, when it was his turn to shoot, all the by-standers went aside, lest he should mistake them for the mark. Diogenes had seen him shoot extremely wide of it: so when the other was taking aim a second time, and the people removed at a great distance to the right and left of the white, he placed himself close by the mark; holding that place to be the safest, and that so bad an archer would certainly rather hit any other.

One of the Lord d'Estissac's pages at last found out the charm, pursued Gymnast, and by his advice Peroton put in another white made up of some papers of Pouillac's law-suit, and then every one shot cleverly.

At Landerousse, said Rhizotomus, at John Delif's wedding were very great doings, as it was then the custom of the country. After supper, several farces, interludes, and comical scenes were acted: they had also several morris-dancers with bells and tabours; and divers sorts of masks and mummers were let in. My school-fellows and I, to grace the festival to the best of our power, (for, fine white and purple liveries had been given to all of us in the morning) contrived a merry mask with store of cockle-shells, shells of snails, periwinkles, and such other. Then for want of cuckoo pintle, or priest-pintle, lousebur, clote, and paper, we made ourselves false faces with the leaves of an old Sextum, that had been thrown by, and lay there for any one that would take it up: cutting out holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Now, did you ever hear the like since you were born? when we had played our little boyish antic tricks, and came to take off our sham faces, we appeared more hideous and ugly than the little devils that acted the "Passion" at Douay:[7] for our faces were utterly spoiled at the places which had been touched by those leaves: one

[7] Read Doué. One is in France, the other in Flanders.

had there the small-pox; another, God's token, or the plague-spot; a third, the crinckums; a fourth, the measles; a fifth, botches, pushes, and carbuncles; in short, he came off the least hurt, who only lost his teeth by the bargain. Miracle! bawled out Homenas, miracle!

Hold, hold, cried Rhizotomus, it is not yet time to clap. My sister Kate, and my sister Ren, had put the crepines of their hoods, their ruffles, snuffekins, and neck-ruffs new washed, starched, and ironed, into that very book of decretals; for, you must know, it was covered with thick boards, and had strong clasps. Now by the virtue of God— Hold, interrupted Homenas, what God do you mean? There is but one, answered Rhizotomus. In heaven, I grant, replied Homenas; but we have another here on earth, do you see. Ay, marry have we, said Rhizotomus; but on my soul I protest I had quite forgot it. Well then, by the virtue of god the pope, their pinners, neck-ruffs, bibs, coifs, and other linen, turned as black as a charcoal-man's sack. Miracle! cried Homenas. Here, Clerica, light me here; and pr'ythee, girl, observe these rare stories. How comes it to pass then, asked Friar John, that people say,

Ever since decrees had tails,[8]
And gens d'armes lugged heavy mails,[9]

[8] It should be ever since decrees had wings. On which M. Duchat has this long, but not tedious, note. The decretals, says he, which are of so great weight and authority with the canonists, were not only added to the body of the ancient decrees, as wings, ailes, to the main pile of a building, but they are likewise the wings of the decrees in another sense; inasmuch as, by the means and help of these wings, the popes, whom the ancient canons kept pretty low, have soared to their present height, and have assumed the power they now exercise over the Latin church. *Pendre des ailes*, or, as they speak in Languedoc, *pendre ales*, to take wing, is to forget one's self so far as to lose sight of the lowness of one's true condition; as some years ago was the case of a certain arrogant fop not far from Montpelier, according to the following tale, made upon occasion of his taking too much upon him—

A certain upstart citizen of late,
Would cut a figure, and would needs look great:
A knot of country gentlemen were met;
And, like a row of onions, all were set,
And he amidst them.—Supper being served,
To this and that and the other man he carved.
Ducks, levrets, partridge, turkey-pout he cuts,
And on their plates what part he pleases puts;
In dealing out their pittances, the elf
Took special care not to forget himself.

Since each monk would have a horse,
All went here from bad to worse.

I understand you, answered Homenas: this is one of the quirks and little satires of the newfangled heretics.[10]

CH. LIII.—*How by the virtue of the decretals, gold is subtilely drawn out of France to Rome.*

I WOULD, said Epistemon, it had cost me a pint of the best tripe that ever can enter into gut, so we had but compared with the original the dreadful chapters, *Execrabilis*, *De multa*, *Si plures*. *De annatis per totum*. *Nisi essent*. *Cum ad monasterium*. *Quod delectio*. *Mandatum;* and certain others, that draw every year out of France to Rome, four hundred thousand ducats and more.

Do you make nothing of this? asked Homenas. Though, methinks, after all, it is but little, if we consider that France, the most Christian, is the only nurse the see of Rome has. However, find me in the whole world a book, whether of philosophy, physic, law, mathematics, or other human learning, nay, even, by my God, of the Holy Scripture itself, will draw as much money thence? None, none, pshaw, tush, blurt, pish; none can.[1] You may look till your eyes drop out of your head, nay, till doomsday in the afternoon, before you can find another of that energy; I will pass my word for that.

Well-stored his plate was with the choicest things;
But, above all, a pile of partridge wings.
One, that loved partridge wings as well as cit,
Whips from his plate the best—"Sir, is it fit,"
Said he to monsieur carver, "is it right,"
You should have all the wings, in our despite,
You, who already take too high a flight?"

[9] Beza, l. 4, of his Ecclesiastical History, says, this is an allusion to the proverb *muli mariani:* which see explained in Sartorius. But Beza's reasoning thereupon is so confused, and his application so inexact and incoherent, that there is no making head or tail of what he says. It is more likely that what made the *gens d'arms* carrying port-mantles, or mails, so odious to the people, was, that, after they had submitted to carry that luggage, nothing escaped them wherever they quartered or marched, but they would pouch up a thousand things they took a fancy to at people's houses, or in the fields. [10] Homenas is mistaken. Nothing was more common than that proverb, or had been so for a long time. [1] Nargues, nargues, in the original. A term of contempt. We say a fig for it. So here Homenas' nargues, i. e., a fig for other books; or nazardes, a rap of the nose for such as say there is any book to compare with the decretals.

Yet these devilish heretics refuse to learn and know it. Burn them, tear them, nip them with hot pincers, drown them, hang them, spit them at the bunghole, pelt them, paut them, bruise them, beat them, cripple them, dismember them, cut them, gut them, bowel them, paunch them, thrash them, slash them, gash them, chop them, slice them, slit them, carve them, saw them, bethwack them, pare them, hack them, hew them, mince them, flea them, boil them,[2] broil them, roast them, toast them, bake them, fry them, crucify them, crush them, squeeze them, grind them, batter them, burst them, quarter them, unlimb them, behump them, bethump them, belump them, belabour them, pepper them, spitchcock them, and carbonade them on gridirons, these wicked heretics! decretalifuges, decretalicides, worse than homicides, worse than patricides, decretalictiones of the devil of hell.

As for you other good people, I must earnestly pray and beseech you to believe no other thing, to think on, say, undertake, or do no other thing, than what's contained in our sacred decretals, and their corollaries, this fine Sextum, these fine Clementinæ, these fine Extravagantés. O deific books! So shall you enjoy glory, honour, exaltation, wealth, dignities, and preferments in this world; be revered, and dreaded by all, preferred, elected, and chosen, above all men.

For, there is not under the cope of heaven a condition of men, out of which you will find persons fitter to do and handle all things, than those who by divine prescience, eternal predestination, have applied themselves to the study of the holy decretals.

Would you choose a worthy emperor, a good captain, a fit general in time of war, one that can well foresee all inconveniences, avoid all dangers, briskly and bravely bring his men on to a breach or attack, still be on sure grounds, always overcome without loss of his men, and know how to make a good use of his victory? Take me a decretist.—No, no, I mean a decretalist. Ho, the foul blunder,[3] whispered Epistemon.

[2] Punishments then in fashion. Mat. Corderius, ch. 49, n. 28, of his *De Corr. Serm. Emendatione:* They are going to execute him, i. e., to hang, or burn, or behead, or quarter, or boil him. "Ad capitale supplicium perductus est."

[3] *O le gros rat!* O the huge rat! A Poitevine expression, to rally one that makes a slip with his tongue, speaks one word for another, as Homenas does here. In ch. xxvii., of lib. 5. *O les gros rats à la table,* O the bouncing table

Would you, in time of peace, find a man capable of wisely governing the state of a commonwealth, of a kingdom, of an empire, of a monarchy; sufficient to maintain the clergy, nobility, senate, and commons in wealth, friendship, unity, obedience, virtue, and honesty? Take a decretalist.

Would you find a man, who, by his exemplary life, eloquence, and pious admonitions, may in a short time, without effusion of human blood, conquer the Holy land, and bring over to the holy church the misbelieving Turks, Jews, Tartars, Muscovites, Mamelukes, and Sarrabonites? Take me, a decretalist.

What makes, in many countries, the people rebellious and depraved, pages saucy and mischievous, students sottish and duncical? Nothing but that their governors, and tutors were not decretalists.

But what, on your conscience, was it, do you think, that established, confirmed, and authorised those fine religious orders, with whom you see the Christian world every where adorned, graced, and illustrated, as the firmament is with its glorious stars? The holy decretals.

What was it that founded, underpropped, and fixed, and now maintains, nourishes, and feeds the devout monks, and friars in convents, monasteries, and abbeys; so that did they not daily and mightily pray without ceasing, the world would be in evident danger of returning to its primitive chaos? The sacred decretals.

What makes and daily increases the famous and celebrated patrimony of St. Peter in plenty of all temporal, corporeal, and spiritual blessings? The holy decretals.

What made the holy apostolic see and pope of Rome, in all times, and at this present, so dreadful in the universe, that all kings, emperors, potentates, and lords, willing, nilling, must depend upon him, hold of him, be crowned, confirmed, and authorised by him, come thither to strike sail, buckle, and fall down before his holy slipper, whose picture you have seen? The mighty decretals of God.

I will discover you a great secret. The universities of

rats, means the fat monks (rats signified shavelings as well as rats) who eat up mankind. There Friar John means that they are never more like real rats well fed, than at table, when they lay about them emptying the plates.

your world have commonly a book, either open or shut, in their arms and devices: what book do you think it is? Truly, I do not know, answered Pantagruel; I never read it. It is the decretals, said Homenas, without which the privileges of all universities would soon be lost. You must own, that I have taught you this; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Here Homenas began to belch, to fart, to funk, to laugh, to slaver, and to sweat; and then he gave his huge greasy four-cornered cap to one of the lasses, who clapt it on her pretty head with a great deal of joy, after she had lovingly bussed it, as a sure token that she should be first married. *Vivat*, cried Epistemon, *fifat, bibat, pipat.*[4]

O apocalyptic secret, continued Homenas! light, light, Clerica, light here with double lanterns.[5] Now for the fruit, virgins.

I was saying then, that giving yourselves thus wholly to the study of the holy decretals, you will gain wealth and honour in this world: I add, that in the next you will infallibly be saved in the blessed kingdom of heaven, whose keys are given to our good god and decretaliarch. O my good god, whom I adore and never saw, by thy special grace open unto us, at the point of death at least, this most sacred treasure of our holy mother church, whose protector, preserver, butler, chief larder, administrator, and disposer thou art; and take care, I beseech thee, O lord, that the precious works of supererogation, the goodly pardons, do not fail us in time of need: so that the devils may not find an opportunity to gripe our precious souls, and the dreadful jaws of hell may not swallow us. If we must pass through purgatory, thy will be done. It is in thy power to draw us out of it when thou pleasest. Here Homenas began to shed huge hot briny tears, to beat his breast, and kiss his thumbs in the shape of a cross.[6]

[4] *Germanis vivere, bibere est*, is the saying in France, on occasion of this cry of the Germans, which Epistemon pronounces after the German fashion. See Misson, Lett. 9, of his Travels into Italy.

[5] Being a couple of bumpers, (*lampées* in French) which equivocates to lanterns in sense.

[6] Allusion to what is usually done by bigots, whose devotion consists so essentially in kissing the cross, that, in order to have a cross always at hand, they form a cross with their two thumbs, and in that shape are continually lifting them to their mouths. In Languedoc they say of a man that bestirs him vigorously in an affair, and seems to have it at heart, he kisses his thumbs across that it may succeed.

ON CHAP. XLVIII. AND FIVE FOLLOWING.—The island of Papimany, is those whose love and zeal for the pope is so excessive, that it may be counted madness. The word is made of *papa*, pope, and *mania*, madness, from *μαίνομαι*, *insanio*. Thus in Plutarch, the Andromanes were women, whose love for men was most blind and furious; that name being given to those Lacedæmonian women, who used to fight before the people with bare thighs, whence they were called Phenomerides. This blind zeal for popery is drawn in most lively colours, by our satirical painter, in all those chapters; and particularly appears by the discourse of the four estates of the country, the gentleman, the lawyer, the monk, and the clown, who will all give the pope those epithets which only belong to God, calling the bishop of Rome, He that is, and God on earth. All know that the pope's flatterers have been very prodigal of such epithets, principally in Rabelais' time; as to Paul III., who, as Alstedius and others write, was styled *Optimus maximus in terris Deus;* and the following distich was also made to compliment a pope, and prove that he was justly called, God on earth.

"Ense potens gemino, mundi moderaris habenas,
Et meritò in terris diceris esse Deus."

The four estates are brought in to show that the pope's missionaries are of all sorts of conditions. Their frantic zeal does not only make them adore the pope, but prostrate themselves at the feet of those who have seen him. Says Panurge to them, when they asked him whether he had been blest with the sight of that God on earth; yea, verily gentlemen, I have seen three of them, whose sight has not much bettered me. O thrice and four times happy people! cried the Papimanes, you are welcome, and more than double welcome; and they would have kissed Panurge's feet; saying, they would even kiss the pope's a—, if ever he came among them. As soon as our travellers are landed, the people throng to see those blessed men, who had seen his holiness's face. Homenas, bishop of the place, hastens to them in pontificalibus, with his train of church-players, bearing crosses, banners, standards, holy water-pots, and canopies, such as the pope and the host used to be under, when they are carried in procession. The mob conducts and attends the strangers to the church, where there is not one word mentioned of God, nor Jesus Christ, or the gospel; but much of the most holy decretals, or pope's decrees written with the hand of an angel. Our author admirably ridicules the credulity of those bigoted papists. Then Homenas mumbles over a mass; after which, from the church he leads them to the tavern, where he feasts the strangers with the money that was gathered during the mass; yet not till he had showed them the pope's picture, which Epistemon said was not like the late popes: For, said he, I have seen them, not thus with their pallium, amice, and rochet on, but with helmets on their heads, more like the top of a Persian turban; and, while the christian commonwealth was in peace, they alone were furiously and cruelly making war. Homenas zealously takes their part, and replies, that then it was against those who transgressed against their decretals, and that whether they were emperors, kings, or commonwealths, he was immediately to pursue them with fire and sword, strip them of their kingdoms, anathematize them, and not only

destroy their bodies, those of their children and adherents, but also damn their souls to the pit of hell. Nothing can be finer than the feast, and the discourse of Homenas and his guests. Young buxom lasses wait on them, principally Homenas's favourite, whom our author calls Clerica. Friar John, who leered on them sideways, like a cur that steals a capon, liked them better than some of the bon christian pears: so does Homenas who is very lavish of that fruit, like Horace's Calaber:

"Hæc porcis hodiè comedenda relinques."

But he will by no means be persuaded to part with one of the doxies. The most holy and heavenly decretals are celebrated with swingeing bumpers of good wine, just as Belshazzar extolled his gods of gold and silver. In short, this feast is a triumph, in which our author has described the voluptuous life of those effeminate Papimanes, their superstitions, which are the foundation of their idleness and luxury, and their impious doctrine, that encourages subjects to kill their lawful sovereign, and massacre all those who will not blindly submit to the pope, and the blind idolatrous worship which he has invented: by means whereof, saith our author, gold is subtilly drawn out of France to Rome, above four hundred thousand ducats every year. England was much more fleeced, till it had shaken off the papal yoke; and we must own, that as doctor Rabelais was very well informed of all these abuses, no man ever described them more to the life; and the best protestant writers have not equalled him in this, though they did it out of interest, and made it their particular business. Neither can I tell, whether Rabelais' boldness be more to be wondered at in publishing such a work while fires were kindled, in every part of France, to burn the Lutherans, than his good fortune in having escaped those flames to which many were condemned for less every day where he wrote.—*M.*

CH. LIV.—*How Homenas gave Pantagruel some bon-christian pears.*

EPISTEMON, Friar John, and Panurge, seeing this doleful catastrophe, began, under the cover of their napkins, to cry, meeow, meeow, meeow; feigning to wipe their eyes all the while as if they had wept. The wenches were doubly diligent, and brought brimmers of Clementine wine to every one, besides store of sweetmeats; and thus the feasting was revived.

Before we arose from table, Homenas gave us a great quantity of fair large pears; saying, Here, my good friends, these are singular good pears; you will find none such any

[1] Clement the Vth, who was of Bordeaux, and under whose name the Clementines were compiled, had planted in the territory of Pessac, a village within a league of Bordeaux, a vineyard, which still bears the name of that pope. See du Chesne's Antiquities of the Cities, &c. l. 3, c. 2. But this is not what Rabelais has his eye to here. There is a great deal more likelihood that he means wine of a certain growth, the tythe whereof had been granted to Homenas' church by some Clementine.

where else, I dare warrant. Every soil bears not every thing,[2] you know; India alone boasts black ebony; the best incense is produced in Sabæa; the sphragitid earth at Lemnos:[3] so this island is the only place where such fine pears grow. You may, if you please, make nurseries with their kernels in your country.

I like their taste extremely, said Pantagruel. If they were sliced, and put into a pan on the fire with wine and sugar, I fancy they would be very wholesome meat for the sick, as well as for the healthy.[4] Pray what do you call them? No otherwise than you have heard, replied Homenas. We are a plain downright sort of people, as God would have it, and call figs, figs; plums, plums; and pears, pears. Truly, said Pantagruel, if I live to go home,—which I hope will be speedily, God willing,—I'll set off and graff some in my garden in Touraine, by the banks of the Loire, and will call them bon-Christian or good-Christian pears: for I never saw better Christians than are these good papimans. I would like him two to one better yet, said Friar John, would he but give us two or three cart-loads of yon buxom lasses. Why, what would you do with them? cried Homenas. Quoth Friar John, No harm, only bleed the kind-hearted souls straight between the two great toes, with certain clever lancets of the right stamp: by which operation good Christian children would be inoculated upon them, and the breed be multiplied in our country, in which there are not many over good, the more's the pity.

Nay verily, replied Homenas, we cannot do this; for you would make them tread their shoes awry, crack their pipkins, and spoil their shapes: you love mutton, I see, you will run at sheep; I know you by that same nose and hair of yours, though I never saw your face before. Alas! alas! how kind you are! And would you indeed damn your precious soul? Our decretals forbid this. Ah, I wish you had them at your finger-end. Patience, said Friar John; but,

[2] *Nec verò terræ ferre omnes omnia possunt*, says Virgil, l. 2, of his Georgics. And lower;

"Sola India nigrum
Fert ebenum, solis est thurea virga Sabæis."

[3] See Pliny, l. 37, c. 8. [4] Pliny, l. 28, c. 7, says, all pears are heavy and hard of digestion, especially to unhealthy people; but in the same chapter he excepts baked pears.

si tu non vis dare, præsta, quæsumus.[5] Matter of breviary. As for that, I defy all the world, and I fear no man that wears a head and a hood, though he were a chrystallin, I mean a decretalin doctor.

Dinner being over, we took our leave of the right reverend Homenas, and of all the good people, humbly giving thanks; and, to make them amends for their kind entertainment, promised them that, at our coming to Rome, we would make our applications so effectually to the pope, that he would speedily be sure to come to visit them in person. After this we went on board.

Pantagruel, by an act of generosity, and as an acknowledgment of the sight of the pope's picture, gave Homenas nine pieces of double frized cloth of gold, to be set before the grates of the window. He also caused the church box, for its repairs and fabric, to be quite filled with double crowns of gold; and ordered nine hundred and fourteen angels to be delivered to each of the lasses, who had waited at table, to buy them husbands when they could get them.

CH. LV.—*How Pantagruel, being at sea, heard various unfrozen words.*[1]

WHEN we were at sea, junketting, tippling, discoursing, and telling stories, Pantagruel rose and stood up to look out: then asked us, Do you hear nothing, gentlemen? Methink I hear some people talking in the air, yet I can see nobody. Hark! According to his command we listened, and with full ears sucked in the air, as some of you suck oysters, to find if we could hear some sound scattered through the sky? and to lose none of it, like the Emperor Antoninus, some of us laid their hands hollow next to their ears; but all this would not do, nor could we hear any voice. Yet Pantagruel continued to assure us he heard various voices in the air, some of men, and some of women.

At last we began to fancy that we also heard something, or at least that our ears tingled; and the more we listened, the plainer we discerned the voices, so as to distinguish articulate sounds. This mightily frightened us, and not without cause; since we could see nothing, yet heard such

[5] These words are in the style of the oremus, in the breviary and prayer-books. [1] Rabelais has borrowed these from the *Courtisan* of Balthasar de Castillon, of which a French translation was printed in 1539, and from the Apologues of Cœlius Calcagninus of Ferrara, published in 1544.

various sounds and voices of men, women, children, horses, &c., insomuch that Panurge cried out, Cods belly, there is no fooling with the devil; we are all beshit, let us fly. There is some ambuscade hereabouts. Friar John, art thou here, my love? I pray thee, stay by me, old boy. Hast thou got thy swinging tool? See that it do not stick in thy scabbard; thou never scourest it half as it should be. We are undone. Hark! They are guns, gad judge me: let us fly, I do not say with hands and feet, as Brutus said at the Battle of Pharsalia; I say, with sails and oars: let us whip it away: I never find myself to have a bit of courage at sea; in cellars, and elsewhere, I have more than enough. Let us fly and save our bacon. I do not say this for any fear that I have; for I dread nothing but danger, that I do not; I always say it, that should not. The free archer of Baignolet said as much. Let us hazard nothing therefore, I say, lest we come off bluely. Tack about, helm a lee, thou son of a bachelor. Would I were now well in Quinquenois,[2] though I were never to marry. Haste away, let us make all the sail we can; they will be too hard for us; we are not able to cope with them; they are ten to our one; I will warrant you; nay, and they are on their dunghill, while we do not know the country. They will be the death of us. We will lose no honour by flying: Demosthenes saith,[3] that the man that runs away, may fight another day. At least, let us retreat to the leeward. Helm a lee; bring the main tack aboard, hawl the bowlins, hoist the topgallants; we are all dead men; get off, in the devil's name, get off.

Pantagruel, hearing the sad outcry which Panurge made, said, Who talks of flying? Let us first see who they are; perhaps they may be friends: I can discover nobody yet, though I can see a hundred miles round me. But let us consider a little: I have read that a philosopher, named Petron, was of opinion, that there were several worlds, that touched each other in an equilateral triangle; in whose centre, he said, was the dwelling of truth: and that the words, ideas, copies, and images of all things past, and to come, resided there; round which was the age; and that with success of time part of them used to fall on mankind, like rheums and mildews; just as the dew fell on Gideon's fleece, till the age was fulfilled.

[2] Before, in ch. 13, the good wine of that place is mentioned with great praise. [3] See Aulus Gellius, lib. 17, cap. 21.

I also remember, continued he, that Aristotle affirms Homer's words to be flying, moving, and consequently animated. Besides, Antiphanes said, that Plato's philosophy was like words, which, being spoken in some country during a hard winter are immediately congealed, frozen up, and not heard: for what Plato taught young lads, could hardly be understood by them when they were grown old. Now, continued he, we should philosophize and search whether this be not the place were those words are thawed.

You would wonder very much, should this be the head and lyre of Orpheus. When the Thracian women had torn him to pieces, they threw his head and lyre into the river Hebrus; down which they floated to the Euxine sea, as far as the island of Lesbos; the head continually uttering a doleful song, as it were, lamenting the death of Orpheus, and the lyre, with the wind's impulse, moving its strings, and harmoniously accompanying the voice. Let us see if we cannot discover them hereabouts.

CH. LVI.—*How among the frozen words Pantagruel found some odd ones.*

THE skipper made answer: Be not afraid, my lord, we are on the confines of the Frozen Sea, on which, about the beginning of last winter, happened a great and bloody fight between the Arimaspians and the Nephelibates.[1] Then the words and cries of men and women, the hacking, slashing, and hewing of battleaxes, the shocking, knocking, and jolting of armours and harnesses, the neighing of horses, and all other martial din and noise, froze in the air; and now, the rigour of the winter being over, by the succeeding serenity and warmth of the weather, they melt and are heard.

By jingo, quoth Panurge, the man talks somewhat like; I believe him: but could not we see some of them? I think I have read, that, on the edge of the mountain on which Moses received the Judaic law, the people saw the voices sensibly.—Here, here, said Pantagruel, here are some that are not yet thawed. He then threw us on the deck whole handfuls of frozen words, which seemed to us like your rough sugar plums, of many colours, like those used in heraldry; some words gules, (this means also jests and merry sayings,) some vert, some azure, some black, some or,

[1] Græcé, those who dwell in the snows. An allusion to the battle of Marignan, between the French and the Swiss.

(this means fair words;) and when we had somewhat warmed them between our hands, they melted like snow, and we really heard them, but could not understand them, for it was a barbarous gibberish.[1] One of them, only, that was pretty big, having been warmed between Friar John's hands, gave a sound much like that of chesnuts when they are thrown into the fire, without being first cut, which made us all start. This was the report of a field piece in its time, cried Friar John.

Panurge prayed Pantagruel to give him some more; but Pantagruel told him, that to give words was the part of a lover.[2] Sell me some then, I pray you, cried Panurge. That is the part of a lawyer, returned Pantagruel. I would sooner sell you silence, though at a dearer rate; as Demosthenes formerly sold it by the means of his *argentangina*,[3] or silver quinsey.

However, he threw three or four handfuls of them on the

[2] *Verba dat omnis amans*, says Ovid.

[3] M. Duchat taking no notice of this argentangina, any further than by referring to Erasmus's Adages; and the old Dutch scholiast saying only that it was a distemper which Demosthenes was reproached with, when he declined speaking against the Milesian ambassadors' request; (see Aul. Gel. l 2, c. 9,) I thought it might not be disagreeable to quote what Sartorius says upon this phrase, *argentanginam patitur*. Ἀργυραγχην πάσχει, such a one labours under an argentangina. *Hy heeft die gelt zucht*, say the Hollanders; i. e., he has (not the mully-grubs but) the money-grubs, as near as I can make the English answer to the Dutch. *Gelt*, everybody knows is money, and *zuct* is properly a swelling caused by bad humours. So here, metaphorically, *gelt-zucht* is an ailment caused by money, which takes a man in the mouth, and hinders him from speaking, as was the orator Demosthenes' case, which gave occasion to this proverb. Demosthenes being bought off by the Milesian ambassadors, who had given him twenty talents, that is, twelve thousand crowns, for only one day's silence, the orator came next day into the senate-house, his neck muffled about with rollers, and his chin bolstered up with wool, as if he had a sore throat: but one of the assembly smelt a rat, and cried out, Demosthenes has not got a cold, but gold; as near as I can imitate the Greek pun, non συνάγην sed αργυραγχην. The Greeks have another proverb to the same purpose: Βος ἐπὶ γλώττης: *Bos in lingua*: he has an ox on his tongue. (*Hem is een stuck specks in de mont geworpen*, say the Dutch. Somebody has thrown a piece of bacon into his mouth; when a man is bribed to be silent.) As for the ox on the tongue, the reader must know the Athenian coin was stamped with the figure of an ox. Plautus in Persa; *boves bini hic sunt in crumena*, he has a pair of oxen in his purse. Such, therefore, as were corrupted into silence, were said to have an ox stamped on their tongue; *bovem in lingua habere*. He has a bone in his mouth, say the French; *il a un os dans la bouche*.

deck; among which I perceived some very sharp words, and some bloody words, which, the pilot said, used sometimes to go back, and recoil to the place whence they came, but it was with a slit weasand: we also saw some terrible words, and some others not very pleasant to the eye.

When they had been all melted together, we heard a strange noise, hin, hin, hin, hin, his, tick, tock, taack, bredelin-brededack, frr, frr, frr, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, track, track, trr, trr, trr, trrr, trrrrrr; on, on, on, on, on, on, ououououon, gog, magog, and I do not know what other barbarous words; which, the pilot said, were the noise made by the charging squadrons, the shock and neighing of horses.

Then we heard some large ones go off like drums and fifes, and others like clarions and trumpets. Believe me we had very good sport with them. I would fain have saved some merry odd words, and have preserved them in oil, as ice and snow are kept, and between clean straw.. But Pantagruel would not let me, saying, that it is a folly to hoard up what we are never like to want, or have always at hand; odd, quaint, merry, and fat words of gules, never being scarce among all good and jovial Pantagruelists.

Panurge somewhat vexed Friar John, and put him in the pouts; for he took him at his word, while he dreamed of nothing less. This caused the friar to threaten him with such a piece of revenge as was put upon G. Jousseaume, who having taken the merry Patelin at his word, when he had overbid himself in some cloth, was afterwards fairly taken by the horns like a bullock, by his jovial chapman, whom he took at his word like a man. Panurge, well knowing that threatened folks live long, bobbed, and made mouths at him, in token of derision, then cried, would I had here the word of the Holy Bottle, without being thus obliged to go further in pilgrimage to her.

ON CHAPS. LV. AND LVI.—By the unfrozen or thawed words which, Pantagruel and his company heard at sea in open air, just after they had left the Papimanes, our author ingeniously describes the freedom which our navigators took to speak their true sentiments of the gross ignorance, blind zeal, loose lives, and worse principles of those superstitious papists, as soon as they were out of their reach. For among them the Pantagruelists did not dare discover their minds; so that their words were in a manner frozen within their mouths, which fear and interest kept shut. But when they were out of danger they could no longer thus contain their words, and then every one distinctly heard them; murmuring

words against those bigots, very sharp words, bloody words, terrible words, angry words, occasioned by reflections made on those idolatrous persecutors; and to those words our jolly company add some words of gules, that is, merry words, jests, pleasant talk, probably about the young wenches so ready to wait on the strangers at table, and on the good bishop a-bed.

These frozen words that thawed, and then were heard, may also mean the books published at that time at Geneva, and elsewhere, against popery and the persecution. Those who fled from it to places of safety, with a great deal of freedom, filled their writings with such truths as were not to be spoken among the bigoted Romanists: and many of those unfortunate men, having been used very cruelly in their slavery, and having nothing to defend their cause but their pens, while their adversaries were armed with fire and sword, their words could not but be very sharp. The words which Rabelais says were mere gibberish, which they could not understand, may be the books that were dark, ill-written, and without judgment: and the words of gules, or jests, may be pleasant books, such as were some of Marot's epigrams, and other pieces of that nature.

CH. LVII.—*How Pantagruel went ashore at the dwelling of Gaster, the first master of arts in the world.*[1]

THAT day Pantagruel went ashore in an island, which, for situation and governor, may be said not to have its fellow. When you just come into it, you find it rugged, craggy, and barren, unpleasant to the eye, painful to the feet, and almost as inaccessible as the mountain of Dauphiné,[2] which is somewhat like a toad-stool, and was never climbed, as any can remember, by any but Doyac, who had the charge of King Charles the Eighth's train of artillery.[3]

This same Doyac, with strange tools and engines, gained that mountain's top, and there he found an old ram. It puz-

[1] Alluding to the *magister artis, ingeniique largitor venter*, of the poet Persius. [2] This mountain is one of the four wonders which Louis XI. took notice of in Dauphiné. It is within three leagues of Grenoble, going towards Embrun, near the Grande Chartreuse; and being shaped like a pyramid reversed, it has got the name of inaccessible. [3] The continuation of Monstrelet, folio 209, calls him Doyac, and fol. 229, de Doyac; but Seyssel calls him plain Oyac, which seems to suit best with the first condition of that man, who, from a hosier, as he was in Auvergne at Montferrant, the place of his birth, rose to be the chief favourite of Louis XI. See more of him, and of his fate, in Duchat. But this was not the person that formed and executed the bold design of climbing the mountain in question; it was one, Damp Julian, a Lorrainer, a captain of Montelimar, who, by means of engines he had contrived himself, climbed to the top of it, the 26th of June, 1492. We are told this in the Chevalier Bayard's life, written by Symphorian Champier.

zled many a wise head to guess how it got thither. Some said that some eagle, or great horn-coot, having carried it thither while it was yet a lambkin, it had got away, and saved itself among the bushes.

As for us, having with much toil and sweat overcome the difficult ways at the entrance, we found the top of the mountain so fertile, healthful, and pleasant, that I thought I was then in the true garden of Eden, or earthly paradise, about whose situation our good theologues are in such a quandary, and keep such a pother.

As for Pantagruel, he said, that here was the seat of Areté—that is as much as to say, virtue—described by Hesiod. This, however, with submission to better judgments. The ruler of this place was one Master Gaster, the first master of arts in the world. For, if you believe that fire is the great master of arts,[4] as Tully writes, you very much wrong him and yourself: alas, Tully never believed this.[5] On the other side, if you fancy Mercury to be the first inventor of arts, as our ancient Druids believed of old, you are mightily beside the mark. The satirist's sentence, that affirms master Gaster to be the master of all arts, is true. With him peacefully resided old goody Penia, alias Poverty, the mother of the ninety-nine Muses, on whom Porus,[6] the lord of Plenty, formerly begot Love, that noble child, the mediator of heaven and earth, as Plato affirms *in Symposio*.

We were all obliged to pay our homage, and swear allegiance to that mighty sovereign; for he is imperious, severe, blunt, hard, uneasy, inflexible: you cannot make him believe, represent to him, or persuade him anything.

He does not hear: and, as the Egyptians said that Harpocrates, the god of silence, named Sigalion[7] in Greek, was astomé, that is, without a mouth; so Gaster was created without ears,[8] even like the image of Jupiter in Candia.

He only speaks by signs: but those signs are more readily obeyed by every one, than the statutes of senates, or commands of monarchs: neither will he admit the least let or

[4] Opinion of Heraclitus, &c. See Plutarch. [5] Indeed he confutes this opinion in his *De Natura Deorum*, l. 3. [6] See Plato's Banquet, and Plutarch in his Discourse of Isis and Osiris.

[7] Auson, Ep. 25, v. 27.

"Aut tua Sigalion Ægyptius oscula signet."

[8] See Plutarch in the same discourse.

delay in his summons. You say, that when a lion roars, all the beasts at a considerable distance round about, as far as his roar can be heard, are seized with a shivering. This is written, it is true; I have seen it. I assure you, that at master Gaster's command, the very heavens tremble, and all the earth shakes: his command is called, Do this or die. Needs must when the devil drives; there's no gainsaying of it.

The pilot was telling us how, on a certain time, after the manner of the members that mutinied against the belly, as Æsop describes it, the whole kingdom of the Somates,[9] went off into a direct faction against Gaster, resolving to throw off his yoke: but they soon found their mistake, and most humbly submitted; for otherwise they had all been famished.

What company soever he is in, none dispute with him for precedence or superiority; he still goes first,[10] though kings, emperors, or even the pope, were there. So he held the first place at the council of Basle; though some will tell you that the council was tumultuous, by the contention and ambition of many for priority.

Every one is busied, and labours to serve him; and, indeed, to make amends for this, he does this good to mankind, as to invent for them all arts, machines, trades, engines, and crafts: he even instructs brutes in arts which are against their nature, making poets of ravens, jackdaws, chattering jays, parrots, and starlings, and poetesses of magpies, teaching them to utter human language, speak and sing; and all for the gut. He reclaims and tames eagles, gerfalcons, falcons gentle, sakers, lanners, goshawks, sparrow-hawks, merlins, hagards, passengers, wild rapacious birds; so that setting them free in the air, whenever he thinks fit, as high and as long as he pleases, he keeps them suspended, straying, flying, hovering, and courting him above the clouds: then on a sudden he makes them stoop, and come down amain from heaven next to the ground; and all for the gut.

Elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, bears, horses, mares, and dogs, he teaches to dance, prance, vault, fight, swim, hide themselves, fetch and carry what he pleases; and all for the gut:

[9] From σῶμα, the body. Now the author makes a kingdom of it, where lives Messer Gaster (a Greek word likewise, signifying the belly, stomach, and paunch.) [10] The belly will be foremost, especially if it is more than ordinary large and prominent.

Salt and fresh-water fish, whales, and the monsters of the main, he brings them up from the bottom of the deep; wolves he forces out of the woods, bears out of the rocks, foxes out of their holes, and serpents out of the ground; and all for the gut.

In short, he is so unruly, that in his rage he devours all men and beasts: as was seen among the Vascons,[11] when Q. Metellus besieged them in the Sertorian wars; among the Saguntines besieged by Hannibal; among the Jews besieged by the Romans, and six hundred more; and all for the gut. When his regent Penia takes a progress, wherever she moves, all senates are shut up, all statutes repealed, all orders and proclamations vain;[12] she knows, obeys, and has no law. All shun her, in every place choosing rather to expose themselves to shipwreck at sea, and venture through fire, rocks, caves, and precipices, than be seized by that most dreadful tormentor.

Chr. LVIII.—*How, at the court of the Master of Ingenuity, Pantagruel detested the Engastrimythes and the Gastrolaters.*

At the court of that great master of ingenuity, Pantagruel observed two sorts of troublesome and too officious apparitors,[1] whom he very much detested. The first were called Engastrimythes; the others, Gastrolaters.

The first pretended to be descended of the ancient race of Eurycles;[2] and for this brought the authority of Aristophanes, in his comedy called The Wasps: whence of old they were called Euryclians, as Plato[3] writes, and Plutarch in his book of the Cessation of Oracles. In the holy decrees, 26, qu. 3, they are styled Ventriloqui: and the same name is given them in Ionian by Hippocrates, in his fifth book of Epid. as, men who speak from the belly. Sophocles calls them Sternomantes. These were soothsayers, enchanters, cheats, who

[11] "Sed qui mordere cadaver
Sustinuit
Vascones, ut fama est, alimentis talibus usi
Produxere animas,"

Says Juvenal, Sat. 15. See Florus, l 3, c. 22, and Val. Max. l. 7, c. 6.

[12] Necessity has no law, as the proverb says.

[1] Servants, incommodious to Gaster their master, by preventing him in all his appetites. See Cœl Rhodig. l. 9, c. 13, of his Ancient Readings. [2] The name of an Engastrimuthe in Aristophanes's comedy of the Wasps. [3] In his dialogue entitled the Sophist.

gulled the mob, and seemed not to speak and give answers from the mouth, but from the belly.

Such a one, about the year of our Lord 1513, was Jacoba Rodogina,[4] an Italian woman of mean extract: from whose belly, we, as well as an infinite number of others at Ferrara, and elsewhere, have often heard the voice of the evil spirit speak; low, feeble, and small, indeed; but yet very distinct, articulate, and intelligible, when she was sent for, out of curiosity, by the lords and princes of the Cisalpine Gaul.[5] To remove all manner of doubt, and be assured that this was not a trick, they used to have her stripped stark naked, and caused her mouth and nose to be stopped. This evil spirit would be called Curled-pate, or Cincinnatulo, seeming pleased when any called him by that name; at which, he was always ready to answer. If any spoke to him of things past or present, he gave pertinent answers, sometimes to the amazement of the hearers: but if of things to come, then the devil was gravelled, and used to lie as fast as a dog can trot. Nay, sometimes he seemed to own his ignorance; instead of an answer, letting out a rousing fart, or muttering some words with barbarous and uncouth inflexions, and not to be understood.

As for the Gastrolaters,[6] they stuck close to one another in knots and gangs. Some of them merry, wanton, and soft as so many milksops;[7] others louring, grim, dogged, demure, and crabbed; all idle, mortal foes to business, spending half their time in sleeping, and the rest in doing nothing, a rent-charge and dead unnecessary weight on the earth, as Hesiod saith; afraid, as we judged, of offending or lessening their paunch. Others were masked, disguised, and so oddly dressed, that it would have done you good to have seen them.

There's a saying, and several ancient sages[8] write, that the skill of nature appears wonderful in the pleasure which she

[4] Or of the Rouigue, a town of Italy, of which likewise was Cælius Rhodiginus, who, l. 5, c. 10, Of his Ancient Readings, had related this story, but without specifying the year. [5] Beyond the Alps in respect of France, and the contrary with respect to Rome: it is an ancient part of Gaul, between Mount Cenis and the river Rubicon, near Rimini, comprehending Piedmont, Montferrat, Milan, Mantua, and Ferrara. Dutch scholiast. [6] The same who are afterwards called by Rabelais, coquillons or cucullated gentry, are properly the monks, to whom he bore an old grudge. [7] According to their natural disposition, and in proportion to their income. [8] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 33.

seems to have taken in the configuration of sea-shells, so great is their variety in figures, colours, streaks, and inimitable shapes. I protest the variety we perceived in the dresses of the gastrolatrous coquillens was not less. They all owned Gaster for their supreme god, adored him as a god, offered him sacrifices as to their omnipotent deity, owned no other god, served, loved, and honoured him above all things.

You would have thought that the holy apostle spoke of those, when he said, Phil. chap. 3. "Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies of the cross of Christ: whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly." Pantagruel compared them to the cyclops Polyphemus, whom Euripides[9] brings in speaking thus: I only sacrifice to myself (not to the gods) and to this belly of mine, the greatest of all gods.

CH. LIX.—*Of the ridiculous statue Manduce; and how, and what the Gastrolaters sacrifice to their ventripotent god.*

WHILE we fed our eyes with the sight of the phyzzes and actions of these lounging gulli-gutted Gastrolaters, we on a sudden heard the sound of a musical instrument called a bell; at which all of them placed themselves in rank and file, as for some mighty battle, every one according to his office, degree, and seniority.

In this order, they moved towards master Gaster, after a plump, young, lusty, gorbellied fellow, who, on a long staff, fairly gilt, carried a wooden statue, grossly carved, and as scurvily daubed over with paint; such a one as Plautus,[1] Juvenal, and Pomp. Festus describe it. At Lyons, during the Carnival, it is called Maschecroute, or Gnaw-crust;[2] they call this Manduce.

It was a monstrous, ridiculous, hideous figure, fit to fright little children: its eyes were bigger than its belly, and its head larger than all the rest of its body: well mouth-cloven however, having a goodly pair of wide, broad jaws, lined with two rows of teeth, upper tier and under tier, which, by the magic of a small twine hid in the hollow part of the golden

[9] In his tragedy of the Cyclops. See Plutarch in Cessation of Oracles

[1] Plautus in his comedy of the Cable; Juvenal, Sat. iii, and Pompon. Festus, l. xi.

[2] They do not now carry it about at Lyons, though they still talk of it there, and frighten their children with threatening to throw them to Masche-croute, to be devoured by him.

staff, were made to clash, clatter, and rattle dreadfully one against another; as they do at Metz with St. Clement's dragon.[3]

Coming near the Gastrolaters, I saw they were followed by a great number of fat waiters and tenders, laden with baskets, dossers, hampers, dishes, wallets, pots, and kettles. Then under the conduct of Manduce, and singing I do not know what dithyrambics, crepalocomes, and epenons, opening their baskets and pots, they offered their god,

White hippocras, with dry toasts.	Fricassees, nine sorts.	Cold loins of veal, with spice.
White bread.	Monastical brewis.	Zinziberine.
Brown bread.	Gravy soup.	Beatillé pies.
Carbonadoes, six sorts.	Hotch-pots.	Brewis.
	Soft bread.	Marrow-bones,
Brawn.	Household bread.	toast, and cabbage.
Sweet-breads.	Capirotades.	Hashes.

Eternal drink intermixed. Brisk delicate white wine led the van; claret and champaign followed, cool, nay, as cold as the very ice, I say; filled and offered in large silver cups. Then they offered,

Chitterlings garnished with mustard.	Neat's tongues.	Hog's haslets.
	Scotch collops.	Brawn heads.
	Puddings.	Powdered venison,
Hams.	Carvelats.	with turnips.
Hung beef.	Bolognia sausages.	Pickled olives.
Sausages.	Chines and peas.	

All this associated with sempiternal liquor. Then they housed within his muzzle,

Legs of mutton with shalots.	Ribs of pork with onion sauce.	Caponets.
		Caviare and toast.
Olias.	Roast capons,	Fawns, deer.
Lumber pies with hot sauce.	basted with their own dripping.	Hares, leverets.

[3] The people call it *graulli*, either from the German word *gæruliche*, horrible, terrible, or rather corruptly for *gargouille*, (which see explained elsewhere.) The image is carried in procession on St. Mark's day, and during the rogation week; but this not being the same figure Rabelais saw, the jaws of the graulli have now no motion. Only, on the end of his tongue, which is of iron, is fixed a small white loaf, which, together with as many more as each baker furnishes, before whose stall the procession passes, makes up the stipend or salary of the poor man who carries the graulli.

Partridges and young partridges.
Plovers.
Dwarf-herons.
Teals.
Duckers.
Bitterns.
Shovelers.
Curlews.
Wood-hens.
Coots, with leeks.
Fat kids.
Shoulders of mutton with capers.
Sirloins of beef.
Breasts of veal.
Pheasants and pheasant poots.
Fried pasty-crust.
Forced capons.
Parmesan cheese.
Red and pale hippocras.
Gold-peaches.
Artichokes.
Dry and wet sweetmeats, seventy-eight sorts.
Boiled hens, and fat capons marinated.
Pullets with eggs.
Chickens.
Rabbits, and sucking rabbits.
Quails, and young quails.
Pigeons, squabs, and squeakers.
Herons, and young herons,
Fieldfares.
Olives.
Thrushes.
Young sea-ravens.
Geese, goslings.
Queests.
Widgeons.
Souced hog's feet.
Mavises.
Grouse.
Turtles.
Doe-conies.
Peacocks.
Storks.
Woodcocks.
Snipes.
Ortolans.
Turkey cocks, hen turkeys, and turkey poots.
Stock-doves, and woodculvers.
Pigs, with wine sauce.
Blackbirds, ousels, and rayles.
Moor-hens.
Bustards, and bustard poots.
Fig-peckers.
Young Guinea hens.
Flamingoes.
Cygnets.
A reinforcement of vinegar intermixed.
Venison pasties.
Lark-pies.
Dormice-pies.
Cabretto pasties.
Roe-buck pies.
Pigeon pies.
Kid pasties.
Capon-pies.
Bacon pies.
Hedgehogs.
Snites.
Then large puffs.
Thistle-finches.
Whore's farts.
Fritters.
Cakes, sixteen sorts.
Crisp wafers.
Quince tarts.
Curds and cream.
Whipped cream.
Preserved myrabolans.
Jellies.
Welsh barrapyclids.
Macaroons.
Tarts, twenty sorts.
Lemon-cream, raspberry cream, &c.
Comfits, one hundre colours.
Cream wafers.
Cream-cheese.

Vinegar brought up the rear to wash the mouth, and for fear of the squinsy: also toasts to scour the grinders.

CH. LX.—*What the Gastrolaters sacrificed to their god on interlarded fish-days.*

PANTAGRUEL did not like this pack of rascally scoundrels,

with their manifold kitchen sacrifices, and would have been gone, had not Epistemon prevailed with him to stay and see the end of the farce. He then asked the skipper, what the idle lobcocks used to sacrifice to their gorbellied god on interlarded fish-days? For his first course, said the skipper, they give him:

Caviare.
Botargoes.
Fresh butter.
Pease soup.
Spinage.
Fresh herrings, full roed.
Salads, a hundred varieties, of cresses, sodden hop-tops, bishop's-cods, cellery, chives, rampions, jew's-ears (a sort of mushrooms that sprout out of old elders) asparagus, wood-bine, and a world of others.
Red herrings.
Pilchards.
Anchovies.
Fry of tunny.
Cauliflowers.[1]
Beans.[2]
Salt salmon.
Pickled griggs.
Oysters in the shell.

Then he must drink, or the devil would gripe him at the throat: this, therefore, they take care to prevent, and nothing is wanting. Which being done, they give him lampreys with hippocras sauce:

Gurnards.
Salmon-trouts.
Barbels, great and small.
Roaches.
Cockerells.
Minnows.
Thornbacks.
Sleeves.
Sturgeons.
Sheath-fish.
Mackerels.
Maids.
Plaice.
Fried oysters.
Cockles.
Prawns.
Smelts.
Rock-fish.
Gracious lords.
Sword-fish.
Skate-fish.
Lamprels.
Jegs.
Pickerells.
Golden carps.
Burbates.
Salmons.
Salmon-peels.
Dolphins.
Barn trouts.
Millers's-thumbs.
Precks.
Bret fish.
Flounders.
Sea-nettles.
Mullets.
Gudgeons.
Dabs and sandings.
Haddocks.
Carps.
Pikes.
Bottitoes.
Rochets.
Sea-bears.
Sharplings.
Tunnies.
Silver-eels.
Chevins.
Cray-fish.
Pallours.

[1] Not mere cauliflowers, but *emb' olif*, i. e. with oil. See this explained before in ch. 32. [2] It is not plain beans in Rabelais, but *saulgrenees de febues*, which Cotgrave says is a porridge, or mess of beans, sallad, oil, and some verjuice or vinegar.

Shrimps.
Congers.
Porpoises.
Bases.
Shads.
Murenes, a sort of lampreys.
Craylings.
Smys.
Turbots.
Trout, not above a foot long.
Salmon.
Meagers.
Sea breams.
Halibuts.
Soles.
Dog's tongue, or kind fool.
Mussels.
Lobsters.
Great prawns.
Dace.
Bleaks.
Tenches.
Ombres.
Fresh cods.
Dried melwels.
Darefish.
Fausens, and grigs.
Eelpouts.
Tortoises.
Serpents, i. e. wood-eels.
Dorees.
Moor-game.
Perches.
Loaches.
Crab-fish.
Snails and whelks.
Frogs.

If, when he had crammed all this down his guttural trap-door, he did not immediately make the fish swim again in his paunch, death would pack him off in a trice. Special care is taken to antidote his godship with vine-tree syrup. Then is sacrificed to him, haberdines, poor-jack, minglemangled mismashed, &c.

Eggs fried, beaten, buttered, poached, hardened, boiled, broiled, stewed,
sliced, roasted in the embers, tossed in the chimney, &c.
Stock-fish.
Green-fish.
Sea-batts.
Cod's sounds.
Sea-pikes.

Which to concoct and digest the more easily, vinegar is multiplied. For the latter part of their sacrifices they offer,

Rice milk, and hasty pudding.
Buttered wheat, and flummery.
Water-gruel, and milk porridge.
Frumenty and bonny clamber.
Stewed prunes, and baked bullace.
Pistachios, or fistic nuts.
Figs.
Almond-butter.
Skirret-root.
White-pot.
Raisins.
Dates.
Chestnuts and walnuts.
Filberts.
Parsnips.
Artichokes.

Perpetuity of soaking with the whole.

It was none of their fault, I will assure you, if this same god of theirs was not publicly, preciously, and plentifully served in the sacrifices, better yet than Heliogabalus's idol; nay, more than Bel and the Dragon in Babylon, under King Belshazzar. Yet Gaster had the manners to own that he was no god, but a poor, vile, wretched creature. And as

King Antigonus,[3] first of the name, when one Hermodotus, (as poets will flatter, especially princes,) in some of his fustian dubbed him a god, and made the sun adopt him for his son, said to him; My lasanophore (or in plain English, my groom of the close-stool) can give thee the lie; so master Gaster very civilly used to send back his bigoted worshippers to his close-stool, to see, smell, taste, philosophise, and examine what kind of divinity they could pick out of his sir-reverence.

CH. LXI.—*How Gaster invented means to get and preserve corn.*

THOSE gastrolatrous hobgoblins being withdrawn, Pantagruel carefully minded the famous master of arts, Gaster. You know that, by the institution of nature, bread has been assigned him for provision and food; and that, as an addition to this blessing, he should never want the means to get bread.

Accordingly, from the beginning he invented the smith's art, and husbandry to manure the ground, that it might yield him corn; he invented arms, and the art of war, to defend corn; physic and astronomy, with other parts of mathematics, which might be useful to keep corn a great number of years in safety from the injuries of the air, beasts, robbers, and purloiners: he invented water, wind, and handmills, and a thousand other engines to grind corn, and to turn it into meal; leaven to make the dough ferment, and the use of salt to give it a savour; for he knew that nothing bred more diseases than heavy, unleavened, unsavoury bread.

He found a way to get fire to bake it; hour-glasses, dials, and clocks to mark the time of its baking; and as some countries wanted corn, he contrived means to convey it out of one country into another.

He had the wit to pimp for asses and mares, animals of different species, that they might copulate for the generation of a third, which we call mules, more strong and fit for hard service than the other two. He invented carts and waggons, to draw him along with greater ease: and as seas and rivers hindered his progress, he devised boats, gallies, and ships (to the astonishment of the elements) to waft him over to barbarous, unknown, and far distant nations, thence to bring, or thither to carry corn.

[3] See Plutarch in his Apophthegms, and in his treatise of Isis and Osiris.

Besides, seeing that, when he had tilled the ground, some years the corn perished in it for want of rain in due season, in others rotted, or was drowned by its excess, sometimes spoiled by hail, shook out by the wind, or beaten down by storms, and so his stock was destroyed on the ground; we are told that ever since the days of yore, he has found out a way to conjure the rain down from heaven only with cutting certain grass, common enough in the field, yet known to very few, some of which was then shown us. I took it to be the same as the plant, one of whose boughs being dipped by Jove's priest in the Agrian fountain,[1] on the Lycian mountain in Arcadia, in time of drought, raised vapours which gathered into clouds, and then dissolved into rain, that kindly moistened the whole country.

Our master of arts was also said to have found a way to keep the rain up in the air, and make it to fall into the sea; also to annihilate the hail, suppress the winds, and remove storms as the Methanensians[2] of Trœzene used to do. And as in the fields thieves and plunderers sometimes stole, and took by force the corn and bread which others had toiled to get, he invented the art of building towns, forts, and castles, to hoard and secure that staff of life. On the other hand, finding none in the fields, and hearing that it was hoarded up and secured in towns, forts, and castles, and watched with more care than ever were the golden pippins of the Hesperides, he turned engineer, and found ways to beat, storm, and demolish forts and castles, with machines and warlike thunderbolts, battering-rams, ballistas, and catapults, whose shapes were shown us, not over-well understood by our engineers, architects, and other disciples of Vitruvius; as master Philebert de l'Orme, King Megistus's principal architect, has owned to us.[3]

And seeing that sometimes all these tools of destruction were baffled by the cunning subtilty or the subtle cunning

[1] Read the fountain Agria. See Nicolas Leonicus, l. 1, c. 67, Of his Various Histories. In Pausanias's Arcadics, this fountain is called Ἀγνω, and Rhodiginus, l. 13, c. 17, likewise has called it Agnô.

[2] This is taken from the same work of Nicolas Leonicus, l. 2, c. 38. See Pausanias's Corinthiacs.

[3] Henry II. in whose reign Philibert de l'Orme was architect and intendant of the buildings, as he continued to be under the Kings Francis II. and Charles IX. The different works of this ingenious Lyonnois were printed in folio in 1569, at Paris, by Frederic Moral.

(which you please) of fortifiers, he lately invented cannons, field-pieces, culverins, mortar-pieces, basilisks, murdering instruments that dart iron, leaden, and brazen balls, some of them outweighing huge anvils. • This by the means of a most dreadful powder, whose hellish compound and effect has even amazed nature, and made her own herself out-done by art; the Oxydracian thunders,[4] hails, and storms, by which the people of that name immediately destroyed their enemies in the field, being but mere popguns to these. For, one of our great guns, when used is more dreadful,[5] more terrible, more diabolical, and maims, tears, breaks, slays, mows down, and sweeps away more men, and causes a greater consternation and destruction, than a hundred thunderbolts.

CH. LXII.—*How Gaster invented an art to avoid being hurt or touched by cannon balls.*

GASTER having secured himself with his corn within strongholds, has sometimes been attacked by enemies; his fortresses, by that thrice three-fold cursed instrument, levelled and destroyed: his dearly beloved corn and bread snatched out of his mouth, and sacked by a tyrannic force; therefore he then sought means to preserve his walls, bastions, rampiers, and sconces from cannon-shot, and to hinder the bullets from hitting him, stopping them in their flight, or at least from doing him or the besieged walls any damage. He showed us a trial of this, which has been since used by Fronton, and is now common among the pastimes and harmless recreations of the Thelemites. I will tell you how he went to work, and pray for the future be a little more ready to believe what Plutarch affirms to have tried. Suppose a herd of goats were all scampering as if the devil drove them, do but put a bit of eringo into the mouth of the hindmost nanny, and they will all stop stock still, in the time you can tell three.

Thus Gaster, having caused a brass falcon to be charged with a sufficient quantity of gunpowder, well purged from all sulphur, and curiously made up with fine camphor; he then had a suitable ball put into the piece, with twenty-four little pellets like hail-shot, some round, some pearl fashion: then

[4] See Apollonius's life by Philostratus, l, 2, c. 14. [5] Polydore Virgil had before expressed himself much after the same manner in his treatise "De Rerum inventoribus."

taking his aim, and levelling it at a page of his, as if he would have hit him on the breast; about sixty strides off the piece, half-way between it and the page in a right line, he hanged on a gibbet by a rope a very large siderite, or iron-like stone, otherwise called herculean, formerly found on Ida in Phrygia by one Magnes, as Nicander[1] writes, and commonly called load-stone; then he gave fire to the prime on the piece's touch-hole, which in an instant consuming the powder, the ball and hail-shot were with incredible violence and swiftness hurried out of the gun at its muzzle, that the air might penetrate to its chamber, where otherwise would have been a vacuum; which nature abhors so much, that this universal machine, heaven, air, land, and sea would sooner return to the primitive chaos, than admit the least void any where. Now the ball and small shot, which threatened the page with no less than quick destruction, lost their impetuosity, and remained suspended and hovering round the stone: nor did any of them, notwithstanding the fury with which they rushed, reach the page.

Master Gaster could do more than all this yet, if you will believe me: for he invented a way how to cause bullets to fly backwards, and recoil on those that sent them, with as great a force, and in the very numerical parallel for which the guns were planted. And indeed, why should he have thought this difficult, seeing the herb ethiopis opens all locks whatsoever;[2] and an echinus or remora, a silly weakly fish, in spite of all the winds that blow from the thirty-two points of the compass, will in the midst of a hurricane make you the biggest first-rate remain stock still, as if she were becalmed, or the blustering tribe had blown their last: nay, and with the flesh of that fish, preserved with salt, you may fish gold[3] out of the deepest well that was ever sounded with a plummet; for it will certainly draw up the precious metal. Since, as Democritus affirmed,[4] and Theophrastus believed and experienced, that there was an herb at whose single touch an iron wedge, though never so far driven into a huge log of the hardest wood that is, would presently come out;

[1] See Pliny, l. 36, c. 16.
[2] See Pliny, l. 24, c. 17, &c.
[3] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 25.
[4] Though Democritus was reckoned by Pliny to be a great liar, yet in the point before us, Theophrastus, who is one of Pliny's heroes, gives full credit to Democritus's assertion. See Pliny for all or most of these particulars.

and it is this same herb your hickways, alias woodpeckers, use, when with some mighty axe any one stops up the hole of their nests, which they industriously dig and make in the trunk of some sturdy tree. Since stags and hinds, when deeply wounded with darts, arrows, and bolts, if they do but meet the herb called dittany, which is common in Candia, and eat a little of it, presently the shafts came out, and all is well again; even as kind Venus cured her beloved by-blow Æneas, when he was wounded on the right thigh with an arrow by Juturna, Turnus's sister. Since the very wind of laurels, fig trees, or sea calves, makes the thunder sheer off insomuch that it never strikes them. Since at the sight of a ram, mad elephants recover their former senses. Since mad bulls coming near wild fig-trees, called caprifici, grow tame, and will not budge a foot, as if they had the cramp. Since the venomous rage of vipers is assuaged if you but touch them with a beechen bough. Since also Euphorion[5] writes, that in the Isle of Samos, before Juno's temple was built there, he has seen some beasts called neades, whose voice made the neighbouring places gape and sink into a chasm and abyss. In short, since elders grow of a more pleasing sound, and fitter to make flutes, in such places where the crowing of cocks is not heard, as the ancient sages have writ, and Theophrastus relates: as if the crowing of a cock dulled, flattened, and perverted the wood of the elder, as it is said to astonish and stupify with fear that strong and resolute animal, a lion. I know that some have understood this of wild elder, that grows so far from towns or villages, that the crowing of cocks cannot reach near it; and doubtless that sort ought to be preferred to the stenching common elder, that grows about decayed and ruined places; but others have understood this in a higher sense, not literal, but allegorical, according to the method of the Pythagoreans:[6] as when it was said that Mercury's statue could not be made of every sort of wood; to which sentence they gave this sense; that God is not to be worshipped in a vulgar form, but in a chosen and religious manner. In the same manner by this elder, which grows far from places

[5] See Ælian, l. 17, c. 28. [6] Pythagoras used to say, allegorically, that all sorts of wood ought not to be employed indifferently in making Mercury's statue; which has been explained by Alex. ab Alex. l. 4, c. 12, Of his Genial Days; and by Erasmus, in his Adages.

where cocks are heard, the ancients meant, that the wise and studious ought not to give their minds to trivial or vulgar music, but to that which is celestial, divine, angelical, more abstracted, and brought from remoter parts, that is, from a region where the crowing of cocks is not heard: for, to denote a solitary and unfrequented place, we say, cocks are never heard to crow there.

ON CHAP. LVII. AND THE FIVE FOLLOWING.—The dwelling of Master Gaster, whose entrance is rugged, craggy, barren, and unpleasant to the eye, is found at last to be very fertile, healthful, and delightful, when with much toil the difficult ways on its borders have been passed. This Gaster, the first master of arts in the world, is the belly in Greek.

"Magister artis, ingeníque largitor,
Venter"———— *Persius.*

Yet our author tells us that the muses are the offspring of Penia, that is to say, poverty. I will not pretend to contradict him; neither will any contradict me, if I say, that at least poverty is the most common reward which their unhappy favourites reap for all their toilsome study. The description of the empire of Gaster is very curious: and the author displays there at once much learning, fancy, and wit. The Gastrolaters are those whose god is their belly; the Engastrimythes are parasites, and all those whom their hungry bellies cause to say many things against their consciences; so that they may be said to speak from the belly: the word engastrimythe also means one who by use and practice can speak as it were out of his belly, not moving his lips; and finally, one who has an evil spirit speaking out of his belly.

The Idol Manduce is the figure of gluttony, whose eyes are bigger than its belly, and its wide jaws armed with dreadful teeth: it is an imitation of the Manducus of the ancients.

The great number of dishes of all sorts, that are sacrificed to Gaster, show that gluttony reigns among all sorts of people, the poor offering their gross food, as well as the rich their dainties; and that coarse fare will go down with belly-gods, and with all men in general, for want of better. What is offered him on interlarded fish-days, shows that this noble messer Gaster, as he is called in the French, is a true Papimane, and agrees pretty well with the *mass*, *messe* in French, which wants but an *r* of the word *messer*, used in those times for monsieur.—*M.*

CH. LXIII.—*How Pantagruel fell asleep near the island of Chaneph, and of the Problems proposed to be solved when he wak'd.*

THE next day, merrily pursuing our voyage, we came in sight of the island of Cheneph,[1] where Pantagruel's ship could not arrive, the wind chopping about, and then failing us so that we were becalmed, and could hardly get ahead,

[1] It means hypocrisy, in the Hebrew language. In this island, Rabelais places a sort of pretended saints, who under a mortified exterior, concealed, according to him, morals full of cynical indiscretions.

tacking about from starboard to larboard, and larboard to starboard, though to our sails we added drabblers.

With this accident we were all out of sorts, moping, drooping, metagrabolized, as dull as dun in the mire, in C sol fa ut flat, out of tune, off the hinges, and I-don't-know-howish, without caring to speak one single syllable to each other.

Pantagruel was taking a nap, slumbering and nodding on the quarter deck, by the cuddy, with an Heliodorus in his hand; for still it was his custom to sleep better by book than by heart.[2]

Epistemon was conjuring, with his astrolabe, to know what latitude we were in.

Friar John was got into the cook-room, examining, by the ascendant of the spits, and the horoscope of ragouts and fricassees, what time of day it might then be.

Panurge (sweet baby!) held a stalk of Pantagruelions alias hemp, next his tongue, and with it made pretty bubble, and bladders.

Gymnast was making tooth pickers with lentisk.

Ponocrates, dozing, dozed, and dreaming, dreamed; tickled himself to make himself laugh, and with one finger scratched his noddle where it did not itch.

Carpalim, with a nut-shell, and a trencher of verne, (that's a card in Gascony,) was making a pretty little merry windmill, cutting the card longways into four slips, and fastening them with a pin to the convex of the nut, and its concave to the tarred side of the gunnel of the ship.

Eusthenes, bestriding one of the guns, was playing on it with his fingers, as if it had been a trump-marine.

Rhizotomus, with the soft coat of a field tortoise, alias ycleped a mole, was making himself a velvet purse.

Xenomanes was patching up an old weather-beaten lantern, with a hawk's jesses.

Our pilot (good man!) was pulling maggots out of the seamen's noses.

At last Friar John, returning from the forecastle, perceived that Pantagruel was awake. Then breaking this obstinate silence, he briskly and cheerfully asked him how a man should kill time, and raise good weather, during a calm at sea?

[2] He choose rather to sleep over a book than absolutely to do nothing.

Panurge, whose belly thought his throat cut, backed the motion presently, and asked for a pill to purge melancholy.

Epistemon also came on, and asked how a man might be ready to bepiss himself with laughing, when he has no heart to be merry?

Gymnast, arising, demanded a remedy for a dimness of eyes?

Ponocrates, after he had a while rubbed his noddle, and shaken his ears, asked, how one might avoid dog-sleep? Hold, cried Pantagruel, the Peripatetics have wisely made a rule, that all problems, questions, and doubts, which are offered to be solved, ought to be certain, clear, and intelligible. What do you mean by dog's-sleep?[3] I mean, answered Ponocrates, to sleep fasting in the sun at noon-day, as the dogs do.

Rhizotomus, who lay stooping on the pump, raised his drowsy head, and lazily yawning, by natural sympathy, set almost every one in the ship a yawning too:[4] then he asked for a remedy against oscitations and gapings.

Xenomanes, half puzzled, and tired out with new vamping his antiquated lantern, asked, how the hold of the stomach might be so well ballasted and freighted from the keel to the main hatch, with stores well stowed, that our human vessels might not heel, or be walt, but well trimmed and stiff?

Carpalin, twirling his diminutive windmill, asked how many motions are to be felt in nature, before a gentleman may be said to be hungry?

Eusthenes, hearing them talk, came from between decks, and from the capstern called out to know why a man that is fasting bit by a serpent also fasting, is in greater danger of death, than when man and serpent have eat their breakfasts? Why a man's fasting-spittle[5] is poisonous to serpents and venomous creatures?

One single solution may serve for all your problems, gentlemen, answered Pantagruel, and one single medicine for all such symptoms and accidents. My answer shall be short, not to tire you with a long needless train of pedantic cant.

[3] In Oudin's Dictionary, Ital. and Fr. to sleep like a dog, is to sleep indifferently at all hours, and in all places. [4] *Oscitante uno, deinde oscitat et alter. Prov.* [5] See Aristotle, of Animals, l. 8, c. 29, and Pliny, l. 7, c. 2.

The belly[6] has no ears, nor is it to be filled with fair words: you shall be answered to content by signs and gestures. As formerly at Rome, Tarquin the proud, its last king, sent an answer by signs to his son Sextus, who was among the Gabii, at Gabii. (Saying this, he pulled the string of a little bell, and Friar John hurried away to the cook-room.) The son having sent his father a messenger, to know how he might bring the Gabii (Gabini) under a close subjection; the king, mistrusting the messenger, made him no answer, and only took him into his privy garden, and, in his presence, with his sword, lopped off the heads of the tall poppies that were there. The express returned without any other dispatch: yet having related to the prince what he had seen his father do, he easily understood that by those signs he advised him to cut off the heads of the chief men in the town, the better to keep under the rest of the people.

CH. LXIV.—*How Pantagruel gave no answer to the problems.*

PANTAGRUEL then asked what sort of people dwelt in that damned island?[1] They are, answered Xenomanes, all hypocrites,[2] holy mountebanks, tumblers of Ave Marias, spiritual comedians, sham saints, hermits, all of them poor rogues, who, like the hermit of Lormont between Blaye and Bordeaux, live wholly on alms given them by passengers. Catch me there if you can, cried Panurge! may the devil's head-cook conjure my bum-gut into a pair of bellows, if ever you find me among them. Hermits, sham saints, living forms of mortification, holy mountebanks, avaunt, in the name of your father Satan, get out of my sight: when the devil's a hog, you shall eat bacon. I shall not forget yet awhile our fat Concilipetes of Chesil.[3] O that Beelzebub and Astaroth had counselled them to hang themselves out of the way, and they had done it! we had not then suffered so much by devilish storms as we did for having seen them. Hark ye me, dear rogue, Xenomanes, my friend, I prithee are these hermits, hypocrites, and eaves-droppers, maids or married? Is

[6] *L'estomac affamé.* A hungry stomach has no ears, said Cato the censor, in one of his speeches to the Roman people. See his life in Plutarch. [1] *Isle de chien*, in Rabelais. On which M. Duchat says, *Chiene d'Isle*, (Bitchington Island, if you will,) island of people who bark at and bite all the world, as cursed curs do. [2] Add hydropics, puffed up with a false opinion of their own sanctity.

[3] Fathers of the Council of Trent. See before, ch. 18.

there anything of the feminine gender among them? Could a body hypocritically take there a small hypocritical touch? Will they lie backwards, and let out their fore-rooms? There's a fine question to be asked, cried Pantagruel. Yes, yes, answered Xenomanes; you may find there many goodly hypocritesses, jolly spiritual actresses, kind hermitesses, women that have a plaguy deal of religion: then there's the copies of them, little hypocritillons, sham sanctitos, and hermetillons. Foh! away with them, cried Friar John; a young saint, an old devil! (Mark this, an old saying, and as true a one as a young whore an old saint.) Were there not such, continued Xenomanes, the isle of Chaneph, for want of a multiplication of progeny, had long ere this been desert and desolate.

Pantagruel sent them by Gymnast, in the pinnace, seventy-eight thousand fine pretty little gold half-crowns,[4] of those that are marked with a lantern. After this he asked, What's o'clock? Past nine, answered Epistemon. It is then the best time to go to dinner, said Pantagruel: for the sacred line, so celebrated by Aristophanes[5] in his play called Concionatores, is at hand, never failing when the shadow is decempedal.

Formerly, among the Persians, dinner time was at a set hour only for kings: as for all others, their appetite and their belly was their clock; when that chimed, they thought it time to go to dinner. So we find in Plautus a certain parasite making a heavy do, and sadly railing at the inventors of hour-glasses and dials, as being unnecessary things, there being no clock more regular than the belly.

Diogenes,[6] being asked at what times a man ought to eat, answered, The rich when he is hungry, the poor when he has anything to eat. Physicians more properly say, that the canonical hours are,

To rise at five, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to sleep at nine.

[4] Cyrus, being reduced to beggary in the other world, begged Epictetus to bestow a penny upon him in charity. I give no pennies, said that philosopher, who was become a great lord in that country; here, sirrah, here's a crown for you. (Rab. l. 2, c. 30.) The reason of this proceeding of Epictetus is, that when great men bestow their favours, they ought to have more regard to their own grandeur than to the meanness and indispensable occasions of the necessitous.

[5] See Erasmus's Adages, chil. 3, cent. 4, ch. 70.

[6] See this Cynic's life in Diogenes Laertius.

• The famous king Petosiris's[7] magic was different,—Here the officers for the gut came in, and got ready the tables and cupboards; laid the cloth, whose sight and pleasant smell were very comfortable; and brought plates, napkins, salts, tankards, flagons, tall-boys, ewers, tumblers, cups, goblets, basons, and cisterns.

Friar John, at the head of the stewards, sewers, yeomen of the pantry, and of the mouth, tasters, carvers, cup-bearers, and cupboard-keepers, brought four stately pasties, so huge, that they put me in mind of the four bastions at Turin, Odsfish, how manfully did they storm them! What havoc did they make with the long train of dishes that came after them! How bravely did they stand to their pan-puddings, and paid off their dust! How merrily did they soak their noses!

The fruit was not yet brought in, when a fresh gale at west and by north began to fill the main course, missen-sail, fore-sail, tops, and top-gallants: for which blessing they all sung divers hymns of thanks and praise.

When the fruit was on the table, Pantagruel asked; Now tell me, gentlemen, are your doubts fully resolved or no? I gape and yawn no more, answered Rhizotomus. I sleep no longer like a dog, said Ponocrates. I have cleared my eyesight said Gymnast. I have broke my fast, said Eusthenes: so that for this whole day I shall be secure from the danger of my spittle

Asps.[8]	Alhatrabans.	Attelabes.
Amphisbenes.	Aractes.	Ascalabotes.
Amerudutes.	Asterions.	Hæmorrhoids.
Abedissimons.	Alcharates.	Basilisks.
Alhartafs.	Arges.	Fitches.
Ammobates.	Spiders.	Sucking water-snakes.
Apimaos.	Starry Lizards.	

[7] Juvenal Sat. 6.

"Ægra licet jaceat, capiendo nulla videtur
Aptior hora cibo, nisi quam dederit Petosiris."

The pretended magic of Petosiris, as also that of the physician Cnidius in Pliny, l. 29, c. 1, was properly not more than an inordinate fondness for the mathematics, which persuaded those two men that the knowledge of the stars was so extensive, that therein might be discovered whether a sick person had best take a new laid egg or broth. [8] A great part of these different names of serpents and other venomous creatures, disposed here in alphabetical order, is to be found in Pliny.

Black wag leg-flies.
Spanish flies.
Catoblepes.
Horned snakes.
Caterpillars.
Crocodiles.
Toads.
Night-mares.
Mad dogs.
Colotes.
Cychriodes.
Cafezates.
Cauhares.
Snakes.
Cuhersks, two-tongued adders.
Amphibious serpents.
Cenchres.
Cockatrices.
Dipsades.
Domeses.
Dryinades.
Dragons.
Elopes.
Enhydrides.
Falvises.
Galeotes.
Harmenes.
Handons.
Iclés.
Jarraries.
Ilicines.
Pharaoh's mice.
Kesudures.
Sea-hares.
Chalcidic newts.
Footed serpents.
Manticores.
Molures.
Mouse-serpents.
Shrew-mice.
Miliares.
Megalaunes.
Spitting-asps.
Porphyri.
Pareades.
Phalanges.
Penphredons.
Pine-tree-worms.
Rutulæ.
Worms.
Rhagious.
Rhaganes.
Salamanders.
Slow-worms.
Stellions.
Scorpenes.
Scorpions.
Horn-worms.
Scalavotins.
Solofuidars.
Deaf-asps.
Horse-leeches.
Salt-haters.
Rot-serpents.
Stink-fish.
Stuphes.
Sabrins.
Blood-sucking flies.
Hornfretters.
Scolopendres.
Tarantulas.
Blind worms.
Tetragnathias.
Teristales.
Vipers, &c.

ON CHAPS. LXIII. AND LXIV.—Chaneph is hypocrisy in Hebrew; so the island of Chaneph is the island of the hypocrites. Accordingly our author says it was wholly inhabited by sham saints, spiritual comedians, forms of holiness, tumblers of beads, dissembling mumblers of ave-marias, and so forth; poor sorry rogues, who wholly lived on the alms that were given them by passengers, like the hermit of Lormont, between Blaye and Bourdeaux. Thus he chiefly places the orders of mendicant friars among the hypocrites, because their convents have no revenue but mumping; and so they are obliged to affect a greater devotion than those religious orders who do not make a vow of poverty, as these do.

Our author tells us, that the Pantagruelian fleet was becalmed when it came in sight of that island, and was forced to tack from larboard to starboard, and from starboard to larboard; yet could not get a-head, though they had added drabblers to their sails. By this he insinuates, that this inferior crew of hypocrites did put a stop to the progress of the reformation, and the discovery of truth in general; as when he himself was misused by some of them in the convent of Cordeliers at Fontenay-la-Comte, merely because he studied Greek. These beggarly

tribes had not the power to raise a storm, like the nine sail of fathers who were going to the Council of Chesil; they could do little more than hinder the advancement of those who searched after truth. Thus we find, not only that the fleet could not proceed, but that every ship's company in a manner fell asleep, dozed, and were out of sorts, and off the hinges. At last this is remedied by sending to those poor hypocrites seventy-eight thousand little half-crowns, and by eating and drinking: which perhaps may mean, that provided those poor hungry curs have meat and drink, or money to get food, which is all they beg, they cease to bark, and will suffer you to go on without any further impediment. This has been, and is still observable in France, and other parts, among some of those begging friars; whereas your Jesuits, Dominicans, Austins, Bernardins, Celestins, Theatins, and others, such as were in the nine sail, are not to be bribed or pacified so easily.[1] One of these, whose poetry and criticisms are deservedly esteemed among us, has reflected on our author's admirable satire too severely for a man of his sense, though not for one of his order; I mean Father Rapin: but who could expect less from a Jesuit, and a Jesuit too, whose sodality is satirized in this work? Yet, after all, that able critic durst not but own that it is a most ingenious satire.[1]

Panurge asks whether there be not something of the feminine gender among them, and whether they would not take a small hypocritical touch by the bye? To which answer is made by Xenomanes, that were there not some pretty, kind-hearted hypocritesses, hermitesses, and spiritual actresses, who beget a race of young hypocritillons and sham sanctitoes, the island of Chaneph had long since been without inhabitants.

This is true in more than one sense; for did not hypocrites beget others, some parts of the world would be very thin of people: then those sham sanctitoes and hermitillons, whom our author means, are chiefly the young bastardly monastic fry, the only fruit many nuns bear, by the means of the father confessor's kind applications: for such of those by-blows as escape abortion, or an untimely death, are reared up for a while as the pious father's or sister's poor relations; and then caged with father or mother to sing matins and vespers, and increase the larger tribe of hypocrites world without end.—*M.*

CH. LXV.—*How Pantagruel passed the time with his servants.*

In what hierarchy of such venomous creatures do you place Panurge's future spouse? asked Friar John. Art thou speaking ill of women, cried Panurge, thou mangy scoundrel, thou sorry, noddy-peaked shaveling monk? By the cenomanic paunch and gixie, said Epistemon, Euripides has written, and makes Andromache say it, that by industry, and the help of the gods, men had found remedies against all poisonous creatures; but none was yet found against a bad wife.

This flaunting Euripides, cried Panurge, was gabbling

[1] Rapin's "Reflect. on Poetry."

against women every foot, and therefore was devoured by dogs, as a judgment from above; as Aristophanes observes. —Let us go on. Let him speak that is next. I can leak now like any stone-horse, said then Epistemon. I am, said Xenomanes, full as an egg and round as a hoop; my ship's hold can hold no more, and will now make shift to bear a steady sail. Said Carpalim, a truce with thirst, a truce with hunger; they are strong, but wine and meat are stronger. I am no more in the dumps, cried Panurge; my heart is a pound lighter. I am in the right cue now, as brisk as a body-louse, and as merry as a beggar. For my part, I know what I do when I drink; and it is a true thing (though it is in your Euripides) that is said by that jolly toper Silenus of blessed memory, that

> The man's emphatically mad,
> Who drinks the best, yet can be sad.

We must not fail to return our humble and hearty thanks to the Being, who, with this good bread, this cool delicious wine, these good meats and rare dainties, removes from our bodies and minds these pains and perturbations, and at the same time, fills us with pleasure and with food.

But methinks, sir, you did not give an answer to Friar John's question; which, as I take it, was how to raise good weather? Since you ask no more than this easy question, answered Pantagruel, I will strive to give you satisfaction; some other time we will talk of the rest of the problems if you will.

Well then, Friar John asked how good weather might be raised. Have we not raised it? Look up and see our full top-sails: Hark! how the wind whistles through the shrouds, what a stiff gale it blows; observe the rattling of the tacklings, and see the sheets, that fasten the main-sail behind; the force of the wind puts them upon the stretch. While we passed our time merrily, the dull weather also passed away; and while we raised the glasses to our mouths, we also raised the wind by a secret sympathy in nature.

Thus Atlas and Hercules clubbed to raise and underprop the falling sky,[1] if you will believe the wise mythologists;

[1] The poets feigned that Atlas supported the heavens on his shoulders, but that, in order to ease him, Hercules, who was not to be conquered by labour, one day lent him his back. See Lucian in his dialogue en-

but they raised it some half an inch too high; Atlas, to entertain his guest Hercules more pleasantly, and Hercules to make himself amends for the thirst which sometimes before had tormented him in the deserts of Africa.—Your good father, said Friar John, interrupting him, takes care to free many people from such an inconveniency; for I have been told by many venerable doctors, that his chief butler, Turelupin, saves above eighteen hundred pipes of wine yearly, to make servants, and all comers and goers, drink before they are a-dry.—As the camels and dromedaries of a caravan, continued Pantagruel, used to drink for the thirst that is past, for the present, and for that to come; so did Hercules: and being thus excessively raised, this gave new motion to the sky, which is that of *titubation and trepidation*, about which our crack-brained astrologers make such a pother.—This, said Panurge, makes the saying good,

While jolly companions carouse it together
A fig for the storm, it gives way to good weather.[2]

Nay, continued Pantagruel, some will tell you, that we have not only shortened the time of the calm, but also much disburthened the ship; not like Æsop's basket, by easing it of the provisions, but by breaking our fasts; and that a man is more terrestrial and heavy when fasting, than when he has eaten and drank, even as they pretend that he weighs more dead than living. However it is, you will grant they are in the right, who take their morning's draught, and breakfast before a long journey; then say that the horses will perform the better, and that a spur in the head is worth two in the flank; or, in the same horse dialect,

That a cup in the pate
Is a mile in the gate.

titled Caron, or the Contemplators, and Seneca's tragedy of Hercules Furens. Rabelais, l. 5, c. 22, speaks of this labour of Atlas and Hercules. According to him, they made debauch together, which he calls *hausser le tems*, raising the weather, hoisting away the clouds: because by sitting long in tippling, the weather, which was cloudy at their first sitting down to table, is become clear and serene, when they are going to break up. It is in the same sense that l. 1, c. 5, it is said, long tippling breaks the thunder.

[2] Read these two lines thus:

While round a fat ham we carouse it together,
The storm spends itself, and gives way to fair weather.

"Le mal temps passe, et retourne le bon,
Pendant qu'on trinque autour du gras jambon."

In those times, a ham was a principal and a standing dish at all repasts of pleasure. See Tales of Eutrapel, ch. 21.

Don't you know that formerly the Amycleans worshipped the noble Bacchus above all other gods, and gave him the name of Psila,[3] which in the Doric dialect signifies wings: for, as the birds raise themselves by a towering flight with their wings above the clouds; so, with the help of soaring Bacchus, the powerful juice of the grape, our spirits are exalted to a pitch above themselves, our bodies are more sprightly, and their earthly parts become soft and pliant.

CH. LXVI.—*How, by Pantagruel's order, the Muses were saluted near the Isle of Ganabim.*

THIS fair wind and as fine talk brought us in the sight of a high land, which Pantagruel discovering afar off, showed it Xenomanes, and asked him, Do you see yonder to the leeward a high rock, with two tops much like Mount Parnassus in Phocis? I do plainly, answered Xenomanes; it is the isle of Ganabim.[1] Have you a mind to go ashore there? No, returned Pantagruel. You do well indeed, said Xenomanes; for there is nothing worth seeing in the place. The people are all thieves: yet there is the finest fountain in the world, and a very large forest towards the right top of the mountain. Your fleet may take in wood and water there.

He that spoke last, spoke well, quoth Panurge; let us not by any means be so mad as to go among a parcel of thieves and sharpers. You may take my word for it, this place is just such another as, to my knowledge, formerly were the islands of Sark and Herm,[2] between the smaller and the greater Britain; such as was the Poneropolis of Philip in Thrace;[3] islands of thieves, banditti, picaroons, robbers, ruffians, and murderers, worse than raw-head and

[3] See Pausanias's Laconics.

[1] A Hebrew word for a thief, says the Dutch scholiast. *Mot Hebreu, qui signifie larron.* He should have said *larrons*, thieves, for *ganabim* is the plural of *ganab*, a thief.

[2] These are two small islands, or rather two whitish rocks, between Guernsey and Jersey, anciently dependent on Normandy, but united to England by William the Conqueror. As, in all probability, it was customary in Rabelais' time, for such of his nation as were forced to quit their country for any crime, to retire to those two places; our author for that reason, makes these two small islands a receptacle of thieves and sharpers.

[3] See Plutarch, in his Treatise of Curiosity: and Suidas, at the word Πονηρὰ πολις, where he quotes to this purpose the historian Theopompus, in 13 of his Philippics.

bloody-bones, and full as honest as the senior fellows of the college of iniquity, the very outcasts of the county gaols common-side. As you love yourself, do not go among them: if you go, you will come off but bluely, if you come off at all. If you will not believe me, at least believe what the good and wise Xenomanes tells you: for may I never stir if they are not worse than the very cannibals: they would certainly eat us alive. Do not go among them, I pray you; it were safer to take a journey to hell. Hark, by cod's body, I hear them ringing the alarm bell most dreadfully, as the Gascons about Bourdeaux used formerly to do against the commissaries and officers for the tax on salt, or my ears tingle. Let's sheer off.

Believe me, sir, said Friar John, let's rather land; we will rid the world of that vermin, and inn there for nothing. Old Nick go with thee for me, quoth Panurge. This rash hair-brained devil of a friar fears nothing, but ventures and runs on like a mad devil as he is, and cares not a rush what becomes of others; as if every one was a monk, like his friarship. A pox on grinning honour, say I. Go to, returned the friar, thou mangy noddy-peak![4] thou forlorn druggle-headed sneaksby! and may a million of black devils anatomize thy cockle brain. The hen-hearted rascal is so cowardly, that he bewrays himself for fear every day. If thou art so afraid, dunghill, do not go, stay here and be hanged, or go and hide thy loggerhead under Madam Proserpine's petticoat.[5]

Panurge hearing this, his breech began to make buttons: so he slunk in in an instant, and went to hide his head down in the bread-room among the musty biscuits, and the orts and scraps of broken bread.

Pantagruel in the meantime said to the rest, I feel a pressing retraction in my soul, which like a voice admonishes me not to land there. Whenever I have felt such a motion within me, I have found myself happy in avoiding what it directed me to shun, or in undertaking what it prompted me to do; and never had occasion to repent following its dictates.[6]

[4] In the original, *Ladreverd;* which M. Duchat interprets, A man without courage, insensible to the spurrings of honour. The like says Cotgrave: A coward; one that's insensible and cannot, or fearful and will not, feel the wrongs done to him. [5] *Cottardie*, an old word for a petticoat: used here, because it equivocates to *couhardie*, (the cowardice of Panurge.) [6] The Queen of Navarre, in her Me-

As much, said Epistemon, is related of the dæmon of Socrates, so celebrated among the Academics. Well then, sir, said Friar John, while the ship's crew water, have you a mind to have good sport? Panurge is got down somewhere in the hold, where he is crept into some corner, and lurks like a mouse in a cranny: let them give the word for the gunner to fire yon gun over the round-house on the poop: this will serve to salute the Muses of this Anti-parnassus: besides, the powder does but decay in it. You are in the right, said Pantagruel: here, give the word for the gunner.

The gunner immediately came, and was ordered by Pantagruel to fire that gun, and then charge it with fresh powder; which was soon done. The gunners of the other ships, frigates, galleons, and galleys of the fleet, hearing us fire, gave every one a gun to the island: which made such a horrid noise, that you would have sworn heaven had been tumbling about our ears.

ON CHAP. LXVI.—The island of Ganabim is the island of Thieves, from gannab, a thief in Hebrew. Xenomanes says, that the people of that island are all such, and commends Pantagruel for not going ashore there. Friar John advises Pantagruel to cause a gun to be fired, as it were to salute the Muses of that Anti-parnassus. By this, perhaps, our author may have a mind to reflect on most of the authors of that age, who, as well as some of this, were very great plagiaries. The fair fountain on that hill may mean the great number of subjects, which might employ their pens more to the purpose than in translating many foolish romances, as the best hands of France did at that time. That spring may also signify the French tongue, which our author commends so much in the prologue to the fifth book, and inveighs against such sorts of plagiaries, whom he calls brokers and retailers of ancient rhapsodies, and such mouldy trash; botchers of old thread-bare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up and pieced together; wretched bunglers, that can do nothing but new-vamp old rusty saws; beggarly scavengers, that rake the muddiest canals of antiquity, &c. By which he would encourage his countrymen to follow his example, study it, and write something that might chiefly spring from their fancies, without being wholly indebted to foreign nations for what they published: yet not disdaining to make improvements from the thoughts of the Greek and Latin authors, as he himself has done, and enrich the moderns with translations of the best works of the ancients.

The large forest, that is round the fountain, may mean the wild, dark, entangled, voluminous writings of some of that age. The mountain is called Anti-Parnassus, in opposition to that where the true Muses were said to dwell; and is placed in the island of Thieves properly enough, because poets, as well as they, are the children of Penia, or poverty, according to our author.—*M.*

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moirs, says much the same of herself, and of Catherine de Medicis, her mother.

CH. LXVII.—*How Panurge bewrayed himself for fear; and of the huge cat Rodilardus, which he took for a puny devil.*

PANURGE, like a wild, addle-pated, giddy goat, sallies out of the bread-room in his shirt, with nothing else about him but one of his stockings, half on half off, about his heel, like a rough-footed pigeon; his hair and beard all be-powdered with crumbs of bread, in which he had been over head and ears, and a huge and mighty puss partly wrapped up in his other stocking. In this equipage, his chops moving like a monkey's who is a louse-hunting, his eyes staring like a dead pig's, his teeth chattering, and his bum quivering, the poor dog fled to Friar John, who was then sitting by the chain-wales of the starboard side of the ship, and prayed him heartily to take pity on him, and keep him in the safeguard of his trusty bilbo; swearing, by his share of Papimany, that he had seen all hell broke loose.

Woe is me, my Jacky, cried he, my dear Johnny, my old crony, my brother, my ghostly father! all the devils keep holiday, all the devils keep their feast to-day, man: pork and peas choke me, if ever thou sawest such preparations in thy life for an infernal feast. Dost thou see the smoke of hell's kitchens? (This he said, showing him the smoke of the gunpowder above the ships.) Thou never sawest so many damned souls since thou wast born; and so fair, so bewitching they seem, that one would swear they are Stygian ambrosia. I thought at first, God forgive me, that they had been English souls; and I don't know, but that this morning the isle of Horses, near Scotland, was sacked, with all the English who had surprised it, by the lords of Termes and Essay.[1]

[1] This happened about the month of July 1548. Henry II., King of France, had sent six thousand men to the assistance of the Scots, who, for some years, had been at war with England. The English having by surprise taken from the Scots the isle of Keith, (otherwise called the isle of Horses,) Andrew de Montalambert Sieur de Dessé, who commanded the body of French auxiliaries, so rightly took his measures for re-entering the island, that, making a descent on it not above three weeks after the English had possessed themselves of it, he made himself master of the island, after an engagement wherein the English lost 400 men, and all their baggage. See Thuanus. l. 5, in the year 1548. It was the souls of these English, which Panurge thought he perceived in hell, though he had only a glimpse of them, his fear hindering him from seeing them perfectly: and they appeared to him *tant douillettes, tant blondelettes, tant delicates*, so soft, so fair, so nice

Friar John, at the approach of Panurge, was entertained with a kind of smell that was not like that of gunpowder, nor altogether so sweet as musk; which made him turn Panurge about, and then he saw that his shirt was dismally bepawed, and bewrayed with fresh sir-reverence. The retentive faculty of the nerve, which restrains the muscle called sphincter (it is the arse-hole, and it please you) was relaxated by the violence of the fear which he had been in during his fantastic visions.[2] Add to this, the thundering noise of the shooting, which seems more dreadful between decks than above. Nor ought you to wonder at such a mishap; for one of the symptoms and accidents of fear is, that it often opens the wicket of the cupboard wherein second-hand meat is kept for a time. Let us illustrate this noble theme with some examples.

Messer Pantolfe de la Cassina, of Sienna, riding post from Rome, came to Chamberry, and alighting at honest Vinet's, took one of the pitchforks in the stable; then turning to the inn-keeper, said to him, "*Da Roma in qua, io non son andato del corpo. Di gratia piglia in mano questa forcha, et fa mi paura.*" I have not had a stool since I left Rome. I pray thee take this pitchfork, and fright me. Vinet took it, and made several offers, as if he would in good earnest have hit the signor, but did not: so the Sienese said to him, "*Si tu non fai altramente, tu non fai nulla: pero sforzati di adoperarti più guagliardamente.*" If thou dost not go another way to work, thou hadst as good do nothing: therefore try to bestir thyself more briskly. With this, Vinet lent him such a swinging stoater with the pitchfork souce between the neck and the collar of his jerkin, that down fell signore on the ground arsyversy, with his spindle shanks wide straggling over his pole. Then mine host sputtering, with a full-mouthed laugh, said to his guest, by Beelzebub's bum gut, much good may it do you, Signore Italiano. Take notice this is *datum Camberiaci*, given at Chamberry. It was well the Sienese had untrussed his points, and let down his drawers: for this physic worked with him as soon as he took it; and as copious was the evacuation, as that of nine

and tender, that one would have taken them for *Stygian ambrosia*, as he tells Friar John: and indeed the English are naturally fairer, and more tender than any other nation of the North.

Macrobius, l. 7, c. 11, of his Saturnalia.

buffaloes and fourteen missificating arch-lubbers.[3] Which operation being over, the mannerly Sienese courteously gave mine host a whole bushel of thanks, saying to him, "*Io ti ringratio, bel messere; cosi facendo tu m ai esparmiata la speza d'un servitiale.*" I thank thee, good landlord; by this thou hast even saved me the expense of a clyster.

I will give you another example of Edward V., king of England. Master Francis Villon, being banished France, fled to him,[4] and got so far into his favour, as to be privy to all his household affairs. One day the king, being on his close stool, showed Villon the arms of France, and said to him, Dost thou see what respect I have for thy French kings? I have none of their arms any where but in this backside, near my close stool. Odd's life, said the buffoon, how wise, prudent, and careful of your health, your highness is! How carefully your learned doctor, Thomas Linacer,[5] looks after you! He saw that, now you grow old, you are inclined to be somewhat costive, and every day were fain to have an apothecary; I mean, a suppository or clyster thrust into your royal nockandroe; so he has, much to the purpose, induced you to place here the arms of France; for the very sight of them puts you into such a dreadful fright, that you immediately let fly, as much as would come from eighteen squattering *bonasi of Pœonia*.[6] And if they were painted

[3] *Archiprebstres de Hostie*, says Rabelais, arch-priests of Hostia. The buffalo, or buffle, is a kind of wild ox, common in Italy, and probably more so at Ostia than in any other parts of that country. Which, belike, gave occasion to Rabelais always an enemy to ecclesiastics, to couple together the buffalos and arch-priests of Ostia, as supposed to be greater eaters than your ordinary oxen and plain priests. Before, in l. 1, c. 21, the author uses a proverb importing that arch-deacons' noses run more copiously than simple deacons. [4] Francis Corbueil, surnamed Villon, had committed several villanies, for which, in 1461, he was condemned by the chatelet to be hanged. But the Parliament having changed the punishment of death into that of banishment, Villon, who at first retired to St. Maixant in Poitou, went from thence into England, being then but thirty years old as he says himself, in the beginning of his (larger) will and testament.

[5] He died in 1524, aged three-score and four; and if we may believe Konigius in his Bibliotheca, he was physician only to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Besides, Edward V. began his reign but in 1483, full eighteen years after Villon's banishment. Thus, as it is not at all likely that this banishment lasted so long, so it is more than probable, that what is here said by Rabelais concerning Edward V. and the poet Villon, is a mere fable from one end to the other. [6] Βονασος Cambridge Dictionary, quoting Pliny, 8, 15 A wild beast like a bull,

in other parts of your house,[7] by jingo, you would presently conskite yourself wherever you saw them. Nay, had you but here a picture of the great oriflamb of France, odds bodikins, your tripes and bowels would be in no small danger of dropping out at the orifice of your posteriors. But henh, henh, *atque iterum* henh.

A silly cockney am I not,
As ever did from Paris come?
And with a rope and sliding knot
My neck shall know what weighs my bum.

A cockney of short reach, I say, shallow of judgment, and judging shallowly, to wonder, that you should cause your points to be untrussed in your chamber before you come into this closet. By our lady, at first I thought your close stool had stood behind the hangings of your bed; otherwise it seemed very odd to me you should untruss so far from the place of evacuation. But now I find I was a gull, a wittal, a woodcock, a mere ninny, a dolt-head, a noddy, a changeling, a calf-lolly, a doddipole. You do wisely, by the mass, you do wisely; for had you not been ready to clap your hind face on the mustard-pot as soon as you came within sight of these arms, mark ye me, cop's body, the bottom of your breeches had supplied the office of a close stool.

Friar John, stopping the handle of his face with his left hand, did, with the fore-finger of the right, point out Panurge's shirt to Pantagruel, who, seeing him in this pickle, scared, appalled, shivering, raving, staring, bewrayed, and torn with the claws of the famous cat Rodilardus,[8] could not choose but laugh, and said to him, Prythee what wouldst thou do with this cat? With this cat, quoth Panurge, the devil scratch me, if I did not think it had been a young soft-chinned devil, which, with this same stocking instead of mitten, I had snatched up in the great hutch of hell, as

only hath the mane of a horse: when he is hunted, he saves himself by his ordure, which he throws out in that abundance, and is so noisome, that the hunters are fain to leave the pursuit. The remarks, said to be made by Rabelais himself on the fourth book, say, that when the bonassus finds himself pressed by the dogs, he squirts his dung at them almost five paces off; and that it is so hot, it fetches off not only the hair, but the very skin.

[7] The original says, painted in your bed-chamber, in your guard-room, in your hall, in your chapel, in your galleries, or in any other parts of your house.

[8] Latin for bacon-gnawer. *Rodere* and *lardum*. The inventor of this name was Eliseus Calentius, one of Paul Jovius's eminent men.

thievishly as any sizar of Montague college could have done. The devil take Tybert: I feel it has all bepinked my poor hide, and drawn on it to the life I do not know how many lobsters' whiskers. With this he threw his boar-cat down.

Go, go, said Pantagruel, be bathed and cleaned, calm your fears, put on a clean shift, and then your clothes. What! do you think I am afraid, cried Panurge? Not I, I protest! by the testicles of Hercules, I am more hearty, bold, and stout,[9] though I say it that should not, than if I had swallowed as many flies as are put into plum-cakes, and other paste at Paris, from Midsummer to Christmas.[10] But what is this? hah! oh, ho! how the devil came I by this? Do you call this what the cat left in the malt, filth, dirt, dung, dejection, fœcal matter, excrement, stercoration,[11] sir-reverence, ordure,[12] second-hand meats, fumets, stronts, scybal,[13] or spyrathe?[14] 'Tis Hibernian saffron,[15] I protest. Hah, hah, hah! it is Irish saffron, by Shaint Pautrick, and so much for this time. Selah. Let us drink.[16]

ON CHAP. LXVII.—Panurge's fear, increased by the noise of the guns, makes him run mad for a while, and lay hold of the huge cat Rodilardus, by which he was scratched. He saith, he took it to be a young soft-chinned devil, and thought he had snatched it up in the great hutch of hell, as thievishly as a sizar of Montague college could have done. Rodilardus stands for Croquelardon, lick-sauce, a parasitical smell-feast. This passage, doubtless, refers to some of Montluc's adventures, hardly to be discovered in our age; yet known in that during which he lived, Panurge's cowardice and impudence suit pretty well with that Bishop of Valence's character; as appears by what I said of his daring to preach before Queen Catherine of Medicis with a hat and cloak on, like a Geneva divine, and then not having the courage to go on, but leaving off in the midst of his sermon (though the queen abetted him, and her presence secured him) as soon as the constable of Montmorency spoke two words against his way of preaching.

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[9] The fly is a symbol of temerity, inasmuch as that insect falls upon Anything, to the hazard of its life. Thence the proverb.

[10] Read all-saints day, or All-hallows tide: *tousaints*, in the original.

[11] *Laisse* in the original. *Lesses*, i. e., wolf's or wild boar's dung.

[12] *Repaire* in French: i. e., *crotels*, or hare's dung.

[13] *Scybal.* The Dutch scholiast says, is *un estron endurcy*, a hard t——d. M. Duchat says nothing of it.

[14] It means the dung of sheep or goats. Σπύραθος, *caprarum stercus.*

[15] Hibernian partly equivocates to *bren* a t——d.

[16] *Sela*, is as much as to say, most certainly. It is certainly saffron. The new editions have it *cela*; but Rabelais writ it *sela*, a Hebrew word denoting a serious and vehement affirmation. Here it alludes to the *sela* which concludes several lessons of the choir, after which every one betakes himself to drinking.

Here Rabelais takes an opportunity to bring in a story, which, as well as some other things of as odious a nature, I would have omitted, did not many learned men despise a maimed or imperfect book, as much as some selfish women hate a male in those circumstances. That story is what is said of Edward V. King of England, and Francis Villon, the witty rogue of whom I have already spoken. But, with our author's good leave, this story is as false as it is filthy and improbable; though we should suppose there is a mistake in the printing (as there are thousands even in the best editions of this work I have seen yet.) For none can imagine that Rabelais was so little versed in history, as not to know that Edward V. died a child, and can neither have been costive in his old age, nor familiar with Villon; who, according to Pasquier, must have been hanged before the reign of that unfortunate prince, and, perhaps, before his birth. And should any say that Rabelais means Edward the Fourth; I answer, that he neither died old, nor could be drolled upon at that rate, by a buffooning inmate; since, though he was not one of the wisest heads, yet he was one of the bravest warriors of his time, having fought nine pitched battles, generally on foot, and at last gloriously overcome all his enemies: so that the witty jester would hardly have offered to have told him, that the sight of Lewis the Eleventh's oriflame, or royal standard, would have scared him into a looseness. The verses which Rabelais makes Villon speak, are mentioned as his by Pasquier, somewhat otherwise than in this chapter:

"Je suis François, dont ce me poise,
Né de Paris, prez de Pontoise;
Où d'une corde d'une toise,
Saura mon col, que mon cul poise."—*M.*

END OF BOOK THE FOURTH.

BOOK V.

TREATING OF THE HEROIC DEEDS AND SAYINGS OF THE GOOD PANTAGRUEL.

THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.

INDEFATIGABLE topers, and you thrice precious martyrs of the smock, give me leave to put a serious question to your worships, while you are idly striking your codpieces, and I myself not much better employed: Pray, why is it that people say that men are not such sots now-a-days as they were in the days of yore? Sot is an old word, that signifies a dunce, dullard, jolthead, gull, wittal, or noddy, one without guts in his brains, whose cockloft is unfurnished, and, in short, a fool. Now would I know, whether you would have us understand by this same saying, as indeed you logically may, that formerly men were fools, and in this generation are grown wise? How many and what dispositions made them fools? How many and what dispositions were wanting to make them wise? Why were they fools? How should they be wise? Pray, how came you to know that men were formerly fools? How did you find that they are now wise? Who the devil made them fools? Who in God's name made them wise? Who do you think are most, those that loved mankind foolish, or those that love it wise? How long has it been wise? How long otherwise? Whence proceeded the foregoing folly? Whence the following wisdom? Why did the old folly end now, and no later? Why did the modern wisdom begin now, and no sooner? What were we the worse for the former folly? What the better for the succeeding wisdom? How should the ancient folly be come to nothing. How should this same new wisdom be started up and established?

Now answer me, and please you: I dare not adjure you in stronger terms, reverend sirs, lest I make your pious fatherly worships in the least uneasy. Come, pluck up a good heart; speak the truth and shame the devil, that enemy to paradise, that enemy to truth: be cheery, my lads; and if you are for me, take me off three or five bumpers of the best, while I make a halt at the first part of the sermon; then answer my question. If you are not for me, avaunt! avoid Satan! For I swear by my great-grandmother's placket,[1] that if you do not help me to solve that puz-

[1] The original is *mon grand hurluburlu*. And lower, in ch. 15, Friar John says, Saint Hurluburlu. The *ehrlich wahrlich* of the Germans, i. e. upon my honour, in good truth, may have been Rabelais' occasion to forge this burlesque oath out of the corruption of those German words, as he before had framed St. Picaud from the German *bi Gott*.

zling problem, I will, nay, I already do repent having proposed it: for still I must remain nettled and gravelled, and a devil a bit I know how to get off. Well, what say you? In faith, I begin to smell you out. You are not yet disposed to give me an answer: nor I neither, by these whiskers. Yet to give some light into the business, I will even tell you what had been anciently foretold in the matter, by a venerable doctor, who being moved by the spirit in a prophetic vein, wrote a book ycleped the Prelatical Bagpipe. What do you think the old fornicator saith? Hearken, you old noddies, hearken now or never.

The jubilee's year, when all, like fools were shorn,
Is about thirty [trente] supernumerary.
O want of veneration! fools they seem'd,
But, persevering, with long breves, at last
No more they shall be gaping greedy fools.
For they shall shell the shrub's delicious fruit,
Whose flow'r they in the spring so much had fear'd.

Now you have it, what do you make of it? The seer is ancient, the style laconic, the sentences dark, like those of Scotus, though they treat of matters dark enough in themselves. The best commentators on that good father take the jubilee after the thirtieth, to be the years that are included in this present age till 1550, [there being but one jubilee every fifty years] Men shall no longer be thought fools next green pease season.

The fools, whose number, as Solomon certifies, is infinite, shall go to pot like a parcel of mad bedlamites as they are; and all manner of folly shall have an end, that being also numberless, according to Avicenna, *maniæ infinitæ sunt species*. Folly having been driven back and hidden towards the centre, during the rigour of the winter, it is now to be seen on the surface, and buds out like the trees. This is as plain as a nose in a man's face: you know it by experience; you see it. And it was formerly found out by that great good man Hippocrates, Aphorism. *Veræ etenim maniæ*, &c. This world therefore wisifying itself, shall no longer dread[1] the flower and blossoms of every coming spring, that is, as you may piously believe, bumper in hand, and tears in eyes, in the woful time of Lent, which used to keep them company.

Whole cartloads of books, that seemed florid, flourishing and flowery, gay and gaudy as so many butterflies; but in the main were tiresome, dull, soporiferous, irksome, mischievous, crabbed, knotty, puzzling, and dark as those of whining Heraclitus, as unintelligible as the numbers of Pythagoras, that king of the bean, according to l. 2, sat. 6, Horace: those books, I say, have seen

[1] Alluding to the proverb:
"Quand les feves sont en fleur, les fous sont en vigueur.
Beans in flower, madness (or folly) in power.

their best days, and shall soon come to nothing, being delivered to the executing worms, and merciless petty chandlers: such was their destiny, and to this they were predestinated.

In their stead beans in cod are started up; that is, these merry and fructifying Pantagruelian books, so much sought now-a-days, in expectation of the following jubilee's period: to the study of which writings all people have given their minds, and accordingly have gained the name of wise.

Now, I think, I have fairly solved and resolved your problem: then reform, and be the better for it. Hem once or twice, like hearts of oak; stand to your pan-puddings, and take me off your bumpers, nine go-downs, and huzza! since we are like to have a good vintage, and misers hang themselves. Oh! they will cost me an estate in hempen collars if fair weather hold. For I hereby promise to furnish them with twice as much as will do their business, on free cost, as often as they will take the pains to dance at a rope's end, providently to save charges, to the no small disappointment of the finisher of the law.[3]

Now my friends, that you may put in for a share of this new wisdom, and shake off the antiquated folly this very moment, scratch me out of your scrolls, and quite discard the symbol of the old philosopher with the golden thigh, by which he has forbidden you to eat beans: for you may take it for a truth, granted among all professors in the science of good eating, that he enjoined you not to taste of them, only with the same kind intent with the fresh water physician, Amer, late Lord of Camelotiere, kinsman to the lawyer of that name, who forbad his patients the wing of the partridge, the rump of the chicken, and the neck of the pigeon, saying, *Ala mala, cropium dubium, collum bonum, pelle remotâ.* For the dunsical dog-leech was so selfish as to reserve them for his own dainty chops, and allowed his poor patients little more than the bare bones to pick, lest they should over-load their squeamish stomachs.

To the heathen philosopher succeeded a pack of Capucions, monks, who forbid us the use of beans, that is, Pantagruelian books. They seem to follow the example of Philoxenus and Gnatho, one of whom was a Sicilian, of fulsome memory, the ancient master-builders of their monastic cram-gut voluptuousness, who, when some dainty bit was served up at a feast, filthily used to spit on it, that none but their nasty selves might have the stomach to eat of it, though their liquorish chops watered never so much after it.

So those hideous, snotty, pthisicky, eves-dropping, musty,

[3] See the old story in the *Serées* of J. Bouchet. An usurer had bought a cord to hang himself with, if the harvest failed. It proved abundant, on which he hung himself, that the price of the cord might not be thrown away.

moving forms of mortification, both in public and private, curse those dainty books, and like toads spit their venom upon them.

Now though we have in our mother-tongue several excellent works in verse and prose, and, heaven be praised, but little left of the trash and trumpery stuff of those dunsical mumblers of Ave Maries, and the barbarous foregoing Gothic age; I have made bold to choose to chirrup and warble my plain ditty, or, as they say, to whistle like a goose among the swans, rather than be thought deaf among so many pretty poets and eloquent orators. And thus I am prouder of acting the clown, or any other under part, among the many ingenious actors in this noble play, than of herding among those mutes, who, like so many shadows and cyphers, only serve to fill up the house, and make up a number; gaping and yawning at the flies, and pricking up their lugs, like so many Arcadian asses, at the striking up of the music; thus silently giving to understand, that their fopships are tickled in the right place.

Having taken this resolution, I thought it would not be amiss to move my Diogenical tub, that you might not accuse me of living without example: I see a swarm of our modern poets and orators, your Colinets, Marots, Herouets, Saint Gelias, Salels, Masuels, and many more;[4] who, having commenced masters in Apollo's academy on Mount Parnassus, and drunk brimmers at the Cabalian fountain, among the nine merry Muses, have raised our vulgar tongue, and made it a noble and everlasting structure. Their works are all Parian marble, alabaster, porphyry, and royal cement: they treat of nothing but heroic deeds, mighty things, grave and difficult matters; and this in a crimson, alamode, rhetorical style. Their writings are all divine nectar, rich, racy, sparkling, delicate, and luscious wine. Nor does our sex wholly engross this honour; ladies have had their share of the glory: one of them, of the royal blood of France,[5] whom it were a profanation but to name here, surprises the age at once by the transcendent and inventive genius in her writings, and the admirable graces of her style. Imitate those great examples, if you can; for my part, I cannot. Every one,

[4] See Duchat's account of these authors at large in loc. Anthony Herouet, says Duchat, was a Parisian, an excellent poet, and was raised to the episcopal see at Digne, in Provence. Joachim du Bellay had long before said of this deserving author,

"Seu canis heroas, seu condis ἐρωτικα, verum
Nomen eroeti fata dedere tibi."

[5] Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, sister to Francis the First: born at the castle of Engouleme, 10th April 1492, and died in that of Audos, in Bearne, the 21st December, 1549. See the eulogium of this princess in Brantome, and in l. 3, Of the Additions to Castlenau's Memoirs. Of all her writings, whether in prose or verse, nothing did more honour to her pen than her Heptameron, which, after several editions in the old French, was some years ago published in the modern.

you know, cannot go to Corinth. When Solomon built the temple, all could not give gold by handfuls; each offered a shekel of gold.

Since, then, it is not in my power to improve our architecture as much as they, I am even resolved to do like Renault of Montauban:[6] I will wait on the masons, set on the pot for the masons, cook for the stone-cutters; and since it was not my good luck to be cut out for one of them, I will live and die the admirer of their divine writings.

As for you, little envious prigs, snarling bastards, puny Zoiluses, you will soon have railed your last: go hang yourselves,[7] and choose you out some well-spread oak, under whose shade you may swing in state, to the admiration of the gaping mob; you shall never want rope enough. While I here solemnly protest before my Helicon, in the presence of my nine mistresses the Muses, that if I live yet the age of a dog, eked out with that of three crows,[8] sound wind and limbs, like the old Hebrew captain Moses, Xenophilus[9] the musician, and Demonax[10] the philosopher; by arguments no ways impertinent, and reasons not to be disputed, I will prove, in the teeth of a parcel of brokers and retailers of ancient rhapsodies, and such mouldy trash, that our vulgar tongue is not so mean, silly, inept, poor, barren, and contemptible, as they pretend. Nor ought I to be afraid of I know not what botchers of old thread-bare stuff, a hundred and a hundred times clouted up, and pieced together; wretched bunglers, that can do nothing but new-vamp old rusty saws; beggarly scavengers, that rake even the muddiest canals of antiquity for scraps and bits of Latin, as insignificant as they are often uncertain. Beseeching our grandees of Witland, that, as when formerly Apollo had distributed all the treasures of his poetical exchequer to his favourites, little hulch-backed Æsop got for himself the office of apologue-monger: in the same manner, since I do not aspire higher, they would not deny me that of puny rhyparographer,[11] or riff-raff follower of Pyreicus.

[6] In the last chapter of the romance of Aymon's four sons, we find Renaud, as the first act of penance for his past life, carrying hods of mortar for the building St. Peter's church at Cologne.

[7] As did Zoilus, that implacable enemy to Homer's reputation. *Pendentem volo Zoilum videre*, says Martial. [8] According to Hesiod, as reported by Pliny, l. 7, c. 48, the crow or raven lives nine times the age of a man. [9] Pliny, l. 7, c. 70, says, after Aristoxenus, that the musician Xenophilus, lived 105 years. See Lucian in his discourse on long livers. [10] He lived near 100 years, without ailing anything in body or mind. See Lucian's discourse entitled *Demonax*. [11] Ryparographer, Gr. *ουπαρος*, *sordidus*. Pyreicus the painter is so surnamed by Pliny, because he confined himself only to drawing ridiculous and grotesque pictures; in which he however excelled in his time, as Rabelais did in his; who by his romance, for all it seems at first sight so impertinent to many people, hath acquired him the title of a refined wit, a good poet, and one of the best French writers that has ever appeared.

I dare swear they will grant me this: for they are all so kind, so good-natured, and so generous, that they will never boggle at so small a request. Therefore both dry and hungry souls, pot and trenchermen, fully enjoying those books, perusing, quoting them in their merry conventicles, and observing the great mysteries of which they treat, shall gain a singular profit and fame: as in the like case was done by Alexander the Great, with the books of prime philosophy composed by Aristotle.

O rare! belly on belly! what swillers, what twisters will there be!

Then be sure all you that take care not to die of the pip, be sure, I say, you take my advice, and stock yourselves with good store of such books, as soon as you meet with them at the booksellers; and do not only shell those beans, but even swallow them down like an opiate cordial, and let them be in you; I say, let them be within you; then you shall find, my beloved, what good they do to all clever shellers of beans.

Here is a good handsome basketful of them, which I here lay before your worships; they were gathered in the very individual garden whence the former came. So I beseech you, reverend sirs, with as much respect as was ever paid by dedicating author, to accept of the gift, in hopes of somewhat better against next visit the swallows give us.

ON THE AUTHOR'S PROLOGUE.—The author begins this Prologue with a question, Why people say, that men are not such fools now-a-days, as they were in the days of yore? He answers it himself, by a prophecy out of an imaginary book, which he calls the Prelatical Bagpipe. Let us see if we can unriddle it.

"The year of jubilee" was in 1525, under Pope Clement VII. Then all Europe suffered themselves to be shorn or fleeced by the pardon-pedlars, the sellers of the court of Rome's indulgences, and other trumpery ware. "Is supernumerary about [or above] thirty [or trente]." This means, that time is past, and such years of jubilee are needless, out of fashion, and cried down after the year 1530 (or, perhaps, the Council of Trent;) by reason of the change made by the restoration of learning, and the reformers: so that people were no longer to be fleeced by the sellers of pardons. And, indeed, about the year 1530, King Francis I. invited the learned to come to Paris, and having procured several men well versed in various studies, fixed them in the university of Paris. Belleforest and Lambinus say, that in 1531, he established twelve professors for Latin, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, philosophy, divinity, oratory, physic, &c. But Du Tillet, who at large relates what that prince did, and designed, for the advancement of learning, says this was 1530. And Genebrard, who was afterwards one of those professors, writes, anno 1530, *Guillielmo Budæo et Joanne Bellaïo hortantibus, regius linguarum professores instituit. In Clemente VIII.* Now, those learned men, to whom Petavius gives the epithets of *litterati et pii*, purged the age of its foolishness, and very much forwarded the affairs of the reformation: so that in 1530, or at least at the time of the sitting of the Council of Trent, the reign of ignorance may be said to have come to an end.

"O want of veneration! fools they seemed." That is, those who had been foolish enough to suffer themselves to be sheared and fleeced thus, appeared such as they were, when ignorance had been expelled; I mean, bigoted fools; neither did the veneration which uses to be paid to the church, hinder the wiser sort from laughing at them, or at least from pitying their silliness.

"But, persevering, with long breves, at last no more they shall be gaping greedy fools." Those long breves should be the sacred books; which may be called so in opposition to the Roman breviary, in which their contents are as maimed, imperfect, and abbreviated, as the vain imaginations of superstition are spun out there to a tedious length: at least, they mean the books written by the learned, many of which are long. So the people who appeared foolish being no more blinded by a ridiculous superstition, will no more gape after it, nor be greedy of it; being filled with sound knowledge.

"For they shall shell the shrub's delicious fruit, whose flower they in the spring so much had feared." That is, they shall shell beans in cod; which is as if he had said, truth that lay concealed, and before was known but by a few, will be revealed to the world; and as much as at first it was hated, despised, and feared, at its first appearance, so much the sweeter and more delicious will its fruit prove, when the world shall have had a taste of it.

By these beans in cod we may also partly understand our author's work. The beans are the mystery; the cod is the emblem and outward dress; which is good for nothing but to wrap up what is within it; neither ought we to feed upon it, but solely on what it contains. So we might fix the period of ignorance, and the beginning of the new æra, or restoration of learning, at the year 1550, at which time it began to bear good fruit, and this fifth book was written, though it was not published till after our author's death, perhaps because it spoke too plain. This makes him foretell the speedy oblivion of whole cart-loads of books, that were dull, dark, and mischievous, though they seemed florid, flourishing, and flowery, gay and gaudy as so many papillons [butterflies]; by which he seems to play upon the word papa, as in Papimany, and in the sixth chapter of the Pantagruelian Prognostication, where the King of the Papillons, or butterflies, undoubtedly means the pope.—*M.*

CHAPTER I.

How Pantagruel arrived at the Ringing Island, and of the noise that we heard.

PURSUING our voyage, we sailed three days, without discovering any thing; on the fourth, we made land. Our pilot told us that it was the ringing Island,[1] and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise, that

[1] He that made the key to Rabelais asserts that England is meant by the Ringing Island; but he is mistaken, since, besides several other reasons, that island had already withdrawn itself from the Pope's authority, under Edward VI. when this book was written.

seemed to us, at a great distance, not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized, and little bells, rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes, and elsewhere, on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land, the louder we heard that jangling.

Some of us doubted that it was the Dodonian kettle, or the portico called Heptaphone, in Olympia, or the eternal humming of the Colossus raised on Memnon's tomb, in Thebes of Egypt, or the horrid din that used formerly to be heard about a tomb at Lipara, one of the Æolian[2] Islands. But this did not square with chorography.

I do not know, said Pantagruel, but that some swarms of bees hereabouts may be taking a ramble in the air, and so the neighbourhood make this dingle dangle with pans, kettles, and basons, the corybantine cymbals of Cybele, grandmother of the gods, to call them back. Let us hearken. When we were nearer, among the everlasting ringing of these indefatigable bells, we heard the singing, as we thought, of some men. For this reason, before we offered to land on the Ringing Island, Pantagruel was of opinion that we should go in the pinnace to a small rock, near which we discovered an hermitage, and a little garden. There we found a diminutive old hermit, whose name was Braguibus, born at Glenay.[3] He gave us a full account of all the jangling, and regaled us after a strange sort of fashion: four live-long days did he make us fast, assuring us that we should not be admitted into the Ringing Island otherwise, because it was then one of the four fasting, or ember weeks. As I love my belly, quoth Panurge, I by no means understand this riddle: methinks, this should rather be one of the four windy weeks; for while we fast we are only puffed up with wind. Pray now, good father hermit, have not you here some other pastime besides fasting? Methinks it is somewhat of the leanest: we might well enough be without so many palace holidays, and those fasting times of yours. In my Donatus, quoth Friar John, I could find yet but three times or tenses, the preterit, the present, and the future, and therefore I make a donative of the fourth (i. e. the fast of the quatre-tems) to be kept by my footman. That time or tense, said Epistemon, is aorist, derived from the preter-imperfect tense of the Greeks, admitted in variable and un-

[2] See Pliny for all these particulars. [3] In Poitou.

certain times. Patience[4] per force is a remedy for a mad dog. Saith the hermit, it is as I told you, fatal to go against this: whoever does it is a rank heretic, and wants nothing but fire and faggot, that is certain. To deal plainly with you, my dear pater, cried Panurge, being at sea, I much more fear being wet than being warm, and being drowned than being burned.

Well, however, let us fast in God's name; yet I have fasted so long, that it has quite undermined my flesh, and I fear that at last the bastions of this bodily fort of mine will fall to ruin. Besides, I am much more afraid of vexing you in this same trade of fasting; for the devil a bit I understand any thing in it, and it becomes me very scurvily,[5] as several people have told me, and I am apt to believe them. For my part I do not much mind fasting: for alas! it is as easy as pissing a bed, and a trade of which any body may set up; there needs no tools. I am much more inclined not to fast for the future: for to do so, there is some stock required, and some tools are set to work. No matter, since you are so stedfast, and would have us fast, let us fast as fast as we can, and then breakfast in the name of famine. Now we are come to these esurial idle days. I vow I had quite put them out of my head long ago. If we must fast, said Pantagruel, I see no other remedy but to get rid of it as soon as we can, as we would out of a bad way. I will in that space of time somewhat look over my papers, and examine whether the marine study be as good as ours at land. For Plato, to describe a silly, raw, ignorant fellow, compares him to those that are bred on shipboard, as we would do one bred up in a barrel, who never saw any thing but through the bung-hole.

To tell you the short and the long of the matter, our fasting was most hideous and terrible; for, the first day we fasted at fisticuffs,[6] the second at cudgels, the third at sharps and the fourth at blood and wounds: such was the order of the fairies.[7]

[4] The proverb in the original is, patience, say the lepers. Alluding to the herb patience *(lapathum)* which those afflicted with the leprosy seek after with great eagerness, to relieve them.

[5] *Ridiculus æque nullus est, quam quando esurit.* Plaut. in Sticho, act 2, scene 1. [6] The meaning of all this is, that one or two days fasting may not do a man much harm, but three or four days may prejudice his health, nay, be as much as his life is worth.

[7] Who had ordained the fatal (as said before) fast of the ember-weeks.

ON CHAP. I.—The Ringing Island can mean nothing but the clergy of the Church of Rome, whose mysteries are all performed at the sound of large, middle-sized little, and very little bells. They are rung at matins, mass, noon, vespers, sermons, and the salutation to the virgin every day, on the eves or vigils of holydays, at processions and at stations; and, whenever the priest lifts up the wafer-god, a little bell is rung, that the people may fall down and adore that piece of dough, which, they must believe, made heaven and earth, though it were made that very morning by the baker, and some of the same stamp be shown in every parish. Besides, when the priest carries the viaticum, a diminutive bell always tingles before him. Thus bells are often rung wherever there is a monastery, church, chapel, or hermitage, to awaken the people's devotion, summon them together, dismiss them, and make them come again. Add to this, that as whatever is said of the Ringing Island in the following chapters, cannot well be adapted to any thing but the popish ecclesiastics, so those who pretended to explain these books, only by printing at the end of some French editions twenty or thirty names, which, without the least reason, they call a key, either never read them, or had a design to impose on the reader more than our author; else they would never have said, that the Ringing Island is England. I own there is much ringing there, and the English are famous for making that a recreation; but this book was written during King Edward the Sixth's reign, at which time the Reformation had prevailed here; and though our author mentions the Knights of the Garter in the fifth chapter, while he speaks of the knight-hawks of the Ringing Island, it does not follow he meant England, since he only places the Knights of Malta among the Roman ecclesiastics; which was judiciously done, because they make a vow never to marry, read the breviary, and have livings like abbots. Even that passage proves that the Ringing Island is not England: since Ædituus makes one of his island's knight-hawks look wistfully on the Pantagruelian strangers, to see whether he might not find among their company a stately gaudy kind of large, huge, dreadful birds of prey, so untoward, that they could never be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the glove, (which may mean, that other knights claimed a pre-eminence over those of Malta.) Ædituus adds, I am told there are such in your world, who wear goodly garters below the knee, with an inscription about them which condemns him who shall think ill of it *(qui mal y pense)* to be bewrayed and conskited. So it is plain there were none such in the Ringing Island. Then in the sixth chapter Ædituus says, that all the good things which they have in this island come from every part of the other world, except some of the northern regions; particularly from Touraine, our author's native country: and that the income of the duke of that country could not afford him to eat his belly full of beans and bacon, because his predecessors had been more than liberal to the birds of the Ringing island, that they might there munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off; stuffing their puddings with dainty food, &c.

The he mit, whom the Pantagruelists met, assured them they should not be admitted into the Ringing Island, unless they fasted four days, because it was then one of the four fasting or ember-weeks. As the

island is the popish clergy, none enter into it, that is, into orders, without fasting, and a great deal of formality; and it was judiciously that Rabelais made his travellers be admitted there at one of the times prescribed for the admittance of laics into the body of the clergy. Yet he shows, that those fasts (though commendable in their institution) were much abused; and many, like Panurge, are pretty apt to say, Since you are so steadfast, and have us fast, let us fast, as fast as we can, and then break fast. Thus only putting a constraint on themselves a while (or seeming to put it) to indulge them in gluttony after it.—*M.*

CH. II.—*How the Ringing Island had been inhabited by the Siticines, who were become birds.*

HAVING fasted as aforesaid, the hermit gave us a letter from one whom he called Albian Camar,[1] master Ædituus of the Ringing Island: but Panurge greeting him, called him Master Antitus. He was a little queer old fellow, bald-pated, with a snout whereat you might easily have lighted a card match, and a phiz as red as a cardinal's cap. He made us all very welcome, upon the hermit's recommendation, hearing that we had fasted, as I have told you.

When we had well stuffed our puddings, he gave us an account of what was remarkable in the island, affirming that it had been first inhabited by the Siticines; but that, according to the course of nature, as all things, you know, are subject to change, they were become birds.

There I had a full account of all that Atteius Capito, Pollux, Marcellus, A. Gellius, Athenæus, Suidas, Ammonius, and others had writ of the Siticines; and then we thought we might as easily believe the transmutations of Nectymene, Progné, Itys, Alcyone, Antigone, Tereus, and other birds. Nor did we think it more reasonable to doubt of the transmogrification of the Macrobian children into swans, or that of the men of Pallene in Thrace into birds,[2] as soon as they had bathed themselves in the Tritonic lake. After this the devil a word could we get out of him but of birds and cages.

The cages were spacious, costly, magnificent, and of an admirable architecture. The birds were large, fine, and

[1] This must have been some Jacobin, or at least some ecclesiatics with a black cassock under a white surplice. Albian, from *albus*, white; and the priests of Baal were called in Hebrew *cemarim*, only because of their wearing black gowns. See the Second of Kings, ch. xxiii, verse 5. See Stuckius *De Gentilium Sacris.* [2] Pliny, l. 4, ch. 18, places Pallene in Macedonia.

neat accordingly; looking as like the men in my country, as one pea does like another: for they eat and drank like men, muted like men, digested like men, but stunk like devils; slept, billed, and trod their females like men, but somewhat oftener: in short, had you seen and examined them from top to toe, you would have laid your head to a turnip that they had been mere men. However, they were nothing less, as Master Ædituus told us; assuring us, at the same time, that they were neither secular nor laic: and the truth is, the diversity of their feathers and plumes did not a little puzzle us.

Some of them were all over as white as swans, others as black as crows, many as grey as owls, others black and white like magpies, some all red like red-birds, and others purple and white like some pigeons. He called the males clerg-hawks, monk-hawks, priest-hawks, abbot-hawks, bish-hawks, cardin-hawks, and one pope-hawk, who is a species by himself. He called the females clerg-kites, nun-kites, priest-kites, abbess-kites, bis-kites, cardin-kites, and pope-kites.

However, said he, as hornets and drones will get among the bees, and there do nothing but buzz, eat, and spoil every thing; so, for these last three hundred years, a vast swarm of bigottelloes flocked, I do not know how, among these goodly birds every fifth full moon, and have bemuted, bewrayed, and conskited the whole island. They are so hard-favoured and monstrous, that none can abide them. For their wry necks make a figure like a crooked billet; their paws are hairy,[3] like those of rough-footed pigeons; their claws and pounces, belly and breech, like those of the stymphalid[4] harpies. Nor is it possible to root them out: for if you get rid of one, straight four and twenty new ones fly thither.

There had been need of another monster-hunter, such as was Hercules; for Friar John had like to have run distracted about it, so much he was nettled and puzzled in the matter. As for the good Pantagruel, he was even served as was Messer Priapus,[5] contemplating the sacrifices of Ceres, for want of skin.

[3] Dangerous hypocrites; with Jacob's voice, but the hands of Esau.
[4] See Diodorus Siculus. [5] The gods having been invited by their good mother to a feast, repaired to it one and all, even the nymphs and satyrs, not excepting Silenus himself. Their godships, after spending part of the night in drinking pretty liberally, some fell asleep, others went to dancing and other little sports. Priapus run-

ON CHAP. II.—When Pantagruel and his attendants have fasted after a strange sort of a fashion, they are kindly received by Albiam Camar, master Ædituus, or Sacristan of the Ringing Island. Camar in Hebrew signifies an idolatrous priest; and St. Jerome has made it *aruspex* and *ædituus* in Latin. We may observe, by that beginning, what esteem our author had for the Ringing Island, with its sacrifices and mysteries.

Ædituus acquaints our strangers with the metamorphosis of the siticines and sicinnists into birds. The siticines and sicinnists were those that used to sing mournfully on the dead, and at funerals, among the ancients. *Siticines appellantur qui apud sitos canere soliti essent, hoc est, vita functos et sepultos.* A. Gellius, lib. 2, cap. 20. Consequently, the clergy of the church of Rome, who chiefly subsist by obits, trentals, and masses, for the repose of the souls of the dead, may well be called by those names.

We are told that the siticines were become birds; those birds are those ecclesiastics, who raise themselves by contemplation and holiness of life, (if you will believe them,) soaring above the things of this earth, on which we poor grovelling laics crawl. Ædituus would make Pantagruel sensible of this, when he tells him that those birds, which looked like men, eat and drank, slept and billed like men, were nothing less than men, being neither secular nor laics.

Their spacious, costly, magnificent cages, admirable in their architecture, are their churches; which appears the plainer by reason of the bells which our author says were above them.

The variety of the feathers and plumes of those birds denotes the different orders and clothings of the popish clergy, which distinguish them from each other: the Benedictines are white, the Austins black, the Franciscans grey, the Bernardins black and white, the Bishops purple, the Cardinals red; some knights and commanders are white and blue; and there are nuns dressed like most of those professing the same orders.

It is observable that they are all made birds of prey, clerghawks, monkhawks, priesthawks, abbothawks, bishawks, cardinhawks, and popehawks; and clergkites, nunkites, abbeskites, &c.

The wry-necked bigottelloes, who had flocked thither during the last three hundred years, are the orders of Franciscan and Dominican friars. Our author, who had been a Cordelier, i. e. a Franciscan, and misused by the fraternity in the convent, was well acquainted with their merit,

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ning after the nymphs, spied Vesta asleep. Whether or no he knew her, or took her for somebody else, he resolved not to miss the opportunity. As ill-luck would have it, the moment he was going to work, Silenus' ass fell a-braying, and awaked Vesta, who getting up in a sad fright, and the celestial gentry running in, upon the noise she made, poor Priapus was discovered; nor could he with the skirt of his robe, had it been four times as large, conceal the condition he was in. It is an idle frivolous story. Ovid, in the sixth of his Fasti, tells it agreeably, as he does every thing else, and Lactantius after him, l. 1, of his Divine Institutions, n. 21. I have added a little to the thing, the better to explain our author's text, who has darkened the fact exceedingly, by having Ceres instead of Cybele, and skin instead of covering or lappet.

and speaks experimentally; which makes him wish for another Hercules to root them out.—*M.*

Ch. III.—*How there is but one Popehawk in the Ringing Island.*

We then asked Master Ædituus why there was but one popehawk among such venerable birds, multiplied in all their species? He answered, that such was the first institution and fatal destiny of the stars: that the clerg-hawks begot the priest-hawks and monk-hawks, without carnal copulation, as some bees[1] are born of a young bull: the priest-hawks begat the bis-hawks, the bis-hawks the stately cardin-hawks, and the stately cardin-hawks, if they live long enough, at last come to be pope-hawk.

Of this last kind, there never is more than one at a time; as in a bee-hive there is but one king, and in the world but one sun.

When the pope-hawk dies, another rises in his stead out of the whole brood of cardin-hawks; that is, as you must understand it all along, without carnal copulation.[2] So that there is in that species an individual unity, with a perpetuity of succession, neither more or less than in the Arabian phœnix.

It is true, that about two thousand seven hundred and sixty moons ago,[3] two pope-hawks were seen upon the face of the earth: but then you never saw in your lives such a woful rout and hurly-burly as was all over this island. For all these same birds did so peck, clapperclaw, and maul one another all that time, that there was the devil and all to do, and the island was in a fair way of being left without inhabitants. Some stood up for this pope-hawk, some for the other. Some, struck with a dumbness, were as mute as so many fishes; the devil a note was to be got out of them; part of the merry bells here were as silent as if they had lost their tongues, I mean their clappers.

[1] See 4th book of Virgil's Georgics. [2] *Gens æterna in qua nemo nascitur*, said Pliny formerly, l. 5, c. 17, of certain hermits called Essenes, dwelling in the deserts of Palestine. [3] At twelve moons a year, (Rabelais, as he insinuates in the preface of this book, composing it about the year 1550,) the 2760 moons he speaks of, i. e. 230 years, point out the year 1380, the times of the great schism, which was caused on one hand by Urban VI. sitting at Rome, and on the other hand, the pretended Clement VII. sitting at Avignon.

During these troublesome times, they called to their assistance the emperors, kings, dukes, earls, barons, and commonwealths of the world that live on the other side the water; nor was this schism and sedition at an end, till one of them died, and the plurality was reduced to a unity,[4]

We then asked, what moved those birds to be thus continually chaunting and singing? He answered, that it was the bells that hung on the top of their cages. Then he said to us, Will you have me make these monkhawks, whom you see bardocuculated[5] with a bag, such as you use to strain Hippocras wine through, sing like any wood-larks? Pray do, said we. He then gave half a dozen pulls to a little rope, which caused a diminutive bell to give so many tingtangs; and presently a parcel of monkhawks ran to him, as if the devil had drove them, and fell a singing like mad.

Pray, master, cried Panurge, if I also rang this bell, could I make those other birds yonder, with redherring-coloured feathers, sing? Aye, marry would you, returned Ædituus. With this Panurge hanged himself (by the hands, I mean) at the bell-rope's end, and no sooner made it speak, but those smoked birds hied them thither, and began to lift up their voices, and make a sort of untowardly hoarse noise, which I grudge to call singing. Ædituus indeed told us, that they fed on nothing but fish, like the herons and cormorants of the world, and that they were a fifth kind[6] of cucullati newly stamped.

He added, that he had been told by Robert Valbringue, who lately passed that way in his return from Africa, that a sixth kind was to fly hither out of hand, which he called capushawks, more grum, vinegar-faced, brain-sick, froward, and loathsome, than any kind whatsoever in the whole island. Africa, said Pantagruel, still uses to produce some new and monstrous thing.

ON CHAP. III.—The popehawk, who, like the phœnix, is a species alone, is undoubtedly the pope. We have there a true account of what

[4] At the council of Constance, when Cardinal Otho, of the family of Colonna, was made pope by the name of Martin V.

[5] The Benedictines, or rather Bernardines, whose cowl looks like the bardocucullus (or hood) of the ancient inhabitants of Saintonge, Langres, and some other Gauls. See Fauchet Ant. Gaul. l. 1, ch. 5.

[6] The minims, instituted by Francis de Paul, about the middle of the 15th century, long after the establishment of the four orders of mendicants.

happened some 1760 moons, that is about 140 years, before our author wrote; only to blind this, or perhaps by some mistake in the printing, it is made 2760 moons: I mean the schism of Avignon, which lasted forty years. Three popes were seen then at the same time, Bennet the Ninth, Gregory the Twelfth, and Alexander the Fifth. This schism ended at the Council of Constance, which began in 1414, and ended in 1419.—*M.*

CH. IV.—*How the birds of the Ringing island were all passengers.*

SINCE you have told us, said Pantagruel, how the popehawk is begot by the cardinhawks, the cardinhawks by the bishhawks, and the bishhawks by the priesthawks, and the priesthawks by the clerghawks, I would gladly know whence you have these same clerghawks. They are all passengers, or travelling birds, returned Ædituus, and come hither from the other world;[1] part out of a vast country, called Want-o'-bread, the rest out of another towards the west, which they style Too-many-of-'em. From these two countries flock hither, every year, whole legions of these clerghawks, leaving their fathers, mothers, friends, and relations.

This happens when there are too many children, whether male or female, in some good family of the latter country; insomuch that the house would come to nothing, if the paternal estate were shared among them all; (as reason requires, nature directs, and God commands.) For this cause parents used to rid themselves of that inconveniency, by packing off the younger fry, and forcing them to seek their fortune in this isle Bossart, (or humpy island). I suppose he means L'isle Bouchart, near Chinon, cried Panurge. No, replied the other, I mean Bossart (crooked) for there is not one in ten among them, but is either crooked, crippled, blinking, limping, ill-favoured, deformed, or an unprofitable load to the earth.

It was quite otherwise among the heathens, said Pantagruel, when they used to receive a maiden among the number of vestals: for Leo Antistius affirms, that it was absolutely forbidden to admit a virgin into that order, if she had any vice in her soul, or defect in her body, though it were but the smallest spot on any part of it. I can hardly believe, continued Ædituus, that their dams on the other side the water go nine months with them; for they cannot endure them nine years, nay, scarce seven, sometimes in the house;

[1] Monks are said to be civilly dead to this world.

but by putting only a shirt over the other clothes of the young urchins, and lopping off I do not well know how many hairs from their crowns, mumbling certain apostrophised and expiatory words, they visibly, openly, and plainly, by a Pythagorical metempsychosis, without the least hurt, transmogrify them into such birds as you now see; much after the fashion of the Egyptian heathens, who used to constitute isiacs, by shaving them, and making them put on certain linostoles, or surplices. However, I do not know my good friends, but that these she-things, whether clergkites, monkites, and abbesskites, instead of singing pleasant motets and charisteres, such as used to be sung to Oromasis by Zoroaster's institution, may be bellowing out such eatarates and scythropys, (cursed lamentable, and wretched imprecations,) as were usually offered to the Arimanian demon; being thus in continual devotion[2] for their kind friends and relations, that transformed them into birds, whether when they were maids, or thornbacks, in their prime, or at their last prayers.

But the greatest numbers of our birds came out of Want-o'-bread, which, though a barren country, where the days are of a most tedious lingering length, overstocks this whole island with the lower class of birds. For hither fly the asapheis[3] that inhabit that land, either when they are in danger of passing their time scurvily for want of belly-timber, being unable, or what is more likely, unwilling to take heart of grace, and follow some honest lawful calling, or too proud-hearted and lazy to go to service in some sober family. The same is done by our frantic inamoradoes, who, when crossed in their wild desires, grow stark staring mad, and choose this life suggested to them by their despair[4] [too cowardly to make them swing, like their brother Iphis of doleful memory.] There is another sort, that is, your gaol birds,

[2] Mr. Motteux is vastly mistaken here to say, in continual devotion for their friends. Rabelais means just the contrary: "font continuelle devotions de leurs parens et amis," i. e. they (the cloistered people) are continually devoting or cursing their friends, who put them there. What says Merlin Coccaie? "Est monachæ, quando moritur, maladire parentes." [3] It means obscure, little known. Such are the Utopians, Amaurotes, &c. [4] The words between the crotchets [ ] are not in Duchat. He only quotes, at the word despair, these verses of Jovian Pontanus taking leave of his mistress Fannia:

"Ah valeant veneres, valeant mala gaudia amoris!
Casta placent, luxos desidiose vale!
Jam mihi Francisci tunicam chordamque parate,
Jam teneant nudos linea vincla pedes.

who, having done some rogue's trick, or other heinous villany, and being sought up and down to be trussed up, and made to ride the two or three-legged mare that groans for them, warily scour off, and come here to save their bacon; because all these sorts of birds are here provided for, and grow in an instant as fat as hogs, though they came as lean as rakes; for having the benefit of the clergy, they are as safe as thieves in a mill within this sanctuary.

But, asked Pantagruel, do these birds never return to the world where they were hatched? Some do, answered Ædituus; formerly some few, but very late and very unwillingly; however, since some certain eclipses, by the virtue of the celestial constellations, a great crowd of them fled back to the world. Nor do we fret or vex ourselves a jot about it: for those that stay, wisely sing, the fewer the better cheer; and all those that fly away first, cast off their feathers here among these nettles and briars.[6]

Accordingly we found some thrown by there; and as we looked up and down, we chanced to light on what some people will hardly thank us for having discovered; and thereby hangs a tale.

ON CHAP. IV.—Ædituus owns that all the birds of the Ringing Island are passengers. There is a sort of hawks distinguished by that name. He adds, that none of them were bred in that place, but all came from the other world; that is, out of the laity, who are styled worthy men with respect to the clergy, who assume that of divine. One of the countries out of which they come is called Want-o'-bread, and the other, Too-many-of-'em. The first shows, that many will take to any thing rather than starve; the other, that the avarice of unnatural parents makes them compel their children, often the most defective in body or mind, to be monks, friars, priests, &c.

Those birds who returned to the world are the monks and clergymen, who, like Luther, Calvin, and others, left their monastical or ecclesiastical habits; or, like Rabelais, left their monasteries. The feathers found among the nettles, means his frock and cowl, which he cast off, and in general those of other monks who apostatize—so their desertion is called by the church of Rome. What the company chanced to light upon there, as they looked up and down, for the discovery of which some people will hardly thank them, may imply this work, which exposes all the mysteries of monachism.—*M.*

CH. V.—*Of the dumb knighthawks of the Ringing island.*

THESE words were scarce out of his mouth, when some five-and-twenty or thirty birds flew towards us: they were of a

[6] How many monks at that time did not cast away their habit.

hue and feather like which we had not seen any thing in the whole island. Their plumes were as changeable as the skin of the chameleon, and the flower of tripolion, or teucrion.[1] They had all under the left wing a mark, like two diameters dividing a circle into equal parts, or, if you had rather have it so, like a perpendicular line falling on a right line. The marks which each of them bore, were much of the same shape, but of different colours; for some were white, others green,[2] some red, others purple, and some blue. Who are those, asked Panurge, and how do you call them? They are mongrels, quoth Æduituus.

We call them knighthawks, and have a great number of rich commanderies[3] (fat livings) in your world. Good, your worship, said I, make them give us a song, and it please you, that we may know how they sing. They scorn your words, cried Æduituus, they are none of your singing birds; but, to make amends, they feed as much as the best two of them all. Pray, where are their hens? where are their females? said I. They have none, answered Æduituus. How comes it to pass, then, asked Panurge, that they are thus bescabbed, bescurfed, all embroidered over the phiz with carbuncles, pushes, and pock-royals, some of which undermine the handles of their faces. This same fashionable and illustrious disease, quoth Æduituus, is common among that kind of birds, because they are pretty apt to be tossed on the salt deep.

He then acquainted us with the occasion of their coming. This next to us, said he, looks so wistfully upon you, to see whether he may not find among your company a stately gaudy kind of huge dreadful birds of prey, which yet are so untoward, that they never could be brought to the lure, nor to perch on the glove.[4] They tell us that there are such in your world, and that some of them have goodly garters below the knee, with an inscription about them, which condemns him (*qui mal y pense*) who shall think ill of it, to be bewrayed and conskited. Others are said to wear the devil in a string before their paunches;[5] and others a ram's skin.[6]

[1] Pliny, l. 21, ch. 7, speaking of the *polium*, which some, says he, call *teuthrion*, among other wonderful things which he relates of this herb, affirms the flower of it to be white in the morning, red at noon, and blueish in the evening. [2] The knights of St. Lazeus, who wore a green cross. [3] Rabelais banteringly calls them the *gourmanderies*. [4] Of the great falc ner the pope.

[5] Order of St. Michael. [6] Order of the Golden Fleece.

All that is true enough, good master Ædituus, quoth Panurge; but we have not the honour to be acquainted with their knightships.

Come on, cried Ædituus in a merry mood, we have had chat enough of conscience! let's even go drink.——And eat, quoth Panurge. Eat, replied Ædituus, and drink bravely, old boy; twist like plough jobbers, and swill like tinkers; pull away and save tide, for nothing is so dear and precious as time, therefore, we will be sure to put it to a good use.

He would fain have carried us first to bathe in the bagnios of the cardinhawks, which are goodly delicious places, and have us licked over with precious ointments by the alyptes, alias rubbers, as soon as we should come out of the bath. But Pantagruel told him, that he could drink but too much without that. He then led us into a spacious delicate refectory, or fratrie-room, and told us: Braguibus, the hermit, made you fast four days together; now contrariwise, I will make you eat and drink of the best four days[7] through stitch, before you budge from this place. But hark-ye-me, cried Panurge, may not we take a nap in the meantime? Ay, ay, answered Ædituus, that is as you shall think good; for he that sleeps, drinks. Good Lord! how we lived! what good bub! what dainty cheer! O what an honest cod was this same Ædituus.

On Chap. V.—The dumb knighthawks of the Ringing Island, are the knights of Malta; the marks which they bear under their left wing, is the cross of their order, which these knights wear on their heart, of different colours, according to the provinces to which they belong. They are said to be dumb, because they do not say mass, nor officiate as priests and monks; and are only obliged to read every day, or repeat some parts of their breviary. They have no females, says Ædituus, because there are none of their order; yet they make themselves amends with others out of every order: so that what is said of the pock-royals that embroider their heads, and undermine the handle of their faces, is true of many of them who are not always concerned in holy wars. They are all gentlemen, not shut up within monasteries; and though they sing not, feed, that is, spend and devour as much as the best two that do. Some of the livings or commanderies bring them in great sums yearly: and as they make a vow never to marry, it is not strange they should meet with such wounds, when they engage some other infidels than the Turks.

[7] The author seems here to have an eye to what is practised even now in the Trinity Hospital at Rome. Such pilgrims as come thither from any place in Italy, are lodged and fed for three days; but the Ultramontanes are entertained a day longer.

I have already spoken *en passant* of the knights of the garter, of whom our author made mention in the same manner. The knights who wear before their plumes *le trophée d'un calumniateur*, that is, the devil in a string before their paunches, are the knights of the order of St. Michael, pictured with the devil at his feet. It was the most honourable order in France in our author's time; for that of the Holy Ghost was instituted since, by Henry III. Those who wear a ram's skin, are the knights of the order of the golden fleece.—*M.*

CH. VI.—*How the birds are crammed in the Ringing island.*

PANTAGRUEL looked I do not know howish, and seemed not very well pleased with the four days' junketing which Ædituus enjoined us. Ædituus, who soon found it out, said to him, You know sir, that seven days before winter, and seven days after,[1] there is no storm at sea: for then the elements are still, out of respect for the halcyons, or king-fishers, birds sacred to Thetis, which then lay their eggs and hatch their young near the shore. Now here the sea makes itself amends for this long calm; and whenever any foreigners come hither it grows boisterous and stormy for four days together. We can give no other reason for it, but that it is a piece of its civility, that those who come among us may stay whether they will or no, and be copiously feasted all the while with the incomes of the ringing. Therefore pray do not think your time lost; for, willing, nilling, you will be forced to stay; unless you are resolved to encounter Juno, Neptune, Doris, Æolus, and his fluster-busters; and, in short, all the pack of ill-natured left-handed godlings and vejoves. Do but resolve to be cheery, and fall to briskly.

After we had pretty well staid our stomachs with some tight snatches, Friar John said to Ædituus, For ought I see, you have none but a parcel of birds and cages in this island of yours, and the devil-a-bit of one of them all that sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours: their whole business is to be frolic, to chirp it, to whistle it, to warble it: tossing it, and roaring it merrily night and day: pray then, if I may be so bold, whence comes this plenty and overflowing of all dainty bits and good things, which we see among you? From all the other world, returned Ædituus, if you except some part of the northern regions, who of late years have stirred up the jakes.[2] Mum!

[1] See Pliny, l. 10, ch. 12, and Plutarch, in the treatise where he examines who is wisest. [2] *Movere camerinam.* See Cambridge Dictionary.

they may chance ere long to rue the day they did so; their cows shall have porridge, and their dogs oats; there will be work made among them, that there will: come, a fig for it, let us drink.——But pray what countrymen are you? Tourain is our country, answered Panurge. Cod so, cried Ædituus, you were not then hatched of an ill bird, I will say that for you, since the blessed Tourain is your mother: for from thence there comes hither every year such a vast store of good things, that we were told by some folks of the place, that happened to touch at this island, that your Duke of Tourain's income will not afford him to eat his belly full of beans and bacon, (a good dish spoiled between Moses and Pythagoras,) because his predecessors have been more than liberal to these most holy birds of ours, that we might here munch it, twist it, cram it, gorge it, craw it, riot it, junket it, and tickle it off; stuffing our puddings with dainty pheasants, partridges, pullets with eggs, fat capons of Loudunois, and all sorts of venison and wild fowl. Come, box it about, tope on my friends: pray do you see yon jolly birds that are perched together, how fat, how plump, and in good case they look, with the income that Tourain yields us! And in faith they sing rarely for their good founders, that is the truth on it. You never saw any Arcadian birds mumble more fairly than they do over a dish, when they see these two gilt batons,[3] or when I ring for them those great bells that you see above their cages. Drink on, sirs, whip it away: verily, friends, it is very fine drinking to-day, and so it is every day of the week; then drink on, toss it about, here is to you with all my soul; you are most heartily welcome: never spare it, I pray you; fear not we should ever want good bub, and belly timber; for, look here, though the sky were of brass, and the earth of iron, we should not want wherewithal to stuff the gut, though they were to continue so seven or eight years longer than the famine in Egypt. Let us then, with brotherly love and charity, refresh ourselves here with the creature.

Woons man, cried Panurge, what a rare time you have of it in this world! Pshaw, returned Ædituus, this is nothing to what we shall have in the other: the Elysian fields will be the least that can fall to our lot. Come, in the meantime let us drink here; come, here is to thee, old fuddlecap.

[3] *Feste à bastons.* A solemn festival.

Your first siticines, said I, were superlatively wise, in devising thus a means for you to compass whatever all men naturally covet so much; and so few, or, to speak more properly, none can enjoy together: I mean, a paradise in this life, and another in the next. Sure you were born wrapt in your mother's smickets! O happy creatures! O more than men! Would I had the luck to fare like you!

ON CHAP. VI.—The author describes how the birds of the Ringing Island are crammed, and how, though not one of them sets his hand to the plough, or tills the land, whose fat he devours, they wallow in plenty, and do nothing but chirp it, whistle it, and warble it merrily night and day. All this chapter is a cutting satire, in which Rabelais ingeniously exposes the foolish bigotry of the great vulgar and the small, who have undone, and still ruin themselves daily, to maintain those lazy, hypocritical birds of prey, in idle ease, and luxurious pleasure; though the ravenous tribe have nothing to give in return, but insignificant siticin prayers, and a doubtful hereafter for a certain now.—*M.*

CH. VII.—*How Panurge related to Master Ædituus the fable of the horse and the ass.*

WHEN we had crammed and crammed again, Ædituus took us into a chamber that was well furnished, hung with tapestry, and finely gilt. Thither he caused to be brought store of mirobolans, cashou, green ginger preserved with plenty of hippocras, and delicious wine. With those antidotes, that were like a sweet Lethe, he invited us to forget the hardships of our voyage; and at the same time he sent plenty of provisions on board our ship that rid in the harbour. After this, we then jogged to bed for that night; but the devil a bit poor pilgarlic could sleep one wink: the everlasting jingle jangle of the bells kept me awake whether I would or no.

About midnight Ædituus came to wake us, that we might drink. He himself showed us the way, saying; You men of the other world say that ignorance is the mother of all evil, and so far you are right; yet for all that, you do not take the least care to get rid of it, but still plod on, and live in it, with it, and by it; for which a plaguy deal of mischief lights on you every day, and you are right enough served: you are perpetually ailing somewhat, making a moan and never right. It is what I was ruminating upon just now. And, indeed, ignorance keeps you here fastened in bed, just as that bully-rock Mars was detained by Vul-

can's art: for all the while you do not mind that, you ought to spare some of your rest, and be as lavish as you can of the goods of this famous island. Come, come, you should have eaten three breakfasts already: and take this from me for a certain truth, That if you would consume the mouth-ammunition of this island, you must rise betimes; eat them, they multiply; spare them, they diminish.

For example: mow a field in due season, and the grass will grow thicker and better; do not mow it, and in a short time it will be floored with moss. Let us drink, and drink again, my friends: come let us all carouse it. The leanest[1] of our birds are now singing to us all; we will drink to them, if you please. Let us take off one, two, three, nine[2] bumpers. *Non zelus, sed charitas.*

At the break of day, he waked us again to take a dish of monastical brewess.[3] From that time we made but one meal, that only lasted the whole day: so that I cannot well tell how I may call it, whether dinner, supper, nunchion, or after-supper; only to get a stomach, we took a turn or two in the island, to see and hear the blessed singing birds.

At night Panurge said to Ædituus, Give me leave, sweet sir, to tell you a merry story of something that happened some three and twenty moons ago, in the country of Chastelleraud.

One day in April,[4] a certain gentleman's groom, Roger by name, was walking his master's horses in some fallow ground: there it was his good fortune to find a pretty shepherdess, feeding her bleating sheep and harmless lambkins, on the brow of a neighbouring mountain, in the shade of an adjacent grove: near her, some frisking kids tripped it over a green carpet of nature's own spreading; and to complete the

[1] The mendicant friars, who sing their matins at midnight.

[2] Referring to the number of the Graces and Muses. *Aut ter bibendum aut novies:* a proverb of the ancients, who in point of drinking, were nothing to compare with this Ædituus, who here unites all the lessons of the different sorts of claustral matins.

[3] *Soupe de prime.* So called from its being eaten at the hour of prime, which is the first of the canonical hours; Rabelais boasts much of these soups, and always calls them fat *soupes de prime*, because it is the first boiling, and very top of the porridge pot. The others, called by him greyhound soups, l. 3, c. 4, are less strong and succulent, by having more water poured in.

[4] April is an amorous month. And the country of Chastelleraud abounds with these Arcadian nightingales (Asses).

landscape, there stood an ass. Roger, who was a wag, had a dish of chat with her, and after some ifs, ands, and buts, hems and heighs on her side, got her in the mind to get up behind him, to go and see his stable, and there take a bit by the bye in a civil way. While they were holding a parley, the horse, directing his discourse to the ass, (for all brute beasts spoke that year in divers places,) whispered these words in his ear: Poor ass, how I pity thee! thou slavest like any hack, I read it on thy crupper: thou dost well, however, since God has created thee to serve mankind; thou art a very honest ass: but not to be better rubbed down, curricombed, traped, and fed, than thou art, seems to me indeed to be too hard a lot. Alas! thou art all rough-coated,[5] in ill plight; jaded, foundered, crest-fallen, and drooping, like a mooting duck, and feedest here on nothing but coarse grass, or briars and thistles: therefore do but pace it along with me, and thou shalt see how we noble steeds, made by nature for war, are treated. Come, thou wilt lose nothing by coming; I will get thee a taste of my fare. In troth, sir, I can but love you and thank you, returned the ass; I will wait on you, good Mr. Steed. Methinks, gaffer ass, you might as well have Sir Grandpaw Steed. O! cry mercy, good Sir Grandpaw, returned the ass; we country clowns are somewhat gross, and apt to knock words out of joint. However, if it please you, I will come after your worship at some distance, lest for taking this run, my side should chance to be firked and curried with a vengeance, as it is but too often, the more is my sorrow.

The shepherdess being got behind Roger, the ass followed, fully resolved to bait like a prince with Roger's steed; but when they got to the stable, the groom, who spied the grave animal, ordered one of his underlings to welcome him with a pitchfork, and curricomb him with a cudgel. The ass, who heard this, recommended himself mentally to the god Neptune,[6] and was packing off, thinking, and syllogising within himself thus: Had not I been an ass, I had not come here among great lords, when I must needs be sensible that I was

[5] It is *lanterné* in Rabelais, and means, thy whole body is transparent as a lantern, and the skin of thy sides depilated, i. e. as free from hair as the smoothest parchment.

[6] The ass saw the pitchfork held up to him. In this danger he addresses his prayer to Neptune, whose trident is a kind of fork.

only made for the use of the small vulgar. Æsop had given me a fair warning of this in one of his fables. Well, I must e'en scamper, or take what follows.[7] With this he fell a trotting, and wincing, and yerking, and calcitrating, alias, kicking, and farting, and funking, and curvetting, and bounding, and springing, and galloping full drive, as if the devil had come for him in *propriâ personâ*.

The shepherdess, who saw her ass scour off, told Roger that it was her cattle, and desired he might be kindly used, or else she would not stir her foot over the threshold. Friend Roger no sooner knew this, but he ordered him to be fetched in, and that my master's horses should rather chop straw for a week together, than my mistress's beast should want his belly-full of corn.

The most difficult point was to get him back; for in vain the youngsters complimented and coaxed him to come. I dare not, said the ass, I am bashful. And the more they strove by fair means to bring him with them, the more the stubborn thing was untoward, and flew out at heels; insomuch that they might have been there to this hour, had not his mistress advised them to toss oats in a sieve, or in a blanket, and call him; which was done, and made him wheel about, and say, Oats by mackins! oats shall go to pot. *Adveniat;*[8] oats will do, there is evidence in the case: but none of the rubbing down, none of the firking. Thus melodiously singing (for, as you know, that Arcadian bird's note is very harmonious) he came to the young gentleman of the horse, alias, black garb, who brought him to the stable.

When he was there, they placed him next to the great horse, his friend, rubbed him down, curricombed him, laid clean straw under him up to the chin, and there he lay at rack and manger; the first stuffed with sweet hay, the latter with oats: which when the horse's *valet-de-chambre* sifted, he clapped down his lugs, to tell them by signs that he could eat it but too well without sifting, and that he did not deserve so great an honour.

When they had well fed, quoth the horse to the ass:

[7] It is in the original, I must even scamper as quick as a bundle of asparagus is in boiling: a proverbial expression often used by the Emperor Augustus. See it both in Latin and Greek among the adagia in most school books. [8] The pun is upon the word *avoine*, oats, and *adveniat*, let 'em come.

Well, poor ass, how is it with thee now? How dost thou like this fare? Thou wert so nice at first, a body had much ado to get thee hither. By the fig, answered the ass, which, one of our ancestors eating, Philemon died laughing, this is all sheer ambrosia, good Sir Grandpaw; but what would you have an ass say? Methinks all this is yet but half cheer. Do not your worships here now and then use to take a leap? What leaping dost thou mean? asked the horse, the devil leap thee; dost thou take me for an ass? In troth, Sir Grandpaw, quoth the ass, I am somewhat a blockhead, you know, and cannot, for the heart's blood of me, learn so fast the court way of speaking of you gentlemen horses; I mean, don't you stallionize it sometimes here among your mettled fillies? Tush, whispered the horse, speak lower; for, by Bucephalus, if the grooms but hear thee, they will maul and belam thee thrice and threefold; so that thou wilt have but little stomach to a leaping bout. Cod so, man, we dare not so much as grow stiff at the tip of the lowermost snout, though it were but to leak or so, for fear of being jirked and paid out of our lechery. As for any thing else, we are as happy as our master, and perhaps more. By this packsaddle, my old acquaintance, quoth the ass, I have done with you; a fart for thy litter and hay, and a fart for thy oats; give me the thistles of our fields, since there we leap when we list: eat less, and leap more, I say: it is meat, drink, and cloth to us. Ah! friend Grandpaw, it would do thy heart good to see us at a fair, when we hold our provincial chapter! Oh! how we leap it, while our mistresses are selling their goslings and other poultry! With this they parted. Dixi: I have done.

Panurge then held his peace. Pantagruel would have had him to have gone on to the end of the chapter: but Ædituus said, A word to the wise is enough; I can pick out the meaning of that fable, and know who is that ass, and who the horse; but you are a bashful youth, I perceive. Well, know that there is nothing for you here; scatter no words. Yet, returned Panurge, I saw but even now a pretty kind of a cooing abbess-kite as white as a dove, and her I had rather ride than lead. May I never stir if she is not a dainty bit, and very well worth a sin or two. Heaven forgive me! I meant no more harm in it than you; may the harm I meant in it befal me presently.

ON CHAP. VII.—It is observable, that about midnight, which is the time that many monks are to rise to go to prayers, Ædituus wakes his guests, that they might drink; telling them they should have eaten three breakfasts already, and that if they would consume the mouth ammunition of that country, they must rise betimes: Eat them, says he, they multiply; spare them, they diminish. The lean birds, who are singing to them while they are to drink, are the novices and sorry monklings, who chant at church matins or vespers, while the great ones snore or tope.

Panurge, who likes all this well enough, is yet for something else, and would mix the sports of love with those of Bacchus; and considering, that those ecclesiastics enjoy the latter at their ease, yet they dare not taste of the first without danger, he brings in the fable of the ass, who slighted the delicious food of the high-mettled prancers, because they were not allowed to be familiar with the mares. Our author ingeniously makes Panurge, who was for copulating in a lawful way, relate this to the priest; by which he would insinuate, that it were much better for them to have a liberty to marry.—*M.*

CH. VIII.—*How with much ado we got a sight of the Pope-hawk.*

OUR junketing and banqueting held on at the same rate the third day, as the two former. Pantagruel then earnestly desired to see the pope-hawk: but Ædituus told him it was not such an easy matter to get a sight of him. How, asked Pantagruel, has he Plato's helmet[1] on his crown, Gyges's ring on his pounces, or a chameleon on his breast, to make him invisible when he pleases? No, sir, returned Ædituus; but he is naturally of pretty difficult access: however, I will see and take care that you may see him, if possible. With this he left us piddling: then within a quarter of an hour came back, and told us the pope-hawk is now to be seen: so he led us, without the least noise, directly to the cage wherein he sat, drooping with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little cardin-hawks, and six lusty fusty bish-hawks.

Panurge stared at him like a dead pig, examining exactly his figure, size, and motions. Then with a loud voice he said, A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird; on my word this is a filthy whoophooper. Hush, speak softly, said Ædituus; by G— he has a pair of ears, as formerly Michael de Matiscome remarked. What then, returned Panurge, so

[1] Plato, l. x. of his Republic, uses indeed this proverb. But it should be Pluto's helmet. See Erasmus's Adages, at the words *orci galea.*

hath a whoopcat. Whist, said Ædituus, if he but hear you speak such another blasphemous word, you had as good be damned; do you see that bason[2] yonder in his cage? Out of it shall sally thunderbolts and lightnings, storms, bulls, and the devil and all, that will sink you down to Peg Trantum's, an hundred fathom under ground. It were better to drink and be merry, quoth Friar John.

Panurge was still feeding his eyes with the sight of the pope-hawk and his attendants, when somewhere under his cage he perceived a madgehowlet. With this he cried out, By the devil's maker, master, there is roguery in the case; they put tricks upon travellers here more than any where else, and would make us believe that a t—d is a sugar loaf. What damned cozening, gulling, and cony-catching have we here! Do you see this madgehowlet? By Minerva, we are all beshit. Odsoons, said Ædituus, speak softly, I tell you: it is no madgehowlet, no she-thing on my honest word; but a male, and a noble bird.

May we not hear the pope-hawk sing, asked Pantagruel? I dare not promise that, returned Ædituus; for he only sings and eats at his own hours.[3] So do not I, quoth Panurge; poor pilgarlic is fain to make every body's time his own: come, then, let us go drink if you will. Now this is something like a tansy, said Ædituus, you begin to talk somewhat like; still speak in that fashion,[4] and I will secure you from being thought a heretic. Come on, I am of your mind.

As we went back to have the other fuddling bout, we spied an old green-headed bish-hawk,[5] who sat moping with his mate and three jolly bittern attendants, all snoring under an arbour. Near the old cuff stood a buxom abbess-kite, that sung like any linnet; and we were so mightily tickled with her singing, that I vow and swear we could have wished all our members but one turned into ears, to have had more of the melody. Quoth Panurge, this pretty cherubim of cherubims is here breaking her head with chaunting to this huge, fat, ugly face, who lies grunting all the while like a

[2] A bell which is rung when any one is excommunicated.

[3] On the most solemn days in the year. [4] That is, speak of drinking and guttling as much as you will, and practise both to the full, in a country where there is the inquisition; but speak not a word of religion, or the pope's authority. [5] Their arms are surmounted with a green hat, as a token of their being in hopes to be one day made cardinals.

hog as he is. I will make him change his note presently in the devil's name. With this he rang a bell that hung over the bish-hawk's head; but though he rang and rang again, the devil a bit bish-hawk would hear; the louder the sound, the louder his snoring. There was no making him sing. By G—, quoth Panurge, you old buzzard, if you will not sing by fair means, you shall by foul. Having said this, he took up one of St. Stephen's loaves, alias a stone, and was going to hit him with it about the middle. But Ædituus cried to him, Hold, hold, honest friend! strike, wound, poison, kill, and murder all the kings and princes in the world, by treachery or how thou wilt, and as soon as thou wouldest, unnestle the angels from their cockloft; pope-hawk will pardon thee all this: but never be so mad as to meddle with these sacred birds,[6] as much as thou lovest the profit, welfare, and life not only of thyself, and thy friends and relations alive or dead, but also of those that may be born hereafter to the thousandth generation; for so long thou wouldest entail misery upon them. Do but look upon that bason. Catso, let us rather drink, then, quoth Panurge. He that spoke last, spoke well, Mr. Antitus, quoth Friar John: while we are looking on these devilish birds, we do nothing but blaspheme; and while we are taking a cup, we do nothing but praise God. Come on, then, let us go drink; how well that word sounds!

The third day (after we had drank, as you must understand) Ædituus dismissed us.[7] We made him a present of a pretty little Pergois knife, which he took more kindly than Artaxerxes did the cup of cold water that was given him by a clown. He most courteously thanked us, and sent all sorts of provisions aboard our ships, wished us a pros-

[6] Claud de Seissel. fol. 111, of his Translation of that part of Diodorus Siculus, which touches upon Alexander's successors, relates of the Pithecusæ, three towns so called in Upper Libya, that the inhabitants of those three towns held parrots in the highest veneration, accounting them gods and punishing with death any that were so inhuman and sacrilegious as to kill one of those creatures. But poor Seissel was miserably mistaken, doubtless by following the old Latin translator, who took Πίθηκοι for Ψίτταικοι; this last, indeed, signifying parrots or jays; but not the first, which means an ape or monkey. Thus Pithecusæ signifies ape-town, or monkey-town, not parrot-town, or jay-town. Now, Rabelais, it is probable, had read this passage of Diodorus Siculus in Seissel's translation, and was so misled.

[7] The custom is to treat and entertain pilgrims, in the hospitals of Italy, for three days, but no longer; they must then depart.

perous voyage, and success in our undertakings, and made us promise and swear by Jupiter of stone[8] to come back by his territories. Finally he said to us, Friends, pray note, that there are many more stones in the world than men;[9] take care you do not forget it.

On Chap. VIII.—With much ado our travellers get a sight of the pope-hawk (it is Pope Julius III.) who sat drooping with his feathers staring about him, attended by a brace of little cardinhawks, and six lusty fusty bishawks. Panurge seeing him, cries, A curse light on the hatcher of the ill bird! on my word this is a filthy whoophooper. A whoophooper, or a hooper, upupa, ἔποψ, is a bird whose cop or tuft of feathers on its head is not altogether unlike the papal tiara, adorned with a triple crown: the whole delight of that filthy fowl is to nestle in man's ordure; which admirably denotes the inclinations of many of the holy fathers, and particularly of Julius III, as I will immediately show.

The madgehowlet which was perceived under the popehawk's cage, implies either a pope of the female kind, as Pope Joan (if there ever was any such), or rather a donzella, or concubine: unless some critic will offer to say, that this madgehowlet, which Æduus swears is no she-thing, but a male and a noble bird, certainly was the Cardinal Innocent, with whom Pope Julius III. had been passionately in love while he was Legate at Bologna, and to whom, as a reward for his kind services, he had bestowed a cardinal's cap, when he was advanced to the papal chair. Since that, this noble cardinal was so very intimate with that pope, that Pasquin could not forbear to say, he believed nothing of all this, and that Innocent was not handsome enough to be Jupiter's Ganymede.

The brace of little cardinhawks seem to mean either some such young sparks, or rather some of that pope's bastards, or at least his predecessor's. Paul III. made two of his bastard daughter's sons cardinals; and Rabelais, in his fifteenth letter to the Bishop of Maillezais, calls them the little cardinals *de santa fiore*. That pope himself, who had kept a Roman lady, Della Casa Rufina, and had a bastard son by another, had a sister once kept by Pope Alexander VI., who had her drawn like the Virgin Mary. She was married afterwards to a gentleman, who having notice that the pope lay with her in his absence, on his return stabbed her: so to make her brother amends, Alexander made him a cardinal while he was yet very young, and afterwards he was chosen pope. Rabelais seems maliciously to pun upon one of those diminutive cardinals in his letters, calling him a cardinacule.

The old green-headed bishawk, snoring with his mate and three jolly bittern attendants under an arbour, so that he could not be waked by the buxom abbesskite, that sung by them like any linnet, is John della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento, and Legate of the Holy See at Venice. He was famous for poetry, and wrote a poem in praise of sodomy, which

[8] The pope; inasmuch as by his thunder he makes himself be feared by the present Romans, as much as Jupiter Lapis was by the old ones. [9] Men's stones: here we have a priest advancing, that it is to be less than men to endure for so long a time together the tyranny and vices of the monks and clergy.

he called *opera divina;* and said in it, that he knew no other love. His indifference for the fair is happily expressed by his snoring near the pretty abbesskite, that so kindly invites him with her syren's voice; which yet proves too weak an allurement, and cannot wake him into a natural love.—*M.*

CH. IX.—*How we arrived at the Island of Tools.*

HAVING well ballasted the holds of our human vessels, we weighed anchor, hoised up sail, stowed the boats, set the land, and stood for the offing with a fair loom gale, and for more haste unparalleled the mizen-yard, and launched it and the sail over the lee-quarter, and fitted gyves to keep it steady, and boomed it out: so in three days we made the Island of Tools, that is altogether uninhabited. We saw there a great number of trees which bore mattocks, pick-axes, crows, weeding-hooks, scythes, sickles, spades, trowels, hatchets, hedging bills, saws, adzes, bills, axes, shears, pincers, bolts, piercers, augers, and wimbles.

Others bore dags, daggers, poniards,[1] bayonets, square-bladed tucks, stilettoes, poinadoes, skenes, penknives, puncheons, bodkins, swords, rapiers, back-swords, cutlasses, scymetars, hangers, falchions, glaives, raillons, whittles, and whinyards.

Whoever would have any of these, needed but to shake the tree, and immediately they dropped down as thick as hops, like so many ripe plums; nay, what is more, they fell on a kind of grass called scabbard, and sheathed themselves in it cleverly. But when they came down, there was need of taking care lest they happened to touch the head, feet, or other parts of the body. For they fell with the point downwards, and in they stuck, or slit the continuum of some member, or lopped it off like a twig; either of which generally was enough to have killed a man, though he were a hundred years old, and worth as many thousand spankers, spur-royals, and rose-nobles.

Under some other trees, whose names I cannot justly tell you, I saw some certain sorts of weeds that grew and sprouted like pikes, lances, javelins, javelots, darts, dartlets, halberts, boar-spears, eel-spears, partizans, tridents, prongs, troutstaves,

[1] *Sangdedex*, in the original: a short sword, which at Venice, where the nobles wear it, is called in the Venetian language (or rather dialect) *cinque dea*, by way of joke, as if it was but the length of five fingers.

spears, halfpikes, and hunting staffs. As they sprouted up and chanced to touch the tree, straight they met with their heads, points, and blades, each suitable to its kind, made ready for them by the trees over them, as soon as every individual weed was grown up, fit for its steel: even like the children's coats, that are made for them as soon as they wear them, and you wean them of their swaddling clothes. Nor do you mutter, I pray you, at what Plato, Anaxagoras, and Democritus have said: od's fish! they were none of your lower-form gimcracks, were they?

Those trees seemed to us terrestrial animals, in no wise so different from brute beasts as not to have skin, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, kernals, bones, marrow, humours, matrices, brains, and articulations; for they certainly have some, since Theophrastus will have it so: but in this point they differed from other animals, that their heads, that is, the part of their trunks next to the root, are downwards; their hair, that is their roots, in the earth; and their feet, that is their branches, upside down: as if a man should stand on his head with outstretched legs. And as you, battered sinners, on whom Venus has bestowed something to remember her, feel the approach of rains, winds, cold, and every change of weather, at your ischiatic legs, and your omoplates, by means of the perpetual almanack which she has fixed there: so these trees have notice given them, by certain sensations which they have at their roots, stocks, gums, paps, or marrow, of the growth of the staffs under them; and accordingly they prepare suitable points and blades for them beforehand. Yet as all things, except God, are sometimes subject to error, nature itself not free from it, when it produceth monstrous things; likewise I observed something amiss in these trees. For a halfpike, that grew up high enough to reach the branches of one of these instrumentiferous trees, happened no sooner to touch them, but instead of being joined to an iron head, it impaled a stub broom at the fundament. Well, no matter, it will serve to sweep the chimney. Thus a partizan met with a pair of garden shears, Come, all is good for something, it will serve to nip off little twigs, and destroy caterpillars. The staff of a halbert got the blade of a scythe, which made it look like a hermaphrodite. Happy-be-lucky, it is all a case, it will serve for some mower. Oh, it is a great bless-

ing to put our trust in the Lord! As we went back to our ships, I spied behind I do not know what bush, I do not know what folks, doing I do not know what business, in I do not know what posture, scouring I do not know what tools, in I do not know what manner, and I do not know what place.

ON CHAP. IX.—The Island of Tools treats of things which are not much less odious than the cages of the popehawk and bishawk. There is a catch in the prologue to the fourth book, which is in a manner a key to this chapter: It is that which follows:—

"Since tools without their hafts are useless lumber,
And hatchets without helves are of that number;
That one may go in the other and may match it,
I'll be the helve, and thou shalt be the hatchet."

This chapter requires a larger comment; but its subject being none of the most modest, it is better to leave that to be done by those who love to dive to the bottom of such matters.—*M.*

CH. X.—*How Pantagruel arrived at the Island of Sharping (or gaming).*

WE left the Island of Tools to pursue our voyage, and the next day stood in for the Island of Sharping, the true image of Fontainbleau: for the land is so very lean, that the bones, that is, the rocks, shoot through its skin. Besides, it is sandy, barren, unhealthy, and unpleasant.[1] Our pilot showed us there two little square rocks, which had eight equal points in the shape of a cube. They were so white, that I might have mistaken them for alabaster or snow, had he not assured us they were made of bone.

He told us that twenty-one chance devils very much feared in our country, dwelt there in six different stories, and that the biggest twins or braces of them were called sixes, and the smallest amb's-ace; the rest cinques, quatres, treys, and duces. When they were conjured up, otherwise coupled, they were called either sice cinque, sice quatre, sice trey, sice duce, and sice ace; or cinque quatre, cinque trey, and so forth. I made there a shrewd observation: would you know what it is, gamesters? It is, that there are very few of you in the world, but what call upon and invoke the devils. For the dice are no sooner thrown on the board, and the greedy gazing sparks have hardly said, Two sixes, Frank;

[1] A description of the inconveniences and vexations that attend gaming.

but Six devils damn it! cry as many of them. If amb's-ace, then, A brace of devils broil me, will they say. Quarter duce, Tom, The duce take it, cries another. And so on to the end of the chapter. Nay, they do not forget sometimes to call the black cloven-footed gentlemen by their christian-names and surnames: and what is stranger yet, they use them as the greatest cronies, and make them so often the executors of their wills; not only giving themselves, but every body, and every thing, to the devil, that there is no doubt but he takes care to seize, soon or late, what is so zealously bequeathed him. Indeed, it is true, Lucifer does not always immediately appear by his lawful attornies; but alas! it is not for want of good-will: he is really to be excused for his delay; for what the devil would you have a devil do? He and his blackguards are then at some other places, according to the priority of the persons that call on them: therefore, pray let none be so venturesome as to think, that the devils are deaf and blind.

He then told us that more wrecks had happened about those square rocks, and a greater loss of body and goods, than about all the Syrtes, Scyllas and Charibdes, Sirens, Strophades, and gulfs in the universe. I had not much ado to believe it, remembering that formerly, among the wise Egyptians, Neptune was described in hieroglyphics for the first cube, Apollo by an ace,[2] Diana by a duce, Minerva by seven,[3] and so forth.

He also told us that there was a phial of Sanc-Greal,[4] a most divine thing, and known to a few. Panurge did so sweeten up the syndics of the place, that they blessed us with a sight of it: but it was with three times more pother and ado, with more formalities and antic-tricks, than they show the pandects[5] of Justinian at Florence, or the holy

[2] See Plutarch in his treatise of Isis and Osiris. [3] See Macrobius on Scipio's dream, l. 1, ch. 6. [4] The same as sangreal, i. e. royal blood, a pretended relic of Christ's blood preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, when he washed our Saviour's body before he embalmed it. The Saint Graal, another relic, is the precious dish in which the paschal lamb was served up which our Saviour eat with his disciples the eve of his death. Graal is properly a bowl or mazer of potter's clay. [5] Menage, and before him Politian, observe they never show this manuscript but by torchlight. There is not such a pother made about it now, because of its being printed since 1553, in a most beautiful and grand manner.

Veronica at Rome. I never saw such a sight of flambeaux, torches, and hagios,[6] and sanctified tapers, in my whole life. After all, that which was shown us was only the ill-faced countenance of a roasted coney.

All that we saw there worth speaking of, was a good face set upon an ill game, and the shells of the two eggs formerly laid up and hatched by Leda, out of which came Castor and Pollux, fair Helen's brothers. These same syndics sold us a piece of them for a song, I mean, for a morsel of bread. Before we went, we bought a parcel of hats[7] and caps of the manufacture of the place;[8] which, I fear, will turn to no very good account: nor are those who shall take them off our hands, more likely to commend their wearing.

ON CHAP. X.—After the venereal games, in the Island of Tools, we have those of chance in the Sharping Island. It is said to be lean, sandy, barren, and unpleasant: because, in the main, seldom anything is to be got by games of hazard honestly. What is got at one time is generally lost at another, and goes as easily as it comes: for most gamesters, often prodigal of what they have got, seldom consider, that should their profits at the year's end balance their losses, they still will be found to have lost their time, and squandered away part of what should have made the scales even between profit and loss; and so, though they have won much, they are poorer many times than they would have been had they not played at all. It is obvious that the two little white square rocks, with eight equal points in the shape of a cube, are the dice; the six different stories are their six different sides and numbers, that ascend from 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, to 6. Of which twenty-one points Rabelais makes so many devils, because they tempt and bewitch men so much; though, as he observes, the land is barren and unpleasant; for, after all, gaming is a tedious repetition of the same thing, and a continual gazing upon the dice or cards, without any pleasing discourse; not to speak of the fear and agony of gamesters; their toil when they pass whole nights at play, and break their rest and not their fast; their despair and curses when they have lost; the mean actions by which they debase themselves to borrow or pawn; and the quarrels, and their sad consequences, among the greatest friends, on the account of play. So that Pantagruel's pilot was in the right, when he told him that more wrecks had happened about those square rocks, than about all the others in the universe.

After the games of hazard, comes another, that is as deceitful at least:

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[6] A Greek wood. it means holy. Here it means superstitious ceremonies. It comes from the *hagios ho theos* of Good-Friday: words which are then pronounced at the lifting up the cross, with that air of admiration and astonishment which strikes a religious awe into the beholders. [7] He alludes to the promise of a cardinal's hat, a promise often paid very dear for and never performed. [8] The sharping, tricking island.

I mean the trick of relics. The author places them in the Island of Sharping, because the church of Rome sharps the superstitious laity out of great sums of money by the doubtful remains of as doubtful saints, much more than by the real relics of the true. Accordingly our travellers, with a world of pother and ado, formalities, and antic tricks, were blessed at last with a sight of a phial of sanc-greal; that is, as I have observed on the forty-third chapter of the fourth book, what they impudently pretend to be our Saviour's blood; but, after all, it was only the scurvy face of a roasted coney. Mr. Emilianc, in his book of the frauds of the Romish priests, tells us, that such a kind of relic is in Italy to this day. That pretended blood is shown with great ceremonies, and store of flambeaux, torches, and sanctified tapers, &c. Our author says, that they saw nothing worth speaking of in that island, but a good face set upon an ill game; which suits well with the carriage of those who show such sham relics: accordingly, he says, they also saw the shells of the two eggs, formerly laid and hatched by Leda; which indeed are most worthy of being placed among such relics.

The hats and caps of the manufactory of the place, (*chapeaux de cassade*) may be mentioned to banter some prelates, who had a mind to be cardinals, and perhaps were fooled out of the money which they gave to the pope's favourites to that intent. *Avoir des cassades* is a burlesque expression; such as, when we say, to be gulled, or swallow a gudgeon. Yet, as Rabelais says that some of the company bought a piece of Leda's egg-shells for a morsel of bread; and then immediately adds, that they bought those hats and caps, which, he feared would turn to no very good account; he may either mean that they were cheated there, or bought some sham *Agnus Dei's*, and such holy trumpery. Whatever it be, we find that in the next chapter they went through the wicket; and, for offering to sell them again, were clapped into lob's pound, by order of Gripe-men-all, Arch-duke of the Furred Law-cats.

CH. XI.—*How we passed through the wicket, inhabited by Gripe-men-all, Arch-duke of the Furred Law-cats.*

FROM thence Condemnation was passed by us. It is another damned barren island, whereat none for the world cared to touch. Then we went through the wicket: but Pantagruel had no mind to bear us company; and it was well he did not, for we were nabbed there, and clapped into lob's pound by order of Gripe-men-all, Arch-duke of the Furred Law-cats, because one of our company would have put upon a serjeant some hats of the Sharping Island.

The Furred Law-cats are most terrible and dreadful monsters, that devour little children, and trample[1] over marble

[1] The new editions of Rabelais have indeed *passent sur*, &c., but the true reading is *paissent*. They feed, they guttle, in a room paved with marble; such as is, and always was, that called *la grande chambre*, belonging to the courts of judicature at Paris; where the lawyers play as good a knife as any inns of court gentlemen here with us.

stones. Pray tell me, noble topers, do they not deserve to have their snouts slit? The hair of their hides does not lie outwards; and every mother's son of them for his device wears a gaping pouch, but not all in the same manner: for some wear it tied to their neck scarf-wise, others upon the breech, some on the paunch, others on the side, and all for a cause, with reason and mystery. They have claws so very strong, long, and sharp, that nothing can get from them what is once fast between their clutches. Sometimes they cover their heads with mortar-like caps, at other times with mortified[2] caparisons.

"As we entered their den, said a common mumper, to whom we had given half a teston, Worshipful culprits, God send you a good deliverance. Examine well, said he, the countenance of these stout props and pillars of this catch-coin law and iniquity; and pray observe, that if you still live but six olympiads, and the age of two dogs[3] more, you will see these Furred Law-cats lords of all Europe, and in peaceful possession of all the estates and dominions belonging to it: unless, by divine providence, what is got over the devil's back, is spent under his belly; or the goods which they unjustly get, perish with their prodigal heirs. Take this from an honest beggar.

Among them reigns the sixth essence; by the means of which they gripe all, devour all, conskite all, burn all, draw all, hang all, quarter all, behead all, murder all, imprison all, waste all, and ruin all, without the least notice of right or wrong: for among them vice is called virtue; wickedness, piety; treason, loyalty; robbery, justice. Plunder is their motto, and when acted by them, is approved by all men, except the heretics:[4] and all this they do, because they dare; their authority is sovereign and irrefragable. For a sign of the truth of what I tell you, you will find, that there the mangers are above the racks. Remember hereafter, that a fool told you this; and if ever plague, famine, war, fire, earthquakes, inundations, or other judgments befal the world, do not attribute them to the aspects and conjunctions of the malevolent planets, to the abuses of the court of Romania, or

[2] He puns upon the word mortier; a sort of cap (with brims turned up) worn in France by the lord chancellor, and presidents of sovereign courts on high days. [3] Twenty years, more or less.

[4] At that time the parliament caused them to be burnt.

the tyranny of secular kings and princes: to the impostures of the false zealots of the cowl, heretical bigots, false prophets, and broachers of sects; to the villany of griping usurers, clippers, and coiners; nor to the ignorance, impudence, and imprudence of physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries: nor to the lewdness of adultresses, and destroyers of by-blows; but charge them all, wholly and solely to the inexpressible, incredible, and inestimable wickedness and ruin, which is continually hatched, brewed, and practised in the den or shop of those Furred Law-cats. Yet it is no more known in the world than the cabala of the Jews; the more is the pity; and, therefore, it is not detested, chastised, and punished, as it is fit it should be. But should all their villany be once displayed in its true colours, and exposed to the people; there never was, is, nor will be any spokesman so sweet-mouthed, whose fine colloguing tongue could save them; nor any law so rigorous and draconic, that could punish them as they deserve: nor yet any magistrate so powerful, as to hinder their being burnt alive in their coney-burrows without mercy. Even their own furred kittlings, friends, and relations would abominate them.

For this reason, as Hannibal was solemnly sworn by his father Amilcar to pursue the Romans with the utmost hatred, as long as ever he lived: so, my late father has enjoined me to remain here without, till God Almighty's thunder reduce them there within to ashes, like other presumptuous Titans, prophane wretches, and opposers of God: since mankind is so inured to their oppressions, that they either do not remember, foresee, or have a sense of the woes and miseries which they have caused; or if they have, either will not, dare not, or cannot root them out.

How, said Panurge, say you so? Catch me there and hang me! Damme, let us march off! This noble beggar has scared me worse than thunder in autumn. Upon this we were filing off; but alas! we found ourselves trapped: the door was double locked and barricadoed. Some messengers of ill news told us, it was full as easy to get in there as into hell, and no less hard to get out. Ay, there indeed lay the difficulty, for there is no getting loose without a pass and discharge in due course from the bench. This for no other reason than because folks go easier out of a church than out of a spunging-house,[5] and because they could not have our

[5] It is in the original, because folks go easier out of a market than out

company[6] when they would. The worst of it was when we got through the wicket: for we were carried, to get out our pass or discharge, before a more dreadful monster than ever was read of in the legends of knight errantry. They called him Gripe-men-all. I cannot tell what to compare it to, better than to a chimera, a Sphynx, a Cerberus; or to the image of Osiris,[7] as the Egyptians represented him, with three heads, one of a roaring lion, the other of a fawning cur, and the last of a howling, prowling wolf, twisted about with a dragon biting his tail, surrounded with fiery rays. His hands were full of gore, his talons like those of the harpies, his snout like a hawk's bill, his fangs or tusks like those of an overgrown brindled wild boar; his eyes were flaming, like the jaws of hell, all covered with mortars interlaced with pestles, and nothing of his arms was to be seen, but his clutches. His hutch, and that of the warren-cats his collaterals, was a long, spick-and-span new rack, a-top of which (as the mumper told us) some large, stately mangers[8] were fixed in the reverse. Over the chief seat was the picture of an old woman, holding the case[9] or scabbard of a sickle in her right hand, a pair of scales in her left, with spectacles on her nose: the cups or scales of the balance were a pair of velvet pouches: the one full of bullion, which overpoised the other, empty and long, hoisted higher than the middle of the beam. I am of opinion it was the true effigies of Justice Gripe-men-all; far different from the institution of the ancient Thebans,

of a fair; a French proverb, the ground whereof is, that your pedlars and petty chapmen are forced to pay ready money in a fair, whereas in a market they may and often do go upon tick. In this place, by the word fair (*foire*) the author means the courts of judicature, forum, and what he intends by it is this: that different from what is practised at the chatelet (or ordinary sessions-house) here the fees of parliament (i. e. supreme judges) are deposited before hand, lest the country people should make up matters before the decree is taken out.

[6] The original has it because we were *pie poudreux*, or dusty-footed, i. e. foreign dealers; who in fairs have their particular jurisdiction, which holds no longer than the fair. Such were Pantagruel and his people, in the furred cat's opinion; and they were resolved not to part with such pigeons without plucking. [7] See Macrob. Saturn. l. 1, c. 20. [8] Here we find the mangers above the rack, and indeed it could not possibly be otherwise; for the forms or benches on which the furred cats sat are the rack, and the mangers were the furred cats themselves, or rather resided in them: the word *mangerie*, from the French verb *manger* (to eat) signifying both a manger and extortion. [9] The picture of injustice.

who set up the statues of their dicasts[10] without hands, in marble, silver, or gold, according to their merit, even after their death.

When we made our personal appearance before him, a sort of I do not know what men, all clothed with I do not know what bags and pouches, with long scrolls in their clutches, made us sit down upon a cricket: [such as criminals sit on when tried in France.] Quoth Panurge to them, Good my lords, I am very well as I am; I would as lieve stand, if it please you. Besides, this same stool is somewhat of the lowest for a man that has new breeches and a short doublet.[11] Sit you down, said Gripe-men-all again, and look that you do not make the court bid you twice. Now, continued he, the earth shall immediately open its jaws, and swallow you up to quick damnation, if you do not answer as you should.

ON CHAP. XI.—Pantagruel prudently passed by Condemnation with his fleet; but some of his companions, more unfortunate or less wise, were stopped at the wicket, and obliged to take their trial. That wicket is the Inquisition in general; and, in particular, the court established in 1548, at Paris, against the Lutherans: for we find that the Furred Law-cats (which mean the judges, *presidents à mortier*, i. e. *en parlement*) have mortar-like caps and furred gowns. A common mumper gives an admirable account of the place. He speaks of it as a hellish court, where, without the least regard to right or wrong, they imprison, behead, hang, and burn those who fall into their clutches; where vice passes for virtue, wickedness for piety, treason for loyalty, and robbery for justice: yet whatever is acted by them, is approved by all men except the heretics; and he charges on its members all the woes that infest the world. One would almost think that Rabelais meant some of the nobility in the Netherlands by this noble *gueux*, noble beggar; for so he styles him, after he had called him *gueux de l'hostiere*, *ostiarius mendicus*, a common mumper: which he probably did to hide his thought, or turn that of the reader from the subject, at the same time that he speaks to him about it; a method which he has followed almost throughout this work. It is known that the protestant nobility, and others in the Netherlands, got the name of *gueux*, i. e., beggars, it is said for opposing themselves to the setting up the Inquisition; and though some trace the original of that nickname no higher than the time of Margaret of Parma's government, others pretend it was given them long before, by the Spaniards, on that account. If this be not meant of those noble assertors of their liberties in the Netherlands, as

[10] Judges. See Plutarch in his Isis and Osiris. [11] New breeches are generally not very supple, which, together with a short doublet, might make the judges laugh at the expense of a poor wretch sitting upon a stool so low as a cricket.

being written some years before that name of *gueux* was universally spread, it must yet be owned, that it refers to the persecuting courts of judicature in those times, chiefly to the Inquisition, or at least to the tournelle; that is, that part of the Courts of Parliament in France that tries criminals; for in France men have not the privilege of being tried by their juries, or their peers, which Englishmen enjoy. Gripe-men-all is the head of the Inquisition, or perhaps the president of that Court which used the Protestants so severely in France in 1548. The picture over the chief seat is that of injustice.

CH. XII.—*How Gripe-men-all propounded a riddle to us.*

WHEN we were sate, Gripe-men-all, in the middle of his furred cats, called to us in a hoarse dreadful voice, Well, come on, give me presently—an answer. Well, come on, muttered Panurge between his teeth, give, give me presently—a comforting dram. Hearken to the court, continued Gripe-men-all.

AN ENIGMA.

A young tight thing, as fair as may be,
Without a dad conceived a baby;
And brought him forth without the pother
In labour made by teeming mother.
Yet the cursed brat feared not to gripe her,
But gnawed, for haste, her sides like viper.
Then the black upstart boldly sallies,
And walks and flies o'er hills and vallies.
Many fantastic sons of wisdom,
Amazed, foresaw their own in his doom;
And thought, like an old Grecian noddy,
A human spirit moved his body.

Give, give me out of hand—an answer to this riddle, quoth Gripe-men-all. Give, give me—leave to tell you, good, good, my lord, answered Panurge, that if I had but a sphynx at home,[1] as Verres, one of your precursors had, I might then solve your enigma presently: but verily, good my lord, I was not there; and, as I hope to be saved, am as innocent in the matter as the child unborn. Foh, give me—a better answer, cried Gripe-men-all; or, by gold, this shall not serve your turn: I will not be paid in such coin: if you have nothing better to offer, I will let your rascalship know, that it had been better for you to have fallen into Lucifer's own clutches.

[1] Alluding to the fable of the sphynx, inasmuch as that fable gave Tully an occasion to say a very good thing by way of repartee to the orator Hortensius, to whom Verres had made a present of a large and rich figure of that monster, to engage him to undertake his defence against Tully. See Plutarch's Apophthegms.

than into ours. Dost thou see them here, sirrah? hah? and dost thou prate here of thy being innocent, as if thou couldest be delivered from our racks and tortures for being so! Give me—Patience! thou widgeon. Our laws are like cobwebs: your silly little flies are stopped, caught, and destroyed therein; but your stronger ones break them, and force and carry them which way they please. Likewise, do not think we are so mad as to set up your nets to snap up your great robbers and tyrants: no, they are somewhat too hard for us, there is no meddling with them; for they would make no more of us than we make of the little ones: but you paltry, silly, innocent wretches, must make us amends; and, by gold, we will innocentise[2] your fopship with a wannion, you never were so innocentised in your days; the devil shall sing mass among ye.[3]

Friar John, hearing him run on at that mad rate, had no longer the power to remain silent, but cried to him, Heigh-dey! Pr'ythee, Mr. Devil in a coif, wouldest thou have a man tell thee more than he knows? Has not the fellow told you he does not know a word of the business? His name is Twyford. A plague rot you, will not truth serve your turns? Why, how now, Mr. Prate-apace, cried Gripe-men-all, taking him short, marry come up, who made you so saucy as to

[2] Allusion to a custom which Cotgrave says the Papists have in France on Childermas or Innocents' Day, to jerk, or slap with the palm of the hand, the backsides of all such young persons as they can find in bed, or others, whose breach they may otherwise easily come at; nor is that whipping always the *ne plus ultra* of this merry custom, adds M. Duchat, (who does not confine it to the papists alone, as Cotgrave does.) Marot, in his epigram on Innocents' Day:

Knew I but where my charmer meant to lay
Her pretty person, on the approaching day
Of Innocents, O how exceeding early
Would I go visit her I love so dearly!
Yes, gentle conquèror of my heart, I'd fly
With wings of love——not at your feet to sigh,
But to touch, handle, feel thy velvet skin:
And should some spoilt-sport chance to enter in
To interrupt our bliss, why let it be,
I would make show of Innocensing thee?
Who could disprove so plausible a plea?

[3] M. Duchat says, that Grippeminaud (Gripe-men-all) by way of opposition to what is customary at mass, where nobody is forced to act the part of a responder, (i. e make responses) here calls by the name of the devil's mass, the interrogatory which one that is accused is obliged to answer to, whether he is willing or no.

open your lips before you were spoken to? Give me—Patience! By gold! this is the first time, since I have reigned, that any one has had the impudence to speak before he was bidden. How came this mad fellow to break loose? (Villain, thou liest, said Friar John, without stirring his lips.) Sirrah, sirrah, continued Gripe-men-all, I doubt thou wilt have business enough on thy hands, when it comes to thy turn to answer. (Damme, thou liest, said Friar John, silently.) Dost thou think, continued my lord, thou art in the wilderness of your foolish university, wrangling and bawling among the idle, wandering searchers and hunters after truth? By gold, we have here other fish to fry; we go another gat's-way to work, that we do. By gold, people here must give categorical answers to what they do know. By gold, they must confess they have done those things which they have not nor ought to have done. By gold, they must protest that they know what they never knew in their lives; and, after all, patience, per force, must be their only remedy, as well as a mad dog's. Here silly geese are plucked, yet cackle not. Sirrah, give me,—an account, whether you had a letter of attorney, or whether you were feed or no, that you offered to bawl in another man's cause? I see you had no authority to speak, and I may chance to have you wed to something you will not like. Oh, you devils, cried Friar John, proto-devils, panto-devils, you would wed a monk, would you? Ho hu! ho hu! A heretic! a heretic! I will give thee out for a rank heretic.

CH. XIII.—*How Panurge solved Gripe-men-all's riddle.*

GRIPE-MEN-ALL, as if he had not heard what Friar John said, directed his discourse to Panurge, saying to him, Well, what have you to say for yourself. Mr. Rogue-enough, hah? Give, give me out of hand—an answer. Say? quoth Panurge, why, what would you have me say? I say, that we are damnably beshit, since you give no heed at all to the equity of the plea, and the devil sings among you: let this serve for all, I beseech you, and let us go out about our business; I am no longer able to hold out, as gad shall judge me.

Go to, go to, cried Gripe-men-all; when did you ever hear that for these three hundred years last past, any body ever got out of this weal without leaving something of his behind him? No, no, get out of the trap if you can with-

out losing leather, life, or at least some hair, and you will have done more than ever was done yet. For why, this would bring the wisdom of the court into question, as if we had took you up for nothing, and dealt wrongfully by you. Well, by hook or by crook, we must have something out of you. Look ye, it is a folly to make a rout for a fart and ado; one word is as good as twenty; I have no more to say to thee, but that as thou likest thy former entertainment, thou wilt tell me more of the next; for it will go ten times worse with thee, unless, by gold, you give me—a solution to the riddle I propounded. Give, give—it, without any more ado.

By gold, quoth Panurge, it is a black mite or weevil, which is born of a white bean, and sallies out at the hole which he makes, gnawing it: the mite, being turned into a kind of fly, sometimes walks and sometimes flies, over hills and dales. Now, Pythagoras, the Greek sage, and his sect, besides many others, wondering at its birth in such a place, (which makes some argue for equivocal generation,) thought that, by a metempsychosis, the body of that insect was the lodging of a human soul. Now, were you men here, after your welcome death, according to his opinion, your souls would most certainly enter into the body of mites or weevils; for, as in your present state of life, you are good for nothing in the world, but to gnaw, bite, eat, and devour all things; so in the next you will even gnaw and devour your mother's very sides, as the vipers do. Now, by gold, I think I have fairly solved and resolved your riddle.

May my bauble be turned into a nut-cracker, quoth Friar John, if I could not almost find in my heart to wish that what comes out at my bung-hole were beans, that these evil weevils might feed as they deserve.

Panurge then, without any more ado, threw a large leathern purse, stuffed with gold crowns *(escus au soleil)* among them.

The furred law-cats no sooner heard the jingling of the chink, but they all began to bestir their claws, like a parcel of fiddlers running a division: and then fell to it, squimble, squamble, catch that catch can. They all said aloud, These are the fees, these are the gloves; now, this is somewhat like a tansy. Oh! it was a pretty trial, a sweet trial, a dainty trial. On my word, they did not starve the cause: these are none of your snivelling *forma pauperis's;* no, they are noble clients, gentlemen every inch of them. By gold, it is gold, quoth Panurge, good old gold, I'll assure you.

Saith Gripe-men-all, The court, upon a full hearing, (of the gold, quoth Panurge,) and weighty reasons given, finds the prisoners not guilty, and accordingly orders them to be discharged out of custody, paying their fees. Now, gentlemen, proceed, go forwards, said he to us: we have not so much of the devil in us as we have of his hue; though we are stout, we are merciful.

As we came out at the wicket, we were conducted to the port by a detachment of certain highland griffins, who advised us, before we came to our ships, not to offer to leave the place until we had made the usual presents, first to the Lady Gripe-men-all, then to all the furred law-pusses; otherwise we must return to the place from whence we came. Well, well, said Friar John, we will fumble in our fobs, examine every-one of us his concern, and even give the women their due; we will never boggle nor stick out on that account; as we tickled the men in the palm, we will tickle the women in the right place. Pray, gentlemen, added they, do not forget to leave somewhat behind you for us poor devils to drink your healths. O lawd! never fear, answered Friar John, I do not remember that I ever went any where yet, where the poor devils are not remembered and encouraged.

CH. XIV.—*How the furred law-cats live on corruption.*

FRIAR JOHN had hardly said these words ere he perceived seventy-eight gallies and frigates just arriving at the port. So he hied him thither to learn some news; and as he asked what goods they had on board, he soon found that their whole cargo was venison, hares, capons, turkeys, pigs, swine, bacon, kids, calves, hens, ducks, teals, geese, and other poultry and wildfowl.

He also spied among these some pieces of velvet, satin, and damask. This made him ask the new-comers, Whither, and to whom, they were going to carry those dainty goods? They answered, that they were for Gripe-men-all and the furred law-cats.

Pray, asked he, what is the true name of all these things in your country language? Corruption, they replied. If they live on corruption, said the Friar, they will perish with their generation. May the devil be damned, I have it now: their fathers devoured the good gentlemen, who, according to their state of life, used to go much a hunting and hawk-

ing, to be the better inured to toil in time of war; for hunting is an image of a martial life; and Xenophon was much in the right of it, when he affirmed that hunting had yielded a great number of excellent warriors, as well as the Trojan horse. For my part, I am no scholar, I have it but by hearsay, yet I believe it. Now, the souls of those brave fellows, according to Gripe-men-all's riddle, after their decease, enter into wild boars, stags, roebucks, herons, and such other creatures, which they loved, and in quest of which they went while they were men; and these furred law-cats, having first destroyed and devoured their castles, lands, demesnes, possessions, rents, and revenues, are still seeking to have their blood and soul in another life. What an honest fellow was that same mumper, who had forewarned us of all these things, and bid us take notice of the mangers above the racks!

But, said Panurge to the new-comers, how do you come by all this venison? Methinks the great king has issued out a proclamation, strictly inhibiting the destroying of stags, does, wild boars, roebucks, or other royal game, on pain of death. All this is true enough, answered one for the rest, but the great king is so good and gracious, you must know, and these furred law-cats so cursed and cruel, so mad, and thirsting after Christian blood, that we have less cause to fear in trespassing against that mighty sovereign's commands, than reason to hope to live, if we do not continually stop the mouths of these furred law-cats with such bribes and corruption. Besides, added he, to-morrow Gripe-men-all marries a furred law-puss of his to a high and mighty double-furred law-tybert. Formerly we used to call them chop-hay; but, alas! they are not such clean creatures now as to eat any, or chew the cud. We call them chop-hares, chop-partridges, chop-woodcocks, chop-pheasants, chop-pullets, chop-venison, chop-conies, chop-pigs, for they scorn to feed on coarser meat. A t—d for their chops, cried Friar John, next year we will have them called chop-dung, chop-stront, chop-filth.

Would you take my advice, added he to the company. What is it? answered we. Let us do two things, returned he. First, let us secure all this venison and wild fowl,—I mean paying well for them; for my part, I am but too much fired already with our salt meat, it heats my flanks, so horribly. In the next place, let us go back to the wicket, and

destroy all these devilish furred law-cats. For my part, quoth Panurge, I know better things: catch me there, and hang me: no, I am somewhat more inclined to be fearful than bold; I love to sleep in a whole skin.

CH. XV.—*How Friar John talks of rooting out the furred law-cats.*

VIRTUE of the frock, quoth Friar John, what kind of voyage we are making? A shitten one, on my word: the devil of anything we do, but fizzling, farting, funking, squattering, dozing, raving, and doing nothing. Odd's belly, it is not in my nature to lie idle; I mortally hate it: unless I am doing some heroic feat every foot, I cannot sleep one wink at nights. Damn it, did you then take me along with you for your chaplain, to sing mass and shrive you? By Maunday Thursday, the first of ye all that comes to me on such an account shall be fitted; for the only penance I will enjoin shall be, that he immediately throw himself headlong over-board into the sea, like a base cow-hearted son of ten fathers. This in deduction of the pains of purgatory.

What made Hercules such a famous fellow, do you think? Nothing, but that while he travelled, he still made it his business to rid the world of tyrannies, errors, dangers, and drudgeries; he still put to death all robbers, all monsters, all venomous serpents, and hurtful creatures. Why then do we not follow his example, doing as he did in the countries through which we pass? He destroyed the Stymphalides, the Lernæan hydra, Cacus, Antheus, the centaurs, and what not; I am no clericus, those that are such tell me so.

In imitation of that noble by-blow, let us destroy and root out these wicked furred law-cats, that are a kind of ravenous devils; thus we shall remove all manner of tyranny out of the land. Mahomet's tutor, swallow me body and soul, tripes and guts, if I would stay to ask your help or advice in the matter, were I but as strong as he was. Come, he that would be thought a gentleman, let him storm a town; well, then, shall we go? I dare swear we will do their business for them with a wet finger; they will bear it, never fear: since they could swallow down more foul language that came from us, than ten sows and their babies could swill hogwash. Damn them, they do not value all the ill words or dishonour in the world at a rush, so they but get the coin into their

purses, though they were to have it in a shitten clout. Come, we may chance to kill them all, as Hercules would have done, had they lived in his time. We only want to be set to work by another Eurystheus, and nothing else for the present, unless it be what I heartily wish them, that Jupiter may give them a short visit, only some two or three hours long, and walk among their lordships in the same equipage[1] that attended him when he came last to his Miss Semele, jolly Bacchus's mother.

It is a very great mercy, quoth Panurge, that you have got out of their clutches: for my part, I have no stomach to go there again; I am hardly come to myself yet, so scared and appalled I was; my hair still stands up on end when I think on it; and most damnably troubled I was there, for three very weighty reasons. First, because I was troubled. Secondly, because I was troubled. Thirdly and lastly, because I was troubled. Hearken to me a little on the right side, Friar John, my left cod, since thou wilt not hear at the other; whenever the maggot bites thee, to take a trip down to hell, and visit the tribunal of Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, and Dis, do but tell me, and I will be sure to bear thee company, and never leave thee, as long as my name is Panurge, but will wade over Acheron, Styx, and Cocytus, drink whole bumpers of Lethe's water,—though I mortally hate that element,—and even pay thy passage to that bawling, cross-grained ferryman, Charon. But as for the damned wicket, if thou art so weary of thy life as to go thither again, thou mayest even look for somebody else to bear thee company, for I will not move one step that way: even rest satisfied with this positive answer. By my good will, I will not stir a foot to go thither as long as I live, any more than Calpe[2] will come over to Abyla. Was Ulysses so mad as to go back into the cyclop's cave to fetch his sword? No, marry was he not. Now, I have left nothing behind me at the wicket through forgetfulness; why then should I think of going thither?

Well, quoth Friar John, as good sit still as rise up and fall; what cannot be cured must be endured. But, pr'ythee, let us hear one another speak in turn. Come, wert thou

[1] Armed with thunder and lightning. [2] Calpe is a mountain in Spain, that faces another, called Abyla, in Mauritania, both said to have been severed by Hercules.

not a wise doctor to fling away a whole purse of gold on those mangy scoundrels? Ha? A squinzy choke thee, we were too rich, were we? Had it not been enough to have thrown the hell-hounds a few cropt pieces of white cash?

How could I help it, returned Panurge? Did you not see how Gripe-men-all held his gaping velvet pouch, and every moment roared and bellowed, By gold, give me out of hand; by gold, give, give, give me presently? Now, thought I to myself, we shall never come off scot-free; I will even stop their mouths with gold, that the wicket may be opened, and we may get out; the sooner the better. And I judged that lousy silver would not do the business; for, do you see, velvet pouches do not use to gape for little paltry clipped silver and small cash; no, they are made for gold, my friend John, that they are, my dainty cod. Ah! when thou hast been larded, basted, and roasted, as I was, thou wilt hardly talk at this rate, I doubt. But now what is to be done?—We are enjoined by them to go forwards.

The scabby slabberdegullions still waited for us at the port, expecting to be greased in the fist as well as their masters. Now, when they perceived that we were ready to put to sea, they came to Friar John, and begged that we would not forget to gratify the apparitors before we went off, according to the assessment for the fees at our discharge. Hell and damnation, cried Friar John, are ye here still, ye bloodhounds, ye citing, scribbling imps of Satan? Rot you, am I not vexed enough already, but you must have the impudence to come and plague me, ye scurvy fly-catchers you? By cob's-body, I will gratify your ruffianships as you deserve; I will apparatorize you presently, with a wannion, that I will. With this he lugged out his slashing cutlass, and, in a mighty heat, came out of the ship, to cut the cozening varlets into steaks, but they scampered away and got out of sight in a trice.

However, there was somewhat more to do, for some of our sailors, having got leave of Pantagruel to go ashore, while we were had before Gripe-men-all, had been at a tavern near the haven, to make much of themselves, and roar it, as seamen will do when they come into some port. Now I do not know whether they had paid their reckoning to the full or no, but, however it was, an old fat hostess, meet-

ing Friar John on the quay, was making a woeful complaint before a serjeant, son-in-law to one of the furred law-cats, and a brace of bums, his assistants.

The Friar, who did not much care to be tired with their impertinent prating said to them, Harkee me, ye lubberly gnat-snappers, do ye presume to say, that our seamen are not honest men? I will maintain they are, ye doterrels, and will prove it to your brazen faces, by justice: I mean this trusty piece of cold iron by my side. With this he lugged it out and flourished with it. The forlorn lobcocks soon showed him their backs, betaking themselves to their heels; but the old fusty landlady kept her ground, swearing like any butter-whore, that the tarpaulins were very honest cods, but that they only forgot to pay for the bed on which they had lain after dinner, and she asked fivepence French money, for the said bed. May I never sup, said the Friar, if it be not dog-cheap; they are sorry guests, and unkind customers, that they are; they do not know when they have a pennyworth, and will not always meet with such bargains; come, I myself will pay you the money, but I would willingly see it first.

The hostess immediately took him home with her, and showed him the bed, and having praised it for its good qualifications, said, that she thought, as times went, she was not out of the way in asking fivepence for it. Friar John then gave her the fivepence; and she no sooner turned her back, but he presently began to rip up the ticking of the feather-bed and bolster, and threw all the feathers out at the window. In the mean time the old hag came down, and roared out for help, crying out murder, to set all the neighbourhood in an uproar. Yet she also fell to gathering the feathers that flew up and down in the air, being scattered by the wind. Friar John let her bawl on, and, without any further ado, marched off with the blanket, quilt, and both the sheets, which he brought aboard undiscovered, for the air was darkened with the feathers, as it uses sometimes to be with snow. He gave them away to the sailors, then said to Pantagruel, that beds were much cheaper at that place than in Chinnonois, though we have there the famous geese of Pautilé; for the old beldam had asked him but fivepence for a bed, which, in Chinnonois, had been worth about twelve francs. "As soon as Friar John and the rest of the

company were embarked, Pantagruel set sail. But there arose a south-east wind, which blew so vehemently they lost their way, and in a manner going back to the country of the furred law-cats, they entered into a huge gulf, where the sea ran so high and terrible, that the ship-boy on the top of the mast cried out, he again saw the habitation of Gripe-men-all; upon which Panurge, frightened almost out of his wits, roared out, Dear master, in spite of the wind and waves, change your course, and turn the ship's head about: O my friend, let us come no more into that cursed country, where I left my purse. So the wind carried them near an island, where, however, they did not dare at first to land, but entered about a mile off."

On Chap. XII., &c.—Panurge being brought to the bar, Gripe-men-all propounds to him a riddle, and tells him, that the earth shall immediately open its jaws, and swallow him to quick damnation, if he do not solve it. This is exactly the practice of the Inquisition: the party that is accused is obliged to guess his crime, and the name of his accusers; and if he guesses amiss, he is certainly undone; but if he has the wit or good fortune to discover them, he generally comes off better; and a round fine, with St. Benet's cap, save him from being burned.

Panurge vainly insists on his innocence; for Gripe-men-all replies, That if he hath nothing better to offer, he will let him know, that it had been better for him to have fallen into Lucifer's clutches; that their laws are like cobwebs, in which little flies are caught and destroyed, but which are too weak to stop great ones. This may have been spoke on the account of Pantagruel, who would not pass through the wicket, that is to say, who would not submit to the Inquisition.

Gripe-men-all says, When did you hear that for these three hundred years last past, any body ever got out of this weal without leaving something of his behind him? This is true enough, if spoken of the Inquisition; and about three hundred years before Rabelais wrote, a Court of Inquisition was set up at Thoulouse, against the Albigenses, by Lewis the Ninth, called the saint.

Ch. XVI.—*How Pantagruel came to the Island of the Apedepts,*[1] *or Ignoramuses, with long claws and crooked paws, and of terrible adventures and monsters there.*

As soon as we had cast anchor, and had moored the ship, the pinnace was put over the ship's side, and manned by the cockswain's crew. When the good Pantagruel had prayed publicly, and given thanks to the Lord, that had delivered

[1] Ἀπαίδευτοι, uneducated. The gentlemen of one branch of the exchequer, (*chambre des comptes*) are called Apedefts, by the author, because, as he says lower, there was no occasion to be graduated (any great scholars) to exercise those offices.

him from so great a danger, he stepped into the pinnace with his whole company, to go on shore, which was no ways difficult to do, for, as the sea was calm, and the winds laid, they soon got to the cliffs. When they were set on shore, Epistemon, who was admiring the situation of the place, and the strange shape of the rocks, discovered some of the natives. The first he met had on a short purple gown, a doublet cut in panes, like a Spanish leather jerkin, half sleeves of satin, and the upper part of them leather, a coif like a black pot tipped with tin. He was a good likely sort of a body, and his name, as we heard afterwards, was Double-fee. Epistemon asked him, How they called those strange craggy rocks and deep valleys? He told them it was a colony, brought out of Attorneyland, and called Process; and that if we forded the river somewhat further beyond the rocks, we should come into the island of the Apedefts. By the sacred memory of the decretals, said Friar John, tell us, I pray you, what you honest men here live on? Could not a man take a chirping bottle with you, to taste your wine? I can see nothing among you but parchment, ink-horns, and pens. We live on nothing else, returned Double-fee; and all who live in this place must come through my hands. How, quoth Panurge, are you a shaver, then? Lo you fleece them? Ay, ay, their purse, answered Double-fee, nothing else. By the foot of Pharaoh, cried Panurge, the devil a sous will you get of me. However, sweet sir, be so kind as to show an honest man the way to those Apedefts, or ignorant people, for I come from the land of the learned, where I did not learn over much.

Still talking on, they got to the island of the Apedefts, for they were soon got over the ford. Pantagruel was not a little taken up with admiring the structure and habitation of the people of the place. For they live in a swinging wine-press, fifty steps up to it. You must know there are some of all sorts, little, great, private, middle-sized, and so forth. You go through a large peristyle, alias a long entry set about with pillars, in which you see, in a kind of landscape, the ruins of almost the whole world; besides so many gibbets for great robbers,[2] so many gallows and racks, that it is

[2] *Potences de grands larrons.* The author distinguishes between gallows and gibbets: these last he calls *potences;* to hang the *potentes*, the great robbers upon. It is a good pun enough upon the word *potence*,

enough to fright you out of your seven senses. Double-fee perceiving that Pantagruel was taken up with contemplating those things, Let us go further, sir, said he to him, all this is nothing yet. Nothing, quotha, cried Friar John; by the soul of my overheated codpiece, friend Panurge and I here shake and quiver for mere hunger. I had rather be drinking, than staring on these ruins. Pray come along, sir, said Double-fee. He then led us into a little wine-press, that lay backwards in a blind corner, and was called Pithies in the language of the country. You need not ask whether Master John and Panurge made much of their sweet selves there; it is enough that I tell you there was no want of Bolonia sausages,[4] turkey-pouts, capons, bustards, malmsey-wine, and all other sorts of good belly-timber, very well dressed.

A pimping son of ten fathers, who, for want of a better, did the office of a butler, seeing that Friar John had cast a sheep's eye at a choice bottle that stood near a cupboard by itself, at some distance from the rest of the bottellic magazine, like a jack-in-an-office, said to Pantagruel, Sir, I perceive that one of your men here is making love to this bottle: he ogles it, and would fain caress it; but I beg that none offer to meddle with it; for it is reserved for their worships. How, cried Panurge, there are some grandees here then I see. It is vintage time with you, I perceive.

Then Double-fee led up to a private stair-case, and showed us into a room, whence, without being seen, out at a loop-hole, we could see their worships in the great wine-press, where none could be admitted without their leave. Their worships, as he called them, were about a score of fusty, crack-ropes and gallow-clappers, or rather more, all posted before a bar,[5] and staring at each other like so many dead pigs: their paws or hands were as long as a crane's leg, and their claws or nails four and twenty inches long at least; for you must know, they are enjoined never to pare off the least chip of them, so that they grow as crooked as a Welch hook, or a hedging-bill.[6]

the common word for a gallows, derived, I suppose, from *poteau*, a post, though Rabelais ludicrously derives it *a potentibus*.

[4] Milan sausages in the original. [5] It should be round a great green-covered table (not a bar); *bureau*, nor *barreau*: Rabelais, in his merry way, spells *bureau*, *bourreau*, which signifies the common hangman, alluding to what he called them just before, crack-ropes, &c.

[6] In the original, *rivereau*, a boat-hook; not a hedging-bill. It is

We saw a swinging bunch of grapes, that are gathered and squeezed in that country, brought in by them. As soon as it was laid down, they clapped it into the press, and there was not a bit of it out of which each of them did not squeeze some oil of gold. Insomuch that the poor grape was tried with a witness, and brought off so drained and picked, and so dry, that there was not the least moisture, juice, or substance left in it; for they had pressed out its very quintessence.

Double-fee told us, they had not often such huge bunches; but, let the worst come to the worst, they were sure never to be without others in their press. But hark you me, master of mine, asked Panurge, have they not some of different growth? Ay marry have they, quoth Double-fee. Do you see here this little bunch, to which they are going to give the other wrench? It is of tythe-growth, you must know; they crushed, wrung, squeezed, and strained out the very heart's blood of it but the other day: but it did not bleed freely; the oil came hard, and smelt of the priest's chest;[7] so that they found there was not much good to be got out of it. Why then, said Pantagruel, do they put it again into the press? Only, answered Double-fee, for fear there should still lurk some juice among the husks and hullings, in the mother of the grape. The devil be damned, cried Friar John, do you call these same folks illiterate lobcocks, and dunsical doddipoles? May I be broiled like a red herring, if I do not think they are wise enough to skin a flint, and draw oil out of a brick wall. So they are, said Double-fee; for they sometimes put castles, parks, and forests into the press, and out of them all extract *aurum potabile*. You mean *portabile*, I suppose, cried Epistemon, such as may be borne. I mean as I said, replied Double-fee, *potabile*, such as may be drunk; for it makes them drink many a good bottle more than otherwise they should.

But I cannot better satisfy you as to the growth of the vine-tree syrup that is here squeezed out of grapes, than in desiring you to look yonder in that back-yard, where you will see above a thousand different growths that lie waiting to be called *rivereau*, from its being used by the water-men on the river (Loire.) It is a pole, Cotgrave says, with a fork of iron at the end, wherewith watermen set forward their boats when they do not row.

[7] Musty, because a priest keeps things as long as ever he can, and gives away as little as possible.

squeezed every moment. Here are some of the public and some of the private growth; some of the fortifications, loans, gifts, and gratuities, escheats, forfeitures, fines, and recoveries, penal statutes, crown lands, and demesne, privy purse, post-offices, offerings, lordships of manors, and a world of other growths, for which we want names. Pray, quoth Epistemon, tell me of what growth is that great one, with all those little grapelings about it. Oh, oh! returned Double-fee, that plump one is of the treasury, the very best growth in the whole country. Whenever any one of that growth is squeezed, there is not one of their worships but gets juice enough of it to soak his nose six months together. When their worships were up, Pantagruel desired Double-fee to take us into that great wine-press, which he readily did. As soon as we were in, Epistemon, who understood all sorts of tongues, began to show us many devices on the press, which was large and fine, and made of the wood[8] of the cross—at least Double-fee told us so. On each part of it were names of every thing in the language of the country. The spindle of the press was called receipt; the trough, costs and damages; the hole for the vice-pin, state; the side-boards, money paid into the office: the great beam, respite of homage; the branches, *radietur*; the side-beams, *recuperetur*;[9] the fats,[10] ignoramus; the two-handled basket, the rolls; the treading-place, acquittance; the dossers, validation; the panniers, authentic decrees; the pailes, *potentials*; the funnels, *quietus est*.

By the Queen of the Chitterlings,[11] quoth Panurge, all the hieroglyphics of Egypt are mine a— to this jargon. Why! here are a parcel of words full as analogous as chalk and cheese, or a cat and a cart wheel! But why, pr'ythee, dear Double-fee, do they call these worshipful dons of yours igno-

[8] The effects of such as had been hanged. *Crux* signifying a gallows as well as a cross. [9] In the chamber of accounts this is a term for annulling any gift the king should make of an excessive sum, without just cause, or having been first examined into by the chamber. See Bodin. Repub. et Juv. des Ursins, hist. Cha. VI. on the year 1389.

[10] So M. Motteux wittily translates it; for he professes he knew not what the original *plusvaleur* meant. Nor indeed can I find out by any books, what it should mean. Cotgrave translates it: *An overvalue, surplusage*, &c., but the true term here is *surcharge*, a law term like recuperetur, &c. [11] The idol Niphleseth, by whose name the author calls the Queen of Chitterlings, was herself an hieroglyphic.

rant fellows? Only, said Double-fee, because they neither are, nor ought to be, clerks, and all must be ignorant as to what they transact here; nor is there to be any other reason given, but, The court hath said it; The court will have it so; The court has decreed it. Cop's body, quoth Pantagruel, they might full as well have called them necessity; for necessity has no law.

From thence, as he was leading us to see a thousand little puny presses, we spied another paltry bar, about which sat four or five ignorant waspish churls, of so testy, fuming a temper, like an ass with squibs and crackers tied to its tail, and so ready to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay, that a dog would not have lived with them. They were hard at it with the lees and dregs of the grapes, which they griped over and over again, might and main, with their clenched fists. They were called contractors, in the language of the country. These are the ugliest, misshapen, grim-looking scrubs, said Friar John, that ever were beheld, with or without spectacles. Then we passed by an infinite number of little pimping wine-presses, all full of vintage-mongers, who were picking, examining, and raking the grapes with some instruments, called bills of charge.

Finally, we came into a hall down stairs, where we saw an overgrown cursed mangy cur, with a pair of heads, a wolf's belly, and claws like the devil of hell. The son of a bitch was fed with costs, for he lived on a multiplicity of fine amonds[12] and amerciaments, by order of their worships, to each of whom the monster was worth more than the best farm in the land. In their tongue of ignorance they called him Twofold. His dam lay by him, and her hair and shape was like her whelps, only she had four heads, two male and two female, and her name was Fourfold. She was certainly the most cursed and dangerous creature of the place, except her grandam, which we saw, and had been kept locked up in a dungeon, time out of mind, and her name was Refusing-of-fees.

Friar John, who had always twenty yards of gut ready empty, to swallow a gallimaufry of lawyers, began to be somewhat out of humour, and desired Pantagruel to remember he had not dined, and bring Double-fee along with him.

[12] A quibble upon the word *amende*, (a mulct or fine in French) and almonds to eat.

So away we went, and as we marched out at the back-gate, whom should we meet but an old piece of mortality in chains. He was half ignorant and half learned, like an hermaphrodite of Satan.[13] The fellow was all caparisoned with spectacles,[14] as a tortoise is with shells and lived on nothing but a sort of food which, in their gibberish, was called appeals. Pantagruel asked Double-fee of what breed was that prothonotary, and what name they gave him? Double-fee told us that time out of mind, he had been kept there in chains,[15] to the great grief of their worships, who starved him, and his name was Review. By the pope's sanctified two-pounders, cried Friar John, I do not much wonder at the meagre cheer which this old chuff finds among their worships. Do but look a little on the weather-beaten scratch-toby, friend Panurge; by the sacred tip of my cowl, I will lay five pounds to a hazel-nut, the foul thief has the very looks of Gripe-men-all. These same fellows here, ignorant as they be, are as sharp and knowing as other folks. But were it my case, I would send him packing with a squib in his breech, like a rogue as he is. By my oriental barnacles,[16] quoth Panurge, honest Friar, thou art in the right, for if we but examine that treacherous Review's ill-favoured phiz, we find that the filthy snudge is yet more mischievous and ignorant than these ignorant wretches here, since they (honest dunces) grapple and glean with as little harm and pother as they can, without any long fiddle-cum-farts or tantalizing in the case; nor do they dally and demur in your suit, but, in two or three words, whip-stitch, in a trice, they finish the vintage of the close, bating you all these damned tedious interlocutories, examinations, and appointments, which fret to the heart's blood your furred law-cats.

ON CHAP. XVI.—The island of the Apedefts is a satire on some courts of Judicature, whose members squeeze out the blood and sub-

[13] In matter of law-suits a very devil; in other things a very dunce in name and nature. [14] The functions of his office consisted entirely in revising the process. [15] It should be, to his great grief by their worships, who had taken from him great part of the fines, which he claimed as his dues, to subsist on. [16] Oriental spectacles; *lunettes* in French for a pair of spectacles. The Turks, who are orientals to us, have the moon (*lune*) for the symbol of their empire. Rabelais quibbles on the words *lune* and *lunettes*, moon and spectacles; a pun not capable of being preserved in English, perhaps not worthy of it. [Barnicles is a corruption of binocles, from *binoculi*, double eyes.]

stance not only of the wrangling part of the world, but of those peaceable persons whom some litigious adversaries compel to fall into their clutches. The little wine-press, called pithies in the language of the country, that lay backwards in a blind corner, signifies the beuvettes, drinking places, which are generally in the very buildings where are the courts of judicature in France, whither the lawyers go to refresh themselves at the expense of the clients. That word comes from the Greek πίθι, drink. The ancients had also a festival sacred to Bacchus, which was called πιθοιγία, which comes from πίθος, a wine hogshead. It used to be celebrated at the time of the year when tuns and hogsheads used to be new hooped and fitted up, and, while it lasted, all comers and goers drank wine gratis, just as they do in France on St. Martin's eve. The Athenians kept that festival in the month which they call Anthesteron, which is our month of November, as Gaza proves it, Lib. de Mensibus Athenensium. By which it appears, that the custom used on St. Martin's day in France, on which the parliaments as well as others make merry, succeeded to the pithœgia of the ancients.

All this chapter may be easily understood, by those who are acquainted with the customs of France; and, as it may be applicable also to other countries, it cannot seem very dark to others.—*M.*

CH. XVII.—*How we went Forwards, and how Panurge had like to have been killed.*

WE put to sea that very moment, steering our course forwards, and gave Pantagruel a full account of our adventures, which so deeply struck him with compassion, that he wrote some elegies on that subject, to divert himself during the voyage. When we were safe in the port we took some refreshment, and took in fresh water and wood. The people of the place, who had the countenance of jolly fellows, and boon companions, were all of them forward folks, bloated and puffed up with fat; and we saw some who slashed and pinked their skins, to open a passage to the fat, that it might swell out at the slits and gashes which they made; neither more nor less than the shit-breech fellows in our country bepink and cut open their breeches, that the taffety on the inside may stand out and be puffed up. They said, that what they did was not out of pride or ostentation, but because otherwise their skins would not hold them without much pain. Having thus slashed their skin, they used to grow much bigger, like the young trees, on whose barks the gardeners make incisions, that they may grow the better.

Near the haven there was a tavern, which forwards seemed very fine and stately. We repaired thither, and found it filled with people of the forward nation, of all ages, sexes, and conditions; so that we thought some notable feast or

other was getting ready, but we were told that all that throng were invited to the bursting of mine host, which caused all his friends and relations to hasten thither.

We did not understand that jargon, and, therefore, thought in that country, by that bursting they meant some merry meeting or other, as we do in ours by betrothing, wedding, groaning, christening, churching (of women), shearing (of sheep), reaping (of corn, or harvest-home), and many other junketing bouts that end in ing. But we soon heard that there was no such matter in hand.

The master of the house, you must know, had been a good fellow in his time, loved heartily to wind up his bottom, to bang the pitcher, and lick his dish: he used to be a very fair swallower of gravy soup, a notable accountant in matter of hours,[1] and his whole life was one continual dinner, like mine host at Rouillac [in Perigord]. But now, having farted out much fat for ten years together, according to the custom of the country, he was drawing towards the bursting hour; for neither the inner thin caul wherewith the entrails are covered, nor his skin that had been jagged and mangled so many years, were able to hold and enclose his guts any longer, or hinder them from forcing their way out. Pray, quoth Panurge, is there no remedy, no help for the poor man, good people? Why do you not swaddle him round with good tight girths, or secure his natural tub with a strong sorb-apple-tree hoop? Nay, why do not you iron-bind him, if needs be? This would keep the man from flying out and bursting. The word was not yet out of his mouth, when we heard something give a loud report, as if a huge sturdy oak had been split in two. Then some of the neighbours told us, that the bursting was over, and that the clap or crack, which we heard, was the last fart, and so there was an end of mine host.

This made me call to mind a saying of the venerable abbot of Castilliers,[2] the very same who never cared to humph his chambermaids, but when he was *in pontificalibus*.[3] That

[1] So they call in Poitou any great talker, who, when he has no more tales to tell, will count the hours, when the clock strikes, and that aloud, though others hear the clock as well as he. But in this place it also means a smell-feast, a gormandizing hanger-on, a guttling spunger, who that he may not slip the critical minute when people use to dine, counts the hours, nay, the quarters of every clock that strikes, and that with the utmost exactness. [2] See for this Vigneul-Maurville, in his Miscellanies, vol. 3, p. 247. Rotterdam edition. [3] Gravity might have some share in this proud prelate's scrupulousness; but that which

pious person, being much dunned, teased, and importuned by his relations to resign his abbey in his old age, said and professed, That he would not strip till he was ready to go to bed, and that the last fart which his reverend paternity was to utter, should be the fart of an abbot.

On Chap. XVII.—The Forward Nation is easily known to be those boon companions, who, as the author says, love heartily to wind up their bottom, bang the pitcher, and lick the ditch; men who have been fair swallowers of gravy soup, notable accountants in matter of hours, whose whole lives are one continual dinner, and who at last die of too much fat, of diseases got by eating or drinking to excess. This also reflects upon those who prodigally spend their estates, and at last crack their credits, and are forced to abscond, and thus may, in a manner, be said to be dead. This chapter, which now ends with the pleasant story of the abbot of Castilliers, who never used to be familiar with his maids but when he was dressed in pontificalibus, is imperfect; or there is a mistake in the account of its contents, which promise a relation of the danger which Panurge was in, though not one word of it is mentioned in the whole book.—*M.*

Ch. XVIII.—*How our ships were stranded, and we were relieved by some people that were subject to Queen Whims (qui tenoient de la Quinte).*

We weighed and set sail with a merry westerly gale, when about seven leagues off (twenty-two miles), some gusts or scuds of wind suddenly arose, and the wind veering and shifting from point to point, was, as they say, like an old woman's breech, at no certainty; so we first got our starboard tacks aboard, and hauled off our lee-sheets. Then the gusts increased, and by fits blowed all at once from several quarters, yet we neither settled nor braided up close our sails, but only let fly the sheets, not to go against the master of the ship's direction; and thus having let go amain, lest we should spend our topsails, or the ship's quick-side should lie in the water, and she be overset, we lay by and run adrift;

doubtless contributed most to it was, that if in any of these lewd actions he should be caught in a short habit, the secular judge might proceed against him. Ant. Rubenstadius to M. Ort. Gratius, part 1, of the *Epistolæ Obsc. Viror.* "Qualem te invenio, talem te judico . . . Et quando presbyter reperitur in aliquo indecenti opere, et non est vestitus sicut sacerdos esse debet, sed habitu seculari tunc judex secularis potest eum habere et tractare pro homine seculari, et afficere eum pœna corporali, non obstantibus privilegiis clericorum." N.B.—Rabelais assigns none but chamber-maids to the abbot, because, as is observed by Verville, in chap. 10 of his *Moyen de Parvenir*, servant-maids is the appellative of such as serve plain honest laymen wants chambermaids live with priests or canons, to minister to all their; but

that is, in a landloper's phrase, we temporised it. For he assured us that, as these gusts and whirlwinds would not do us much good, so they could not do us much harm, considering their easiness and pleasant strife, as also the clearness of the sky and calmness of the current. So that we were to observe the philosopher's rule, bear and forbear; that is, trim, or go according to the time.

However, these whirlwinds and gusts lasted so long, that we persuaded the master to let us go and lie at trie with our main course: that is, to haul the tack aboard, the sheet close aft, the bowline set up, and the helm tied close aboard; so, after a stormy gale of wind, we broke through the whirlwind. But it was like falling into Scylla to avoid Charybdis, (out of the frying-pan into the fire). For we had not sailed a league, ere our ships were stranded upon some sands, such as are the flats of St. Maixant.

All our company seemed mightily disturbed, except Friar John, who was not a jot daunted, and with sweet sugar-plum words, comforted now one and then another, giving them hopes of speedy assistance from above, and telling them that he had seen Castor at the main-yard-arm. Oh! that I were but now ashore, cried Panurge, that is all I wish for myself at present, and that you, who like the sea so well, had each man of you two hundred thousand crowns; I would fairly let you set up shop on these sands,[1] and would get a fat calf dressed, and a hundred of faggots cooled for you against you come ashore. I freely consent never to mount a wife, so you but set me ashore, and mount me on a horse, that I may go home: no matter for a servant, I will be contented to serve myself; I am never better treated than when I am without a man. Faith old Plautus was in the right of it when he said, the more servants the more crosses; for such they are, even supposing they could want what they all have

[1] Rabelais' words will by no means bear this construction; "Je vous mettrois ung veau en meuë, et refraicherois ung cent de fagots pour votre retour." On which M. Duchat observes that though Panurge seems to say, I would prepare a fat calf for you, it was not by any means his intention so to do; for as people do not use to put up calves to fat in a hen-coop (*meuë*,) any more than they cool or throw water on faggots they would have burn easily; so, instead of engaging himself here to any thing, he only laughs at those who, together with himself, had too easily committed their persons to the dangers of the sea.

but too much of, a tongue, that most busy, dangerous, and pernicious member of servants:[2] accordingly, it was for their sakes alone that the racks and tortures for confession were invented, though some foreign civilians in our time have drawn alogical and unreasonable consequences from it.

That very moment we spied a sail that made towards us. When it was close by us, we soon knew what was the lading of the ship, and who was aboard of her. She was full freighted with drums: I was acquainted with many of the passengers that came in her, who were most of them of good families; among the rest Harry Cotiral the chemist, an old toast, who had got a swinging ass's touch-tripe (penis) fastened to his waist, as the good women's beads are to their girdle. In his left hand he held an old overgrown greasy foul cap, such as your scald-pated fellows wear, and in the right a huge cabbage-stump.

As soon as he saw me he was overjoyed, and bawled out to me, What cheer, ho? How dost like me now? Behold the true Algamana (this, he said, showing me the ass's tickle-gizzard.) This doctor's cap is my true elixo; and this (continued he, shaking the cabbage stump in his fist) is *lunaria major;*[3] I have it, old boy, I have it; we will blow the coal when thou art come back. But pray, father, said I, whence come you? Whither go you? What is your lading? Have you smelt the sea? To these four questions he answered, From Queen Whims; for Touraine; alchymy; to the very bottom.[4]

[2] "Lingua mali pars pessima servi," says Juvenal, Sat. 9.

[3] Because the leaves of it are like those of the sea-cabbage, which bears a great reputation, and is in mighty vogue with the alchymists.

[4] This pleasant answer to four questions at a time, is like that of the famous Dante, as we meet with it in Domenichi's Facetiæ, and other old Italian books; "The famous poet, Dante Alighieri, returning home one day out of the country, was overtook by three gentlemen of Florence, his acquaintance; who knowing how ready he was in his answers, they all three resolved, by way of proof, to make three successive attacks upon him in the following manner. The first said to him, Good-day, Master Dante; the second, Whence come you, Master Dante? the third, Are the waters deep, Master Dante? To all of which, without once stopping his horse, or making the least pause, he answered thus: Good-day, and good year; From the fair; To the very bottom." Not unlike this is a story of Henry IV. of France, who being overtaken upon the road by a clergyman that was posting to court; the king, putting his head out of his coach, asked the man in his hasty way, Whence come ye? Whither go ye?

Whom have you got on board? said I. Said he, Astrologers, fortune-tellers, alchymists, rhymers, poets, painters, projectors, mathematicians, watchmakers, sing-songs, musicianers, and the devil and all of others that are subject to Queen Whims.[5] They have very fair legible patents to show for it, as any body may see. Panurge had no sooner heard this, but he was upon the high-rope, and began to rail at them like mad. What the devil do you mean, cried he, to sit idly here, like a pack of loitering sneaksbies, and see us stranded, while you may help us, and tow us off into the current! A plague on your whims; you can make all things whatsoever, they say, so much as good weather and little children; yet will not make haste to fasten some hawsers and cables, and get us off. I was just coming to set you afloat, quoth Harry Cotiral: by Trismegistus, I will clear you in a trice. With this he caused 7,532,810 huge drums to be unheaded on one side, and set that open side so that it faced the end of the streamers and pendants; and having fastened them to good tacklings, and our ship's head to the stern of theirs, with cables fastened to the bits abaft the manger in the ship's loof, they towed us off ground at one pull, so easily and pleasantly, that you would have wondered at it, had you been there. For the dub-o-dub rattling of the drums, with the soft noise of the gravel, which murmuring disputed us our way, and the merry cheers and huzzas of the sailors, made an harmony almost as good as that of the heavenly bodies, when they roll and are whirled round their spheres, which rattling of the celestial wheels Plato said he heard some nights in his sleep.

We scorned to be behind-hand with them in civility, and gratefully gave them store of our sausages and chitterlings, with which we filled their drums; and we were just a-hoisting two-and-sixty hogsheads of wine out of the hold, when two huge whirlpools (physeteres) with great fury made towards their ship; spouting more water than is in the river Vienne (Vigenne), from Chinon to Saumur: to make short, all their drums, all their sails, their concerns, and them-

What want ye? The clergymen, without any ceremony or hesitation, made answer: From Blois; To Paris; A benefice. With which the king was so well pleased, he instantly granted his request. [5] *La quinte.* This means a fantastic humour: maggots or a foolish giddiness of brain; and also a fifth, or the proportion of five in music, &c.

selves, were soused, and their very hose were watered by the collar.

Panurge was so overjoyed, seeing this, and laughed so heartily, that he was forced to hold his sides, and it set him into a fit of the cholic for two hours and more. I had a mind, quoth he, to make the dogs drink, and those honest whirlpools, egad, have saved me that labour and that cost. There's sauce for them; ἄριστον μέν ὕδωρ. Water is good, saith a poet; let them Pindarise upon it: they never cared for fresh water, but to wash their hands or their glasses. This good salt water will stand them in good stead, for want of sal ammoniac and nitre in Geber's kitchen.[6]

We could not hold any further discourse with them; for the former whirlwind hindered our ship from feeling the helm. The pilot advised us henceforwards to let her run adrift, and follow the stream, not busying ourselves with anything, but making much of our carcasses. For our only way to arrive safe at the Queendom of Whims, was to trust to the whirlwind, and be led by the current.

On Chap. XVIII.—To attain to the knowledge of truth, it is necessary to take a survey of everything: so our travellers, steering their course to its oracle, sail towards the Queendom of Whims; by which, in general, may be understood all sorts of strange whimsical notions, and Alchymy in particular.

Accordingly, as they come near that country, that is, imitate the fantastic wavering people that fill their heads with all the strange imaginations which we call whimsies, some sudden gusts or scuds of wind arise, and the wind shifting from point to point is at no certainty. They tack about, the gusts increase, and by fits blow at once from several quarters. This very well represents an unfixed mind, that unmethodically applies itself to many things at once; then leaves them to think on others, which soon resign the working brain to a crowd of succeeding raw and undigested notions.

The master of the ship orders the sheets to be let fly, for fear of oversetting the ship, and is for running adrift, or temporizing, as the author calls it; those gusts not being dangerous. This may mean, that it is not always proper to oppose altogether the inclinations of some men, even while it leads them to studies and attempts that seem insignificant; since time soon weans them of their darling foilies; and thus they know the better how to distinguish between the useful and the unprofitable.

After all, this may refer to some of those doubtful points, about which the learned were as idly busy in that age, as now-a-days many are about them and others; placing religion more in notions than in actions, and neglecting the practice to talk of the theory. Such questions are

[6] An ancient Arabian alchymist, whose works are extant.

those of free-will, predestination, justification, &c., by which the people reap as little benefit as the teachers gain glory, when they display their learned ignorance about them. Pantagruel's ship that is stranded, or run aground, endeavouring to weather-coil and break through the whirlwind, after it has been tossed by it, is an image of those, who thinking to ease their fluctuating minds, at last venture on some new notion, which at first seems plausible to some; but they are soon gravelled, and do not know how to get off. The empty drums, which were on board the ship that came from Queen Whims, which towed the Pantagruelists off ground, put me in mind of the help which school-divinity affords in such doubts: an empty noise, mere wind, and that is all; just as harmonious as the sound made by the gravel, and the seamen's cheers. Even that fantastic relief proves real to some, who are whimsically drawn by it, and by that means are in a fair way to proceed, and, being led by the current, like our travellers, arrive at the Queendom of Whims.—*M.*

CH. XIX.—*How we arrived at the (queendom of Whims), or kingdom of Quintessence, called Entelechy.*

WE did as he directed us for about twelve hours, and on the third day the sky seemed to us somewhat clearer, and we happily arrived at the port of Mateotechny,[1] not far distant from the palace of Quintessence.

We met full-butt on the quay a great number of guards, and other military men that garrisoned the arsenal; and we were somewhat frighted at first, because they made us all lay down our arms, and, in a haughty manner, asked us whence we came?

Cousin, quoth Panurge to him that asked the question, we are of Touraine, and come from France, being ambitious of paying our respects to the Lady Quintessence, and visit this famous realm of Entelechy.

What do you say? cried they: do you call it Entelechy, or Endelechy? Truly, truly, sweet cousins, quoth Panurge, we are a silly sort of grout-headed lobcocks, and it please you; be so kind as to forgive us if we chance to knock words out of joint: as for anything else, we are downright honest fellows, and true hearts.

We have not asked you this question without a cause, said they: for a great number of others, who have passed this way from your country of Touraine, seemed as mere

[1] There is no pains more foolishly employed about any one thing than in the search of the philosopher's stone; but there are likewise other vain sciences, and the author means to say, that such as confine themselves thereto are arrived at the port of Mateotechny. *Μάταιος, vanus; Τέχνη, ars.*

joltheaded doddipoles as ever were scored over the coxcomb, yet spoke as correct as other folks. But there has been here from other countries a pack of I know not what overweening self-conceited prigs, as moody as so many mules, and as stout as any Scotch lairds, and nothing would serve these, forsooth, but they must wilfully wrangle and stand out against us at their coming; and much they got by it after all. Troth, we even fitted them, and clawed them off with a vengeance, for all they looked so big and so grum.

Pray tell me, does your time lie so heavy upon you in your world, that you do not know how to bestow it better than in thus impudently talking, disputing, and writing of our sovereign lady? There was much need that your Tully,[2] the consul, should go and leave the care of his commonwealth to busy himself idly about her; and after him, your Diogenes Laertius,[3] the biographer, and your Theodorus Gaza, the philosopher, and your Argiropilus, the emperor, and your Bessario, the cardinal, and your Politian,[4] the pedant, and your Budæus,[5] the judge, and your Lascaris, the ambassador, and the devil and all of those you call lovers of wisdom; whose number, it seems, was not thought great enough already, but likely your Scaliger,[6]

[2] In l. 1. of the Tusculan questions. [3] In his Life of Aristotle. [4] In ch. 1, of his Miscellanies. [5] In l. 1 of his treatise, De Asse. [6] This seems to suppose that Rabelais, who, some will have it, died in 1553, had seen some work of Scaliger, where that philosopher treats of the entelechy. Now, it is on the one side reckoned for certain, that Scaliger never spoke of the entelechy but in his exercitations against Cardan, where, after he had defined the understanding, and explained the operations of the soul according to their system, who admit of Aristotle's entelechy, "Hæc quidem," says he, "risui sunt, atque contemptui novis Lucianis, atque Diagoris culinariis; sed non neglecta sunt à maximo philosopho Bigotio; qui quidem pené solus hoc summum jus hodie tuetur in recondita philosophia." But if, as is well known, this book of Scaliger was not published before the year 1557, how could Rabelais have seen it, who died four years before? Perhaps Scaliger having many years before imparted to Bigot his private sentiments on the entelechy, he might have communicated it to Rabelais on the same footing, as hereafter in ch. 34 of this fifth Book, we see the same Bigot had delivered his thoughts on the woman who, in the Apocalypse, is represented as having the moon under her feet. Another and greater difficulty, in my mind, is that this passage of the exercitations aims personally at Rabelais by the words, "novis Lucianis, atque Diagoris culinaris," on account of the raillery which Rabelais had used against Scaliger in this very place. See Duchat further upon this subject in his preface and notes on this chapter.

Bigot,[7] Chambrier,[8] Francis Fleury,[9] and I cannot tell how many such other junior sneaking fly-blows, must take upon them to increase it.

A squincy gripe the cods-headed changelings at the swallow, and eke at the covet-weesel; we shall make them—But the deuce take them; (they flatter the devil here, and smoothify his name, quoth Panurge, between their teeth;) you do not come here, continued the captain, to uphold them in their folly, you have no commission from them to this effect; well then, we will talk no more of it.

Aristotle, that first of men, and peerless pattern of all philosophy, was our sovereign lady's godfather; and wisely and properly gave her the name of Entelechy. Her true name then is Entelechy, and may he be in tail beshit, and entail a shit-a-bed faculty, and nothing else on his family, who dares call her by any other name: for whoever he is, he does her wrong, and is a very impudent person. You are heartily welcome, gentlemen. With this they colled and clipt us about the neck, which was no small comfort to us, I will assure you.

Panurge then whispered me, Fellow-traveller, quoth he, hast thou not been somewhat afraid this bout? A little, said I. To tell you the truth of it, quoth he, never were the Ephraimites in a greater fear and quandary, when the Gileadites killed and drowned them for saying sibboleth[10] instead of shibboleth; and among friends, let me tell you, that perhaps there is not a man in the whole country of Beauce, but might easily have stopt my bunghole with a cart-load of hay.

The captain afterwards took us to the queen's palace, leading us silently with great formality. Pantagruel would have said something to him; but the other, not being able to come up to his height, wished for a ladder, or a very long pair of stilts; then said, Patience, if it were our sovereign lady's will, we would be as tall as you; well, we shall, when she pleases.

In the first galleries, we saw great numbers of sick per-

[7] William Bigot, of whom Scaliger speaks in the preceding article.
[8] Joachim Camerarius, in ch. 10. of his Obs. on the First Book of the Tusculan questions. [9] In his Apology against the Calumniators of the Latin Tongue. [10] See the book of Judges, ch. xii. ver. 6.

sons, differently placed according to their maladies. The leprous were apart; those that were poisoned on one side; those that had got the plague, alias the pox,[11] in the first rank, accordingly.

On Chap. XIX.—That place, which is also called Entelechy, and its ruler Queen-whims, or Quintessence, is alchymy, the pretended philosophical stone; as also quacks, and those beggarly projectors, who, if you will believe them, can make you rich, and promise mountains of gold, whereas they sometimes want brass to buy bread: and more generally, this refers to all addle-headed students and contrivers. All know how infatuated many of the chemists are with the lapis, aurum potabile, and a thousand medicines, at whose very sight, they will tell you, diseases disappear. The leprosy, the plague, poisons, though never so corrosive, the venereal disease, the gout, palsies; in short, all obstinate and dangerous evils are cured by them in an unaccountable manner, if you will believe them. Now Rabelais, who, as Thuanus says, was a most learned and experienced physician, gives us freely to understand that all those pretenders are so many cheats, who sometimes deceive themselves, but generally others. For this reason, the first port of that island, whereat he makes his fleet touch, is Mateotechny, Ματαιοτεχνία; that is the study of foolish unprofitable arts: yet he makes those who profess them give their country the name of Entelechy, from Ἐντελεχεία, *actus et perfectio;* as it is rendered in Aristotle's second book *De Anima*. Tully, *Tuscul.* Lib. 1, would have it to signify a perpetual motion. Now, as several learned men in former ages have almost as largely descanted upon the word, as some in this have lost time about the thing, Rabelais reflects upon them for it in this chapter; and at the same time those grammarians, who dispute so hotly about words and neglect things, may be aimed at, as deserving to be placed among those who apply themselves to unprofitable studies.—*M.*

Ch. XX.—*How the Quintessence cured the sick with a song.*

The captain showed us the queen, attended with her ladies and gentlemen in the second gallery. She looked young, though she was at least eighteen hundred years old;[1] and was handsome, slender, and as fine as a queen, that is as hands could make her. He then said to us. It is not yet a fit time to speak to the queen; be you but mindful of her doings in the meanwhile.

You have kings in your world that fantastically pretend to cure some certain diseases; as for example, scrofula or wens, swelled throats, nick-named the king's evil, and quartan agues, only with a touch: now our queen cures all manner of diseases without so much as touching the sick, but barely

[11] It is on their account principally that the chemical medicines are in vogue. [1] With respect to the time when Aristotle flourished, who was the first coiner of the word entelechy.

with a song, according to the nature of the distemper. He then showed us a set of organs, and said, that when it was touched by her, those miraculous cures were performed. The organ was indeed the strangest that ever eyes beheld: for the pipes were of cassia fistula in the cod; the top and cornice of guiacum; the bellows of rhubarb; the pedas of turbith, and the clavier or keys of scammony.

While we were examining this wonderful new make of an organ, the leprous were brought in by her abstractors, spodizators, masticators, pregustics, tabachins, chachanins, neemanins, rabrebans, nercins, rozuins, nebidins, tearins, segamions, perarons, chasinins, sarins, soteins, aboth, enilins, archasdarpenins, mebins, chabourins, and other officers, for whom I want names; so she played them I do not know what sort of a tune, or song, and they were all immediately cured.

Then those who were poisoned were had in, and she had no sooner given them a song, but they began to find a use for their legs, and up they got. Then came on the deaf, the blind, and the dumb, and they too were restored to their lost faculties and senses with the same remedy; which did so strangely amaze us (and not without reason, I think,) that down we fell on our faces, remaining prostrate, like men ravished in ecstasy, and were not able to utter one word through the excess of our admiration, till she came, and having touched Pantagruel with a fine fragrant nosegay of red roses, which she held in her hand, thus made us recover our senses and get up. Then she made us the following speech in Byssin words, such as Parisatis desired should be spoken to her son Cyrus, or at least of crimson alamode.

The probity that scintillizes in the superfices of your persons, informs my ratiocinating faculty, in a most stupendous manner, of the radiant virtues, latent within the precious caskets and ventricles of your minds.[2] For, contemplating the mellifluous suavity of your thrice discreet reverences, it is impossible not to be persuaded with facility, that neither your affections nor your intellects are vitiated with any defect, or privation of liberal and exalted sciences: far from it, all must judge that in you are lodged a cornucopia, and

[2] M. Duchat makes the original run thus; The probity that scintillizes in the circumference of your words, informs my ratiocinating faculty of the virtue latent in the centre of your minds.

encyclopædia, an unmeasurable profundity of knowledge in the most peregrine and sublime disciplines, so frequently the admiration, and so rarely the concomitants of the imperite vulgar. This gently compels me, who in preceding times indefatigably kept my private affections absolutely subjugated, to condescend to make my application to you in the trivial phrase of the plebeian world; and assure you, that you are well, more than most heartily welcome.

I have no hand at making of speeches, quoth Panurge to me privately: pr'ythee, man, make answer to her for us, if thou canst. This would not work with me, however, neither did Pantagruel return a word: so that Queen Whims, or Queen Quintessence (which you please) perceiving that we stood as mute as fishes, said: Your taciturnity speaks you not only disciples of Pythagoras, from whom the venerable antiquity of my progenitors, in successive propagation was emaned, and derives its original; but also discovers, that through the revolution of many retrograde moons, you have in Egypt pressed the extremities of your fingers, with the hard tenants of your mouths, and scalptized your heads with frequent applications of your unguicules.[3] In the school of Pythagoras, taciturnity was the symbol of abstracted and superlative knowledge; and the silence of the Egyptians was agnized as an expressive manner of divine adoration: this caused the pontiffs of Hierapolis to sacrifice to the great deity in silence, impercussively, without any vociferous or obstreperous sound. My design is not to enter into a privation of gratitude towards you; but by a vivacious formality, though matter were too abstract itself from me, excentricate to you my cogitations.

Having spoken this, she only said to her officers, Tabachins,[4] A panacea;[5] and strait they desired us not to take it amiss,

[3] It is in the original, with one finger; a sign of effeminacy and indolence, with which Pompey was formerly reproached, as Seneca, Plutarch, and others have observed. [4] I know not what this word means. The Italians, indeed, call a pander for boys, or a cock-bawd in the crupper-mongering way, tabbachino. So this queen here may in a contemptuous way call her servants, like some persons of quality now-a-days,—Here, Bougres, &c. [5] Cotgrave says it is a call to meat (*à pan*) like *à manger*. It is likewise an herb called in English all-heal, for it cures all distempers (*credat quicunque vult*) Pliny and Dioscorides speak of this wonderful vegetable, which Erasmus in his Encomium Moriæ, says must grow, if any where, in the Fortunate Islands, which produce every thing at a wish.

if the queen did not invite us to dine with her; for she never eat anything at dinner but some categories, jecabots, emnins, dimions, abstractions, harborins, chelemins, second intentions, carradoths, antitheses, metempsychoses, transcendent prolepsies, and such other light food.

Then they took us into a little closet, lined through with alarums, where we were treated God knows how. It is said that Jupiter writes whatever is transacted in the world, on the dipthera or skin of the Amalthæan goat[6] that suckled him in Crete, which pelt served him instead of a shield against the Titans, whence he was nicknamed Ægiochos.[7] Now as I hate to drink water, brother topers, I protest it would be impossible to make eighteen goat-skins hold the description of all the good meat they brought before us; though it were written in characters as small as those in which were penned Homer's Iliads, which Tully tells us he saw enclosed in a nutshell.

For my part, had I one hundred mouths, as many tongues, a voice of iron, a heart of oak, and lungs of leather, together with the mellifluous abundance of Plato; yet I never could give you a full account of a third part of a second of the whole.

Pantagruel was telling me, that he believed the queen had given the symbolic word used among her subjects, to denote sovereign good cheer, when she said to her tabachins. A panacea; just as Lucullus used to say, In Apollo, when he designed to give his friends a singular treat; though sometimes they took him at unawares, as, among the rest, Cicero and Hortensius sometimes used to do.

On Chap. XX.—Rabelais ridicules here those empirics whose chief talent is impudence and lies, while they pretend to the cure of incurable diseases; and also those who seek an universal remedy, Rosicrucians, disciples of Trismegistus, Raimond Lullius, Arnold of Villeneuve, and such as are said to have understood the great work, or *arcanum philosophicum*, and—if you will believe them—the only true sons of wisdom. This makes him say, that Queen Whims cured all manner of diseases with a song, full as effectually as some kings rid men of the evil, that takes its name from their dignity: by which he meant, that all those pretended cures are just as solid as a song, and are nothing but vain talk.

The queen's affected pedantic speech mimics the way of talk of some of our demi-virtuosos, who cannot think any one speaks well, unless he express himself with far-fetched metaphors, long tropes, uncommon words, *per ambages*, tedious circumlocutions, and such fulsome stuff.

[6] It should be the goat Amalthæa. [7] From αἴξ *capra*, *et* ἴχω, *habeo*.

Accordingly we find that Panurge could not tell how to answer her in the same cant; neither did Pantagruel return a word. However, they dined never the worse after it, while the queen fed on nothing but categories, abstractions, second intentions, metempsychoses, transcendant prolepsies, expressions, deceptions, dreams, &c. in Greek and Hebrew.—*M.*

CH. XXI.—*How the Queen passed her time after dinner.*

WHEN we had dined, a chachanin led us into the queen's hall, and there we saw how, after dinner, with the ladies and princes of her court, she used to sift, searse, boult, range, and pass away time with a fine large white and blue silk sieve. We also perceived how they revived ancient sports, diverting themselves together at

1. Cordax.[1]
2. Emmelia.
3. Sicinnia.
4. Jambics.
5. Persica.
6. Phrygia.
7. Thracia.
8. Calabrisme.
9. Molossia.
10. Cernophorum.
11. Monogas.
12. Terminalia
13. Floralia.
14. Pyrrhice.
15. Nicatism.[2]

And a thousand other dances.

Afterwards she gave orders that they should show us the apartments and curiosities in her palace; accordingly we saw there such new, strange, and wonderful things, that I am still ravished in admiration every time I think on it. However, nothing surprised us more than what was done by the gentlemen of her household, abstractors, parazons, nebidins, spodizators, and others, who freely, and without the least dissembling, told us, that the queen their mistress did all impossible things, and cured men of incurable diseases; and they, her officers, used to do the rest.

I saw there a young parazon cure many of the new consumption, I mean the pox, though they were never so peppered: had it been the rankest Roan ague,[3] (Anglicé, the

[1] 1. A sort of country dance. 2. A still tragic dance. 3. Dancing and singing used at funerals. 4. Cutting sarcasms and lampoons. 5. The Persian dance. 6. Tunes, whose measure inspired men with a kind of divine fury. 7. The Thracian movement. 8. Smutty verses. 9. A measure to which the Mollossi of Epirus danced a certain morrice. 10. A dance with bowls or pots in their hands. 11. A song where one sings alone. 12. Sports at the holidays of the god of bounds. 13. Dancing naked at Flora's holidays. 14. The Trojan-dance in armour. Le Duchat differs a little in the order of these names. [2] Athenæus, lib. xiv. cap. 7, makes mention of all these dances of the ancients even nicatism, which Sir T. U. and all the new editions have omitted. [3] It should be Rouen, not Roan; they are two different towns in France, at a vast distance from

Covent-garden gout,) it was all one with him; touching only their dentiform vertebræ thrice with a piece of a wooden shoe, he made them as wholesome as so many sucking pigs.

Another did thoroughly cure folks of dropsies, tympanies, ascites, and hyposarcides, striking them on the belly nine times with a Tenedian hatchet,[4] without any solution of the continuum.

Another cured all manner of fevers and agues on the spot, only with hanging a fox tail[5] on the left side of the patient's girdle.

One removed the tooth-ache only with washing thrice the root of the aching tooth with elder-vinegar, and letting it dry half-an-hour in the sun.[6]

Another the gout, whether hot or cold, natural or accidental, by barely making the gouty person shut his mouth, and open his eyes.

I saw another ease nine gentlemen of St. Francis's distemper,[7] in a very short space of time, having clapped a rope about their necks, at the end of which hung a box with ten thousand gold crowns in it.

One with a wonderful engine, threw the houses out at the windows, by which means they were purged of all pestilential air.

Another cured all the three kinds of hectics, the tabid, atrophes, and emaciated, without bathing, without Tabian milk, dropax, alias depilatory, or other such medicaments; only turning the consumptive for three months into monks: and he assured me that if they did not grow fat and plump in a monastic way of living, they never would be fattened in this world, either by nature, or by art.

I saw another surrounded with a crowd of two sorts of women. Some were young, quaint, clever, neat, pretty, juicy, tight, brisk, buxom, proper, kind-hearted, and as right as my

each other. Why the pox is denominated from Rouen, is either because it first appeared there, or because such as have it in a violent degree are *enrouez*, made hoarse by it. [4] It is the tenedia bipennis (a twy-bill, or two-edged axe of Tenedos: see Cambridge Dict.) It was as M. Duchat observes, a symbol of extreme severity. This axe or bipennis gave rise to the French word *besaguë*, from *bisacuta*, because of its double edge. [5] To drive away the flies which pestered the patient. [6] No shorter nor better way to cure the tooth-ache, than to pull out the tooth that causes it.

[7] A consumption in the pocket, or want of money: for those of St. Francis's order must carry none about them.

leg, to any man's thinking. The rest were old, weather-beaten, over-ridden, toothless, blear-eyed, tough, wrinkled, shrivelled, tawny, mouldy, phthysicky, decrepit hags, beldams, and walking carcasses. We were told that this office was to cast anew those she-pieces of antiquity, and make them such as the pretty creatures whom we saw, who had been made young again that day, recovering at once the beauty, shape, size, and disposition, which they enjoyed at sixteen; except their heels, that were now much shorter than in their former youth.

This made them yet more apt to fall backwards, whenever any man happened to touch them, than they had been before. As for their counterparts, the old, mother-scratchlobies, they most devoutly waited for the blessed hour, when the batch that was in the oven was to be drawn, that they might have their turns, and in a mighty haste they were pulling and hauling the man like mad, telling him, that it is the most grievous and intolerable thing in nature for the tail to be on fire, and the head to scare away those who should quench it.

The officer had his hands full, never wanting patients; neither did his place bring him in little, you may swear. Pantagruel asked him whether he could also make old men young again? He said he could not. But the way to make them new men, was to get them to cohabit with a new-cast female: for thus they caught that fifth kind of crinckams, which some call pellade, in Greek, ὀφίασις, that makes them cast off their old hair and skin, just as the serpents do; and thus their youth is renewed like the Arabian phœnix's. This is the true fountain of youth, for there the old and decrepit become young, active, and lusty.

Just so, as Euripides tells us, Iolaus was transmogrified; and thus Phaon, for whom kind-hearted Sappho run wild, grew young again for Venus's use: so Tithon by Aurora's means; so Æson by Medæa, and Jason also, who, if you will believe Pherecides and Simonides, was new-vamped and dy'd by that witch: and so were the nurses of jolly Bacchus, and their husbands, as Œschylus relates.

ON CHAP. XXI.—Our travellers see the queen, and some of her subjects, who sift, searse, bolt, range, and pass away time, and revise ancient sports. This reflects on those who wholly apply themselves to the study of the customs of the ancients, while many times they are ignorant in those of the moderns; a sort of book-worms, some of which.

conversing with none but the dead, are hardly qualified for the company of the living. Our author, who seldom forgets the monks, says, that one of the queen's officers cured the consumptive by turning them into monks, by which means they grew fat and plump. What he says of the nine gentlemen who were rid of their poverty, having a rope put about their necks, at the end of which hung a box with ten thousand crowns in it, may refer to some in those times who either had, or fancied they were to have, the collar of the order of St. Michael, or some other, bestowed on them with a pension.—*M.*

CH. XXII.—*How Queen Whim's officers were employed: and how the said lady retained us among her abstractors.*

I THEN saw a great number of the queen's officers, who made black-a-moors white, as fast as hops, just rubbing their bellies with the bottom of a pannier.

Others, with three couples of foxes in one yoke, ploughed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed.

Others washed burnt tiles, and made them lose their colour.

Others extracted water out of pumice-stones; braying them a good while in a mortar, and changed their substance.

Others sheared asses, and thus got long fleece wool.

Others gathered off of thorns grapes, and figs off of thistles.

Others stroked he-goats by the dugs, and saved their milk in a sieve; and much they got by it.

Others washed asses' heads, without losing their soap.

Others taught cows to dance, and did not lose their fiddling.

Others pitched nets to catch the wind, and took cock lobsters in them.

I saw a spodizator, who very artificially got farts out of a dead ass, and sold them for five pence an ell.

Another did putrify beetles. O the dainty food!

Poor Panurge fairly cast up his accounts, and gave up his half penny [i. e. vomited], seeing an archasdarpenin, who laid a huge plenty of chamberlye to putrify in horse-dung, mis-mashed with abundance of christian sir-reverence. Pugh, fie upon him, nasty dog! However, he told us, that with this sacred distillation he watered kings and princes, and made their sweet lives a fathom or two the longer.

"Others built churches to jump over the steeples.[1]

Others set carts before the horses," and began to flay eels

[1] This, and the other article with turned commas, are not in Rabelais, who says here, Others broke *(andouilles)* chitterlings against their knees.

at the tail; neither did the eels cry before they were hurt, like those of Melun.

Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing.

Others cut fire into steaks, with a knife, and drew water with a fish net.

" Others made chalk of cheese,"[2] and honey of a dog's t—d.

We saw a knot of others, about a baker's dozen in number, tippling under an arbour. They toped out of jolly bottomless cups, four sorts of cool, sparkling, pure, delicious, vine-tree syrup, which went down like mother's milk; and healths and bumpers flew about like lightning. We were told, that these true philosophers were fairly multiplying the stars by drinking till the seven were fourteen, as brawny Hercules did with Atlas.

Others made a virtue of necessity, and the best of a bad market, which seemed to me a very good piece of work.

Others made alchymy with their teeth, and clapping their hind retort to the recipient, made scurvy faces, and then squeezed.

Others, in a large grass plat, exactly measured how far the fleas could go at a hop, a step, and a jump; and told us, that this was exceedingly useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths; and that Socrates, who first got philosophy out of heaven, and from idle and trifling, made it profitable and of moment, used to spend half his philosophizing time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes, the quintessential, affirms.

I saw two gibroins by themselves, keeping watch on the top of a tower, and we were told, they guarded the moon from the wolves.

In a blind corner, I met four more very hot at it, and ready to go to loggerheads. I asked what was the cause of the stir and ado, the mighty coil and pother they made? And I heard that for four or five livelong days, those overwise roisters had been at it ding dong, disputing on three high, more than metaphysical propositions, promising themselves mountains of gold by solving them; the first was concerning a he-ass's shadow: the second, of the smoke of a lantern;

[2] The original says, Lanterns of bladders, and brass shovels of clouds.

and the third, of goat's hair, whether it were wool or no? We heard that they did not think it a bit strange, that two contradictions in mode, form, figure, and time, should be true. Though I will warrant the sophists of Paris had rather be unchristened than own so much.

While we were admiring all those men's wonderful doings, the evening star already twinkling; the queen (God bless her) appeared attended with her court, and again amazed and dazzled us. She perceived it, and said to us:

What occasions the aberrations of human cogitations through the perplexing labyrinths and abysses of admiration, is not the source of the effects, which sagacious mortals visibly experience to be the consequential result of natural causes: it is the novelty of the experiment which makes impressions on their conceptive, cogitative faculties; that do not previse the facility of the operation adequately, with a subact and sedate intellection, associated with diligent and congruous study. Consequently let all manner of perturbation abdicate the ventricles of your brains, if any one has invaded them while they were contemplating what is transacted by my domestic ministers. Be spectators and auditors of every particular phenomenon, and every individual proposition, within the extent of my mansion; satiate yourselves with all that can fall here under the consideration of your visual or ascultating powers, and thus emancipate yourselves from the servitude of crassous ignorance. And that you may be induced to apprehend how sincerely I desire this in consideration of the studious cupidity that so demonstratively emicates at your external organs, from this present particle of time, I retain you as my abstractors: Geber, my principal talachin, shall register and initiate you at your departing.

We humbly thanked her queenship, without saying a word, accepting of the noble office she conferred on us.

ON CHAP. XXII.—This chapter ridicules those who attempt impossibilities: accordingly, our author says they made black-a-moors white, rubbing their bellies with the bottom of a pannier; ploughed a sandy shore with three couples of foxes in one yoke, and did not lose their seed: which undertakings have given occasion to several proverbs among the ancients, to denote labour in vain, as "Æthiopem dealbare; arenas arare; laterem lavare; pumice aridius; ex asino lanam;" and others, which our author has purposely mentioned. Some mathematicians, dilecticians, naturalists, and metaphysicians, are ingeniously satirized in this chapter.—*M.*

CH. XXIII.—*How the queen was served at dinner, and of her way of eating.*

QUEEN WHIMS, after this, said to her gentlemen: The orifice of the ventricle; that ordinary embassador for the alimentation of all members, whether superior or inferior, importunes us to restore, by the apposition of idoneous sustenance, what was dissipated by the internal calidity's action on the radical humidity. Therefore spodizators, gesinins, memains, and parazons, be not culpable of dilatory protractions in the apposition of every re-roborating species, but rather let them pullulate and superabound on the tables. As for you, noblissim prægustators, and my gentilissim masticators, your frequently experimented industry, internected with perdiligent sedulity, and sedulous perdiligence, continually adjuvates you to perficiate all things in so expeditious a manner, that there is a necessity of exciting in you a cupidity to consummate them. Therefore I can only suggest to you still to operate, as you are assuefacted indefatigably to operate.

Having made this fine speech, she retired for a while with part of her women, and we were told, that it was to bathe, as the ancients did more commonly than we use now-a-days to wash our hands before we eat. The tables were soon placed, the cloth spread, and then the queen sat down. She eat nothing but celestial ambrosia, and drank nothing but divine nectar. As for the lords and ladies that were there, they as well as we, fared on as rare, costly, and dainty dishes, as ever Apicius wot or dreamed of in his life.

When we were as round as hoops, and as full as eggs, with stuffing the gut, an olla podrida[1] was set before us, to force hunger to come to terms with us, in case it had not granted us a truce: and such a huge vast thing it was, that the golden platter which Pythius Althius gave King Darius, would hardly have covered it. The olla consisted of several sorts of pottages, salads, fricasees, saugrenees, cabirotadoes, roast and boiled meat, carbonadoes, swinging pieces of powdered beef, good old hams, dainty deifical somates, cakes, tarts, a world of curds after the moorish way, fresh cheese, jellies, and fruit of all sorts. All this seemed to me good and dainty: however the sight of it made me sigh; for alas, I could not taste a bit of it; so full I had filled my puddings

[1] Some call it an olio. Rabelais *pot-pourry*.

before, and a bellyful is a bellyful you know. Yet I must tell you what I saw, that seemed to me odd enough of conscience: it was some pasties in paste; and what should those pasties in paste be, do you think, but pasties in pots? At the bottom I perceived store of dice, cards,[2] tarots,[3] luettes, chess-men and chequers, besides full bowls of gold crowns, for those who have a mind to have a game or two, and try their chance. Under this I saw a jolly company of mules in stately trappings, with velvet foot-cloths, and a troop of ambling nags, some for men and some for women; besides I do not know how many litters all lined with velvet; and some coaches of Ferrara make: all this for those who had a mind to take the air.

This did not seem strange to me: but if anything did, it was certainly the queen's way of eating; and truly it was very new, and very odd: for she chewed nothing the good lady; not but that she had good sound teeth, and her meat required to be masticated; but such was her highness's custom. When her prægustators had tasted the meat, her masticators took it and chewed it most nobly: for their dainty chops and gullets were lined through with crimson satin, with little welts, and gold purls, and their teeth were of delicate white ivory. Thus, when they had chewed the meat ready for her highness's maw, they poured it down her throat through a funnel of fine gold, and so on to her craw. For that reason, they told us, she never visited a close stool but by proxy.

ON CHAP. XXIII.—Queen Whims' or Quintessence's supper is not more substantial than her dinner: for she eats nothing but ambrosia; drinks nothing but nectar; and the lords and ladies that were there fared on such dishes as Apicius dreamed of. All this is dream and poetical food, and consequently of easy digestion. An olla or hodge-podge follows, which may represent a mixture of confused notions jumbled together. The cards, dice, chequers, and bowls full of gold, (for those who would play,) the mules in stately trappings, velvet litters and coaches, are the vain hopes of those who are subject to whims, and dream of finding the philosopher's stone.

The queen tastes and chews nothing: her prægustators and masticators (her tasters and chewers) do that for her; and she never visits a close stool but by proxy. This signifies, that those who employ those cheats, who pretend to make gold, swallow every thing that comes from them without examining the sense of it, or chewing the cud upon the matter; all goes down glibly with them, so greedy they are of pos-

[2] Great cards on which many different things are figured.
[3] Pieces of ivory to play withal.

sessing such a mighty secret. But the alchymists, whom they trust, bestir their grinders lustily, in the mean time, and do not feed altogether on smoke, as do their patrons, who are here said never to go to stool but by proxy, because they are only fed with words and promises: all vanishes in smoke. The word *spodizater* signifies one who fairly gets soot from brass, by trying and melting it down.—*M.*

CH. XXIV.—*How there was a ball in the manner of a tournament, at which Queen Whims was present.*

AFTER supper there was a ball in the form of a tilt or a tournament, not only worth seeing, but also never to be forgotten. First, the floor of the hall was covered with a large piece of velveted white and yellow chequered tapestry, each chequer exactly square, and three full spans in breadth.

Then thirty-two young persons came into the hall; sixteen of them arrayed in cloth of gold; and of these, eight were young nymphs, such as the ancients described Diana's attendants: the other eight were a king, a queen, two wardens of the castle, two knights, and two archers. Those of the other band were clad in cloth of silver.

They posted themselves on the tapestry in the following manner: the kings on the last line of the fourth square; so that the golden king was on a white square, and the silvered king on a yellow square, and each queen by her king; the golden queen on a yellow square, and the silvered queen on a white one: and on each side stood the archers to guide their kings and queens; by the archers the knights, and the wardens by them. In the next row before them stood the eight nymphs; and between the two bands of nymphs four rows of squares stood empty.

Each band had its musicians, eight on each side, dressed in its livery; the one with orange-coloured damask, the other with white; and all played on different instruments most melodiously and harmoniously, still varying in time and measure as the figure of the dance required. This seemed to me an admirable thing, considering the numerous diversity of steps, back-steps, bounds, rebounds, jerks, paces, leaps, skips, turns, coupés, hops, leadings, risings, meetings, flights, ambuscadoes, moves, and removes.

I was also at a loss, when I strove to comprehend how the dancers could so suddenly know what every different note meant: for they no sooner heard this or that sound, but they placed themselves in the place which was denoted by the

music, though their motions were all different. For the nymphs that stood in the first file, as if they designed to begin the fight, marched straight forwards to their enemies from square to square, unless it were the first step, at which they were free to move over the two steps at once. They alone never fall back, (which is not very natural to other nymphs) and if any of them is so lucky as to advance to the opposite king's row, she is immediately crowned queen of her king, and after that, moves with the same state, and in the same manner as the queen; but till that happens, they never strike their enemies but forwards, and obliquely in a diagonal line. However, they make it not their chief business to take their foes; for if they did, they would leave their queen exposed to the adverse parties, who then might take her.

The kings move and take their enemies on all sides squareways, and only step from a white square into a yellow one, and vice versa, except at their first step the rank should want other officers than the wardens; for then they can set them in their place, and retire by him.

The queens take a greater liberty than any of the rest; for they move backwards and forwards all manner of ways, in a straight line, as far as they please, provided the place be not filled with one of their own party, and diagonally also, keeping to the colour on which they stand.

The archers move backwards or forwards, far and near, never changing the colour on which they stand. The knights move, and take in a lineal manner, stepping over one square, though a friend or foe stand upon it, posting themselves on the second square to the right or left, from one colour to another, which is very unwelcome to the adverse party, and ought to be carefully observed, for they take at unawares.

The wardens move, and take to the right or left, before or behind them, like the kings, and can advance as far as they find places empty; which liberty the kings take not.

The law which both sides observe, is, at the end of the fight, to besiege and enclose the king of either party, so that he may not be able to move; and being reduced to that extremity, the battle is over, and he loses the day.

Now, to avoid this, there is none of either sex of each party, but is willing to sacrifice his or her life, and they begin to take one another on all sides in time, as soon as the

music strikes up. When any one takes a prisoner, he makes his honours, and striking him gently in the hand, puts him out of the field and combat, and encamps where he stood.

If one of the kings chance to stand where he might be taken, it is not lawful for any of his adversaries that had discovered him, to lay hold on him: far from it, they are strictly enjoined humbly to pay him their respects, and give him notice, saying, God preserve you, sir! that his officers may relieve and cover him, or he may remove, if unhappily he could not be relieved. However, he is not to be taken, but greeted with a Good-morrow, the others bending the knee: and thus the tournament uses to end.

Ch. XXV.—*How the thirty-two persons at the ball fought.*

The two companies having taken their stations, the music struck up, and, with a martial sound, which had something of horrid in it, like a point of war, roused and alarmed both parties, who now began to shiver, and then soon were warmed with warlike rage; and having got in readiness to fight desperately, impatient of delay, stood waiting for the charge.

Then the music of the silvered band ceased playing, and the instruments of the golden side alone were heard, which denoted that the golden party attacked. Accordingly, a new movement was played for the onset, and we saw the nymph, who stood before the queen, turn to the left towards her king, as it were to ask leave to fight: and thus saluting her company at the same time, she moved two squares forwards, and saluted the adverse party.

Now the music of the golden brigade ceased playing, and their antagonists began again. I ought to have told you that the nymph, who began by saluting her company, had by that formality also given them to understand that they were to fall on. She was saluted by them, in the same manner, with a full turn to the left, except the queen, who went aside towards her king to the right; and the same manner of salutation was observed on both sides during the whole ball.

The silvered nymph that stood before her queen likewise moved, as soon as the music of her party sounded a charge: her salutations, and those of her side, were to the right, and her queen's to the left. She moved in the second square forwards, and saluted her antagonists, facing the first golden

nymph: so that there was not any distance between them, and you would have thought they two had been going to fight; but they only strike sideways.

Their comrades, whether silvered or golden, followed them in an intercalary figure, and seemed to skirmish a while, till the golden nymph, who had first entered the lists, striking a silvered nymph in the hand on the right, put her out of the field, and set herself in her place. But soon the music playing a new measure, she was struck by a silvered archer, who after that was obliged himself to retire. A silvered knight then sallied out, and the golden queen posted herself before her king.

Then the silvered king, dreading the golden queen's fury, removed to the right, to the place where his warden stood, which seemed to him strong and well guarded.

The two knights on the left, whether golden or silvered, marched up, and on either side, took up many nymphs, who could not retreat; principally the golden knight, who made this his whole business; but the silvered knight had greater designs, dissembling all along, and even sometimes not taking a nymph when he could have done it, still moving on till he was come up to the main body of the enemies, in such a manner, that he saluted their king with a God save you, sir!

The whole golden brigade quaked for fear and anger, those words giving notice of their king's danger; not but that they could soon relieve him, but because their king being thus saluted, they were to lose their warden on the right wing, without any hopes of a recovery. Then the golden king retired to the left, and the silver knight took the golden warden, which was a mighty loss to that party. However, they resolved to be revenged, and surrounded the knight that he might not escape. He tried to get off, behaving himself with a great deal of gallantry, and his friends did what they could to save him; but at last he fell into the golden queen's hands, and was carried off.

Her forces, not yet satisfied, having lost one of her best men, with more fury than conduct, moved about, and did much mischief among their enemies. The silvered party warily dissembled, watching their opportunity to be even with them, and presented one of their nymphs to the golden queen, having laid an ambuscado; so that the nymph being taken, a golden archer had like to have seized the silvered

queen. Then the golden knight undertakes to take the silvered king and queen, and says, Good-morrow. Then the silvered archer salutes them, and was taken by a golden nymph, and she herself by a silvered one.

The fight was obstinate and sharp. The wardens left their posts, and advanced to relieve their friends. The battle was doubtful, and victory hovered over both armies. Now the silvered host charge and break through their enemy's ranks, as far as the golden king's tent, and now they are beaten back: the golden queen distinguishes herself from the rest by her mighty achievements, still more than by her garb and dignity; for at once she takes an archer, and going sideways, seizes a silvered warden. Which thing the silvered queen perceiving, she came forwards, and rushing on with equal bravery, takes the last golden warden, and some nymphs. The two queens fought a long while hand to hand; now striving to take each other by surprise, then to save themselves, and sometimes to guard their kings. Finally, the golden queen took the silvered queen; but presently after she herself was taken by the silvered archer.

Then the silvered king had only three nymphs, an archer, and a warden left, and the golden only three nymphs and the right knight, which made them fight more slowly and warily than before. The two kings seemed to mourn for the loss of their loving queens, and only studied and endeavoured to get new ones out of all their nymphs, to be raised to that dignity, and thus be married to them. This made them excite those brave nymphs to strive to reach the farthest rank, where stood the king of the contrary party, promising them certainly to have them crowned if they could do this. The golden nymphs were beforehand with the others, and out of their number was created a queen, who was dressed in royal robes, and had a crown set on her head. You need not doubt the silvered nymphs made also what haste they could to be queens: one of them was within a step of the coronation place; but there the golden knight lay ready to intercept her, so that she could go no further.

The new golden queen, resolved to show herself valiant, and worthy of her advancement to the crown, achieved great feats of arms. But, in the mean time, the silvered knight takes the golden warden who guarded the camp: and thus there was a new silvered queen, who, like the other, strove to

excel in heroic deeds at the beginning of her reign. Thus the fight grew hotter than before. A thousand stratagems, charges, rallyings, retreats, and attacks, were tried on both sides; till at last the silvered queen, having by stealth advanced as far as the golden king's tent, cried, God save you, sir! Now none but his new queen could relieve him: so she bravely came and exposed herself to the utmost extremity to deliver him out of it. Then the silvered warden, with his queen, reduced the golden king to such a stress, that, to save himself, he was forced to lose his queen: but the golden king took him at last. However, the rest of the golden party were soon taken; and that king being left alone, the silvered party made him a low bow, crying, Good-morrow, sir! which denoted that the silvered king had got the day.

This being heard, the music of both parties loudly proclaimed the victory. And thus the first battle ended to the unspeakable joy of all the spectators.

After this the two brigades took their former stations, and began to tilt a second time, much as they had done before, only the music played somewhat faster than at the first battle, and the motions were altogether different. I saw the golden queen sally out one of the first, with an archer and a knight, as it were angry at the former defeat, and she had like to have fallen upon the silvered king in his tent among his officers; but having been baulked in her attempt, she skirmished briskly, and overthrew so many silvered nymphs and officers, that it was a most amazing sight. You would have sworn she had been another Penthesilea; for she behaved herself with as much bravery as that Amazonian queen did at Troy.

But this havoc did not last long; for the silvered party, exasperated by their loss, resolved to perish, or stop her progress; and having posted an archer in ambuscado, on a distant angle, together with a knight-errant, her highness fell into their hands, and was carried out of the field. The rest were soon routed after the taking of their queen, who, without doubt, from that time resolved to be more wary, and keep near her king, without venturing so far amidst her enemies, unless with more force to defend her. Thus the silver brigade once more got the victory.

This did not dishearten or deject the golden party: far from it, they soon appeared again in the field to face their

enemies; and being posted as before, both the armies seemed more resolute and cheerful than ever. Now the martial concert began, and the music was above a hemiole the quicker, according to the warlike Phrygian mode, such as was invented by Marsyas.

Then our combatants began to wheel about, and charge with such a swiftness, that in an instant they made four moves, besides the usual salutations. So that they were continually in action, flying, hovering, jumping, vaulting, curvetting, with petauristical turns and motions, and often intermingled.

Seeing them then turn about on one foot after they had made their honours, we compared them to your tops or gigs, such as boys use to whip about; making them turn round so swiftly, that they sleep, as they call it, and motion cannot be perceived, but resembles rest, its contrary: so that if you make a point or mark on some part of one of those gigs, it will be perceived not as a point, but a continual line in a most divine manner, as Cusanus has wisely observed.

While they were thus warmly engaged, we heard continually the claps and episemapsies, which those of the two bands reiterated at the taking of their enemies; and this, joined to the variety of their motions and music, would have forced smiles out of the most severe Cato, the never-laughing Crassus, the Athenian man-hater, Timon: nay, even whining Heraclitus, though he abhorred laughing, the action that is most peculiar to man. For who could have forborn? seeing those young warriors, with their nymphs and queens, so briskly and gracefully advance, retire, jump, leap, skip, spring, fly, vault, caper, move to the right, to the left, every way still in time, so swiftly, and yet so dexterously, that they never touched one another but methodically.

As the number of the combatants lessened, the pleasure of the spectators increased; for the stratagems and motions of the remaining forces were more singular. I shall only add, that this pleasing entertainment charmed us to such a degree, that our minds were ravished with admiration and delight; and the martial harmony moved our souls so powerfully, that we easily believed what is said of Ismenias's having excited Alexander to rise from table and run to his arms, with such a warlike melody. At last the golden king remained master of the field: and while we were minding those dancers, Queen Whims vanished, so that we saw her no more from that day to this.

Then Geber's michelots conducted us, and we were set down among her abstractors, as her queenship had commanded. After that we returned to the port of Mateotechny, and thence straight aboard our ships: for the wind was fair, and had we not hoisted out of hand, we could hardly have got off in three quarters of a moon in the wane.

On Chaps. XXIV. and XXV.—The ball in the manner of a tournament, which was performed before the queen, is a most lively and ingenious description of the game of chess. The floor of the hall, which is covered with a large piece of velveted white and yellow chequered tapestry, means the chequer board. The thirty-two young persons, one-half drest in cloth of gold, and the other in cloth of silver, are the thirty-two chess men; kings, queens, bishops, knights, rooks, and pawns. They play three games; the two first are won by the silvered king, and the last by his adversary.

Our author, who cannot be too much admired for his art in raising satirical reflections of great moment, most naturally, out of trifles where they are least expected, in the midst of this admirable allegory, seems to have reflected upon his King Francis' rashness, which made him to be taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia; for, speaking of the golden queen, who, in this latruncularian war (if I may use the expression) skirmished too boldly, and was taken, he says, the rest were soon routed after the taking of their queen; who, without doubt, from that time resolved to be more wary, and not to venture so far amidst her enemies, unless with more forces to defend her.

He also brought in very pleasantly Cardinal Cusa's boyish observation, in his simile on a top or gig; and so he has done almost all over this work.

He is not less artful in bringing off his Pantagruelists, that they may no longer be hindered by whims from arriving at the Oracle of Truth: for he says, that while they minded this pleasing entertainment, and were charmed with the melody that played to the dancers, Queen Whims vanished; and they strait went on board their ships, the wind being fair: for had they not set sail immediately, they could hardly have got off in three quarters of a moon in the wain. That is to say, by the means of music, ingenious games, dancing, and other innocent recreations, many ease their minds of perplexing thoughts, and leave those crabbed, whimsical, unprofitable studies, which wholly possessed them before; for those idle busy fancies vanish, like the evil spirit of Saul, at the harmonious sound of instruments: but should not the mind, after this, be immediately applied to some solid inquiries that may engross all its faculties, it would be in danger of being taken up again with unnecessary and uncertain businesses.

It is observable that Rabelais has made these chapters very clear, and almost sufficient to teach a man to play at chess; that his satirical allegories throughout the work, which are darker, might be thought of no greater moment than this ball and tournament.—*M.*

CH. XXVI.—*How we came to the Island of Odes, where the ways go up and down.*

WE sailed before the wind, between a pair of courses, and in two days made the island of Odes, at which place we saw a very strange thing. The ways there are animals; so true is Aristotle's saying, that all self-moving things are animals. Now the ways walk there. Ergo, they are then animals. Some of them are strange unknown ways, like those of the planets! others are highways, crossways, and bye-ways. I perceived that the travellers and inhabitants of that country asked—Whither does this way go? Whither does that way go? Some answered, between Midy and Fevrolles, to the parish church, to the city, to the river, and so forth. Being thus in their right way, they used to reach their journey's end without any farther trouble, just like those who go by water from Lyons to Avignon or Arles.

Now, as you know that nothing is perfect here below, we heard there was a sort of people whom they called highway-men, way-beaters, and makers of inroads in roads; and that the poor ways were sadly afraid of them, and shunned them as you do robbers. For these used to waylay them, as people lay trains for wolves, and set gins for woodcocks. I saw one who was taken up with a lord chief justice's warrant, for having unjustly, and in spite of Pallas, taken the schoolway, which is the longest. Another boasted that he had fairly taken the shortest, and that doing so, he first compassed his design. Thus, Carpalim, meeting once Epistemon looking upon a wall with his fiddle-diddle, or live urinal, in his hand, to make a little maid's water, cried, that he did not wonder now how the other came to be still the first at Pantagruel's levee, since he held his shortest and least used.

I found Bourges highway among these. It went with the deliberation of an abbot, but was made to scamper at the approach of some waggoners, who threatened to have it trampled under their horses' feet, and make their waggons run over it, as Tullia's chariot did over her father's body.

I also espied there the old way between Peronne and St. Quentin, which seemed to me a very good, honest, plain way, as smooth as a carpet, and as good as ever was trod upon by shoe of leather.

Among the rocks I knew again the good old way to la Ferrare, mounted on a huge bear. This at a distance would have put me in mind of St. Jerome's picture, had but the bear been a lion; for the poor way was all mortified, and wore a long hoary beard uncombed and entangled, which looked like the picture of winter, or at least like a white-frosted bush.

On that way were store of beads or rosaries, coarsely made of wild pine-tree; and it seemed kneeling, not standing, nor lying flat; but its sides and middle were beaten with huge stones, insomuch that it proved to us at once an object of fear and pity.

While we were examining it, a runner, bachelor of the place, took us aside, and showing us a white smooth way, somewhat filled with straw, said, Henceforth, gentlemen, do not reject the opinion of Thales the Milesian, who said that water is the beginning of all things; nor that of Homer, who tells us that all things derive their original from the ocean: for this same way which you see here had its beginning from water, and is to return whence she came, before two months come to an end; now carts are driven here where boats used to be rowed.

Truly, said Pantagruel, you tell us no news; we see five hundred such changes, and more, every year, in our world. Then reflecting on the different manner of going of those moving ways, he told us he believed that Philolaus and Aristarchus had philosophized in this island, and that Seleucus, indeed, was of opinion, the earth turns round about its poles, and not the heavens, whatever we may think to the contrary: As, when we are on the river Loire, we think the trees and the shore moves, though this is only an effect of our boat's motion.

As we went back to our ships, we saw three waylayers, who, having been taken in ambuscado, were going to be broken on the wheel; and a huge fornicator was burned with a lingering fire, for beating away and breaking one of its sides: we were told it was the way of the banks of the Nile in Egypt.

On Chap. XXVI.—The Island of Odes, where the ways go up and down, is the subject of this chapter. The author seems partly inclined to droll, by the means of an hypallagical expression, used by the English as well as by the French; while, speaking of a way or road, we

ask, whither it goes? instead of asking, to what place men go by that way? He takes thence an opportunity to banter Aristotle's saying, that all self-moving things are animals.

By the by, he gives a touch to the schoolmen, when he says, that he saw one taken up with a warrant, for having, in spite of Pallas, (invitâ Minerva,) taken the school-way, which is the longest. What he says of Bourges highway, which went with the deliberation of an abbot, must be understood of that university, famous for the study of the civil law.

He calls it the Island of Odes from Ὁδὸς, which signifies a way or road; a convenience to forward us in a journey, as a waggon, boat, &c., a way or rule of living; a method; and finally, an ambush on a road by robbers.—*M.*

CH. XXVII.—*How we came to the Island of Sandals; and of the order of Semiquaver Friars.*

THENCE we went to the island of Sandals, whose inhabitants live on nothing but ling-broth. However, we were very kindly received and entertained by Benius the Third, king of the island, who, after he had made us drink, took us with him to show us a spick-and-span new monastery, which he had contrived for the Semiquaver Friars: so he called the religious men whom he had there. For he said that, on the other side of the water lived friars who styled themselves her sweet ladyship's most humble servants. Item, the goodly Friar-minors, who are semibreves of bulls; the smoked-herring tribe of Minim Friars; then the Crotchet Friars. So that these diminutives could be no more than Semiquavers. By the statutes, bulls, and patents of Queen Whims, they were all dressed like so many house-burners, except that, as in Anjou your tilers used to quilt their knees when they tile houses, so these holy friars had usually quilted bellies, and thick quilted paunches were among them in much repute. Their cod-pieces were cut slipper-fashion, and every monk among them wore two—one sewed before and another behind—reporting that some certain dreadful mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of cod-pieces.

They wore shoes as round as basons, in imitation of those who inhabit the sandy sea. Their chins were closed shaved, and their feet iron-shod; and to show they did not value fortune, Benius made them shave and poll the hind part of their poles, as bare as a bird's arse, from the crown to the shoulder-blades; but they had leave to let their hair grow before, from the two triangular bones in the upper part of the skull.

Thus did they not value fortune a button, and cared no more for the goods of this world than you or I do for hanging. And to show how much they defied that blind jilt, all of them wore, not in their hands like her, but at their waist, instead of beads, sharp razors, which they used to new grind twice a-day, and set thrice a-night.

Each of them had a round ball on their feet, because Fortune is said to have one under hers.

The flap of their cowls hanged forward, and not backwards, like those of others; thus, none could see their noses, and they laughed without fear both at fortune and the fortunate; neither more nor less than our ladies laugh at barefaced trulls, when they have those mufflers on, which they call masks, and which were formerly much more properly called charity, because they cover a multitude of sins.

The hind part of their faces were always uncovered, as are our faces, which made them either go with the belly or the arse foremost, which they pleased. When their hind face went forwards, you would have sworn this had been their natural gait, as well on account of their round shoes as of the double cod-piece, and their face behind, which was as bare as the back of my hand, and coarsely daubed over with two eyes and a mouth, such as you see on some Indian nuts. Now, if they offered to waddle along with their bellies forwards, you would have then thought they were playing at blindman's buff. May I never be hanged if it was not a comical sight.

Their way of living was thus. About owl-light they charitably began to boot and spur one another; this being done, the least thing they did was to sleep and snore; and thus sleeping, they had barnacles on the handles of their faces, or spectacles at most.

You may swear we did not a little wonder at this odd fancy: but they satisfied us presently, telling us that the day of judgment is to take mankind napping; therefore, to show they did not refuse to make their personal appearance, as fortune's darlings used to do, they were always thus booted and spurred, ready to mount whenever the trumpet should sound.

At noon, as soon as the clock struck, they used to awake. You must know that their clock-bell, church-bells, and refectuary-bells, were all made according to the pontial device,

that is, quilted with the finest down, and their clappers of fox-tails.

Having then make shift to get up at noon, they pulled off their boots, and those that wanted to speak with a maid, alias piss, pissed; those that wanted to scumber, scumbered; and those that wanted to sneeze, sneezed. But all, whether they would or no, (poor gentlemen!) were obliged largely and plentifully to yawn; and this was their first breakfast, (O rigorous statute!) Methought it was very comical to observe their transactions: for, having laid their boots and spurs on a rack, they went into the cloisters; there they curiously washed their hands and mouths, then sat them down on a long bench, and picked their teeth till the provost gave the signal, whistling through his fingers; then every he stretched out his jaws as much as he could, and they gaped and yawned for about half an hour, sometimes more, sometimes less, according as the prior judged the breakfast to be suitable to the day.

After that they went in procession, two banners being carried before them, in one of which was the picture of Virtue, and that of Fortune in the other. The last went before, carried by a semiquavering-friar, at whose heels was another, with the shadow or image of Virtue in one hand, and an holy-water-sprinkle in the other; I mean of that holy mercurial-water, which Ovid describes in his Fasti. And as the preceding Semiquaver rang a hand-bell, this shaked the sprinkle with his fist. With that, says Pantagruel, This order contradicts the rule which Tully and the academics prescribed, that Virtue ought to go before, and Fortune follow. But they told us they did as they ought, seeing their design was to breech, lash, and bethwack Fortune.

During the processions, they trilled and quavered most melodiously betwixt their teeth, I do not know what antiphonies, or chauntings, by turns; for my part, it was all Hebrew-Greek to me, the devil a word I could pick out of it; at last, pricking up my ears, and intensely listening, I perceived they only sang with the tip of theirs. Oh, what a rare harmony it was! How well it was tuned to the sound of their bells! You will never find those to jar, that you will not. Pantagruel made a notable observation upon the processions: For, says he, have you seen and observed the policy of these Semiquavers? To make an end of their proces-

sion, they went out at one of their church doors and came in at the other; they took a deal of care not to come in at the place whereat they went out. On my honour, these are a subtle sort of people, quoth Panurge; they have as much wit as three folks, two fools and a madman; they are as wise as the calf that ran nine miles to suck a bull, and when he came there it was a steer. This subtilty and wisdom of theirs, cried Friar John, is borrowed from the occult philosophy: may I be gutted like an oyster if I can tell what to make of it. Then the more it is to be feared, said Pantagruel; for subtilty suspected, subtilty foreseen, subtilty found out, loses the essence and very name of subtilty, and only gains that of blockishness. They are not such fools as you take them to be; they have more tricks than are good, I doubt.

After the procession they went sluggingly into the fratry room, by the way of walk and healthful exercise, and there kneeled under the tables, leaning their breasts on lanterns. While they were in that posture, in came a huge Sandal, with a pitchfork in his hand, who used to baste, rib-roast, swaddle, and swinge them well favouredly, as they said, and in truth treated them after a fashion. They began their meal as you end yours—with cheese, and ended it with mustard and lettuce, as Martial tells us the ancients did. Afterwards, a platter full of mustard was brought before every one of them, and thus they made good the proverb—after meat comes mustard.

Their diet was this.

On Sundays they stuffed their puddings with puddings, cnitterlings, links, Bologna sausages, forced-meats, liverings, hogs'-haslets, young quails, and teals: you must also always add cheese for the first course, and mustard for the last.

On Mondays they were crammed with pease and pork, cum commento, and interlineary glosses.

On Tuesdays they used to twist store of holy-bread, cakes, buns, puffs, lenten loaves, jumbals, and biscuits.

On Wednesdays my gentlemen had fine sheep's-heads, calves'-heads, and brocks'-heads, of which there is no want in that country.

On Thursdays they guzzled down seven sorts of porridge, not forgetting mustard.

On Fridays they munched nothing but services or sorb-apples; neither were these full ripe, as I guessed by their complexion.

On Saturdays they gnawed bones; not that they were poor or needy, for every mother's son of them had a very good fat belly-benefice.

As for their drink, it was an antifortunal; thus they called I do not know what sort of a liquor of the place.

When they wanted to eat or drink, they turned down the back-points or flaps of their cowls forwards, below their chins, and that served them instead of gorgets or slabbering-bibs.

When they had well dined, they prayed rarely all in quavers and shakes; and the rest of the day, expecting the day of judgment, they were taken up with acts of charity, and particularly

On Sundays rubbers at cuffs.

On Mondays, lending each other flirts and fillips on the nose.

On Tuesdays, clapperclawing one another.

On Wednesdays, sniting and fly-flapping.

On Thursdays, worming and pumping.

On Fridays tickling.

On Saturdays jirking and firking one another.

Such was their diet when they resided in the convent, and if the prior of the monk-house sent any of them abroad, then they were strictly enjoined neither to touch nor eat any manner of fish, as long as they were on sea or rivers, and to abstain from all manner of flesh whenever they were at land; that every one might be convinced that, while they enjoyed the object, they denied themselves the power, and even the desire, and were no more moved with it than the Marpesian rock.

All this was done with proper antiphones, still sung and chaunted by ear, as we have already observed.

When the sun went to bed, they fairly booted and spurred each other as before, and having clapped on their barnacles, even jogged to bed too. At midnight the Sandal came to them, and up they got, and having well wetted and set their razors, and been a processioning, they clapped the tables over themselves, and like wire-drawers under their work, fell to it as aforesaid.

Friar John des Entoumeures, having shrewdly observed these jolly Semiquaver Friars, and had a full account of their statutes, lost all patience, and cried out aloud—Bounce tail, and God have mercy guts; if every fool should wear a bauble,

fuel would be dear. A plague rot it, we must know how many farts go to an ounce. Would Priapus were here, as he used to be at the nocturnal festivals in Crete, that I might see him play backwards, and wriggle and shake to the purpose. Ay, ay, this is the world, and that other is the country; may I never piss if this be not an antichthonian land, and our very antipodes. In Germany they pull down monasteries and unfrockify the monks; here they go quite kam, and act clean contrary to others, setting new ones up, against the hair.

ON CHAP. XXVII.—The Island of the Sandals is the next place which our travellers visit. Rabelais calls it *l'isle des Esclots*. Esclot is a patten, sandal, or a wooden shoe in some parts of France, particularly towards Thoulouse: so because it is the dwelling of friars, and many of them wear sandals or clogs; I call it the Island of Sandals. Yet as the word *esclop* was formerly used in France for *esclave*, a slave, I am persuaded that our author gave that name of *esclot* to this island, chiefly to disguise his intent, which was to tell us that its inhabitants are *esclops*, slaves: for such all monks become to the will of their superiors, by the vow of obedience which they are obliged to make at their admission into their respective sodalities. All this chapter is a most cutting satire on monachism in general, and seems to reflect particularly on the Jesuits: but the author has affected to be mystical all along, in what may be applied to them.

The Jesuits may well be called slaves, considering their rules; some of which are these, exhibited in *Exercita spiritualia Ign. Loyolæ*, printed at Antwerp, "They must abandon all judgment of their own, be always ready to obey the Church of Rome, and believe that black is white, and white is black, if she says it: they ought to regard the command of their superior, as that of God himself, and submit to his government, as though they were mere machines, or an old man's staff, to be moved at his pleasure."

It was upon this account that Pope Paul III. confirmed the establishment of their society, which was not to exceed sixty, in 1540, about ten years before Rabelais wrote this book. The time of their institution agrees very well with what Rabelais says, that Benius III. showed a spick and span-new monastery to our travellers, contrived by him for the semiquaver friars. What is added may refer to all monks and friars in general.

By the statutes, bulls, and patents of Queen Whims, they were all drest like so many house-burners: this reflects first on the pope and his bulls, as being whimsical, for setting up new monasteries against the hair, while many pull them down; and then implies that they burn the houses where they come; wasting the substance of families, and blowing up the fire of division every where.

Their quilted paunches show that they love to stuff their hides to the purpose.

Their double codpieces, one before and the other behind, show, that

many a monk, and particularly a Jesuit, is *ad utrumque paratus; à parte post et à parte ante;* and may well say, *hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.* This abominable practice of theirs made the authors say, that some dreadful mysteries were duly represented by this duplicity of codpieces; and as he speaks in the plural, they may also imply, that a monk does as much work as two others at the venereal exercise.

Their shoes are round; that they may move forward, backward, or sideways, as their interest guides them.

Their chins are close shaven; to show there is no holding or fleecing a monk; or, to speak more plainly, nothing to be got by them.

Their feet are iron-shod; because there is no driving them out when once they get footing: for they stick close, and firmly keep their hold.

They shave the hind parts of their polls, from the crown to the omoplata, or the muscles of the shoulder-blade; that none may take hold of them behind.

They wear sharp razors at their waist. This may mean a good stomach, or that they cut to the quick whatever lies in their way.

They grind them twice a-day, and set them thrice a-night; by the means of their matins, vigils, the office of the day, &c.

They have a round ball on their feet. This ball is the world, which they would gladly bring under their subjection: neither is it strange it should be said to be on their feet, in opposition to fortune that has a ball under her's. For, it is said by Friar John, at the end of the chapter; Ay, ay, this is the world, and the other is the country: may I never piss, if this be not an antichthonian land; and our very antipodes. So that, according to the vulgar acceptation, supposing the earth to be here under our feet, it must be on or above our antipodes.

The flaps of their cowls hide their noses; so they laugh without fear both at fortune and the fortunate: that is, within their monasteries, they laugh in their sleeves at those whose good fortune enables them, and whose foolishness inclines them, to help to maintain them in their idleness.

The hind-parts of their heads are always uncovered; as are our faces, and coarsely daubed over with eyes and a mouth: which denotes the grimaces and antic tricks with which they amuse the silly people, in a manner only showing their backside to them, while, as we have said, they really laugh to one another at the gulled mob's simplicity.

When their hind face went forward, you would have sworn this had been their natural gait: that is, by their vow of poverty they grow rich, rule by their vow of obedience, are the lewder for their vow of chastity, and get forward when they seem to lose ground.

If they offered to waddle along with their bellies forwards, you would have thought they were then playing at blind-man's-buff: because they are not used to walk fairly, or act like other people, and are to seek when they must leave their crooked ways, and go the right way to work.

They are booted and spurred, as it were, to take a journey to heaven; but instead of hastening thither on horseback, they sleep and snore as soon as it is owl-light.

They are obliged to yawn, and that is their breakfast. This implies their laziness, and perhaps the singing or bawling at matins.

They wash their hands and mouths. This may be the taking of holy water.

Then they sit down on a long bench, and pick their teeth, till the provost gives the signal; which heard, they stretch out their jaws as wide as they can, and gape and yawn for about half an hour, more or less, according to the day. This may mean their sitting down, while the office of the day is read, and then their singing and quavering.

After this, they went in procession, going out at another door than that through which they came into the church: whence Pantagruel concludes, that they are not such fools as his attendants take them to be, having more holes than one to creep out at.

Cogitato mus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia,
Ædificatum qui unt cubili munquam commutit suum;
Quia si unum ostium obsiderunt, aliud perfugium quærit.
PLAUTUS, *Mæst.* act. 4.

At the procession, the idol of Fortune is carried in state, and the image of Virtue follows it, carried by a semipuvaver, who all the while bespatters the idol with holy water: which shows that Fortune goes before Virtue among the monks, and that they are lavish of their incense to none but the fortunate.

After the procession, they went into the forty-room, and there kneeled under the tables; because it is the heaven where reside the only gods they adore, placed in the dishes as on so many thrones. This was of explaining this dark passage, appears the more justifiable, considering what Panurgeel says, in the 31th chapter, to the illustrious lantern that guided him and his company through an arbour covered over with leaves and branches of vines, and loaded with clusters. 'Jupiter's privateers,' said he, 'would not, like us, have walked under this arbour.' 'There was a mystical reason,' answered the most conspicuous lantern, 'that would have hindered her: for had she gone under it, the wine, or the grapes of which it is made, that is the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seemed overtopped and mastered by wine; which signifies," &c.

They had each of them a lantern below the breast and stomach on which they leaned. The lantern should be an empty belly: for after their breakfast, which consisted only of yawning, chanting, and quavering, they had not so filled themselves as not to want to stuff the gut.

The huge Sandal, who while they were in that posture, used to come in with a pitchfork in his hand and treated them after a fashion, is the friar, who always comes in with a book, in which he reads while they are at table.

They began their meal with cheese, and end it with mustard and lettuce. This shows, like most of this chapter, that these semipuvavers affect a way of living quite contrary to other men's; and as cheese is esteemed heavy food, and hard to be digested, when much of it is eaten, principally by itself and before we are filled with other things, whose digestion it might help; so by cheese may be meant the benedicite, or grace before meat, which is as heavy, tedious, and irksome to the gluttonous hungry fraternity, as a long-winded presbyterian grace to a half-famished libertine, when dinner is upon the table.

The mustard and lettuce, with which they end the meal, is the ejaculation, or grace after meat, almost as unpleasant to the semipuvavers, who think it unreasonable, because they are in haste to go about the rectus,

tions mentioned in the next chapter. Our author, according to his custom of hiding his touches of the satire in equivocal expressions, may mean, that this ceremony after dinner, *moult tarde, multum tardat*, is tedious, and *les tue*, is death to them; thus punning upon *moutarde* and *laitue*.

After dinner, they pass some time in praising those gods who blest them with so sweet a life, and are taken up the rest of the day with acts of charity; as rubbers at cuffs, snifting and fly-flapping, worming and pumping, tickling, jirking, and firking one another; and such other pious deeds, as are contained in the twenty-eighth chapter.

Then at night they boot and spur each other, (by which something very odious seems meant) and clap their barnacles on the handles of their faces; which may imply that they are obliged to look about them, for fear of being discovered.

At midnight they are called up by one of their brother Sandals, and do as in the day-time.

When they are on the sea and rivers, they are enjoined neither to touch nor eat any manner of fish; and to abstain from all manner of flesh when they are at land. That is, monks use to seem kind to those who are near them, and who support them, and only bite the absent: yet even this is not always true; but it is more certain, that as they are dainty, they long for things that are not easily got; as for example, fresh meat at sea, and fresh fish at land, chiefly in such inland places as are very remote from seas or rivers.—*M.*

CH. XXVIII.—*How Panurge asked a Semiquaver Friar many questions, and was only answered in monosyllables.*

PANURGE, who had since been wholly taken up with staring at these royal Semiquavers, at last pulled one of them by the sleeve, who was as lean as a rake,[1] and asked him,—

Hearkee me, Friar Quaver, Semiquaver, Demisemiquavering quaver, where is the punk!

The Friar, pointing downwards, answered, There.

PAN. Pray, have you many? FRI. Few.

PAN. How many scores have you? FRI. One.

PAN. How many would you have? FRI. Five.

PAN. Where do you hide them? FRI. Here.

PAN. I suppose they are not all of one age; but, pray, how is their shape? FRI. Straight.

PAN. Their complexion? FRI. Clear.

PAN. Their hair? FRI. Fair.

PAN. Their eyes? FRI. Black.

PAN. Their features? FRI. Good.

PAN. Their brows? FRI. Soft.

PAN. Their graces? FRI. Ripe.

PAN. Their looks? FRI. Free.

[1] As a dried red-herring devil, in the original.

PAN. Their feet? FRI. Flat.
PAN. Their heels? FRI. Short.
PAN. Their lower parts? FRI. Rare.
PAN. And their arms? FRI. Long.
PAN. What do they wear on their hands? FRI. Gloves.
PAN. What sort of rings on their fingers? FRI. Gold.
PAN. What rigging do you keep them in? FRI. Cloth.
PAN. What sort of cloth is it? FRI. New.
PAN. What colour? FRI. Sky.
PAN. What kind of cloth is it? FRI. Fine.
PAN. What caps do they wear? FRI. Blue.
PAN. What is the colour of their stockings? FRI. Red.
PAN. What wear they on their feet? FRI. Pumps.
PAN. How do they use to be? FRI. Foul.
PAN. How do they use to walk? FRI. Fast.
PAN. Now let us talk of the kitchen, I mean that of the harlots, and without going hand over head, let us a little examine things by particulars. What is in their kitchens? FRI. Fire.
PAN. What fuel feeds it? FRI. Wood.
PAN. What sort of wood is it? FRI. Dry.
PAN. And of what kind of trees? FRI. Yew.
PAN. What are the faggots and brushes of? FRI. Holme.
PAN. What wood do you burn in your chambers? FRI. Pine.
PAN. And of what other trees? FRI. Lime.
PAN. Hearkee me; as for the buttocks, I will go your halves: pray, how do you feed them? FRI. Well.
PAN. First, what do they eat? FRI. Bread.
PAN. Of what complexion? FRI. White.
PAN. And what else? FRI. Meat.
PAN. How do they love it dressed? FRI. Roast.
PAN. What sort of porridge? FRI. None.
PAN. Are they for pies and tarts? FRI. Much.
PAN. Then I am their man. Will fish go down with them? FRI. Well.
PAN. And what else? FRI. Eggs.
PAN. How do they like them? FRI. Boiled.
PAN. How must they be done? FRI. Hard.
PAN. Is this all they have? FRI. No.
PAN. What have they besides, then? FRI. Beef.
PAN. And what else? FRI. Pork.

PAN. And what more? FRI. Geese.
PAN. What then? FRI. Ducks.
PAN. And what besides? FRI. Cocks.
PAN. What do they season their meat with? FRI. Salt.
PAN. What sauce are they most dainty for? FRI. Must.
PAN. What is their last course? FRI. Rice.
PAN. And what else? FRI. Milk.
PAN. What besides? FRI. Peas.
PAN. What sort? FRI. Green.
PAN. What do they boil with them? FRI. Pork.
PAN. What fruit do they eat? FRI. Good.
PAN. How? FRI. Raw.
PAN. What do they end with? FRI. Nuts.
PAN. How do they drink? FRI. Neat.
PAN. What liquor? FRI. Wine.
PAN. What sort? FRI. White.
PAN. In winter? FRI. Strong.
PAN. In the spring? FRI. Brisk.
PAN. In summer? FRI. Cool.
PAN. In autumn? FRI. New.

Buttock of a monk! cried Friar John, how plump these plaguy trulls, these arch Semiquavering strumpets must be! That damned cattle are so high fed that they must needs be high-mettled, and ready to wince, and give two ups for one go-down, when any one offers to ride them below the crupper.

Pr'ythee, Friar John, quoth Panurge, hold thy prating tongue, stay till I have done.

Till what time do the doxies sit up? FRI. Night.

PAN. When do they get up? FRI. Late.

PAN. May I ride on a horse that was foaled of an acorn, if this be not as honest a cod as ever the ground went upon, and as grave as an old gate-post into the bargain. Would to the blessed St. Semiquaver, and the blessed worthy virgin St. Semiquavera, he were lord chief president (justice) of Paris. Odsbodikins, how he would dispatch! With what expedition would he bring disputes to an upshot! What an abbreviator and clawer of law-suits, reconciler of differences, examiner and fumbler of bags, peruser of bills, scribbler of rough drafts, and an engrosser of deeds, would he not make! Well, Friar, spare your breath to cool your porridge: come, let us now talk with deliberation, fairly and softly, as law-

yers go to heaven. Let us know how you victual the venereal camp. How is the snatchblatch? FRI. Rough.

PAN. How is the gate-way? FRI. Free.

PAN. And how is it within? FRI. Deep.

PAN. I mean, what weather is it there? FRI. Hot.

PAN. What shadows the brooks? FRI. Groves.

PAN. Of what is the colour of the twigs? FRI. Red.

PAN. And that of the old? FRI. Grey.

PAN. How are you when you shake? FRI. Brisk.

PAN. How is their motion? FRI. Quick.

PAN. Would you have them vault or wriggle more? FRI. Less.

PAN. What kind of tools are yours? FRI. Big.

PAN. And in their helves? FRI. Round.

PAN. Of what colour is the tip? FRI. Red.

PAN. When they have been used, how are they? FRI. Shrunk.

PAN. How much weighs each bag of tools? FRI. Pounds.

PAN. How hang your pouches? FRI. Tight.

PAN. How are they when you have done? FRI. Lank.

PAN. Now, by the oath you have taken, tell me, when you have a mind to cohabit, how you throw them? FRI. Down.

PAN. And what do they say then? FRI. Fie.

PAN. However, like maids, they say nay, and take it; and speak the less, but think the more; minding the work in hand: do they not? FRI. True.

PAN. Do they get you bairns? FRI. None.

PAN. How do you pig together? FRI. Bare.

PAN. Remember you are upon your oath, and tell me justly, and bonâ fide, how many times a day you monk it? FRI. Six.

PAN. How many bouts a-nights? FRI. Ten.

Cat so, quoth Friar John, the poor fornicating brother is bashful, and sticks at sixteen, as if that were his stint. Right, quoth Panurge, but couldst thou keep pace with him, Friar John, my dainty cod? May the devil's dam suck my teat, if he does not look as if he had got a blow over the nose with a Naples cowl-staff.

PAN. Pray, Friar Shakewell, does your whole fraternity quaver and shake at that rate? FRI. All.

PAN. Who of them is the best cock of the game? FRI. I.

PAN. Do you never commit dry-bobs or flashes in the pan? FRI. None.

PAN. I blush like any black dog, and could be as testy as an old cook, when I think on all this; it passes my understanding. But, pray, when you have been pumped dry one day, what have you got the next? FRI. More.

PAN. By Priapus, they have the Indian herb, of which Theophrastus spoke, or I am much out. But hearkee me, thou man of brevity, should some impediment, honestly, or otherwise, impair your talents, and cause your benevolence to lessen, how would it fare with you, then? FRI. Ill.

PAN. What would the wenches do? FRI. Rail.

PAN. What if you skipped, and let them fast a whole day? FRI. Worse.

PAN. What do you give them then? FRI. Thwacks.

PAN. What say they to this? FRI. Bawl.

PAN. And what else? FRI. Curse.

PAN. How do you correct them? FRI. Hard.

PAN. What do you get out of them then? FRI. Blood.

PAN. How is their complexion then? FRI. Odd.

PAN. What do they mend it with? FRI. Paint.

PAN. Then, what do they do? FRI. Fawn.

PAN. By the oath you have taken, tell me truly, what time of the year do you do it least in? FRI. Now.[2]

PAN. What season do you do it best in? FRI. March.

PAN. How is your performance the rest of the year? FRI. Brisk.

Then, quoth Panurge, sneering, Of all, and of all, commend me to ball; this is the friar of the world for my money: you have heard how short, concise, and compendious he is in his answers? Nothing is to be got out of him but monosyllables? By jingo, I believe he would make three bites of a cherry.

Damn him, cried Friar John, that is as true as I am his uncle: the dog yelps at another gat's rate when he is among his bitches; there he is polysyllable enough, my life for yours. You talk of making three bites of a cherry! God sends fools more wit, and us more money; may I be doomed to fast a whole day, if I do not verily believe he would not make above two bites of a shoulder of mutton, and one

[2] August.

swoop of a whole pottle of wine; zoons, do but see how down of the mouth the cur looks! He is nothing but skin and bones, he has pissed his tallow.

Truly, truly, quoth Epistemon, this rascally monastical vermin all over the world mind nothing but their gut, and are as ravenous as any kites, and then, forsooth, they tell us they have nothing but food and raiment in this world: 'sdeath, what more have kings and princes?

ON CHAP. XXVIII.—Panurge asks a semiquaver friar many questions concerning the private customs of the monastic tribe, particularly their chastity and sobriety: to which the good friar, in more than laconic terms, gives serious and most pertinent answers: and though nothing but monosyllables can be got from him, he speaks so fully, clearly, and to the purpose, that all the twenty-eighth chapter needs no commentary. By this affected brevity, Rabelais ridicules that of some of the hypocritical monks, when they come among the laity; which makes Friar John say, the dog yelps at another guess rate when he is among his bitches; there he is polysyllable enough, my life for yours.—*M.*

CH. XXIX.—*How Epistemon disliked the institution of Lent.*

PRAY did you observe, continued Epistemon, how this damned ill-favoured Semiquaver mentioned March as the best month for caterwauling. True, said Pantagruel, yet Lent and March always go together, and the first was instituted to macerate and bring down our pampered flesh, to weaken and subdue its lusts, and to curb and assuage the venereal rage.

By this, said Epistemon, you may guess what kind of a pope it was who first enjoined it to be kept, since this filthy wooden-shoed Semiquaver owns that his spoon is never oftener nor deeper in the porringer of lechery than in Lent. Add to this, the evident reasons given by all good and learned physicians, affirming, that throughout the whole year no food is eaten, that can prompt mankind to lascivious acts, more than at that time.

As for example, beans, peas, phasels, or long-peason, ciches, onions, nuts, oysters, herrings, saltmeats, garum, (a kind of ancohvy), and salads, wholly made up of venereous herbs and fruits, as,

Rocket,	Parsley,	Hop-buds,
Nose-smart,	Rampions,	Figs,
Taragon,	Poppy,	Rice,
Cresses,	Celery,	Raisins, and others.

It would not a little surprise you, said Pantagruel, should a man tell you, that the good pope, who first ordered the keeping of Lent, perceiving that at that time of the year the natural heat (from the centre of the body, whither it was retired during the winter's cold) diffuses itself, as the sap does in trees, through the circumference of the members, did therefore in a manner prescribe that sort of diet to forward the propagation of mankind. What makes me think so, is, that by the registers of christenings at Touars, it appears that more children are born in October and November than in the other ten months of the year, and, reckoning backwards, it will be easily found that they were all made, conceived, and begotten in Lent.

I listen to you with both my ears, quoth Friar John, and that with no small pleasure, I assure you. But I must tell you, that the vicar of Jambert ascribed this copious prolification of the women, not to that sort of food that we chiefly eat in Lent, but to the little licensed stooping members, your little-booted Lent-preachers, your little draggle-tailed father confessors, who, during all that time of their reign, damn all husbands that run astray, three fathoms and a half below the very lowest pit of hell. So the silly cod's-headed brothers of the noose dare not then stumble any more at the truckle-bed, to the no small discomfort of their maids, and are even forced, poor souls, to take up with their own bodily wives. Dixi, I have done.

You may descant on the institution of Lent as much as you please, cried Epistemon; so many men so many minds; but certainly all the physicians will be against its being suppressed, though I think that time is at hand: I know they will, and have heard them say, were it not for Lent, their art would soon fall into contempt, and they would get nothing, for hardly anybody would be sick.

All distempers are sowed in Lent; it is the true seminary and native bed of all diseases: nor does it only weaken and putrify bodies, but also makes souls mad and uneasy. For then the devils do their best, and drive a subtle trade, and the tribe of canting dissemblers come out of their holes. It is then term-time with your cucullated pieces of formality, that have one face to God and the other to the devil; and a wretched clutter they make with their sessions, stations, dardons, syntereses, confessions, whippings, anathemati-

zations, and much prayer, with as little devotion. However, I will not offer to infer from this that the Arimaspians are better than we are in that point; yet I speak to the purpose.

Well, quoth Panurge to the Semiquaver friar, who happened to be by, dear bumbasting, shaking, trilling, quavering cod, what thinkest thou of this fellow? Is he not a rai heretic? FRI. Much.

PAN. Ought he not to be singed? FRI. Well.

PAN. As soon as may be? FRI. Right.

PAN. Should not he be scalded first? FRI. No.

PAN. How then, should he be roasted? FRI. Quick.

PAN. Till at last he be? FRI. Dead.

PAN. What has he made you? FRI. Mad.

PAN. What do you take him to be? FRI. Damned.

PAN. What place is he to go to? FRI. Hell.

PAN. But, first, how would you have him served here? FRI. Burnt.

PAN. Some have been served so? FRI. Store.

PAN. That were heretics? FRI. Less.

PAN. And the number of those that are to be warmed thus hereafter is? FRI. Great.

PAN. How many of them do you intend to save? FRI. None.

PAN. So you would have them burned? FRI. All.

I wonder, said Epistemon to Panurge, what pleasure you can find in talking thus with this lousy tatterdemallion of a monk; I vow, did I not know you well, I might be ready to think you had no more wit in your head, than he has in both his shoulders. Come, come, scatter no words, returned Panurge, every one as they like, as the woman said when she kissed her cow. I wish I might carry him to Gargantua: when I am married he might be my wife's fool. And make you one, cried Epistemon. Well said, quoth Friar John: now, poor Panurge, take that along with thee, thou art even fitted; it is a plain case thou wilt never escape wearing the bull's feather; thy wife will be as common as the highway, that is certain.

ON CHAP. XXIX.—This chapter is full of reflections upon the keeping of Lent, occasioned by the answers of the semiquaver, who concludes in monosyllables that Epistemon ought to be burnt for a rank heretic, because he inveighs against it, and the hypocrisy and tricks of his brother cheats, during that harvest of theirs.—M.

CHAP. XXX.—*How we came to the land of Satin.*

HAVING pleased ourselves with observing that new order of semiquaver friars, we set sail, and in three days our skipper made the finest and most delightful island that ever was seen; he called it the island of Frize; for all the ways were of frize.

In that island is the land of Satin, so celebrated by our court pages. Its trees and herbage never lose their leaves or flowers, and are all damask and flowered velvet. As for the beasts and birds, they are all of tapestry work. There we saw many beasts, birds on trees, of the same colour, bigness, and shape, of those in our country; with this difference, however, that these did eat nothing, and never sung, or bit like ours: and we also saw there many sorts of creatures which we never had seen before.

Among the rest, several elephants in various postures; twelve of which were the six males and six females that were brought to Rome by their governor in the time of Germanicus, Tiberius's nephew: some of them were learned elephants, some musicians, others philosophers, dancers, and shewers of tricks; and all sat down at table in good order, silently eating and drinking like so many fathers in a fratry-room.

With their snouts or proboscises, some two cubits long, they draw up water for their own drinking, and take hold of palm leaves, plums, and all manner of edibles, using them offensively or defensively, as we do our fists; with them tossing men high into the air in fight, and making them burst with laughing when they come to the ground.

They have joints in their legs, whatever some men, who never saw any but painted, may have written to the contrary. Between their teeth they have two huge horns: thus Juba called them, and Pausanias tells us, they are not teeth, but horns: however, Philostratus will have them to be teeth, and not horns. It is all one to me, provided you will be pleased to own them to be true ivory. These are some three or four cubits long, and are fixed in the upper jaw-bone; and consequently not in the lowermost. If you hearken to those who will tell you to the contrary, you will find yourself damnably mistaken, for that is a lie with a latchet: though it were Ælian, that long-bow man, that told you so, never believe him, for he lies as fast as a dog can trot. It was in

this very island that Pliny, his brother tell-truth, had seen some elephants dance on the rope with bells, and whip over the tables, presto, be gone, while people were at feasts, without so much as touching the toping topers, or the topers toping.

I saw a rhinoceros there, just such a one as Harry Clerberg had formerly showed me: methought it was not much unlike a certain boar which I had formerly seen at Limoges, except the sharp horn on its snout, that was about a cubit long; by the means of which that animal dares encounter with an elephant, that is sometimes killed with its point thrust into its belly, which is its most tender and defenceless part.

I saw there two and thirty unicorns. They are a cursed sort of creatures, much resembling a fine horse, unless it be that their heads are like a stag's, their feet like an elephant's, their tails like a wild boar's, and out of each of their foreheads sprouts a sharp black horn, some six or seven feet long; commonly it dangles down like a turkey-cock's comb. When a unicorn has a mind to fight, or put it to any other use, what does he do but make it stand, and then it is as straight as an arrow.

I saw one of them, which was attended with a throng of other wild beasts, purify a fountain with its horn. With that Panurge told me, that his prancer, alias his nimble-wimble, was like the unicorn, not altogether in length indeed, but in virtue and propriety: for as the unicorn purified pools and fountains from filth and venom, so that other animals came and drank securely there afterwards; in the like manner, others might water their nags, and dabble after him without fear of shankers, carnosities, gonorrhæas, buboes, crinkams, and such other plagues, caught by those who venture to quench their amorous thirst in a common puddle; for with his nervous horn he removed all the infection that might be lurking in some blind cranny of the mephitic sweet-scented hole.

Well, quoth Friar John, when you are sped, that is when you are married, we will make a trial of this on thy spouse, merely for charity sake, since you are pleased to give us so beneficial an instruction.

Aye, aye, returned Panurge, and then immediately I will give you a pretty gentle aggregative pill of God, made up of

two and twenty kind stabs with a dagger, after the Cæsarian way. Cat so, cried Friar John, I had rather take off a bumper of good cool wine.

I saw there the golden fleece, formerly conquered by Jason, and can assure you on the word of an honest man, that those who have said it was not a fleece, but a golden pippin, because μῆλον signifies both an apple and a sheep, were utterly mistaken.

I saw also a chameleon, such as Aristotle describes it, and like that which had been formerly shown me by Charles Maris, a famous physician of the noble city of Lyons on the Rhone: and the said chameleon lived on air, just as the other did.

I saw three hydars, like those I had formerly seen. They are a kind of serpent, with seven different heads.

I saw also fourteen phœnixes. I had read in many authors that there was but one in the whole world in every century; but, if I may presume to speak my mind, I declare that those who said this had never seen any, unless it were in the land of tapestry; though it were vouched by Lactantius Firmianus.

I saw the skin of Apuleius's golden ass.

I saw three hundred and nine pelicans.

Item, six thousand and sixteen Seleucid birds marching in battalia, and picking up straggling grasshoppers in corn-fields.

Item, some cynamologi, argatiles, caprimulgi, thynnuncuIs, onocrotals, or bitterns, with their wide swallows, stymphalides, harpies, panthers, dorcasses, or bucks, cemades, cynocephalises, satyrs, cartasans, tarands, uri, monopses, pegasi, neades, cepes, marmosets, or monkeys, presteres, bugles, musimons, byturoses, ophyri, screech owls, goblins, fairies, and griffins.

I saw Mid-Lent on horseback, with Mid-August and Mid-March holding its stirrups.

I saw some mankind wolves, centaurs, tigers, leopards, hyenas, camelopardels, and orixes, or huge wild goats with sharp horns.

I saw a remora, a little fish called echineis by the Greeks, and near it a tall ship, that did not get a head an inch, though she was in the offing with top and top-gallants spread before the wind. I am somewhat inclined to believe, that it was the very numerical ship in which Periander the tyrant happened to be, when it was stopped by such a little fish in spite

of wind-and tide. It was in this land of Satin, and in no other, that Mutianus had seen one of them.

Friar John told us, that in the days of yore, two sort of fishes used to abound in our courts of judicature, and rotted the bodies and tormented the souls of those who were at law, whether noble or of mean descent, high or low, rich or poor; the first were your April fish or mackerel,[1] [pimps, panders, and bawds;] the others your beneficial remoras, that is, the eternity of law-suits; the needless lets that keep them undecided.

I saw some sphynges, some raphes, some ounces, and some cephi, whose fore-feet are like hands, and their hind-feet like men's feet.

Also some crocutas and some eali as big as sea-horses with elephants' tails, boars' jaws and tusks, and horns as pliant as an ass's ears.

The leucrocutes, most fleet animals, as big as our asses of Mirabelais, have necks, tails, and breasts like a lion's, legs like a stag's, the mouth up to the ears, and but two teeth, one above and one below; they speak with human voices, but when they do, they say nothing.

Some people say, that none ever saw an aery, or nest of sakers; if you will believe me, I saw no less than eleven, and I am sure I reckoned right.

I saw some left-handed halberts, which were the first that I had ever seen.

I saw some manticores, a most strange sort of creatures, which have the body of a lion, red hair, a face and ears like a man's, three rows of teeth which close together, as if you joined your hands with your fingers between each other; they have a sting in their tails like a scorpion's, and a very melodious voice.

I saw some catablepases, a sort of serpents, whose bodies are small, but their heads large without any proportion, so that they have much ado to lift them up; and their eyes are so infectious, that whoever sees them dies upon the spot, as if he had seen a basilisk.

I saw some beasts with two backs, and those seemed to me the merriest creatures in the world: they were most nimble at wriggling the buttocks, and more diligent in tail-wagging than any water-wagtails, perpetually jogging and shaking their double rumps.

[1] Maquereaulx in French signifies both mackerel and pimps.

I saw there some milched craw-fish, creatures that I never heard of before in my life; these moved in very good order, and it would have done your heart good to have seen them.

CH. XXXI.—*How in the land of Satin we saw Hearsay, who kept a school of vouching.*

WE went a little higher up into the country of Tapestry, and saw the Mediterranean Sea open to the right and left down to the very bottom; just as the Red Sea very fairly left its bed at the Arabian gulf, to make a lane for the Jews, when they left Egypt.

There I found Triton winding his silver shell instead of a horn, and also Glaucus, Proteus, Nereus, and a thousand other godlings and sea monsters.

I also saw an infinite number of fish of all kinds, dancing, flying, vaulting, fighting, eating, breathing, billing, shoving, milting, spawning, hunting, fishing, skirmishing, lying in ambuscado, making truces, cheapening, bargaining, swearing, and sporting.

In a blind corner we saw Aristotle holding a lantern, in the posture in which the hermit uses to be drawn near St. Christopher, watching, prying, thinking, and setting every thing down in writing.

Behind him stood a pack of other philosophers, like so many bums by a head bailiff; as Appian, Heliodorus, Athenæus, Porphyrius, Pancrates, Archadian, Numenius, Possidonius, Ovidius, Oppianus, Olypius, Seleucus, Leonides, Agathocles, Theophrastus, Demostratus, Mutianus, Nymphodorus, Alian, and five hundred other such plodding dons, who were full of business, yet had little to do; like Chrysippus or Aristarchus of Soli, who for eight and fifty years together did nothing in the world but examine the state and concerns of bees.

I spied Peter Gillies among these, with an urinal in his hand, narrowly watching the water of those goodly fishes.

When we had long beheld every thing in this land of Satin, Pantagruel said, I have sufficiently fed my eyes, but my belly is empty all this while, and chimes to let me know it is time to go to dinner: let us take care of the body, lest the soul abdicate it; and to this effect, let us taste some of these anacampserotes[1] that hang over our heads. Pshaw,

[1] An herb, the touching of which is said to reconcile lovers.

cried one, they are mere trash, stark naught on my word, they are good for nothing.

I then went to pluck some myrobolans off of a piece of tapestry, whereon they hung, but the devil a bit I could chew or swallow them; and had you had them betwixt your teeth, you would have sworn they had been thrown silk; there was no manner of savour in them.

One might be apt to think Heliogabalus had taken a hint from thence, to feast those whom he had caused to fast a long time, promising them a sumptuous, plentiful, and imperial feast after it; for all the treat used to amount to no more than several sorts of meat in wax, marble, earthenware, painted and figured tablecloths.

While we were looking up and down to find some more substantial food, we heard a loud various noise, like that of paper-mills, or women bucking of linen: so with all speed we went to the place whence the noise came, where we found a diminutive, monstrous, mis-shapen old fellow, called Hear-say. His mouth was slit up to his ears, and in it were seven tongues, each of them cleft into seven parts. However he chattered, tattled, and prated with all the seven at once, of different matters, and in divers languages.

He had as many ears all over his head, and the rest of his body, as Argus formerly had eyes; and was as blind as a beetle, and had the palsy in his legs.

About him stood an innumerable number of men and women, gaping, listening, and hearing very intensely; among them I observed some who strutted like crows in a gutter, and principally a very handsome bodied man in the face, who held then a map of the world, and with little aphorisms compendiously explained every thing to them; so that those men of happy memories grew learned in a trice, and would most fluently talk with you of a world of prodigious things, the hundredth part of which would take up a man's whole life to be fully known.

Among the rest, they descanted with great prolixity on the pyramids and hieroglyphics of Egypt, of the Nile, of Babylon, of the Troglodytes, the Hymantopodes, or crump-footed nation, the Blemiæ, people that wear their heads in the middle of their breasts, the Pigmies, the Cannibals, the Hyperborei and their mountains, the Egypanes with their goat's feet, and the devil and all of others; every individual word of it by hear-say.

I am much mistaken if I did not see among them Herodotus, Pliny, Solinus, Borcsus, Philostratus, Pomponius Mela, Strabo, and God knows how many other antiquaries.

Then Albert, the great Jacobin friar, Peter Tesmoin, alias Witness, Pope Pius the Second, Volaterranus, Paulus Jovius the valiant, Jemmy Cartier, Chaton the Armenian, Marco Polo the Venetian, Ludovico Romano, Pedro Aliares, and forty cartloads of other modern historians, lurking behind a piece of tapestry, where they were at it, ding-dong, privately scribbling the Lord knows what, and making rare work of it, and all by hear-say.

Behind another piece of tapestry, (on which Naboth and Susanna's accusers were fairly represented,) I saw close by Hearsay, good store of men of the country of Perce and Maine, notable students, and young enough.

I asked what sort of study they applied themselves to? and was told, that from their youth they learned to be evidences, affidavit-men, and vouchers; and were instructed in the art of swearing; in which they soon became such proficients, that, when they left that country, and went back into their own, they set up for themselves, and very honestly lived by their trade of evidencing; positively giving their testimony of all things whatsoever, to those who feed them most roundly to do a job of journey-work for them: and all this by hearsay.

You may think what you will of it, but I can assure you, they gave some of us corners of their cakes, and we merrily helped to empty their hogsheads. Then, in a friendly manner, they advised us to be as sparing of truth as possibly we could, if ever we had a mind to get court preferment.

ON CHAPS. XXX. AND XXXI.—The Island of Satin means more than one thing. First, it signifies such tapestry work as we call arras; in which are represented several histories, fables, and fabulous animals and vegetables, such as are many of those of which the author speaks in these two chapters. He displays a great knowledge of antiquity in the account he gives us of those matters, and an uncommon wit and judgment in his remarks.

This island means chiefly the works of several ancient and modern authors mentioned here, who having often spoken by hearsay, are not to be believed in many things, though their style be as smooth and soft as satin. We may also understand by that land of Satin, the romances of that age, filled with monsters and monstrous tales; and chiefly that of Amadis de Gaul, which was then very much read; the best writers, as I have already said, having chosen to translate that book, to display

in it all the beauties, copiousness, and graces, which the French tongue could boast of in the reign of Henry II.—*M.*

Ch. XXXII.—*How we came in sight of Lantern-Land.*

Having been scurvily entertained in the land of Satin, we went on board, and having set sail, in four days came near the coast of Lantern-land. We then saw certain little hovering fires on the sea.

For my part I did not take them to be lanterns, but rather thought they were fishes, which lolled their flaming tongues on the surface of the sea; or lampyrides, which some call cicindelas or glow-worms, shining there as ripe barley does o'nights in my country.

But the skipper satisfied us that they were the lanterns of the watch, or more properly, light-houses, set up in many places round the precinct of the place, to discover the land, and for the safe piloting in of some outlandish lanterns, which, like good Franciscan and Jacobin friars, were coming to make their personal appearance at the provincial chapter.

However, some of us were somewhat suspicious that these fires were the forerunners of some storm, but the skipper assured us again they were not.

Ch. XXXIII.—*How we landed at the Port of the Lychnobii, and came to Lantern-land.*

Soon after we arrived at the port of Lantern-land, where Pantagruel discovered, on a high tower, the lantern of Rochelle, that stood us in good stead, for it cast a great light. We also saw the lantern of Pharos, that of Nauplion, and that of Acropolis, at Athens, sacred to Pallas.

Near the port, there is a little hamlet inhabited by the Lychnobii, that live by lanterns, as the gulligutted friars in our country live by nuns; they are studious people, and as honest men as ever shit in a trumpet. Demosthenes had formerly lanternised there.

We were conducted from that place to the palace by three obeliscolichnys,[1] military guards of the port, with high-crowned hats, whom we acquainted with the cause of our voyage, and our design; which was to desire the queen of the country to grant us a lantern to light and conduct us, during our voyage to the Oracle of the Bottle.

[1] A kind of beacons.

They promised to assist us in this, and added, that we could never have come in a better time; for then the lanterns held their provincial chapter.

When we came to the royal place we had audience of her highness the Queen of Lantern-land, being introduced by two lanterns of honour, that of Aristophanes, and that of Cleanthes. Panurge, in a few words, acquainted her with the causes of our voyage, and she received us with great demonstrations of friendship; desiring us to come to her at supper-time, that we might more easily make choice of one to be our guide; which pleased us extremely. We did not fail to observe intensely every thing we could see,—as the garbs, motions, and deportments of the queen's subjects,—principally the manner after which she was served.

The bright queen was dressed in virgin crystal of Tutia, wrought damaskwise, and beset with large diamonds.

The lanterns of the royal blood were clad partly with bastard-diamonds, partly with diaphanous stones; the rest with horn, paper, and oiled cloth.

The cresset-lights took place according to the antiquity and lustre of their families.

An earthen dark-lantern, shaped like a pot, notwithstanding this, took place of some of the first quality; at which I wondered much, till I was told it was that of Epictetus, for which three thousand drachmas had been formerly refused.

Martial's polymix[2] lantern made a very good figure there; I took particular notice of its dress, and more yet of the icosimyx, formerly consecrated by Canopa, the daughter of Tisias.

I saw the pensile lantern, formerly taken out of the temple of Apollo Palatinus at Thebes, and afterwards by Alexander the Great carried to the town of Cymos.

I saw another that distinguished itself from the rest by a bushy tuft of crimson silk on its head. I was told it was that of Bartolus, the lantern of the civilians.

Two others were very remarkable for glisterpouches that dangled at their waist. We were told, that one was the greater light, and the other the lesser light of the apothecaries.

When it was supper-time, the queen's highness first sat

[2] A lamp with many wicks, or a branched candlestick with many springs coming out of it, that supply all the branches with oil.

down, and then the rest, according to their rank and dignity. For the first course, they were all served with large Christmas candles, except the queen, who was served with a hugeous, thick, stiff, flaming taper of white wax, somewhat red towards the tip; and the royal family, as also the provincial lantern of Mirebalais, who were served with nut-lights; and the provincial of Lower Poitou, with an armed candle.

After that, God wot, what a glorious light they gave with their wicks: I do not say all, for you must except a parcel of junior lanterns, under the government of a high and mighty one. These did not cast a light like the rest, but seemed to me dimmer than any long-snuff farthing candle, whose tallow has been half melted away in a hot-house.

After supper we withdrew to take some rest, and the next day the queen made us choose one of the most illustrious lanterns to guide us; after which we took our leave.

ON CHAPS. XXXII. AND XXXIII.—Lanternland is the land of Learning, frequented by bachelors of arts, masters of arts, doctors, and professors in various studies, bishops, &c. Thus in the preceding chapter, Aristotle is seen in a blind corner holding a lantern, watching, prying, cudgelling his brain, and setting every thing down, with a pack of philosophasters about him, like so many bums by a head bailiff, because he is lantern of the peripatetics. Here we have Bartolus, the lantern of the civilians; Epicurus, one of the lanterns of the stoics.

The lantern of Rochelle on a high tower, which stood his fleet in good stead, casting a great light, seems to be Geoffrey d'Estissac, bishop and lord of Maillezais, one of Rabelais' best patrons, and even for that never to be forgotten. He would not call him the lantern of Maillezais, for this had been too plain and improper, because Maillezais is an inland town; but as Rochelle was then the chief town in that diocese, insomuch that the episcopal see was transferred to that sea-port town in 1648, he calls him the lantern of Rochelle, which he places on a high tower, because that prelate was eminent for his quality, as well as for his virtue and learning.

He tells us that the lanterns held their provincial chapter; so this may be thought by some to refer to the Council of Trent. Yet I had rather understand it of some meeting of the clergy in France, or more particularly of the University of Paris; some of whose best members may be the lanterns which lighted our travellers, after they had made their application to the queen for one to conduct them to the Oracle of the Bottle, or rather to the knowledge of truth.

The Lynchnobians, who inhabit a little hamlet near the port of Lanternland, are booksellers. They live by lanterns, that is, by the learned, as the gully-gutted friars live by nuns; that is, they grow as fat by buying and selling their works, as the hungry friars do by managing the concerns of nuns, of which they are so greedy. They

are studious people; that is, they often study how to get a good copy for little or nothing, contrive a taking title, &c., and are as honest men as ever sh— in a trumpet. I believe this needs no comment.—*M.*

CH. XXXIV.—*How we arrived at the Oracle of the Bottle.*

OUR glorious lantern lighting and directing us to our heart's content, we at last arrived at the desired island, where was the Oracle of the Bottle. As soon as friend Panurge landed, he nimbly cut a caper with one leg for joy, and cried to Pantagruel, Now we are where we have wished ourselves long ago. This is the place we have been seeking with such toil and labour. He then made a compliment to our lantern, who desired us to be of good cheer, and not be daunted or dismayed, whatever we might chance to see.

To come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, we were to go through a large vineyard, in which were all sorts of vines, as the Falernian, Malvesian, the Muscadine, those of Taige, Beaune, Mirevaux, Orleans, Picardent, Arbois, Coussi, Anjou, Grave, Corsica, Vierron, Nerac, and others. This vineyard was formerly planted by the good Bacchus, with so great a blessing, that it yields leaves, flowers, and fruit, all the year round, like the orange trees, at Serene.

Our magnificent lantern ordered every one of us to eat three grapes, to put some vine-leaves in his shoes, and take a vine-branch in his left hand.

At the end of the close we went under an arch built after the manner of those of the ancients. The trophies of a toper were curiously carved on it.

First, on one side was to be seen a long train of flagons, leathern bottles, flasks, cans, glass bottles, barrels, nipperkins, pint-pots, quart-pots, pottles, gallons, and old-fashioned semaises, (swinging wooden pots, such as those out of which the Germans fill their glasses:) these hung on a shady arbour.

On another side was store of garlic, onions, shallots, hams, botargos, caviar, biscuits, neats' tongues, old cheese, and such like comfits, very artificially interwoven, and packed together with vine-stocks.

On another were a hundred sorts of drinking glasses, cups, cisterns, ewers, false cups, tumblers, bowls, mazers, mugs, jugs, goblets, talboys, and such other bacchic artillery.

On the frontispiece of the triumphal arch, under the zoophore, was the following couplet:

You, who presume to move this way,
Get a good lantern lest you stray.

We took special care of that, cried Pantagruel, when he read them; for there is not a better or a more divine lantern than ours in all Lantern-land.

This arch ended at a fine large round alley, covered over with the interlaid branches of vines, loaded and adorned with clusters of five hundred different colours, and of as many various shapes, not natural, but due to the skill of agriculture; some were golden, others blueish, tawny, azure, white, black, green, purple, streaked with many colours, long, round, triangular,[1] cod-like, hairy, great-headed, and grassy. That pleasant alley ended at three old ivy-trees, verdant, and all loaden with rings. Our most illustrious lantern directed us to make ourselves high-crowned hats with some of their leaves, and cover our heads wholly with them, which was immediately done.

Jupiter's priestess, said Pantagruel, in former days, would not, like us, have walked under this arbour. There was a mystical reason, answered our most perspicuous lantern, that would have hindered her. For had she gone under it, the wine, or the grapes of which it is made, that is the same thing, had been over her head, and then she would have seemed overtopped and mastered by wine. Which implies, that priests, and all persons who devote themselves to the contemplation of divine things, ought to keep their minds sedate and calm, and avoid whatever may disturb and discompose their tranquillity; which nothing is more apt to do than drunkenness.

You also, continued our lantern, could not come into the Holy Bottle's presence, after you have gone through this arch, did not that noble priestess Bacbuc first see your shoes full of vine-leaves; which action is diametrically opposite to the other, and signifies that you despise wine, and having mastered it, as it were, tread it under foot.

I am no scholar, quoth Friar John, for which I am heartily sorry, yet I find, by my breviary, that in the Revelation, a woman was seen with the moon under her feet, which was a most wonderful sight. Now, as Bigot explained it to me,

[1] Read *Torangle;* for that is the word used by Rabelais. It signifies a glass turned angularly. In the author's time they said *tor* for *tour*, *torner* for *tourner*.

this was to signify, that she was not of the nature of other women; for they have all the moon at their heads, and, consequently, their brains are always troubled with a lunacy: this makes me willing to believe what you said, dear Madam Lantern.

ON CHAP. XXXIV.—Being lighted and directed by the lantern—the learned—our travellers at last arrive at the island where was the Oracle of the Bottle—truth. Their guide desires them not to be daunted whatever they see, because fear disorders the mind, and renders us incapable of discovering truth. They pass through a large vineyard, in which are all sorts of vines, which yield leaves, flowers, and fruits, all the year round. There they eat three grapes, put vine-leaves in their shoes, and take vine-branches in their hands.

The variety of vines in this large vineyard, implies the vast field through which the learned range in the search after truth: some matters, like the leaves, are unprofitable; some, like the flowers, pleasant; and others, like the fruit, useful. But they must use even the last moderately—which is implied by the three grapes; and at the first entrance into the regions of truth, be soberly wise. The insignificant leaves must be trod under foot; for this reason they put some in their shoes; and also to show they have mastered the rudiments of learning unless some will say, that the leaves at their feet signify their desire of stepping forward to come to the oracle of truth. Vine-branches (which may well be supposed to have flowers as well as leaves) are held by them in their left hand, in token of their hopes to reap the fruit of their study.—*M.*

CH. XXXV. *How we went under-ground to come to the Temple of the Holy Bottle, and how Chinon is the oldest city in the world.*

WE went under ground through a plastered vault, on which was coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was grinning on horseback on his ass. This made me say to Pantagruel, that this entry put me in mind of the painted cellar,[1] in the oldest city in the world, where such paintings are to be seen, and in as cool a place.

Which is the oldest city in the world? asked Pantagruel.

[1] The ancient Dutch scholiast here has these words, It was Rabelais's house, and in my time belonged to his son: in order to go from this house into the painted cellar, instead of going down stairs, as in other cellars, in this, people went up stairs; it being much higher than the house, and had as many steps as there were days in the year. It is the highest part of the castle of Chinon, which commands the whole town. The word painted is equivocal, and ought not to be written *cave peinte*, painted cellar, but *cave à pinte*, the pint cellar, (or pint vault,) because people went thither for wine, and fetched it away in certain wine-pots, or pewter vessels, called *pintes*.

It is Chinon, sir, or Cainon in Touraine, said I. I know, returned Pantagruel, where Chinon lies, and the painted cellar also, having myself drunk there many a glass of cool wine; neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an ancient town—witness its blazon. I own it is said twice or thrice,

Chinon,
Little town,
Great renown,
On old stone
Long has stood;
There's the Vienne, if you look down;
If you look up, there's the wood.

But how, continued he, can you make it out that 'tis the oldest city in the world? Where did you find this written? I have found it in the sacred writ, said I, that Cain was the first that built a town; we may then, reasonably conjecture, that from his name he gave it that of Cainon. Thus, after his example, most other founders of towns have given them their names: Athena, that is Minerva in Greek, to Athens; Alexander to Alexandria; Constantine to Constantinople; Pompey to Pompeiopolis in Cilicia; Adrian to Adrianople; Canaan, to the Canaanites; Saba, to the Sabæans; Assur, to the Assyrians; and so Ptolemais, Cæsarea, Tiberias, and Herodium in Judæa got their names.

While we were thus talking, there came to us the great flask whom our lantern called the philosopher, her holiness the Bottle's governor. He was attended with a troop of the temple-guards, all French bottles in wicker armour; and seeing us with our javelins wrapped with ivy, with our illustrious lantern, whom he knew, he desired us to come in with all manner of safety, and ordered we should be immediately conducted to the Princess Bacbuc, the Bottle's Lady of Honour, and priestess of all the mysteries; which was done.

ON CHAP. XXXV.—They go down under ground through a plastered vault, on which is coarsely painted a dance of women and satyrs, waiting on old Silenus, who was grinning on horseback on his ass. This shows, that we must not dwell on the surface or outside of things, but dive to their very centre or bottom, to come at truth. This also may refer to this work. The plastered vault, on which is coarsely daubed a dance of women and satyrs, is in its literal sense, smutty, drunken, lewd, and satirical expressions; and our author is the Silenus, who grins and laughs at every one. He has ingeniously brought in a discourse about the antiquity of Chinon, his native town; by which he seems at the same time to ridicule the fables that are reported in many towns about their founders, whom some make as ancient as the patriarch of highest pedigree in Wales.—M.

Ch. XXXVI.—*How we went down the Tetradic steps, and of Panurge's fear.*

We went down one marble step under ground, where there was a resting, or, as our workmen call it, a landing-place, then, turning to the left, we went down two other steps, where there was another resting-place; after that we came to three other steps, turning about, and met a third; and the like at four steps which we met afterwards. There, quoth Panurge, is it here? How many steps have you told? asked our magnificent lantern. One, two, three, four, answered Pantagruel. How much is that? asked she. Ten, returned he. Multiply that, said she, according to the same pythagorical tètrad. That is, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, cried Pantagruel. How much is the whole? said she. One hundred, answered Pantagruel. Add, continued she, the first cube—that is eight: at the end of that fatal number you will find the temple gate; and pray, observe, this is the true psychogony of Plato, so celebrated by the academics, yet so little understood; one moiety of which consists of the unity of the two first numbers full of two square and two cubic numbers. We then went down those numerical stairs, all under ground; and I can assure you, in the first place, that our legs stood us in good stead; for had it not been for them, we had rolled just like so many hogsheads into a vault. Secondly, our radiant lantern gave us just so much light as is in St. Patrick's hole in Ireland, or Trophonius' cavern in Bœotia; which caused Panurge to say to her, after we had got down some seventy-eight steps:—

Dear madam, with a sorrowful, aching heart, I most humbly beseech your lanternship to lead us back. May I be led to hell, if I be not half dead with fear; my heart is sunk down into my hose; I am afraid I shall make buttered eggs in my breeches. I freely consent never to marry. You have given yourself too much trouble on my account; the Lord shall reward you in his great rewarding-place; neither will I be ungrateful when I come out of this cave of Troglodytes. Let us go back, I pray you. I am very much afraid this is Tænarus, the low way to hell, and methinks I already hear Cerberus bark. Hark! I hear the cur, or my ears tingle; I have no manner of kindness for the dog, for there never is a greater tooth-ache than when dogs bite us by the shins: and if this be only Trophonius's pit, the lemures, hob-thrushes, and goblins will certainly swallow us alive: just as they devoured

formerly one of Demetrius's halbardiers, for want of luncheons of bread. Art thou here, Friar John? Pr'ythee, dear, dear cod, stay by me; I am almost dead with fear. Hast thou got thy bilbo? Alas! poor pilgarlic is defenceless: I am a naked man thou knowest: let us go back. Zoons, fear nothing, cried Friar John, I am by thee, and have thee fast by the collar; eighteen devils shall not get thee out of my clutches, though I were unarmed. Never did a man yet want weapons who had a good arm with as stout a heart; heaven would sooner send down a shower of them; even as in Provence, in the fields of la Crau, near Mariannes, there rained stones (they are there to this day) to help Hercules, who otherwise wanted wherewithal to fight Neptune's two bastards. But whither are we bound? Are we a-going to the little children's limbo? By Pluto, they will bepaw and conskite us all. Or are we going to hell for orders? By cob's body, I will hamper, bethwack, and belabour all the devils, now I have some vine-leaves in my shoes. Thou shalt see me lay about me like mad, old boy. Which way? where the devil are they? I fear nothing but their damned horns: but cuckoldy Panurge's bull-feather will altogether secure me from them.

Lo! in a prophetic spirit I already see him, like another Actæon, horned, horny, hornified. Pr'ythee, quoth Panurge, take heed thyself, dear frater, lest, till monks have leave to marry, thou weddest something thou dost not like, as some quartan ague; if thou dost, may I never come safe and sound out of this hypogeum, this subterranean cave, if I do not tup and ram that disease merely for the sake of making thee a cornuted, corniferous property; otherwise I fancy the quartan ague is but an indifferent bed-fellow. I remember Gripe-men-all threatened to wed thee to some such thing; for which thou calledst him heretic.

Here our splendid lantern interrupted them, letting us know this was the place where we were to have a taste of the creature,[1] and be silent; bidding us not despair of having the word of the Bottle before we went back, since we had lined our shoes with vine-leaves.

[1] It should be, where we were to observe taciturnity: *favere linguis*: which in the sacrifices, and other religious ceremonies of the Romans, signified to keep silence: *favorare* being the same as *favere linguis*. But this word by the printer's fault, used to be written *savorare*, which occasioned the mistake above.

Come on, then, cried Panurge, let us charge through and through all the devils of hell: we can but perish, and that is soon done: however, I thought to have reserved my life for some mighty battle. Move, move, move forwards; I am as stout as Hercules, my breeches are full of courage: my heart trembles a little, I own, but that is only an effect of the coldness and dampness of this vault; it is neither fear nor ague. Come on, move on, piss, pish, push on. My name is William Dreadnought.

ON CHAP. XXXVI.—Our pilgrims, going down the tetradic stairs, find a resting-place after the first step, another resting-place after the third, another after the sixth, and a fourth resting-place after the tenth step. This implies, that the progress made at first, in the way to truth, is but small; but by degrees a greater is made, the more we get forward: so that on the second day we go twice as far as we did the first; three times as far on the third; and four times as far on the fourth; till at last we come to our journey's end.—*M.*

CH. XXXVII.—*How the temple gates in a wonderful manner opened of themselves.*

AFTER we were got down the steps, we came to a portal of fine jasper, of Doric order, on whose front we read this sentence in the finest gold, ΕΝ ΟΙΝΩ ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ: that is, In wine, truth. The two folding doors of the gate were of Corinthian-like brass,[1] massy, wrought with little vine-branches, finely embossed and engraven, and were equally joined and closed together in their mortise without any padlock, key, chain, or tie whatsoever. Where they joined, there hanged an Indian loadstone as big as an Egyptian bean, set in gold, having two points, hexagonal, in a right line; and on each side, towards the wall, hung a handful of scordium.[2]

There our noble lantern desired us not to take it amiss that she went no farther with us, leaving us wholly to the conduct of the priestess Bacbuc: for she herself was not allowed to go in, for certain causes rather to be concealed than revealed to mortals. However, she advised us to be resolute and secure, and to trust to her for the return. She then pulled the loadstone that hung at the folding of the gates, and threw it

[1] See Pliny, l. 34, c. 2. Corinthian brass is held to be a mixture of gold, silver, and brass.

[2] Wrong: Rabelais says, "une poignée de scordon," i. e. a handful of garlic; σκόρδον in Greek; not σκόρδιον, *scordium*, which is another herb, "quæ allii odorem resipit," (says Robinson's Lexicon,) it has indeed the smell of garlic and no more.

into a silver box fixed for that purpose: which done, from the threshold of each gate she drew a twine of crimson silk, about nine feet long, by which the scordium hung, and having fastened it to two gold buckles that hung at the sides, she withdrew.

Immediately the gates flew open[3] without being touched; not with a creaking, or loud harsh noise, like that made by heavy brazen gates; but with a soft pleasing murmur that resounded through the arches of the temple.

Pantagruel soon knew the cause of it, having discovered a small cylinder or roller that joined the gates over the threshold; and, turning like them towards the wall on a hard well-polished ophites stone, with rubbing and rolling, caused that harmonious murmur.

I wondered how the gates thus opened of themselves to the right and left, and after we were all got in, I cast my eye between the gates and the wall, to endeavour to know how this happened; for one would have thought our kind lantern had put between the gates the herb æthiopis, which they say opens some things that are shut; but I perceived that the parts of the gates that joined on the inside were covered with steel; and just where the said gates touched when they were opened, I saw two square Indian loadstones,[4] of a blueish hue, well polished, and half a span broad, mortised in the temple wall. Now, by the hidden and admirable power of the loadstones, the steel plates were put into motion, and consequently the gates were slowly drawn; however, not always, but when the said loadstone on the outside was removed, after which the steel was freed from its power, the two bunches of scordium being at the same time put at some distance, because it deadens the magnet,[5] and robs it of its attractive virtue.

On the loadstone that was placed on the right side, the

[3] This is in imitation of the description of Apolidon's palace in ch. xi. of b. iv. of Amadis de Gaul. [4] Before, in l. 4, ch. 62, the loadstone is mentioned as a stone, in ancient times, found in Ida, in the country of Phrygia, as is said by Pliny, l. 5, ch. 30 and 36. Here Rabelais speaks of the Indian loadstone, whose virtue he believed to be so much the stronger, as in l. 7, of Ptolomy's Geog. ch. 2, he had read, that in the islands called Manioles, such ships, as had iron pins, or nails in them, stopped short on their way, without any possibility of proceeding any farther, because of the loadstone which the adjoining land abounded with. [5] See preface to Pliny's 20th book.

following iambic verse was curiously engraven in ancient Roman characters:

"Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt."[6]

Fate leads the willing, and the unwilling draws.[7]

The following sentence was neatly cut in the loadstone that was on the left:

ALL THINGS TEND TO THEIR END.

CH. XXXVIII.—*Of the Temple's admirable Pavement.*

WHEN I had read those inscriptions, I admired the beauty of the temple, and particularly the disposition of its pavement, with which no work that is now, or has been under the cope of heaven, can justly be compared; not that of the Temple of Fortune at Præneste in Sylla's time; or the pavement of the Greeks, called asarotum,[1] laid by Sosistratus in Pergamus. For this here was wholly in compartments of precious stones, all in their natural colours. One of red jasper, most charmingly spotted. Another of ophites.[2] A third of porphyry. A fourth of lycophthalmy,[3] a stone of four different colours, powdered with sparks of gold, as small as atoms. A fifth of agate, streaked here and there with small milk-coloured waves. A sixth of costly chalcedony.[4] And another of green jasper, with certain red and yellowish veins. And all these were disposed in a diagonal line.

At the portico, some small stones were inlaid, and evenly joined on the floor, all in their native colours, to embellish the design of the figures; and they were ordered in such a manner, that you would have thought some vine leaves and branches had been carelessly strewed on the pavement; for in some places they were thick, and thin in others. That inlaying was very wonderful everywhere: here were seen,

[6] This verse is none of Seneca's the tragedian, as Erasmus took it to be in his adages, at the word *fato non repugnandum*. The thought is in some of the Greek iambics of the stoic Cleanthes, from whence Epictetus taking it, and putting it into his manuel, the other Seneca, who fancied it beautiful enough to make fresh use of it, put into Latin iambics Cleanthes's Greek ones, and inserted them in the CVIIth of his Epistles. [7] Or drags, which the reader pleases. Some editions have it *tirent*, others *trament*. [1] See Pliny, l. 36, ch. 25.

[2] See Pliny, l. 35, c 7, &c. Read *ophites*, not *ophir* or *ophire*, as in some editions of Rabelais. [3] See Pliny, l. 37, ch. xi;

[4] *Cassidoine* by corruption. See Salmasius on Solinus. Costly, because the vases made of this stone are very subject to crack or break. See Pliny, in preface of 33, l.

as it were in the shade, some snails crawling on the grapes; there, little lizards running on the branches: on this side, were grapes that seemed yet greenish; on another, some clusters that seemed full ripe, so like the true, that they could as easily have deceived starlings, and other birds, as those which Zeuxis drew.[e]

Nay, we ourselves were deceived; for where the artist seemed to have strewed the vine-branches thickest, we could not forbear walking with great strides, lest we should entangle our feet, just as people go over an unequal stony place.

I then cast my eyes on the roof and walls of the temple, that were all pargetted with porphyry and mosaic work; which from the left side at the coming in, most admirably represented the battle, in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians; as followeth.

CH. XXXIX.—*How we saw Bacchus's army drawn up in Battalia in Mosaic work.*

AT the beginning, divers towns, hamlets, castles, fortresses, and forests were seen in flames; and several mad and loose women, who furiously ripped up, and tore live calves, sheep, and lambs, limb from limb, and devoured their flesh. There we learned how Bacchus,[1] at his coming into India, destroyed all things with fire and sword.

Notwithstanding this, he was so despised by the Indians, that they did not think it worth their while to stop his progress; having been certainly informed by their spies, that his camp was destitute of warriors, and that he had only with him a crew of drunken females, a low-built, old, effeminate, sottish fellow, continually addled, and as drunk as a wheelbarrow, with a pack of young clownish doddipoles, stark naked, always skipping and frisking up and down, with tails and horns like those of young kids.

For this reason the Indians had resolved to let them go through their country without the least opposition, esteeming a victory over such enemies more dishonourable than glorious.

In the mean time, Bacchus marched on, burning every thing; for, as you know, fire and thunder are his paternal arms; Jupiter having saluted his mother Semele with his

[1] This chapter is taken from Lucian's discourse, intituled Bacchus.

thunder; so that his maternal house was ruined by fire. Bacchus also caused a great deal of blood to be spilt; which, when he is roused and angered, principally in war, is as natural to him, as to make some in time of peace.

Thus the plains of the island of Samos, are called Panema,[2] which signifies all bloody, because Bacchus there overtook the Amazons, who fled from the country of Ephesus, and there let them blood, so that they all died of phlebotomy. This may give you a better insight into the meaning of an ancient proverb, than Aristotle has done in his problems; viz., Why, it was formerly said, Neither eat, nor sow any mint[3] in time of war. The reason is, that blows are given in time of war without any distinction of parts or persons; and if a man that is wounded has that day handled or eaten any mint, it is impossible, or at least very hard, to stanch his blood.

After this, Bacchus was seen marching in battalia, riding in a stately chariot, drawn by six young leopards. He looked as young as a child, to show that all good topers never grow old: he was as red as a cherry, or a cherub, which you please; and had no more hair on his chin, than there is in the inside of my hand: his forehead was graced with pointed horns, above which, he wore a fine crown or garland of vine-leaves and grapes, and a mitre of crimson velvet, having also gilt buskins on.

He had not one man with him, that looked like a man; his guards, and all his forces, consisted wholly of Bassarides, Evantes, Euhyades, Edonides, Trietherides, Ogygiæ, Mimallonides, Mænades, Thyades, and Bacchides, frantic, raving, raging, furious,

[2] See Plutarch in his questions about Greek affairs, ch. 96.

[3] The reason of this proverb is not that mint being cold of itself, as Aristotle supposed, the using it would be bad for those whose trade is to fight. Mint has so little of this quality, that, according to Dioscorides, Hippocrates, and Ætius, it provokes urine, and causes seed to abound so as to slip away involuntarily by being too thin. The reason of the proverb is, rather because by exciting too much to love, those who have exhausted themselves in the wars of Venus, must of necessity be less in a readiness for those of Bellona. There is, however, one way, and but one, to reconcile Aristotle with Hippocrates and the physicians, and that is, in Aristotle, to read *καταῆκει*, liquifies, instead of *καταψύχει*, debilitates, or cowardizes, to come as near as I can to Duchat's superannuated word *allachir*. This is the sentiment of Jerome Mercurialis, l. 4, c. 8, of his various readings. See Lud. Nonnius, l. 1, c. 20. of his *De Re Cibaria*.

mad women, begirt with live snakes and serpents, instead of girdles, their dishevelled hair flowing about their shoulders, with garlands of vine-branches instead of forehead-cloths, clad with stag's or goat's-skins, and armed with torches, javelins, spears, and halberts, whose ends were like pine-apples: besides, they had certain small light bucklers, that gave a loud sound if you touched them never so little, and these served them instead of drums; they were just seventy-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-seven.

Silenus, who led the van, was one on whom Bacchus relied very much, having formerly had many proofs of his valour and conduct. He was a diminutive, stooping, palsied, plump, gorbellied, old fellow, with a swinging pair of stiff-standing lugs of his own, a sharp Roman nose, large rough eyebrows, mounted on a well-hung ass; in his fist he held a staff to lean upon, and also bravely to fight, whenever he had occasion to alight; and he was dressed in a woman's yellow gown. His followers were all young, wild, clownish people, as hornified as so many kids, and as fell as so many tigers, naked, and perpetually singing and dancing country dances: they were called tityri and satyrs; and were in all eighty-five thousand, one hundred and thirty-three.

Pan, who brought up the rear, was a monstrous sort of a thing: for his lower parts were like a goat's, his thighs hairy, and his horns bolt upright; a crimson fiery phiz, and a beard that was none of the shortest. He was a bold, stout, daring, desperate fellow, very apt to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay.

In his left hand he held a pipe, and a crooked stick in his right. His forces consisted also wholly of satyrs, ægipanes, agripanes, sylvans, fauns, lemures, lares, elves, and hobgoblins; and their number was seventy-eight thousand, one hundred and fourteen. The signal or word common to all the army, was Evohé.

CH. XL.—*How the battle, in which the good Bacchus overthrew the Indians, was represented in Mosaic work.*

IN the next place we saw the representation of the good Bacchus's engagement with the Indians. Silenus, who led the van, was sweating, puffing, and blowing, belabouring his ass most grievously; the ass dreadfully opened its wide jaws, drove away the flies that plagued it, winced, flounced, went

back, and bestirred itself in almost terrible manner, as if some damned gad-bee had stung it at the breech.

The satyrs, captains, sergeants, and corporals of companies, sounding the orgies[1] with cornets, in a furious manner went round the army, skipping, capering, bounding, jerking, farting, flying out at heels, kicking and prancing like mad, encouraging their company to fight bravely; and all the delineated army cried out Evohé!

First, the Mænades charged the Indians with dreadful shouts, and a horrid din of their brazen drums and bucklers: the air rung again all around, as the mosaic work well expressed it. And pray, for the future do not so much admire Apelles,[2] Aristides the Theban, and others who drew claps of thunder, lightnings, winds, words, manners, and spirits.

We then saw the Indian army, who had at last taken the field, to prevent the devastation of the rest of their country. In the front were the elephants, with castles well garrisoned on their backs. But the army and themselves were put into disorder; the dreadful cries of the Bacchides having filled them with consternation, and those huge animals turned tail, and trampled on the men of their party.

There you might have seen gaffer Silenus on his ass, putting on as hard as he could, striking athwart and alongst, and laying about him lustily with his staff, after the old fashion of fencing. His ass was prancing and making after the elephants, gaping and martially braying, as it were to sound a charge, as he did when formerly in the bacchanalian feasts, he waked the nymph Lottis,[4] when Priapus, full of priapism, had a mind to priapise, while the pretty creature was taking a nap.[5]

There you might have seen Pan frisk it with his goatish shanks about the Mænades, and with his rustic pipe excite them to behave themselves like Mænades.

[1] The old editions have orties; that of 1600, as well as the new editions, orgies, which is the name given to the festivals of Bacchus. Now, as this passage is taken out of Lucian, who says, that in the heat of the battle fought by Bacchus against the Indians, a satyr of his army sung an orthie, *orthium carmen*, I make no question, but that we ought to read orthie, ὄρθος νόμος, a sort of poem which Herodotus, lib. 1. ch. 24, and Aulus Gellius, l. 16, c. 19, tell us Arion tuned his harp to, before he was flung into the sea.

[2] See Pliny, l. 35, c. 10.

[3] See Pliny in the same place.

[4] See Ovid's Metam. lib. 9.

[5] See before, lib. 3, cap. 8.

A little further you might have blessed your eyes with the sight of a young satyr who led seventeen kings his prisoners; and a Bacchis, who with her snakes, hauled along no less than two and forty captains; a little faun, who carried a whole dozen of standards taken from the enemy; and good-man Bacchus on his chariot, riding to and fro fearless of danger, making much of his dear carcase, and cheerfully toping to all his merry friends.

Finally, we saw the representation of his triumph, which was thus. First, his chariot was wholly covered with ivy, gathered on the mountain Meros: this for its scarcity, which you know raises the price of every thing, and principally of those leaves in India.[6] In this, Alexander the Great followed his example at his Indian triumph. The chariot was drawn by elephants joined together, wherein he was imitated by Pompey the Great, at Rome, in his African triumph. In it the good Bacchus was seen drinking out of a mighty urn, which action Marius aped after his victory over the Cimbri, near Aix[7] in Provence. All his army were crowned with ivy; their javelins, bucklers, and drums, were also wholly covered with it; there was not so much as Silenus's ass, but was betrapped with it.

The Indian Kings were fastened with chains of gold close by the wheels of the chariot; all the company marched in pomp with unspeakable joy, loaded with an infinite number of trophies, pageants, and spoils, playing and singing merry epiniciums,[8] songs of triumph, and also rural lays and dithyrambs.

At the farthest end was a prospect of the land of Egypt; the Nile with its crocodiles, marmosets, ibides,[9] monkeys, trochilos's, or wrens, ichneumons, or Pharaoh's mice, hippopotami, or sea-horses, and other creatures, its guests and neighbours. Bacchus was moving towards that country under the conduct of a couple of horned beasts, on one of which

[6] It is Theophrastus' opinion, in lib. 16, cap. 34, of Pliny, that throughout India there grows no ivy. Thus, we are to read India, in this place, conformable to the old editions, not Ida, as the new ones have it. [7] See Pliny, lib. 33, cap. 11. [8] Songs of victory, from the Greek νίκη, victory. [9] A kind of stork, very black, hath the legs of a crane, and a long crooked bill. See Herodotus, lib. 2, and Pliny, lib. 8, cap. 27. Cicero, lib. 1, *De Nat. Deor.* and Pliny, lib. 10, cap. 28, call these storks ibes; but our author chose rather to follow the usual declension of the Latin genitive.

was written in gold, Apis, and Osiris on the other; because no ox or cow had been seen in Egypt till Bacchus came thither.

CH. XLI.—*How the temple was illuminateed with a wonderful Lamp.*

BEFORE I proceed to the description of the Bottle, I will give you that of an admirable lamp, that dispensed so large a light over all the temple, that, though it lay under ground, we could distinguish every object as clearly as above it at noon day.

In the middle of the roof was fixed a ring of massy gold, as thick as my clenched fist. Three chains somewhat less, most curiously wrought, hung about two feet and a half below it, and in a triangle supported a round plate of fine gold, whose diameter or breadth did not exceed two cubits and half a span. There were four holes in it, in each of which an empty ball was fastened, hollow within, and open at the top, like a little lamp; its circumference about two hands' breadth: each ball was of precious stone; one an amethyst, another an African carbuncle, the third an opal, and a fourth an anthracites; they were full of burning water, five times distilled in a serpentine lymbeck, and inconsumptible, like the oil formerly put into Pallas' golden lamp[1] at Acropolis of Athens by Callimachus. In each of them was a flaming wick, partly of abestine flax, as of old in the temple of Jupiter Ammon, such as those which Cleombrotus, a most studious philosopher, saw; partly of Carpasian flax, which were rather renewed than consumed by the fire.

About two feet and a half below that gold plate, the three chains were fastened to three handles, that were fixed to a large round lamp of most pure crystal, whose diameter was a cubit and a half, and opened about two hands' breadth on the top; by which open place a vessel of the same crystal, shaped somewhat like the lower part of a gourd-like lymbeck, or an urinal, was put at the bottom of the great lamp, with such a quantity of the afore-mentioned burning water, the flame of asbestine wick reached the centre of the great lamp. This made all its spherical body seem to burn and be in a flame, because the fire was just at the centre and middle point, so that it was not more easy to fix the eye on

[1] See Plutarch of Oracles, and Pausanias' Attics.

it than on the disc of the sun, the matter being wonderfully bright and shining, and the work most transparent and dazzling, by the reflection of the various colours of the precious stones, whereof the four small lamps above the main lamp were made, and their lustre was still variously glittering all over the temple. Then this wandering light being darted on the polished marble and agate, with which all the inside of the temple was pargetted, our eyes were entertained with a sight of all the admirable colours which the rainbow can boast, when the sun darts his fiery rays on some dropping clouds.

The design of the lamp was admirable in itself, but, in my opinion, what added much to the beauty of the whole, was, that round the body of the crystal lamp, there was carved in cataglyphic work, a lively and pleasant battle of naked boys, mounted on little hobby-horses, with little whirligig lances and shields, that seemed made of vine-branches with grapes on them; their postures generally were very different, and their childish strife and motions were so ingeniously expressed, that art equalled nature in every proportion and action. Neither did this seem engraved, but rather hewed out and embossed in relief, or, at least, like grotesque, which, by the artist's skill, has the appearance of the roundness of the object it represents; this was partly the effect of the various and most charming light, which, flowing out of the lamp, filled the carved places with its glorious rays.

CH. XLII.—*How the Priestess Bacbuc showed us a fantastic fountain in the temple, and how the fountain-water had the taste of wine,*[1] *according to the imagination of those who drank of it.*

WHILE we were admiring this incomparable lamp, and the stupendous structure of the temple, the venerable priestess Bacbuc, and her attendants, came to us with jolly smiling looks, and seeing us duly accoutred, without the least difficulty, took us into the middle of the temple, where, just under the aforesaid lamp, was the fine fantastic fountain. She then ordered some cups, goblets, and talboys of gold,

[1] Pliny, lib. 2, cap. 103, says, on the credit of Mutianus, that in the isle of Andros, in the temple of Bacchus, there was a fountain which every year, on the fifth of January, never failed having the taste of wine. Baccius de Thermis, lib. 6, cap. 22, gives abundance of examples of such vinous springs.

silver, and crystal to be brought, and kindly invited us to drink of the liquor that sprung there, which we readily did: for, to say the truth, this fantastic fountain[2] was very inviting, and its materials and workmanship more precious, rare, and admirable than any thing Plato ever dreamt of in limbo.

Its basis or ground-work was of most pure and limpid alabaster, and its height somewhat more than three spans, being a regular heptagon on the outside, with its stylobates or footsteps, arulets, cymasults or blunt tops, and doric undulations about it. It was exactly round within. On the middle point of each angle brink stood a pillar orbiculated, in form of a circle of ivory or alabaster. These were seven in number, according to the number of the angles.

Each pillar's length, from the basis to the architraves, was near seven hands, taking an exact dimension of its diameter through the centre of its circumference and inward roundness; and it was so disposed, that, casting our eyes behind one of them, whatever its cube might be, to view its opposite, we found that the pyramidal cone of our visual light ended at the said centre, and there, by the two opposites, formed an equilateral triangle, whose two lines divided the pillar into two equal parts.

That which we had a mind to measure, going from one side to another, two pillars over, at the first third part of the distance between them, was met by their lowermost and fundamental line, which, in a consult line drawn as far as the universal centre, equally divided, gave, in a just partition, the distance of the seven opposite pillars in a right line, beginning at the obtuse angle on the brink, as you know that an angle is always found placed between two others in all angular figures odd in number.

This tacitly gives us to understand, that seven semidiameters are in geometrical proportion, compass, and distance, somewhat less than the circumference of a circle, from the figure of which they are extracted; that is to say, three whole parts, with an eighth and a half, a little more, or a seventh and a half, a little less, according to the instructions given us of old by Euclid, Aristotle, Archimedes, and others.

[2] Fantastic, inasmuch as the liquor which flowed from it, had the taste of whatever sort of wine the drinker fancied he was drinking, or had a fancy to drink; which last, upon second thoughts, I take to be the true meaning of M. Duchat's words: "avoit en fantaisie de boire, Judicet lector." I suspect it to be a flirt at the scripture.

The first pillar, I mean that which faced the temple gate, was of azure, sky-coloured sapphire.

The second, of hyacinth, a precious stone, exactly of the colour of the flower into which Ajax's choleric blood was transformed; the Greek letters A I being seen on it in many places.

The third, an anachite diamond, as bright and glittering as lightning.

The fourth, a masculine ruby ballais (peach-coloured) amethystizing, its flame and lustre ending in violet or purple, like an amethyst.

The fifth, an emerald, above five hundred and fifty times more precious than that of Serapis[3] in the labyrinth of the Egyptians, and more verdant and shining than those that were fixed instead of eyes, in the marble lion's head, near King Hermias's tomb.

The sixth, of agate, more admirable and various in the distinctions of its veins, clouds, and colours, than that which Pyrrhus,[4] King of Epirus, so mightily esteemed.

The seventh, of syenites, transparent, of the colour of a beryl, and the clear hue of Hymettian honey; and within it the moon was seen, such as we see her in the sky, silent,[5] new, and in the wane.

These stones were assigned to the seven heavenly planets by the ancient Chaldeans; and that the meanest capacities might be informed of this, just at the central perpendicular line, on the chapiter of the first pillar, which was of sapphire, stood the image of Saturn in elutian lead,[6] with his scythe in his hand, and at his feet a crane of gold, very artfully enamelled, according to the native hue of the saturnine full, bird.

On the second, which was of hyacinth, towards the left, Jupiter was seen in jovetian brass, and on his breast an eagle of gold enamelled to the life.

On the third, was Phœbus in the purest gold, and a white cock in his right hand.

On the fourth, was Mars in Corinthian brass, and a lion at his feet.

[3] See Pliny, l. 37, c. 5.

[4] Ibid., c. 1.

[5] The new moon not yet shining.

[6] Pliny, l. 34, c. 16, calls this lead elutium, *ab aquæ elutione.*

On the fifth, was Venus in copper, the metal of which Aristonidas made Athamas's statue, that expressed in a blushing whiteness his confusion at the sight of his son Learchus, who died at his feet of a fall.

On the sixth, was Mercury in hydrargyre; I would have said quicksilver, had it not been fixed, malleable, and unmoveable; that nimble deity had a stork at his feet.

On the seventh, was Luna in silver, with a greyhound at her feet.

The size of these statues was somewhat more than a third part of the pillars on which they stood, and they were so admirably wrought, according to mathematical proportion, that Polycletus's canon[7] (or rule) could hardly have stood in competition with them.

The basis of the pillars, the chapiters, the architraves, zoophores, and cornices, were Phrygian work of massy gold, purer and finer than any that is found in the rivers Leede[8] near Montpellier, Ganges in India, Po in Italy, Hebrus in Thrace, Tagus in Spain, and Pactolus[9] in Lydia.

The small arches between the pillars were of the same precious stone of which the pillars next to them were. Thus, that arch was of sapphire which ended at the hyacinth pillar, and that was of hyacinth which went towards the diamond, and so on.

Above the arches and chapiters of the pillars, on the inward front, a cupola was raised to cover the fountain; it was surrounded by the planetary statues, heptagonal at the bottom, and spherical on the top, and of crystal so pure, transparent, well-polished, whole and uniform in all its parts, without veins, clouds, flaws, or streaks, that Zenocrates[10] never saw such a one in his life.

Within it were seen the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the twelve months of the year, with their properties, the two equinoxes, the ecliptic line, with some of the most remarkable fixed stars about the antartic pole, and elsewhere, so curiously engraven, that I fancied them to be the workmanship of King Necepsus,[11] or Petosiris, the ancient mathematician.

On the top of the cupola, just over the centre of the fountain, were three noble long pearls, all of one size, pear

[7] See Pliny, l. 34, c. 8. [8] The Lez. From Ledus.
[9] Pliny, l. 33, c. 4. [10] Pliny, l. 37, c. 2. [11] Pliny, l. 7, c. 49.

fashion, perfectly imitating a lear, and so joined together as to represent a flower-de-lis or lily, each of the flowers seeming above a hand's breadth. A carbuncle jetted out of its calix or cup, as big as an ostrich's egg, cut seven square, (that number so beloved of nature,) and so prodigiously glorious, that the sight of it had like to have made us blind, for the fiery sun, or the pointed lightning, are not more dazzling and insufferably bright.

Now were some judicious appraisers to judge of the value of this incomparable fountain, and the lamp of which we have spoke, they would undoubtedly affirm, it exceeds that of all the treasures and curiosities in Europe, Asia, and Africa put together. For that carbuncle alone would have darkened the pantarbe of Iarchus [12] the Indian magician, with as much ease as the sun outshines and dims the stars with his meridian rays.

Now let Cleopatra, that Egyptian queen, boast of her pair of pendants, those two pearls, one of which she caused to be dissolved in vinegar,[13] in the presence of Anthony the Triumvir, her gallant!

Or let Pompeia Plautina [14] be proud of her dress covered all over with emeralds and pearls curiously intermixed, she who attracted the eyes of all Rome, and was said to be the grave-pit and magazine of the conquering robbers of the universe.

The fountain had three tubes or channels of right pearl, seated in three equilateral angles already mentioned, extended on the margin, and those channels proceeded in a snail-like line, winding equally on both sides.

We looked on them awhile, and had cast our eyes on another side, when Bacbuc directed us to watch the water; we then heard a most harmonious sound, yet somewhat stopped by starts, far distant, and subterranean, by which means it was still more pleasing than if it had been free, uninterrupted, and near us, so that our minds were as agreeably entertained through our ears with that charming melody, as they were through the windows of our eyes, with those delightful objects.

[12] See Philostratus, l. 3, c. 14, of Apollonius' life. Heliodorus likewise speaks of this stone. [13] See Pliny, l. 9, c. 35, and Macrobius' Saturnalia, l. 3, c. 17. [14] Rabelais, who it is probable wrote from memory, is mistaken here, and had forgot that Pliny, l. 9, c. 35, calls this lady Lollia Paulina.

Bacbuc then said, Your philosophers will not allow that motion is begot by the power of figures; look here and see the contrary. By that single snail-like motion, equally divided as you see, and a five-fold infoliature, moveable at every inward meeting, such as is the vena cava, where it enters into the right ventricle of the heart; just so is the flowing of this fountain, and by it a harmony ascends as high as your world's ocean.

She then ordered her attendants to make us drink; and, to tell you the truth of the matter as near as possible, we are not, heaven be praised! of the nature of a drove of calf-lollies, who (as your sparrows cannot feed unless you bob them on the tail[15]) must be rib-roasted with tough crab-tree, and firked into a stomach, or, at least, into an humour to eat or drink: no, we know better things, and scorn to scorn any man's civility, who civilly invites us to a drinking bout. Bacbuc asked us then, how we liked our tiff. We answered, that it seemed to us good harmless sober Adam's liquor, fit to keep a man in the right way, and, in a word, mere element; more cool and clear than Argyrontes in Ætolia, Peneus in Thessaly, Axius in Mygdonia, or Cydnus in Cilicia, a tempting sight of whose cool silver stream caused Alexander to prefer the short-lived pleasure of bathing himself in it, to the inconveniences which he could not but foresee would attend so ill-timed an action.

This, said Bacbuc, comes of not considering with ourselves, or understanding the motions of the musculous tongue, when the drink glides on it in its way to the stomach. Tell me, noble strangers, are your throats lined, paved, or enamelled, as formerly was that of Pithyllus,[16] nicknamed Theutes, that you can have missed the taste, relish, and flavour of this divine liquor? Here, said she, turning towards her gentlewoman, bring my scrubbing-brushes, you know which, to scrape, rake, and clear their palates.

They brought immediately some stately, swinging, jolly hams, fine substantial neat's-tongues, good hung-beef, pure

[15] Here the author has in his eye the *badauds* (cockneys we call them) of Paris. He before, in l. 2, c. 14, calls them *buvereaux* (i. e. sippers, small drinkers, though it may mean water-drinkers) because, as Budæus observes, l. 5, of his *De Asse*, the people of Paris, generally, drink but little wine. Rabelais calls them calves *(veaux.)* Now, to play the calf, is properly to play the cockney *(badaud.)* This *badaud* may well enough come from *vitellus*.

[16] See Athenæus, l. 1, c. 6.

and delicate botargos, venison, sausages, and such other gullet-sweepers. And, to comply with her invitation, we crammed and twisted till we owned ourselves thoroughly cured of thirst,[17] which before did damnably plague us.

We are told, continued she, that formerly a learned and valiant Hebrew chief, leading his people through the deserts, where they were in danger of being famished, obtained of God some manna, whose taste was to them, by imagination, such as that of meat was to them before in reality: thus, drinking of this miraculous liquor, you will find its taste like any wine that you shall fancy to drink. Come, then, fancy and drink. We did so, and Panurge had no sooner whipped off his brimmer, but he cried, By Noah's open shop, it is vin de Baulne, better than ever was yet tipped over tongue, or may ninety and sixteen devils swallow me. Oh! that to keep its taste the longer, we gentlemen topers had but necks some three cubits long or so, as Philoxenus desired to have, or, at least, like a crane's as Melanthus[18] wished his.

On the faith of true lanterners, quoth Friar John, it is gallant, sparkling Greek wine;[19] now, for God's sake, sweetheart, do but teach me how the devil you make it. It seems to me Mirevaux wine, said Pantagruel; for, before I drank, I supposed it to be such. Nothing can be disliked in it, but that it is cold, colder, I say, than the very ice; colder than the water of Nonacris[20] and Dircé,[21] or the Conthoporian

[17] It is indeed, in the original, *tres bien curé de soif*. But how could that be? They had as yet been only preparing themselves to drink stoutly, and pour it down lustily, by eating high-seasoned meats. M. Duchat therefore, to make sense of it, has added *forsque*, thus read, *tres-bien curez, forsque de soif*, thoroughly cured, except as to thirst, &c.

[18] It is Athenæus, who l. 1, c. 5, relates the different wishes of these two drunkards.

[19] The author does not use the word *petillant*, sparkling, but *voltigeant*, vaulting, bounding, curvetting, turning round on the toe. Neither does he mean real Greek wine, but a brisk wine, which like the north-east wind (*vent grec* in French,) will make a man bound and curvet, instead of making any advances forward.

[20] See Pliny, l. 13, c. 2.

[21] The water of the fountain Dircé in Bœotia, though very clear, yet not being particularly renowned for its coldness, I make no doubt but Rabelais had in his head the Dircenna of Martial, the water whereof was as cold as ice. "Avidam rigens Dircenna placabit sitim," says that poet, in the 51st epigr. of l. 1. It is true, that instead of Dircenna, Rabelais, who did not so narrowly look into the thing, has writ it Dircé, doubtless misled by honest Nicholas Perrot, whose words on this passage of Martial, are:

spring at Corinth, that froze up the stomach and nutritive parts of those that drank of it.

Drink once, twice, or thrice more, said Bacbuc, still changing your imagination, and you shall find its taste and flavour to be exactly that on which you shall have pitched. Then never presume to say that any thing is impossible to God. We never offered to say such a thing, said I; far from it, we maintain he is omnipotent.

CH. XLIII.—*How the priestess Bacbuc equipt Panurge, in order to have the word of the Bottle.*

WHEN we had thus chatted and tippled, Bacbuc asked, Who of you here would have the word of the Holy Bottle? I, your most humble little funnel, if it please you, quoth Panurge. Friend, said she, I have but one thing to tell you, which is, that when you come to the Oracle, you take care to hearken and hear the word only with one ear. This, cried Friar John, is wine of one ear, as Frenchmen call it.

She then wrapped him up in a gaberdine, bound his noddle with a goodly clean biggin, clapped over it a felt, such as those through which hypocras is distilled, at the bottom of which, instead of a cowl, she put three obelisks, made him draw on a pair of old-fashioned cod-pieces instead of mittens, girded him about with three bagpipes bound together, bathed his jobbernol thrice in the fountain; then threw a handful of meal on his phiz, fixed three cock's feathers on the right side of the hypocratical felt, made him take a jaunt nine times round the fountain, caused him to take three little leaps, and to bump his a— seven times against the ground, repeating I do not know what kind of conjurations all the while in the Tuscan tongue, and ever and anon reading in a ritual or book of ceremonies, carried after her by one of her mystagogues.

For my part, may I never stir if I do not really believe, that neither Numa Pompilius, the second King of the Romans, nor the Cerites of Tuscia, nor the old Hebrew captain, ever instituted so many ceremonies as I then saw performed; nor were ever half so many religious forms used by the sooth-sayers of Memphis in Egypt to Apis; or by the

"Dircê et Neme fontes sunt frigidissimi æstate inter Bilbilim et Segobregam, in ripa fere Salonis amnis." So I have even left it Dircé in the text; though I am satisfied it is wrong.

Euboians, at Rhamnus, to Rhamnusia;[1] or to Jupiter Ammon,[2] or to Faronia.[3]

When she had thus accoutred my gentleman, she took him out of our company, and led him out of the temple, through a golden gate on the right, into a round chapel made of transparent speculary stones, by whose solid clearness the sun's light shined there through the precipice of the rock without any windows or other entrance,[4] and so easily and fully dispersed itself through the greater temple, that the light seemed rather to spring out of it than to flow into it.

The workmanship was not less rare than that of the sacred temple at Ravenna,[5] or that in the island of Chemnis in Egypt. Nor must I forget to tell you, that the work of that round chapel was contrived with such a symmetry, that its diameter was just the height of the vault.

In the middle of it was an heptagonal fountain of fine alabaster most artfully wrought, full of water, which was so clear that it might have passed for element in its purity and simplicity. The sacred Bottle was in it to the middle, clad in pure fine crystal, of an oval shape, except its muzzle, which was somewhat wider than was consistent with that figure.

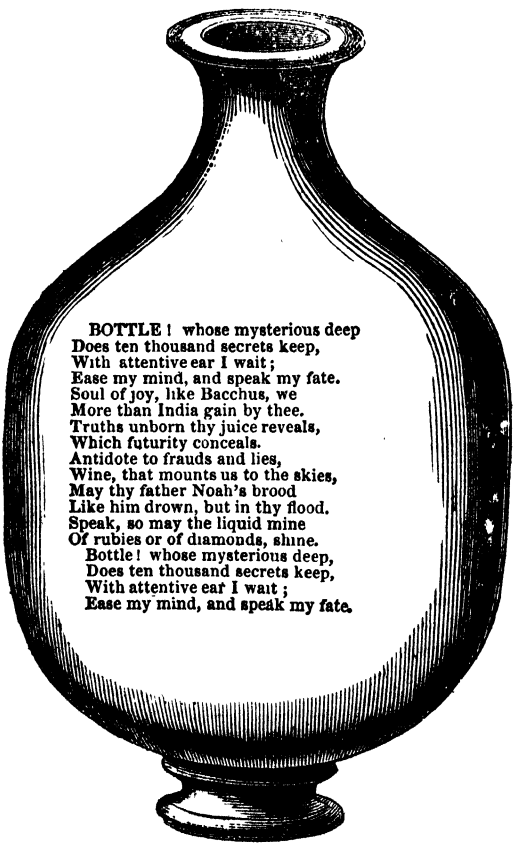
[1] Here M. Duchat says, Rabelais has confounded the false with the true, after a most ridiculous manner. M. Duchat's note, I think, is no less confused. He seems to me, at present, to have explained *obscurum per obscurius*. He says Rhamnusia was the Goddess Fortune. Camb. Dict. says, the Goddess of Revenge. [2] See Q. Curtius, l. 4.

[3] A Goddess of the Woods; for it is storied, that when her grove in the mountain of Soracte was burned down, the people carried thither her picture, and presently the wood sprang afresh. There is a spring also in that grove, according to Horace. Servius says, she was a nymph of Campania: and makes her also the goddess of freemen, in whose temple, having shaved their heads, they put on their cap, the badge of liberty. [4] An imitation of Pliny's description of the temple of Fortune of Seius, built by Nero, l. 36, c. 22.

[5] The cathedral church of Ravenna was anciently a temple consecrated to Hercules. In the close of the fifth century, or in the beginning of the sixth, Theodoric, King of Italy, built on the ruins of this ancient edifice, the church which Rabelais here speaks of; a church superb and magnificent in the highest degree, according to the account Theodoric himself gives of it in his letter to Agapetus, prefect of Rome; but whose immense riches the French no more spared than they did that of private families after the battle of Ravenna in 1512. See Cassiodorus. l. 1. ep. 61. and Francis Scot's *Itinerarium Italiæ*.

CH. XLIV.—*How Bacbuc, the high-priestess, brought Panurge before the Holy Bottle.*

THERE the noble priestess Bacbuc made Panurge stoop and kiss the brink of the fountain; then bade him rise and dance three ithymbi.[1] Which done, she ordered him to sit down, between two stools placed there for that purpose, his arse upon the ground, Then she opened her ritual book, and, whispering in his left ear, made him sing an epileny, as follows.



When Panurge had sung, Bacbuc threw I do not know what into the fountain, and straight its water began to boil in good earnest, just for the world as doth the great monastical pot at Bourgueil,[2] when it is high holiday there. Friend Panurge was listening with one ear, and Bacbuc kneeled by him, when such a kind of humming was heard out of the Bottle, as is made by a swarm of bees bred in the flesh of a young bull, killed and dressed according to Aristæus's art, or such as is made when a bolt flies out of a cross bow, or when a shower falls on a sudden in summer. Immediately after this was heard the word TRINC. By cob's body, cried Panurge, it is broken, or cracked at least, not to tell a lie for the matter; for, even so do crystal bottles speak in our country, when they burst near the fire.

Bacbuc arose, and gently taking Panurge under the arms, said, Friend, offer your thanks to indulgent heaven, as reason requires; you have soon had the word of the Goddess-Bottle: and the kindest, most favourable, and certain word of answer that I ever yet heard her give, since I officiated here at her most sacred oracle; rise, let us go to the chapter, in whose gloss that fine word is explained. With all my heart, quoth Panurge; by jingo, I am just as wise as I was last year; light, where is the book? Turn it over, where is the chapter? Let us see this merry gloss.

CH. XLV.—*How Bacbuc explained the word of the Goddess Bottle.*

BACBUC having thrown I do not know what into the fountain, straight the water ceased to boil: and then she took Panurge into the greater temple, in the central place, where there was the enlivening fountain.

There she took out a hugeous silver book,[1] in the shape of a half-tierce,[2] or hogshead, of sentences; and having filled

[2] St. Peter of Bourgueil, of the order of St. Benedict, a royal abbey in the diocese of Angers. [1] The monks used to make their drinking cups in the shape of mass-books and prayer-books, to deceive the world. [2] It may not be impertinent here to refer to a book called *La Mappemonde Papistique*, (Map of Popery,) p. 82, which gives an account of a certain sham Saint at Venice, who by the help of five or six such books, would spend five or six days together in retirement, and make believe he subsisted all the while by a miracle. At last, these devotional books were found to be no other than so many cases, some filled with march-panes made of the best and fleshiest parts of capons and partridges, and the others so many flagons full of Malmsey wine.

it at the fountain, said to him: The philosophers, preachers, and doctors of your world, feed you up with fine words and cant at the ears; now, here we really incorporate our precepts at the mouth. Therefore I will not say to you, read this chapter, see this gloss; no, I say to you, taste me this fine chapter, swallow me this rare gloss. Formerly an ancient prophet[3] of the Jewish nation eat a book, and became a clerk even to the very teeth! now will I have you drink one, that you may be a clerk to your very liver. Here, open your mandibules.

Panurge gaping as wide as his jaws would stretch, Bacbuc took the silver book, at least we took it for a real book, for it looked just for the world like a breviary; but, in truth, it was a breviary, a flask of right Falernian wine, as it came from the grape, which she made him swallow every drop.

By Bacchus, quoth Panurge, this was a notable chapter, a most authentic gloss, on my word. Is this all that the trismegistian Bottle's word means? In troth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk. Nothing more, returned Bacbuc; for *Trinc* is a panomphean word, that is, a word understood, used, and celebrated by all nations, and signifies drink.

Some say in your world, that sack is a word used in all tongues, and justly admitted in the same sense among all nations; for, as Æsop's fable hath it, all men are born with a sack at the neck, naturally needy, and begging of each other; neither can the most powerful king be without the help of other men, or can any one that is poor subsist without the rich, though he be never so proud and insolent; nay, even were it Hippias[4] the philosopher, who boasted he could do every thing. Much less can any one make shift without drink than without a sack. Therefore here we hold not that laughing, but that drinking is the distinguishing character of man. I do not say drinking, taking that word singly and absolutely in the strictest sense: no, beasts then might put in for a share; I mean drinking cool delicious wine. For you must know, my beloved, that by wine we become divine; neither can there be a surer argument, or a less deceitful divination. Your academics[5] assert the same, when they make the etymology of wine, which the Greeks call ΟΙΝΟΣ, to be from

[3] Ezekiel, c. ii. and iii.
[4] See Plato in his Hippias minor.
[5] Varro, &c.

vis, strength, virtue, and power; for it is in its power to fill the soul with all truth, learning, and philosophy.

If you observe what is written in Ionic letters on the temple gate, you may have understood that truth is in wine. The goddess Bottle therefore directs you to the divine liquor;[6] be yourself the expounder of your undertaking.

It is impossible, said Pantagruel to Panurge, to speak more to the purpose than does this true priestess; you may remember I told you as much when you first spoke to me about it.

Trinc then: what says your heart, elevated by Bacchic enthusiasm?

With this, quoth Panurge,
Trinc, trinc; by Bacchus let us tope,
And tope again; for, now I hope
To see some brawny, juicy rump,
Well tickled with my carnal stump.
E'er long, my friends, I shall be wedded,
Sure as my trap-stick has a red head;
And my sweet wife shall hold the combat,
Long as my baws can on her bum beat.
O what a battle of a—fighting
Will there be! which I much delight in?
What pleasing pains then shall I take
To keep myself and spouse awake!
All heart and juice, I'll up and ride,
And make a duchess of my bride.
Sing Iö pæan! loudly sing
To Hymen, who all joys will bring.
Well, Friar John, I'll take my oath,
This oracle is full of troth:
Intelligible truth it bears,
More certain than the sieve and shears.

CH. XLVI.—*How Panurge and the rest rhymed with poetic fury.*

WHAT a pox ails the fellow? quoth Friar John. Stark

[6] Only cheer up your hearts and be merry; and for every thing else, so you hold fast your integrity, and maintain the character of a worthy, honest man, whatever state or condition of life may fall to your lot, married or single, God will love you, and be your friend, and all good men will esteem you.

staring mad, or bewitched on my word! Do but hear the chiming dotterel gabble in rhyme. What the devil has he swallowed? His eyes roll in his loggerhead, just for the world like a dying goat's. Will the addle-pated wight have the grace to sheer off? Will he rid us of his damned company, to go shite out his nasty rhyming balderdash in some bog-house? Will nobody be so kind as to cram some dog's-bur down the poor cur's gullet? or will he, monk-like, run his fist up to the elbow into his throat to his very maw, to scour and clear his flanks? Will he take a hair of the same dog?

Pantagruel chid Friar John, and said:

Bold monk, forbear; this, I'll assure ye,
Proceeds all from poetic fury;
Warmed by the God, inspired with wine,
His human soul is made divine.
For without jest,
His hallowed breast,
With wine possessed.
Could have no rest,
Till he had expressed
Some thoughts at least
Of his great guest.
Then strait he flies
Above the skies,
And mollifies,
With prophesies,
Our miseries.
And since divinely he's inspired,
Adore the soul by wine acquired,
And let the tosspot be admired.

How! quoth the friar, is the fit of rhyming upon you too? Is it come to that? Then we are all peppered, or the devil pepper me. What would I not give to have Gargantua see us while we are in this maggoty crambo-vein! Now may I be cursed with living on that damned empty food, if I can tell, whether I shall escape the catching distemper. The devil a bit do I understand which way to go about it: however, the spirit of fustian possesses us all, I find. Well, by St. John, I will poetise, since everybody does; I find it coming. Stay, and pray pardon me, if I do not rhyme in crimson;[1] it is my first essay.

[1] *Craimosi* (crimson) in French does not so much signify a particu-

Thou, who canst water turn to wine,[2]
Transform my bum, by power divine,
Into a lantern, that may light
My neighbour in the darkest night.

Panurge then proceeds in his rapture, and says:

From Pythian Tripos ne'er were heard
More truths, nor more to be revered.
I think from Delphos to this spring,
Some wizard brought that conjuring thing.
Had honest Plutarch here been toping,
He then so long had ne'er been groping
To find according to his wishes,
Why oracles are mute as fishes
At Delphos: now the reason's clear,
No more at Delphos they're, but here.
Here is the tripos, out of which
Is spoke the doom of poor and rich.
For Athenæus[3] does relate
This Bottle is the womb of Fate;
Prolific of mysterious wine,
And big with prescience divine;
It brings the truth with pleasure forth,
Besides you havn't a pennyworth.
So, Friar John, I must exhort you
To wait a word that may import you,
And to inquire, while here we tarry,
If it shall be your luck to marry.

lar colour as the perfection of any colour whatsoever. Thus they say, *rouge-cramoisi* (red crimson) *violet cramoisi* (violet-crimson.) We say a knave in grain, and so too they say (*sot en cramoisi*) an ass in grain, as much as to say an ass or fool in perfection. Thus, to rhyme in crimson, is, properly speaking, to make as excellent verses in their kind, as crimson is in matter of colours.

O Dieu, Père paterne, Qui mûas l'eaûe en vin,
Fays de mon cul lanterne, Pour luire a mon voisin.

In imitation of Rabelais's usual doggrel rhyme it may be translated,

O God paternal Father, Who made wine out of water,
Into a lantern turn my bum, To light my neighbours home.

Motteux has rhymed it so well, that Friar John's asking pardon for not rhyming in crimson, as it is his first essay, is quite absurd.—*W.*

[2] It is more profane in the French original a good deal; it is too impious even in the translation: but, we must consider a monk speaks it, as honest Martin Luther used to excuse his rapping out an oath now and then; Consider I was bred a monk.

[3] Lib. 2, cap. 1.

Friar John answers him in a rage, and says:

How, marry! by St. Bennet's boot,
And his gambadoes, I'll ne'er do't.
No man that knows me ne'er shall judge
I mean to make myself a drudge;
Or that pilgarlic e'er will doat
Upon a paltry petticoat.
I'll ne'er my liberty betray
All for a little leap-frog play;
And ever after wear a clog
Like monkey or like mastiff-dog:
No, I'd not have, upon my life,
Great Alexander for my wife,
Nor Pompey, nor his dad-in-law,
Who did each other clapper-claw.
Not the best he that wears a head,
Shall win me to his truckle-bed.

Panurge, pulling off his gaberdine and mystical accoutrements, replied:

Wherefore thou shalt, thou filthy beast,
Be damned twelve fathoms deep at least;
While I shall reign in Paradise,
Whence on thy loggerhead I'll piss,
Now when that dreadful hour is come,
That thou in hell receiv'st thy doom,
E'en there, I know, thou'lt play some trick,
And Prosperine shan't scape a prick
Of the long pin within thy breeches.
But when thou'rt using these capriches,
And catterwauling in her cavern,
Send Pluto to the farthest tavern,
For the best wine that's to be had,
Lest he should see, and run horn mad:
She's kind, and ever did admire
A well-fed monk, or well-hung friar.

Go to, quoth Friar John, thou old noddy, thou doddipoled ninny, go to the devil thou art prating of; I have done with rhyming; the rheum[4] gripes me at the gullet. Let us talk of paying and going; come.

[4] He has rhymed himself into a rheum, as Marot says in his short epistle to the king:—

"Et en rimant, bien souvent je m'enrhime."

CH. XLVII.—*How we took our leave of Bacbuc, and left the Oracle of the Holy Bottle.*

Do not trouble yourself about any thing here, said the priestess to the friar; if you be but satisfied, we are. Here below, in these circumcentral regions, we place the sovereign good not in taking and receiving, but in bestowing and giving; so that we esteem ourselves happy, not if we take and receive much of others, as perhaps the sects of teachers do in your world, but rather if we impart and give much. All I have to beg of you, is that you leave us here your names in writing, in this ritual. She then opened a fine large book, and as we gave our names, one of her (she) mystagogues, with a gold pin, drew some lines on it, as if she had been writing; but we could not see any characters.

This done, she filled three small leather vessels with fantastic water, and giving them into our hands, said, Now, my friends, you may depart, and may that intellectual sphere, whose centre is every where, and circumference no where, whom we call GOD, keep you in his almighty protection. When you come into your world, do not fail to affirm and witness, that the greatest treasures, and most admirable things, are hidden under ground; and not without reason.

Ceres was worshipped, because she taught mankind the art of husbandry, and by the use of corn, which she invented, abolished that beastly way of feeding on acorns; and she grievously lamented her daughter's banishment into our subterranean regions, certainly foreseeing that Proserpine would meet with more excellent things, more desirable enjoyments, below, than she her mother could be blessed with above.[1]

What do you think is become of the art of forcing the thunder and celestial fire down, which the wise Prometheus had formerly invented? It is most certain you have lost it; it is no more on your hemisphere: but here below we have it. And, without a cause, you sometimes wonder to see whole towns burned and destroyed by lightning and ethereal fire, and are at a loss about knowing from whom, by whom, and to what end, those dreadful mischiefs were sent. Now they are familiar and usual to us; and your philosophers, who complain that the ancients have left them nothing to

[1] By what follows, one would think she should rather have envied her daughter. But great wits may say any thing, and reason any how. I wonder M. Duchat takes no notice of this inconsistency of Rabelais.

write of, or to invent, are very much mistaken. Those phenomena which you see in the sky; whatever the surface of the earth affords you, and the sea, and every river contains, is not to be compared with what is hid within the bowels of the earth.

For this reason the subterranean ruler has justly gained in almost every language, the epithet of rich. Now, when your sages shall wholly apply their minds to a diligent and studious search after truth, humbly begging the assistance of the sovereign God, whom formerly the Egyptians in their language called The Hidden and the Concealed, and invoking him by that name, beseech him to reveal and make himself known to them, that Almighty Being will, out of his infinite goodness, not only make his creatures, but even himself known to them.

Thus will they be guided by good lanterns. For all the ancient philosophers and sages have held two things necessary, safely and pleasantly to arrive at the knowledge of God, and true wisdom; first, God's gracious guidance, then man's assistance.

So among the philosophers, Zoroaster took Arimaspes for the companion of his travels; Æsculapius, Mercury; Orpheus, Musæus; Pythagoras, Aglaophemus; and among princes and warriors, Hercules, in his most difficult achievements, had his singular friend Theseus; Ulysses, Diomedes; Æneas, Achates: you followed their examples, and came under the conduct of an illustrious lantern; now, in God's name depart, and may he go along with you![2]

On Chap. XXXVII. &c.—The description of the temple, its gates, pavement, walls, lamps, and fountains, is a master-piece of architecture; by which the author showed, that he knew as well all the beauties of that art, as he did those of every other that deserves the application of a man of sense. If any have a mind to look for mysteries in all this, perhaps they may find many whose discovery will reward their search. As for me, as I have not had leisure to say more in less room, I will only say something of it that may give a general idea of the author's design, and so conclude.

Bacbuc, which is the name of the bottle, and also that of the priestess, who ministers at the oracle, is Hebrew, and, as we have said, signifies a bottle.

Our mysterious author may perhaps be thought to have had a mind to hint, that the Hebrew original, or text of the Bible, is the first spring of truth, that flows out of it into the versions, as wine poured out of a

[2] The usual words of the French preachers concluding their sermons.

bottle into a glass or cup. Then, as on the portal of the temple, there was written in characters of the finest gold, 'ΕΝ 'ΟΙΝΩ 'ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ, some may think it implies, that the wine of truth is also to be found in the Greek text of the New Testament, which gives the name of wine to truth: buy wine and honey without money. The two folding gates may be fancied to denote the Old Testament and the New, which must be opened to come to the oracle of truth. Every one will not like this manner of explaining those passages; but all, I hope, will approve the following way of understanding the rest.

The perspicuous lantern, which lighted and guided our votaries, opens those gates; but desires them not to take it amiss, that she does not go into the temple with them, leaving them wholly to the conduct of the priestess Bacbuc: for the lantern was not allowed to go in for certain causes, rather to be concealed than revealed to mortals. However, she advised them to be resolute and secure.

This mystical reason is, that as truth is hated in this world, most of the learned, who know it, are afraid of conversing with it openly, lest this make many men their enemies, spoil their preferment, ruin them, and perhaps cost them their lives. For this reason, they come to the very portal of truth's temple, and even open the gates to others; yet do not enter within its sanctuary.

The greatest men, both of the clergy and laity in France, acted thus in the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II.

But another cause of that venerable lantern's staying without the temple, was the piercing glory which flowed out of the inextinguishable lamp, which filled the subterranean temple with a light infinitely quicker and clearer than that of the sun. So that this extreme brightness would have utterly dimmed and eclipsed that of the lantern.

The author could never have concluded better than by saying, that when our sages shall wholly apply their minds to a diligent and studious search after truth, beseeching the hidden God to make himself known to them, that Almighty Being will do it, and impart to them also the knowledge of his creatures.—*M.*

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK

THE MOST CERTAIN, TRUE, AND INFALLIBLE

PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION,

FOR THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME, FOR EVER AND AYE. CALCULATED FOR THE BENEFIT AND NODDIFICATION OF THE GIDDY-BRAINED AND WEATHER-WISE WOULD-BE'S. BY MASTER ALCOFRIBAS NASIER, ARCHITRICLIN TO THE AFORE-MENTIONED PANTAGRUEL.

TO THE COURTEOUS READER,

GREETING.—Having considered the infinite abuses arising from the whole cart-loads of Louvain Prognostications, made in the shadow of a pot of drink,[1] or so; I have here calculated one of the most sure and unerring that ever was seen in black and white, as hereafter you will find. For, doubtless, considering what the royal prophet says to God in the fifth Psalm, Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing, it is a heinous, foul, and crying sin to tell a damned wilful lie, thereby to deceive the poor gaping world, greedy of novelties; such as the French, above all others, have been time out of mind, as Cæsar in his Commentaries, and John de Gravot, in his Gallic Mythologies, have set down. Which is daily observable throughout all France, where the first questions, which you shall put to people newly arrived, are, What news? Is there no news stirring? What do they say? What is the discourse abroad? And so inquisitive they are, that they will be stark staring mad at those who come out of strange countries, unless they bring a whole budget full of strange stories, calling them dolts, blockheads, ninny-hammers, and silly ouffs.

Since then, they are so ready to ask after news, and consequently the more glibly swallow down every flim-flam story that is told them, were it not expedient that some people, on whose faith we might depend, should hold offices of intelligence on the frontiers of the kingdom, and have a competent salary allowed them for nothing else but to examine the news that is brought, whether it is true or no? Yea, verily, friends. Even so did my good master Pantagruel through all the countries of Utopia and Dipsody: whence it comes that his territories are so prosperous, that at present they cannot tell how to make away with their wine fast enough, but are fain to let it run about in waste, if plenty of good fellows from other parts do not come to help them off with it.

Being therefore desirous to satisfy the curiosity of every good companion, I have tumbled over and over all the pantarchs of the heavens, calculated the quadrates of the moon, hooked out whatever all the astrophiles,[2] hypernephelists,[3] anemophylaxes,[4] urano-

[1] In the shadow of a glass of wine; *à l'ombre d'ung verre de vin.*
[2] Star-lovers.
[3] Such as, by their speculations, raise themselves above the clouds.
[4] Those who bend their thoughts to foretell the blowing of the winds.

petes,[5], ombrophores,[6] and the devil and all of them, have thought; and then having conferred with Empedocles upon the whole, who, by the way, desires to be kindly remembered to you, I have here crammed the pith, marrow, and matter of the substance of it into a few chapters. Assuring you that I say nothing of it but what I think; and that I think nothing of it, but what it is; and there is no more to be known in those matters, than what you are going to read. As for any thing that may hereafter be said over and above, it will come to pass, peradventure aye, and peradventure no.

Take notice, by the by, that if you do not believe every syllable, iota, and tittle of it, you do me a great deal of wrong, for which, either here or elsewhere, you may chance to be clawed off with a vengeance. A good salt-eel, crab-tree, or bull's pizzle, may be plentifully bestowed on your outward man. You may take pepper in the nose, and snuff and suck up the air as you would oysters, as much as you please; it is all one for that.[7]

Well, however, come, snite your noses, my little children; and you old doating father grey-beards pull out your best eyes, do on your barnacles, and, in the scale of the sanctuary, weigh me every tittle of what I am going to tell you.

Of the golden number.—The golden number[8] *non est inventus*: I cannot find it this year by any calculation that I have made. Let's go on; *verte folium*, turn over leaf.

CH. I.—*Of the governor and lord ascendant this year.*

WHATSOEVER those blindfolded blockheadly fools, the astrologers of Louvain, Nuremberg, Tubing, and Lyons, may tell ye, don't you feed yourselves up with whims and fancies, nor believe there is any governor of the whole universe this year, but God the Creator, who by his divine word rules and governs all; by whom all things are in their nature, propriety, and conditions, and without whose preservation and governance all things in a moment would be reduced to nothing, as out of nothing they were by him created. For of him comes, in him is, and by him is made perfect every being, and all life and motion, as says the evangelical trumpet, my Lord St. Paul, Romans, the 11th.

Therefore the ruler of this year, and of all others, according to our authentic solution, will be God Almighty. And neither Saturn, nor Mars, nor Jupiter, nor any other planet, nor the very angels, nor saints, nor men, nor devils, shall have any virtue, efficacy, or

[5] Those who scale the heavens. [6] Those whose application consists in foretelling the rain. [7] Here M. Motteux should have added: For depend upon it, there will be hot work at the oven, if the baker do not fall asleep. Upon which conclusion of the sentence, and its beginning with the arguillades, (i. e. the whippings with an eel, or an eel's skin) M. Duchat observes, that it is a warning to the French Protestants to quit the kingdom betimes, or prepare to be infallibly burned in it, since their enemies had sworn to destroy them root and branch. [8] It runs thus in the original; Of the golden number, *non dicitur*; because I cannot find it, &c.

influence whatsoever, unless God of his good pleasure gives it them. As Avicen says, second causes have not any influence or action whatsoever, if the first cause did not influence them. Does not the good little mannikin speak truth, think ye?

CH. II.—*Of the eclipses this year.*

THIS year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon, that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets[1] will suffer inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets will not go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go side-long and the rope-makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; and many a one's yard will hang down and dandle for want of leathern pouches; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from pease in Lent; the belly will waddle before; the a— will sit down first; there will not be a bean left in a twelfth-cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice will not run as you wish, though you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day; one part of the world shall disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such a hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian[2] do not hold them in. If God do not help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full. But on the other side, if he be with us, nothing can hurt us, as says the celestial star-gazer, who was rapt into the third heaven, Romans the 8th. *Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos?* If God be for us, who can be against us? In good faith, *nemo domine*, nobody is not like your worship; for he is as powerful as he is good. Here for the same, praise ye his holy name.

CH. III.[1]—*Of the diseases this year.*

THIS year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but scurvily; the dumb shall not speak very plain; the rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the poor, and the healthy than the sick. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine, and oxen, cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders, shall go to pot; but the mortality will not be altogether so great

[1] By the sun, chemists mean gold; and by the moon, silver. [2] Priscian is here put for grammar in general, and in particular for the French grammar, so subject to changes, especially in the verbs at that time; some saying *alla*, others *allit, allerent, allirent*, and *allarent; mors* for *mordu, querre* for *querir*, and an hundred others, which were used for the most part indifferently.

[1] This chapter is so like that which Joach. Fortius Rindelbergius of Antwerp has entitled *Ridicula, sed jucunda, quædam vaticinia*, (anno 1529,) that I know not which of the two is the original.

among apes, monkies, baboons, and dromedaries. As for old age, it will be incurable this year, because of the years past. Those who are sick of the pleurisy will feel applaguy stitch in their sides; those who are troubled with the thorough-go-nimble, or wild-squirt, will often prostitute their blind cheeks to the bog-house; catarrhs this year shall distil from the brain on the lower parts; sore eyes will by no means help the sight; ears shall be at least as scarce and short in Gascony, and among knights of the post, as ever; a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse, and odious malady, shall be almost epidemical, insomuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what nail to drive to keep the wolf from the door; very often plotting, contriving, cudgelling, and puzzling their weak shallow brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the philosopher's stone, though they only get Mida's lugs by the bargain. I quake for very fear when I think on it; for I assure you, few will escape this disease, which Averroes calls lack of money; and by consequence of the last year's comet, and Saturn's retrogradation, a huge drivelling he-scoundrel, all be-crinkum'd, be-scabbed, and cauliflowered with the pox, shall die in the spital; at his death will be a horrid clutter between the cats and the rats, hounds and hares, hawks and ducks, and eke between the monks and eggs.

CH. IV.—*Of the fruits of the earth this year.*

I FIND, by the calculations of Albumazar,[1] in his book of the Great Conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough: but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they will be a great help to horses. I dare say there will not be much more bacon than swine. *Pisces* having the ascendant, it will be a mighty year for muscles, cockles, and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds; yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there is but too much on't. There will be but a very few bonchretiens, but choke-pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish.

CH. V.—*Of the disposition of the people this year.*

IT is the oddest whimsy in the world, to fancy there are stars for kings, popes, and great dons, any more than for the poor and needy. As if, forsooth, some new stars were made since the flood, or since Romulus or Pharamond, at the making somebody king; a thing that Triboulet or Caillette[1] would have been ashamed to have said, and yet they were men of no common learning or fame; and for

[1] An Arabian philosopher and astrologer, who lived about the year 910 of the Christian era

[1] Two court-fools.

aught you or I know, this same Triboulet may have been of the kings of Castille's blood in Noah's ark, and Caillette of that of King Priam.[2] Now, mark ye me, those odd notions come from nothing in the world but want of faith: I say, the true Catholic faith. Therefore, resting fully satisfied that the stars care not a fart more for kings than for beggars, nor a jot more for your rich topping fellows, than for the most sorry, mangy, lousy rascal: I will even leave other addle-pated fortune-tellers to speak of the great folks, and I will only talk of the little ones.

And in the first place, of those who are subject to Saturn; as for example, such as lack the ready, jealous, or horn-mad, self-tormenting prigs, dreaming fops, crabbed caves-droppers, raving, doating churls, hatchers and brooders of mischief, suspicious distrustful slouches, mole-catchers,[3] close-fisted griping misers, usurers, and pawnbrokers, Christian-jews, pinch-crusts, hold-fasts, michers, and penny-fathers, redeemers of dipped, mortgaged, and bleeding copyholds and messuages, fleecers of sheared asses, shoe-makers and translators, tanners, bricklayers, bell-founders, compounders of loans, patchers, clouters, and botchers of old trumpery stuff, and all moping melancholic folks, shall not have this year whatever they would have; and will think more than once how they may get good store of the king's pictures[4] into their clutches; in the mean time, they will hardly throw shoulders of mutton out at the windows, and will often scratch their working noddles where they do not itch.

As for those who are under Jupiter, as canting vermin, bigots, pardon-pedlars, voluminous abbreviators, scribblers of breves, copists,[5] pope's bull-makers, dataries, pettifoggers, capuchins, monks, hermits, hypocrites, cushion-thumping mountebanks, spiritual comedians, forms of holiness, pater-noster faces, wheedling gabblers, wry-necked scoundrels, spoilers of paper, stately gulls,[6] notched-cropt-eared[7] meacocks, public register's clerks, clergy-tailors, wafermakers, rosary-makers, engrossers of deeds, notaries,

[2] He jokes upon those writers who very orderly trace the genealogy of the kings of Spain up to Adam, and deduce the descent of the kings of France from King Priam. [3] Avaricious money-hunters, who, in order to come at riches, which the earth contains in its bowels, never cease digging and delving, as it were, like the ancient French Miners called franc-taupin (from *talpo*, a mole.) [4] It is, in the original, Will study hard about the invention of the holy cross. The invention (or finding) of the holy cross, is a solemn holiday celebrated by the Church of Rome on the third of May: also, a shift or device to get money; and that is what it means here: a merry allusion to the other. These *double entendres*, with which our author abounds, are very pretty in the French, but not always capable of being rendered into English.

[5] Petty scribes in the Court of Rome, who copy the bulls in order for engrossing.

[6] So indeed, Cotgrave has Englished Rabelais' word *prelingnaute*, but M. Duchat is more particular: a chief in a court of judicature, who (in like manner as a taster (*un preguste*) takes the essay of meats with his tongue) sums up, and presents the opinion of the other judges before he declares his own.

[7] *Esperrucquetz*, which Cotgrave says is one that wears long locks, or curled hair; but it really means as M. M. translates it, what the Italians call *tosato, senza zazzera*, crop-haired, without a perriwig. (*Esperruqué.*)

grave-bubbles, protocoles, prompters to speakers, and deceitful makers of promises, shall fare according as they have money. So many clergymen will die, that there will not be men enough found on whom their benefices may be conferred, so that many will hold two, three, four, or more. The tribe of hypocrites shall lose a good deal of its ancient fame, since the world is grown a rake, and will not be fooled much longer, as Avenzagel saith.

Those who are under Mars, as hangmen, cut-throats, dead-doing fellows, freebooters, hedge-birds, footpads, and highwaymen, catchpoles, bum-bailiffs, beadles, and watchmen, reformadoes, tooth-drawers and corn-cutters, pintle-smiths, shavers, and frig-beards, butchers, coiners, paltry quacks, and mountebanks,[8] renegadoes, apostates, and marranized miscreants, incendiaries or boutefeus, chimney-sweepers, boorish cluster-fists, charcoal-men, alchymists, merchants of eel-skins and egg-shells, gridiron and rattle-makers, cooks, paltry pedlars, trashmongers and spangle-makers, bracelet-makers, lantern-makers and tinkers, this year will do fine things; but some of them will be somewhat subject to be rib-roasted, and have a St. Andrew's cross scored over their jobbernols at unawares. This year, one of those worthy persons will go nigh to be made a field-bishop, and, mounted on a horse that was foaled of an acorn, give the passengers a blessing with his legs.

Those who belong to Sol, as topers, quaffers, whipcans, tosspots, whittled, mellow, cupshotten swillers, merry grigs, with crimson snouts of their own dyeing; fat, pursy gorbellies, brewers of wine and of beer; bottlers of hay, porters, mowers, menders of tiled, slated, and thatched houses, burthen-bearers, packers, shepherds, ox-keepers, and cowherds, swine-herds, and hog-drivers, fowlers, and bird-catchers, gardeners, barn-keepers, hedgers, common mumpers and vagabonds, day-labourers, scourers of greasy thrum caps, stuffers, and bumbasters of pack saddles, rag-merchants, idle lusks, slothful idlebies, and drowsy loiterers, smell-feasts, and snap-gobbets, gentlemen generally wearing shirts with neck-bands, or heartily desiring to wear such; all these will be hale and sharp set, and not be troubled with the gout at the grinders, or a stoppage at the gullet, when at a feast on free cost.

Those whom Venus is said to rule, as punks, jilts, flirts, queans, morts, doxies, strumpets, buttocks, blowings, tits, pure ones, concubines, convenients, cracks, drabs, trulls, light-skirts, wrigglers, misses, cats, rigs, tried virgins, bona-robas, barbers-chairs, hedge-whores, wag-tails, cockatrices, whipsters, twiggers, harlots, kept-

[8] *Tacuins.* In the edition of 1542, it is *avicenniste.* Most of the rest have *taquins*, because they knew not what *tacuin* meant. Buhaylyha, Ben-Gezla, an Arabian, physician to Charlemagne, writ a book, intituled, *Tacuins;* a work which signifies tables, repertories, because they were tables containing an enumeration of all distempers, with their cures. This book was translated from the Arabic into Latin, by a Jew, Farrogut, another physician of Charlemagne's. The translation is still in being, though the original is lost. See further in Duchat.

wenches, kind-hearted things, ladies of pleasure, by what titles or names soever dignified or distinguished; bawds, pimps, panders, procurers, and mutton-brokers; wenchers, lechers, shakers, smockers, cousins, cullies, stallions, and bellybumpers: ganymedes, bardachoes, hufflers, ingles, fricatrices, he-whores, and sodomites; swaggering huff-snuffs, bouncing bullies, braggadocios, tory-rory rakes, and tantivy-boys; peppered, clapped, and poxed dabblers; shankered, cauliflowered, carbuncled, martyrs, and confessors of Venus; rovers, ruffian-rogues, and hedge-creepers, female chamberlains; *nomina mulierum desinentia in ess, ut*, laundress, sempstress, hostess, &c., and in *er, ut*, mantua-maker, bed-maker, barkeeper, fruiterer, &c., all these will be famous this year. But when the sun enters Cancer, and other signs, let them beware of the crinkams and its attendants; as shankers, claps, virulent gonorrhœas, cordees, buboes, or running-nags, pock-royals, botches, wens, or condyloms, tetters, scabs, nodes, glands, tumours, carnosities, &c. Nuns shall hardly conceive without carnal copulation; very few virgins shall have milk at the breasts.

As for those who come under Mercury, as sharpers, rooks, cozeners, setters, as sherks, cheats, pickpockets, divers, buttocking foils, thieves, millers, night-walkers, masters of arts, decretists, picklocks, deer-stealers, hedge rhymers, composers of serious doggrel metre, Merry-andrews, Jack-puddings, tumblers, masters in the art of hocus pocus, legerdemain, and powder of prelinpinpin; such as break Priscian's head, quibblers and punsters, stationers, paper-makers, card-makers, and pirates, will strive to appear more merry than they will often be: sometimes they will laugh without any cause, and will be pretty apt to be blown up, sh— in the plum bag, and march off, unless[9] they find themselves better stored with chink, and stronger of the cod than they need be.

Those who belong to Madam Luna, as hawkers of almanacks and pamphlets, huntsmen, ostrich-catchers, falconers, couriers, salt-carriers, lunatics, maggoty fools, crack-brained coxcombs, addle-pated frantic wights, giddy, whimsical foplings, exchange-brokers, post-boys, foot-boys, tennis-court keepers' boys, glass mongers, light-horse, watermen, mariners, messengers, rakers, and gleaners, will not long stay in a place this year. However, so many swagbellies and puff-bags will hardly go to St. Hiacco,[10] as there did in the year 524.[11] Great numbers of pilgrims [12] will come down

[9] Wrong. Read, if they find themselves, &c., not, unless they find themselves, &c., " S'ils se trouvent plus d'argent," &c., not " s'ils ne se trouvent plus d'argent," &c. It means, that nothing can hinder them from running away with your money, but your not trusting them with it. Again, instead of, need be, read, should be. [10] St. James in Galicia. [11] There had been published many predictions, which on account of the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, in the sign of Pisces in 1524, did declare there would be in February that year a second universal deluge: there needed no more to send the Germans, at that time very much addicted to pilgrimaging, in shoals to St. James in Galicia. This is what is here meant by Rabelais, who by lifrelofres means the German pilgrims, who began to grow scarce after the reformation had got good footing among them.

[12] *Miquelots* in the original. Young people who were wont to go on pilgrimage

from the montains of Savoy and Auvergne; but Sagitarius sorely threatens them with kibed heels.

Ch. VI.—*Of the condition of ome countries.*

The noble kingdom of France shall prosper and triumph this year, in all pleasures and delights,[1] so that foreign nations shall willingly retire thither. Presents of nosegays, and feasts on birth-days, and saints-days, treats, pastimes, and a thousand sports, shall keep up the mirth. There will be plenty of delicious wines; many radishes in Limosin; store of chestnuts in Perigord and Dauphiné; a deal of olives in Languedoc; whole shoals of sand in Olone; a world of fish in the sea; swarms of stars in the firmament; abundance of salt at Brouage; and prodigious quantities of corn, pulse, kitchen-herbs, flowers, fruit, butter, cheese, milk, and other dairy goods. No plague, no war, no vexation. A fart for poverty; hang sorrow, cast away care. Old gold, such, as your double ducats, rose-nobles, angels, spankers, spur-royals, and well-wooled sheep of Berry, will once more be in fashion, and plenty of seraphs and crowns with a sun upon them. However, about midsummer, you are threatened with an invasion by black fleas, and weevils of la Deviniere. *A Deo, nil est ex omni parte beatum*; nothing is yet found that is perfectly happy; but care must be taken to curb them with store of evening nuncions.

Italy, Romania, Naples, and Sicily will remain where they stood last year. People will be very thoughtful[2] there towards the latter end of Lent, and sometimes will rave and dream at noon-day.[3]

Germany, Switzerland, Saxony, Strasburgh, Antwerp, &c., will thrive upon it, if they do not fail to do so. Woe be to pardon-pedlars, if they come among them: I dare engage that there will not be many yearly[4] obits, trentals, and services for the dead founded there.

Spain, Castile, Portugal, and Arragon will be subject to sudden thirst,[5] and young and old will be wofully afraid of dying: for

to St. Michael—thence their name miquelots, I suppose. These occasioned the proverb, Little beggars go to St. Michael, great ones to St. James.

[1] France enjoyed peace from the treaty concluded at Cambray, 1529; but the famine which happened in that kingdom about that time occasioned the plague, and both those scourges continued therein till the beginning of 1534. Therefore, either this prognostication was not published till 1534, at soonest, or Rabelais was much out in his guessing. [2] Will think of their sins, which they are to confess at Easter. [3] In the original there is no rave, but only dream, and M. Duchat says, Rabelais alludes to the constant custom of the people of Rome to take a nap of two hours immediately after dinner; not in bed, but in easy leather chairs made on purpose, with backs and springs to move higher or lower. See Mission's Travels, let. 33. [4] Wrong: read there will not be many obits, &c., founded there this year, *ceste année* (not yearly.) For now the reformation had taken deep root. [5] No sudden in Rabelais: great thirsts, if you will: alterations in French, not altercations, as some editions have it. M. Duchat's note here is two-fold: these countries are very hot, and the inquisition there spares nobody.

which reason they will be sure to keep themselves warm when it is cold ;[6] and will often tell over their money, if they have any.

England, Scotland, and the Easterlings,[7] will be but indifferent Pantagruelists.[8] Wine would at least prove as wholesome to them as beer, provided it were good and delicious. When they sit at table, their best hopes will be the after-game. St. Traignant of Scotland will work miracles and sh— wonders like mad; but the devil-a-bit will he see the better for all the candles that will be offered him, if Aries[9] ascending does not fumble, and rumble, tumble, stumble, and be humble, though he grumble, and be scorned, and unhorned.

The Muscovites, Indians, Persians, and Troglodytes, will often be troubled with the bloody flux, because they will not be ridden, tupped, and rammed by the Romanists, considering the ball of Sagitarius ascendant. The Bohemians, Jews, and Egyptians, will not be brought this year to conform with the said Romanists, as they expect; Venus bitterly threatens them with wens at the throat,[10] if they do not condescend to the will of the King[11] of the Papillons.

Escargots[12] (snails), Sarabouytes,[13] cauquemares[14] (nightmares), cannibals shall be pestered with ox-flies, (informers, promoters,) and will have but little heart to play on the cymbals, and tongs, and keys (or, to lecher) unless guaiacum be in request.

As for Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, by my troth, my dainty lads, I cannot tell how they will do; neither does pilgarlic trouble his head a jot about it, considering the sun's brave entrance into Capricornus; and, if you chance to know more of the matter than I do, pray scatter no words, keep it to yourselves, but stay for the lame post.

[6] It is only warm in the original: that is, says M. Duchat, people there should keep close and snug, not only, because the evening dews are mortal there, but that they may give the inquisition no advantage over them. [7] Otherwise Osterlins. See Commines, l. 5, c. 18. [8] Will not always have wine to drink when they have a mind to it. [9] The pope, and his power.

[10] Gibbets. [11] The King of France: in the original, *roy de parpaillons* —see this explained elsewhere. What Rabelais seems to hint at here is the Bohemians, &c., who by an edict were banished the kingdom, on pain of being hanged. [*Boemien* likewise means a gipsy.] [12] This does not mean snails strictly, in this place at least, but, as M. Duchat observes, monks and other religions, to whom the discipline (whip) seems to be instead of a fly flap to drive away those troublesome insects Rabelais calls them escargots (snails) either because, as in c. 40, l. 1, we read that, like beetles, they eat the turd of the world, (feed upon the sins of the people,) or else, because that being covered with the cowl, they resemble snails in their shells. [13] Or rather *sarabaites*, spoken of in the last ch of l. 2, and ch. liv. of l. 4, were, in old times, a certain sort of religious, who lived in the utmost licentiousness and dissolution. [14] From *calcare mares*. These are the same religious whom elsewhere Rabelais calls *farfadets*, a name by which he likewise calls the hobgoblins, and raw-head and bloody-bones. To these, and the preceding, our author declares that the discipline they will give themselves will reduce them to the same condition with cannibals, and other nations of America, who, not knowing how to make themselves clothes, (at least, not caring to do it,) suffer great inconveniences from the flies, when the Europeans do not come and fetch their guaiacum, in return for which they generally give them clothes to cover them.

OF THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

CH. VII.—OF THE SPRING.—In all this year's revolution there will be but one moon, neither will it be new. I dare warrant, you are damnably down in the mouth about it; you who do not believe in God,[1] and persecute his holy and divine word, as also those that stand up for it. But you may even hang yourselves out of the way; I tell you there will never be any other moon than that which God created in the beginning of the world, and which was placed in the sky to light and guide mankind by night. But, in good sooth, I will not infer thence that it never shows to the earth and earthly people a decrease or increase of its light, according as it is nearer the sun or further from it. No, no; why should I say this? for, wherefore, because, however, notwithstanding, that, &c., and let none of you hereafter pray that heaven may keep her from the wolves; for they will not meddle with her for this twelve months, I will warrant you. Apropos, now I think on it, you will see as many flowers again this season, as in all the other three; neither shall that man be thought a fool, who will have wit enough to lay by money, and get together more of it this quarter than he will do of cobwebs[2] in the whole year. The griffons[3] and marrons, (men who make the ways passable in great snows, and dwell on the mountains of Savoy and Dauphiné,) and the hyperboreans, that are perpetually furred with snow, are to miss this season, and have none on it: for Avicenna tells us, it is not spring till the snow does melt away on the mountains. Believe the liar.[4] I have known the time when men reckoned ver, or the spring, to begin when the sun entered into the first degree of Aries. If they reckon it otherwise now, I knock under, and mum is the word.

CH. VIII.—OF SUMMER.—In the summer I cannot justly tell you what kind of wind will blow; but this I know, that it ought to be warm weather then, and now and then a sea-breeze. However, if things should fall out otherwise, you must be sure not to curse God; for he is wiser than we, and knows what is fit for us far better than we ourselves: you may take my word for it, whatever Haly[1] and his gang may have said. It will be a delicious thing to be merry, and drink cool wine; though some have said there is nothing more contrary to thirst. I believe it; and indeed *contraria contrariis curantur.*

CH. IX.—OF AUTUMN.—In autumn men will make wine, or before or after it; it is all one to me, so we have but good bub and

[1] No Lutheran could have expressed himself in stronger terms. [2] It should be herrings, *aranes:* though some editions have it *araignes.* M. Duchat says, Rabelais here means, that in the spring people had better keep their money, than lay it out in herrings, which are good for nothing in that season of the year. [3] *Gryphons:* men, who, like true griffins, climb up the sharpest and steepest rocks. [4] *Croyez ce porteur,* in the original; believe the bearer: i. e. I stand to what he says about the matter. [1] An Arabian philosopher and mathematician.

nippitati enough: foul mistakes will then be in season, for many a one will think only to burst at the broadside by the way of a fizzle-cum-funk, and will foully give their breeches a clyster with a fæcal decoction. As for those men and women who have vowed to fast till the stars be in the heavens, they may even from this present hour begin to feed like farmers by my particular grant and dispensation. Neither do they begin of the soonest; for those pretty twinkling things have been fixed there above sixteen thousand and I cannot tell how many days, and stuck in to the purpose too, let me tell you. Nor would I have you for the future hope to catch larks when the sky falls: for on my honour that will not happen in your time. Legions of hypocritical church-vermin, cucullated sham saints, pedlars and hawkers of pardons, perpetual mumpers[1] and mumblers of orisons, and other such gangs of rascally scoundrels will come out of their dens.[2] Scape that scape can, say I. Harkee me! take heed also of the bones whenever you eat fish, and God preserve you from a dose of ratsbane too.

Ch. x.—Of Winter.—In winter, in my silly opinion, those men will not be overwise, who will sell their furred gowns, swans' skins, and other warm clothes, to buy fuel; neither did the ancients use to do so, says Avenzouart. If it chance to rain, do not fret yourselves; so much the less dust you will have when you go abroad. Keep yourselves as hot as toasts, do you hear: beware of catarrhs; drink of the best, till the other sort mend; and pray henceforth sh— no more a bed. Oh oh! poultry,[1] do you build your nests so high?

AN EPISTLE BY PANTAGRUEL'S LIMOSIN,

GRAND EXCORIATOR OF THE LATIALE TONGUE; MENTIONED BOOK II. CHAP. VI.

To his own Amicissim, residing at the Inclite ana Famosissim Urb of Lugdun.

Our auricles, percuss'd by fame sonorous,
Your mirabundous acts have brought before us.
Your placid life, here inaudite before,
Repletes the town of Lugdun o'er and o'er:
Where nymphs convening three times thrice divine,
Prostrate themselves as vot'ries at your shrine.
Some voluntarily fly into your arms,
For your opiparous or aureous charms:

[1] In the original it is *perpetuons*, and means all monks; whose communities never die, but are perpetual. [2] With a purpose to catch from the country-folks all they can of their harvest.

[1] A mere joke, or trivial pleasantry, put here by Rabelais out of the gaity or wantonness of his humour, without any relation to what went before. Other noted authors, both comical and serious, have used the very same words at the winding up of their works. Philip d'Alcippe for one, John Edouard du Monin on another, *cum multis aliis*.

Some, tender souls! on you themselves obtrude,
Mov'd by your tongue's most melleous dulcitude,
Your phrase, robustly propp'd, with ease produces
Fractions in many weak virgineous cruises:
When you're placientated, the fort is won;
Id est, whene'er y'impel the matter on.

You therefore, if your appetite desires
New dapes each hour, pursue what that requires.
If stated with your urban stale fruitions,
Or with your half unnatural coitions,
You to your neighb'ring rural fund migrate,
And there your lassate corps re-animate.
There ev'ry joy to you is an oblation,
In which your ingeny finds delectation.
The gay Merul and warbling Philomel,
To please you, strive each other to excel.
Their pleasant notes tristitious thoughts confound,
And wake your soul with their letating sound.

To that amæne recess the rural quire,
Sylvanus, satyrs, fauns, and Pan retire:
Gods, demigods, nymphs, dryads, naiads meet,
And leave their mansions for your dulcior seat;
And when the turb is once accumulate,
Jocund jocundity's immensurate.
With sumptuous cates divine ambrosia joins,
And nectar there exuperates all your wines.
With this each dry esuriant guest replete is,
As at the feast of Peleus and his Thetis.
Then all arise; the tables here sublate;
In arbours, some themselves refocillate;
Some in ferine venation take delight;
For coney-caption some have appetite:
In fine, ludes omniform are there invented,
And every indoles and sense contented.
Pleasure invades, pain abdicates the mind:
What more in heaven can its grand tenants find!

While we, alas! must still obambulate,
Sequacious of the court and courtier's fate;
O most infaust who optates there to live!
An aulic life no solid joys can give.
We've been cruciated since your last migration,
With an indesinent obequitation:
Our boots and legs have not been separated,
While we the Burgadelands have conculated.
Lute, unds, and sands did long our march oppose,
And asp'rous rocks, the bulwarks of our foes.

But now I'll not too many verbs effund,
Nor with our ills your auricles obtund:
Nor all our martial conflicts represent,
Obscesses, storms, and fights sanguinolent:
When angry Mars Burgundia cicatris'd
And friend with friend in dolours sympathis'd;
Desp'rate of conquest, thro' dire accidents,
Apert we jac'd to th' æther without tents.
At last the kind, tho' rigid brume came on;
The camp was derelict, and all are gone.
For when hybernal evils appropinque,
The legions on their hybernacles think.

So, when the bellic season was expir'd,
Wisely the regal majesty retired.
To Fonsbellaqueus now the monarch's come,
The noblest master to the noblest dome:
No more had Nero's match'd its noble pride,
Than with the king, the tyrant could have vied.
Where ev'n Diana's temple rais'd again,
The regal palace would eclipse the fane.
'Tis true, you've oculi'd it in times præterit,
But ev'ry day 't has meliorated merit;
And those who supervis'd it *noct hestern*,
In *hodiern hores*, will major things discern.
Opining to revise a structure new,
Where art surpass'd itself, and nature too.

Now to apply my primary ingredient,
That you move *huc* I think it not expedient:
For, should you come before the brume's abated,
Th' opime you'd linquish for the macerated:
Since, thanks to Jove's benignity, you're valid,
Choose not a frigid state, while your's is calid;
Unless salubrity you vilipend,
And from your own become your medic's friend;
For in veracity, these times denote
Morbs to the sane, and obits to th' ægrote;
And alterate the suavest pulchritude
To the complexion of its native mud.

Incluse with silves behind, and lakes before us,
Our outward man wants something that's calorous.
Scarce one poor fascicle can we acquire;
In fine all solaces from us retire.
And were it not (in this extremity)
Juvated by the town's proximity,
To which we equitate with maturation,
And to kind nature make sacrification,

Soon in our sepulchres we should all hide us;
For, sure, one hebdomad would here occide us.

By this imparity you plainly see
Our life's distress, and your's jocundity;
Our state's naufrageous and periclitating:
If then you sape, as we are cogitating,
Hither, till spring return, make no transition,
Though you were stimulated by ambition.
What though honoribilities it offers
Large heaps of numms to fill your largest coffers,
Imperial favour too, and what not else?
Ample munificence, and office celse,
Such as you execute when here? yet these
Have no intrinsic valour, though they please.
Our means of life are pote, and cibe, and vest;
Who jugulates himself for wealth's a beast.

To this epistle finis now we'll fix,
Which to your school a transit does adnix;
Where rules to prolix loquels are prescribed,
And doct verbocination is imbibed:
Excoriating the language latiale,
To make reply let not your calam fail;
But at rament at large the candid chart,
With corresponding rhymes transcending art;
Which will to him be the altest obligation
Who is your serv. with maxim veneration,

DESBRIDE GOUSIER.

AN EPIGRAM.

ALL strive of late to bring to purity
Our tongue that once lay in obscurity;
And profligating all barbarity,
With th' Attic set the French in parity;
So, to revive its old nobility;
They shun the phrase of our mobility;
But this disguised, by a fatality
'Tis mere excoriated latiality.

FRANCISCO RABELÆSIO

POETA SITIENS, PONEBAT.

Vita,[1] Lyæe, sitis; liquisti, flebis, adures;
Membra, hominem, tumulum; morte, liquore, face.

[1] "Vita, liquisti membra morte:
Lyæe, flebis hominem liquore;
Sitis, adures tumulum face."
So it is to be read according to the editions of 1567, 1573, 1584, and 1600, not *fooe* as in that of 1596.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CREAM

OF ENCYCLOPEDIC QUESTIONS.—By PANTAGRUEL.

WHICH WERE SORBONICOFICABILITUINISSELY DEBATED IN THE SCHOOLS OF THE DECREE NEAR ST. DENYS DE LA CHARTRE AT PARIS.

UTRUM, a platonic idea, hovering to the right on the orifice of the chaos, might drive away the squadrons of democratical atoms?

Utrum, the flickermice[1] flying through the translucidity of the cornered gate, might, spy-like, discover the morphean visions twirling and unwinding in a circular manner the thread of the *rete admirabile* that wraps up the *attili*[2] of ill-caulked brains?

Utrum, the atoms turning about at the sound of the hermagorical harmony, might make a compaction or a dissolution of a quintessence, by the subtraction of the pythagorical numbers?

Utrum, the hybernal frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line, through the homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial connexity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?

Utrum, the tassels of the torrid zone might so far be dipped and wetted at the cataracts of the Nile, as to moisten the most caustic parts of the imperial heaven?

Utrum, by reason of the long hair that was bestowed on the bear at her metamorphosis, if her breech were but shaved the Italian way *à la bougarone*, to make Triton a beard, she might not be keeper of the arctic pole?

Utrum, an elementary sentence might allege a decennal prescription against amphibious animals, and è *contra* the other respectively put in her petition in case of seizure and novelty?

Utrum, an historical grammar, and posteriority, by the triad of articles, might find some line or character of their chronicle on the zenonian palm? (open hand, i. e. eloquence.)

Utrum, the *genera generalissima*, by a violent elevation over their predicaments, might crawl and clamber up to the stories of the transcendants, and consequently let the special and predicable species follow, to the unspeakable loss and damage of poor masters of arts?

Utrum, Proteus, that transformed himself into all manner of shapes, turning himself into all manner of shapes, turning himself into a cigale,[3] and musically trying his voice in the dog-days, might make a third concoction with the morning dew carefully bottled up in May, before the full resolution of a zodiacal girdle?

Utrum, the black scorpion might bear a solution of the continuum

[1] Bats. [2] A certain fish in the river Po, which sometimes weighs 1000lb. [so says M. M. but not Torriano.]

[3] A thick, broad-headed flying insect, which sits on trees in hot countries, and sings after a shrieking fashion: it is called *cicada*, in Latin, and therefore mistaken by some here for the grasshopper.

in his substance, and, by the effusion of his blood, darken and blacken the milky-way, to the great loss and grief of the swag-bellied Jacobites?[4]

TWO EPISTLES
TO TWO WOMEN OF DIFFERENT HUMOURS.

To the first old woman.

Old, toothless, pox'd mischievous hag of night;
Old graceless witch, who liv'st in virtue's spite;
Old treacherous baldam, burthen to the earth;
Plots, broils, and wars, from thee derive their birth.
Old arrant bawd, by whose destructive trade
The lewd are sold, the modest are betray'd:
Honour thou never knew'st, thou living tomb,
Whor'd with thy father, in thy mother's womb.
Thy charity does like the devil's prove,
And damns the wretches who thy lewdness love.
Thy livid blood with pois'nous rage is swell'd;
Thy breast with gall, thy head with mischief fill'd.
Thou ne'er of any but thyself spok'st well,
And for detraction e'en surpassest hell.
Old brimstone-bawd, with brandy flaming red,
That mak'st a curst rank brothel of thy bed;
Propitious to all malice and ill-luck,
That hast a teat to give the devil suck:
Damn'd witch, thou dost in magic far excel
Medæa, and the blackest fiends of hell:
Thou mak'st thy hideous phiz more dreadful still;
But when thou dost, we should thy hagship kill,
Lest thy redoubled ugliness affright,
And, like Medusa's, ruin us at sight.
Thou, scarlet whore, ne'er mourn'st for doing ill;
Thy only tears are rheumes, and wines distill'd;
Thy only sighs are vented at thy bum,
Outstink a carrion, and outroar a drum.
Old monstrous hag, of matchless, dreadful kind,
Thou the three furies in one body join'd;
Satan, outdone by thee, does envious grow,
And longs to burn thee in revenge below.
Dissembling witch, whose tongue, still muttering, dares
Mock frowning heav'n with thy unhallow'd pray'rs.

[4] German Jacobites in the original. It alludes from these pilgrims of St. James in Gallacia, to the philosophers, the followers of the Jacobin Albertus Magnus "Albertistæ dicunt quòd galaxia est naturæ cœlestis, Thomistæ dicunt quòd galaxia est naturæ elementaris," says Dr. Gerlam (all-sheep) in part 2nd of Epist. Obs. Viror.

Thou, bold bad sprite, with Satan's borrow'd force.
Pretend'st to turn a rapid river's course;
With spells to paleness fright the astonish'd moon,
And darken quite the blushing sun at noon.
Base murd'ring sorceress, with relentless heart,
On innocence thou try'st thy cursed art;
Bewitching infants in their mother's arms,
And death alone can end the painful charms.
No God thou own'st, but thy insatiate gut;
Thou mak'st each trull turn up her filthy scut.
Pity thou slight'st, by pity thou'rt abhorr'd,
And more deserv'dst a faggot than a cord.
Thy cruel heart with rancour has its load,
Natural to thee as poison to a toad.
Thou worst of mischiefs, guide to endless death,
Who scatter'st plagues with thy contagious breath,
Canst thou expect unpunished to remain,
And for each crime to escape a double pain?
Millions in judgment will against thee rise,
And loudly call for vengeance to the skies.
Those whom thy arts to lawless flames decoyed,
Shall be below to burn thy soul employed.
But thou'rt the worst of hells for impious deeds,
T'other perhaps in punishments exceeds.
Prepare, prepare for its revenging pains,
There to be rack'd in everlasting chains.
Tremble, and loudly to the mountains call,
That they may gape, and crush thee with their fall!
For still thy latter sins the first excel,
And, living on, thou'lt grow too bad for hell.
Damn'd harridan, with reeking lust more drunk
Than Messaline that great imperial punk:
Ne'er tired, or sated, thou out-dost her more
Than she out-did the utmost stint of whore.
Thy sweaty carcase (which kind heaven confound!)
With noisome steams offends us all around.
Old drunken piss-pot, sink of filth and sin,
Plaister without, and rottenness within;
Curst lump of lees; thou universal sore;
Thou putrid product of the common-shore;
Thou lowest, last degree of infamy;
Thou very highest top of villany;
Repent, or know I'll double every curse:
But no, thou canst not mend, nor e'er be worse,

An Epistle to another Woman of a quite different humour.

HAIL! reverend matron, virtuous as you're fair;
Hail! you, whose autumn may with spring compare;

Matron, adorn'd so richly in your mind,
That in your looks the treasures we may find.
With pious doctrine you your faith improve,
Shun idle talk, and books of idler love,
And setting vice and needless forms apart,
Your suffering God engrave within your heart:
While you on earth a heavenly saint commence,
Your charity is, like the world, immense;
Ready to ease the afflicted of their load,
At awful distance ye imitate your God.
So sweet, so modest, and so void of pride,
That e'en that God does own you for his bride.
You to all folly wisely shut your eyes,
And dare the world's alluring joys despise.
That sacred writ alone is your delight,
Which saves the soul from everlasting night.
You temper still, yet never to a fault,
Your wine with water, and your words with thought;
And never cherish'd an unchaste desire,
Or could be warm'd but by the nuptial fire;
But, waiting for your Saviour, pass away
In prayers the night, in pious acts the day.
In faith, in piety alone extreme,
You shun applause, yet best deserve esteem.
The prophet's great inspirer fills your breast;
Your head, your heart, by the whole God possest:
While some unthinking virgins are betray'd,
And made proficients in hell's thriving trade
Your wise advice, your great example draws
The thoughtless wretches out of Satan's jaws.
Matron, in wedlock faithful and sedate,
An honour to that honourable state;
Not weakness made you wed, but piety,
Thus to increase the saint's society.
Those wanton toys could ne'er your heart entice;
Which stifle virtue, and encourage vice.
Matron, whom all the Christian Pallas term,
Wise in your conduct, and your courage firm.
I prize, admire, and love your matchless store,
Your outward beauties much, your inward graces more.
From heaven you came, and to that heaven are born;
Virtue adorns you, virtue you adorn.
Oh that I may, e'en till my latest hours,
Advance in knowledge, contemplating yours!
May you obtain below what earth can crave!
What heaven can grant, above, you're sure to have.

LETTERS, WRITTEN BY FRANCIS RABELAIS,

DURING HIS STAY IN ITALY, IN THE YEAR 1536.

LETTER I.—TO MY LORD BISHOP OF MAILLEZAIS.

MY LORD,—I writ to you at large on the nine and twentieth of November, and sent you some Naples grain for your salads, of every sort that is eaten on this side, except pimpernell, which then I could not procure. I have sent you no great quantity at present, because it had been too much for the courier at one time; but if you please to have more, either for your gardens, or to dispose of otherwise, I will send it you upon notice. I had written to you before, and sent to you the four signatures concerning the benefices of Friar Dom. Philippe, obtained in the name of those whom you have set down in the instructions you gave me. I have not received since any letter from you that mentions the receipt of the aforesaid signatures. I received only one dated from l'Ermenaud, when my Lady d'Estissac came thither, in which you let me know that you had received two packets from me; one from Ferrara, the other from this city, with the cypher which I writ to you; but for aught I understand, you had not yet received the packet where the signatures were inclosed. I can now give you an account, that my business has been granted and dispatched better, and with more certainty, than I could have wished; and I have had therein the assistance and advice of worthy men, particularly of the Cardinal de Genutiis, who is judge of the palace, and of the Cardinal Simonetta, who was auditor of the chamber, a very knowing man, and well versed in such matters. The pope was of opinion that I should proceed in my business *per cameram:* the above-mentioned cardinals were of a mind that it should be by the court of contradicts: because, that in *foro contentioso,* it cannot be revocable in France, and "quæ per contradictoria transiguntur transeunt in rem judicatam: quæ autem per cameram, et impugnari possunt, et in judicium veniunt." Those things which are transacted by contradictories, pass as determined; but those things which are done by the chamber, may be called into question, and tried over again.

Upon the whole, I have nothing more to do, than to take up the bulls *sub plumbo.*

My Lord Cardinal du Bellay, as likewise my Lord Bishop of Mascon, have assured me that the charges shall be remitted me, though the pope by old custom remits nothing, except of what is dispatched *per cameram.* There will remain to be paid, only the referendaries, proctors, and other such like scribblers and blotters of parchment. If my money falls short, I will recommend myself to your lordship's alms; for I do not think to leave this place till the emperor goes.

He is at present at Naples, whence, as he has written to the

pope, he will depart on the sixth of January. This town is already full of Spaniards; and he has sent an extraordinary ambassador to the pope, besides him who constantly resides at this court, to give him notice of his coming. The pope leaves him half the palace, and all the borough of St. Peter for his retinue, and has ordered three thousand beds to be prepared, according to the Roman custom, that is to say, with quilts, for the city has been unprovided of them ever since it was sacked by the Lanskenets. He has got together as much hay, straw, oats, spelt-corn, and barley, as he could find; and of wine, as much as is arrived *in ripâ*. I fancy he will be at no small charge, which cannot be very easy to him in this his great poverty, so apparent in him, more than in any pope for these three hundred years past. The Romans have not yet resolved how to behave themselves upon this occasion, and have had many meetings, by order of the senators, conservators, and governor; but they cannot agree in their opinions. The emperor has declared to them, by said ambassador, that he does not design his people shall be entertained at free cost, but as the pope shall think fit to entertain them, which does the more sensibly touch the pope; for he understands well enough, that by this saying the emperor means to see how, and with what affection, he will treat him and his people.

The holy father has sent two legates to him by the choice of the consistory; to wit, the cardinal of Sienna, and Cardinal Cæsarini. Since which, the Cardinal Salviati and Rodolph are also gone to him, and with them my Lord de Xaintes. I understand it is about the affair of Florence, and concerning the difference between the Duke Alexander de Medicis, and Philip Strozzi, whose estate, which is considerable, the duke had a mind to confiscate. Next to the Fourques of Ausbourg, in Germany, he is counted the richest merchant in Christendom; and the duke has set people here to poison or kill him, whatever came on it. Being advertised of this attempt, he obtained of the pope to go armed. And he commonly went attended with thirty soldiers, armed at all points. The said Duke of Florence having notice (I suppose) that Strozzi, with the above-mentioned cardinals, was gone to the emperor, and that he offered to the emperor four hundred thousand ducats, only to give commissions to people who might inform against the tyranny and baseness of the said duke, left Florence, constituted Cardinal Cibo his governor, and came to this city the morrow after Christmas-day, the twenty-third hour, entering at St. Peter's gate, followed by fifty light horse, in white armour, with lances, and about a hundred harquebusiers. The rest of his train was but little, and in no very good order. And no soul went to see him, but the emperor's ambassador, who met him at the same gate. As soon as he was in town, he came to the palace, and had a short audience of the pope; and had lodgings in St. George's palace. The next morning he went away, attended as before.

Eight days since, news came to this town, and his holiness has received letters from divers parts, that the Sophy, King of Persia, has defeated the army of the Turks. Yesterday night arrived here the nephew of Monsieur de Vely, the king's ambassador, to the emperor, who assured my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, that the thing was true; and that this had been the greatest slaughter that has been heard of these four hundred years; for above forty thousand horse were killed on the Turk's side.

Consider what a number of foot fell there! As likewise on the Sophy's side. For among people that do not willingly fly, *non solet esse incruenta victoria;* the victory does not use to be without blood.

The principal defeat was near a little town called Coni, not far distant from the great city of Tauris, for which the Sophy and the Turk contend; the other action was near a place called Batelis. The manner was thus: the Turks had divided their army, and one part was sent to take Coni, of which the Sophy having intelligence, he, with his whole army, rushed upon this separated part, before they could stand upon their guard.

See here the effect of ill counsel, in dividing his army before he had gotten the victory. The French can give a good account of this, when the Duke of Albany drew out the strength and flower of the camp before Pavia. Upon the news of this rout and defeat, Barbarossa is retired to Constantinople to secure the country, and says, by his good gods, that this is nothing, considering the mighty power of the Turk. But the emperor is eased of the fear that he had of the Turk's coming into Sicily, as he had threatened in the beginning of the spring. And this may give repose to Christendom for some considerable time; and those who would lay tithes upon the church, *eo pretextu,* that they would fortify themselves against the approach of the Turk, are but ill furnished with demonstrative arguments.

LETTER II.—MY LORD,—I have received letters from Monsieur de Sanct Cerdos, dated from Dijon, in which he tells me of a process that he has depending in the Court of Rome. I dare not answer him, without running the hazard of incurring a great deal of displeasure. But I understand he has the greatest right in the world, and that he suffers a manifest injury, and that he ought to come hither in person. For there is no such affair, how equitable soever, that is not lost for want of a man's own soliciting in it; especially when he has a strong party, who can overawe with threats those who solicit for him. The want of a cypher prevents my writing to you more at large. But it troubles me to see so much as I do, particularly, being sensible of the great kindness you have for him; and likewise because he has of a long time loved and favoured me. In my opinion Monsieur de Basilac, counsellor (one

of the judge's assistants) in the parliament of Tholouse, came hither this winter on a less occasion, and is older and more infirm than he, and yet has had a quick dispatch to his content.

LETTER III.—MY LORD,—The Duke of Ferrara, who went to the emperor at Naples, returned hither this morning. I know not yet how he has determined matters relating to the investiture and homage of his lands: but I understand he is come back not well satisfied with the emperor. I fear he will be forced to empty his coffers of those crowns his father left him, and that the pope and emperor will fleece him at pleasure; considering also that it was for above six months before he refused to espouse the king's interest, notwithstanding all the emperor's remonstrances and threats. My Lord Bishop of Limoges, who was the king's ambassador at Ferrara, seeing the said duke, without acquainting him with his design, was retired to the emperor, is returned to France. It is feared that Renée[1] will receive no little displeasure by it; the duke having removed Madam de Soubise her governess, and ordered her to be served by Italians, which does not look well.

LETTER IV.—MY LORD,—Three days since arrived here a post from Monsieur de Crissé, who brings an account that some of the Lord Rancé's men, who went to the relief of Geneva, were defeated by a party of the Duke of Savoy's. With him came a courier from Savoy, who brought the news of it to the emperor. This may unhappily prove *seminarium futuri belli*, the cause of an ensuing war. For these little wilful broils draw after them great battles, which is demonstrable from ancient history, as well Greek and Roman as French, as appears by the battle at Vireton.

LETTER V.—MY LORD,—About fifteen days since, Andrew Doria, who went with stores to those who hold the Gouletta near Tunis, for the emperor, as likewise to supply them with water, (for the Arabians of the country make continual war upon them, and they dare not stir out of their garrison,) is arrived at Naples, where he staid not above three days with the emperor, since when, he is sailed hence with nine and twenty gallies; it is said in quest of Judeo and Cacciadiavolo, who have burnt a great deal of the country of Sardinia and Minorca. The grand master of Rhodes, who was born in Piedmont, is lately dead, in whose room the commander of Forton, between Montauban and Tholouse, is chosen.

LETTER VI.—MY LORD,—I here send you a book of Prognostications, which busies this whole town: it is entitled, "*De Eversione Europæ*," of the overturning of Europe. For my part, I give no credit at all to it. But Rome was never so wholly given over to vanities and prophecies as it is at present. I am apt to think the reason is, because *mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus*; the

[1] Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara.

giddy multitude always change with the prince. I have also sent you an almanack for the ensuing year 1536. I send you besides, the copy of a brief which his holiness has lately decreed for the arrival of the emperor: as likewise the emperor's entry into Messina and Naples, and the funeral oration at the interment of the deceased Duke of Milan.

My lord, I humbly recommend myself to your good favour, praying to our Lord for your good health and long life.

Rome, Dec. 30, 1536.

LETTER VII.—TO THE LORD DE MAILLEZAIS.—MY LORD,—I have received the letters you were pleased to write to me, dated the second of December: by which I understand that my two packets are come to your hands; one of the 18th, the other of the 22nd of October, with the four signatures which I sent you. I writ since to you more at large, on the ninth and twentieth of November, and thirteenth of December. By this time, I believe, you have received the said packets. For Mr. Michael Parmentier, bookseller, living at the arms of Basil, writ to me the fifth of this instant, that he had received and sent them to Poitiers. You may assure yourself, that the packets which I shall send you will be safely delivered at Lyons: for I put them into the great sealed packet, which is for the king's affairs; and when the courier comes to Lyons, he is despatched by the governor; then his secretary, who is much my friend, takes the packet, which I subscribe on the first sheet, to the aforesaid Michael Parmentier. Afterwards there is no difficulty, unless from Lyons to Poitiers, which is the reason that obliges me to set an extraordinary postage upon it, that the greater care may be taken of it by the messengers at Poitiers, in hopes to get a spill by it. For my part, I constantly encourage the said Parmentier with some small presents, which I send him of novelties on this side, or to his wife, that he may be the more diligent to engage merchants or messengers at Poitiers to deliver the packets to your lordship. And I very much approve of the advice which you gave me in your letter, that I should not trust them to the hands of the bankers, for fear they should be picked and broken open. I think it will not be amiss, the first time you write to me, especially if it be business of consequence, that you write a line to the said Parmentier, and enclose a piece of gold to him in your letter, in consideration of the care he takes to send your packets to me, and mine to you. A small matter sometimes highly obliges honest men, and makes them more diligent for the time to come, when the case requires a speedy dispatch.

LETTER VIII.—MY LORD,—I have not as yet presented your letters to my Lord Bishop de Xaintes; for he is not yet returned from Naples, whither he went with the Cardinals Salviati and Rodolph. He will return in two days; then I will give him your

letters, and desire an answer of them, which I will send you by the first courier that goes hence. I understand their affairs have not had that success with the emperor which they hoped for: and that the emperor had positively answered, that at their request and instance, as likewise at the late Pope Clement's, he had created Alexander de Medicis, Duke of the territories of Florence and Pisa, which he never thought to do, nor would have done: meanwhile to depose him, would be the trick of some stage-player, which does and undoes the same thing. However, that they should resolve to acknowledge him as their duke and lord, and obey him as his vassals and subjects, and be sure they did so. As to the complaints they made against the said duke, he would take cognizance of them when he came to Florence.

For he designs, after some stay at Rome, to pass through Sienna, and thence to Florence, to Bolonia, to Milan, and Genoa. Thus the aforesaid Cardinals, together with the Bishop of Xaintes, Strozzi, and some others, returned, *re infecta*, as wise as they went.

The thirteenth of this month came back hither the Cardinals of Sienna and Cæsarini, who had been elected by the pope, and the whole college, legates to the emperor. They have so negotiated the matter, that the emperor has deferred his coming hither to the latter end of February. If I had as many crowns as the pope would give days of pardon; *proprio motu de plenitudine potestatis*; of his own free will, out of the plenitude of his power: and other such like favourable circumstances, to any one that could defer it for five or six years to come; I should be richer than ever was Jacques Cœur. Here are great preparations made in this city for his reception; and a new way is made by the pope's command, by which he is to make his entry: that is, through St. Sebastian's gate, towards *Champidoli Templum Pacis*, (the Temple of Peace,) and the amphitheatre, and he is to pass under the ancient triumphal arches of Constantine, Vespasian, and Titus, of Numetianus, and others: then on one side of St. Mark's palace, by Campo de Fiore, and by the palace Farnese, where the pope used to reside; then by the banks, and below St. Angelo's castle. To make and level which way, above two hundred houses, and three or four churches, are pulled down to the ground, which most people take for an ill omen. On the day of the conversion of St. Paul, his holiness went to St. Paul's to hear mass, and made a feast to all the cardinals. After dinner he returned, passing through the above-mentioned way, and looked at St. George's palace. But it is a sad sight to behold the ruins of the demolished houses that are not paid for; nor have the landlords any recompence made them.

To-day arrived here the Venetian ambassadors, four brave old grey-headed gentlemen, who are going to the emperor at Naples. The pope has sent all his family before them; his bed-chamber-men, chamberlains, janisaries, lanskenets; and the cardinals have sent their mules in pontificalibus.

Likewise the 7th of this month, the ambassadors of Sienna were introduced in good order, and after they had made their speech in open consistory, and that the pope had answered them in fine Latin, they suddenly parted for Naples. I believe ambassadors will be sent from all parts of Italy to the emperor; and he knows well enough how to play his game, to get money out of them, as it has been discovered about ten days since. But I am not yet fully acquainted with the subtilty, which, it is said, he made use of at Naples; hereafter I may give you an account of it.

The Prince of Piedmont, the Duke of Savoy's eldest son, died at Naples fifteen days ago: the emperor ordered him a very honourable interment, at which he assisted in person.

The King of Portugal, six days since, commanded his ambassador at Rome, that immediately upon receipt of his letter, he should return to him in Portugal; which he did the same hour, and came ready booted and spurred to take his leave of the most reverend the Lord Cardinal du Bellay. Two days after, was killed near the bridge of St. Angelo, in open day, a Portuguese gentleman, who solicited here for the whole body of the Jews that were baptized under King Emanuel of Portugal, that he might succeed to their estates when they died. The king has also exacted several things of them against the edict and ordinance of the said King Emanuel. I doubt we shall hear of some sedition at Portugal.

LETTER IX.—MY LORD,—In the last packet I sent you, I gave you an account, that part of the Turk's army was defeated by the Sophy, near Betelis. The Turk did not very long delay his revenge: for two months after, he fell upon the Sophy with the greatest fury imaginable; and, after having put to fire and sword a great part of the country of Mesopotamia, he has driven back the Sophy on the other side of Mount Taurus. In the mean time, he causes a great number of gallies to be built upon the river Tanais, by which they may come to Constantinople. Barbarossa is still at Constantinople, to secure the country, and has left several garrisons at Bona and Algiers, lest the emperor should by chance attack him. I have sent you his picture, drawn to the life; as also a map of Tunis, and of the sea-port towns adjacent. The lanskenets, whom the emperor sent into the duchy of Milan, to keep the strong places, are all drowned and lost at sea, to the number of fifteen hundred, in one of the biggest and stoutest ships belonging to the Genoese; and it was near to a port belonging to the commonwealth of Lucca, called Lerza. The occasion was, because they being weary of the sea, and desirous to get ashore, which they could not for the tempest and stress of weather, imagined that the pilot of the ship would still keep them off at sea, longer than he needed; for which cause they killed him, with some other of the officers of the said ship, after whose death the

ship remained without a command; and instead of taking in their sails, the lanskenets hoisted them, as being unpractised in sea affairs, and in this confusion they perished within a stone's throw of the aforesaid port.

My Lord, I understand that my Lord Bishop de Lavaur, who was the king's ambassador at Venice, has had his audience of leave, and is returning to France. The Bishop of Rhodes goes in his place, and is now at Lyons with all his retinue, ready to go, when the king has given him his instructions.

My Lord, I humbly recommend myself to your favour, praying to our Lord to give you long life in good health.

Your most humble servant, FRANCIS RABELAIS.

Rome, Jan. 28, 1536.

LETTER X.—MY LORD,—I writ to you at large all the news I could learn, the 28th of January last past, by a gentleman, servant to Monsieur de Montreuil, called Tremeliere, who returned from Naples, where he had bought some horses of that kingdom for his lord, and was returning to him with all speed. The same day I received the packet that you were pleased to send me from Legugé, dated the 10th of the said month, in which you may see the method I have taken for the delivery of your letters, by which they are safely and suddenly brought to me here. Your said letters and packets were delivered at the Arms of Basle, on the one and twentieth of the same month; the eight and twentieth they were delivered to me here. And to encourage at Lyons (for that is the point and principal place) the bookseller at the Arms of Basle to be diligent in this affair, I repeat what I writ to you in my aforementioned packet, if you chance to write to me about anything of consequence: that it is my advice, that on the first occasion of writing to me, you write a word or two to him in a letter, in which be pleased to inclose some gold crowns, or some other piece of old gold, as a royal, an angel, or salutation, in consideration of the pains and care he takes of them; so small a matter will more and more endear him to your service.

Now, to answer your letters, I have diligently searched the registers of the palace, since the time that you commanded me, that is, the years 1529, 1530, and 1531, to see if Dom Philippe's act of resignation to his nephew were to be found, and have given the clerks of the register two gold crowns, which is but a small recompense for the great and tedious trouble in it. In short, they have found nothing of it, nor ever heard news of his procurations; wherefore, I doubt there is some foul play in his case, or the instructions you writ to me were not sufficient to find them. And that I may be more certified in it, you should tell me, *cujus diocesis*, of what diocese the said Friar Dom. Philippe was; and if you have heard nothing to give more light in the matter, as if it was *purè et simpliciter*, or *causâ permutationis*.

LETTER XI.—MY LORD—What I writ to you of my Lord Cardinal du Bellay's answer, when I presented him your letters, ought not to displease your lordship. My Lord of Mascon has sent you an account of the whole matter, and we are not yet like to have a legate in France. It is certain, that the king has presented the Cardinal of Lorrain to the pope. But I believe, that the Cardinal du Bellay will endeavour by all means possible to get it for himself. The old proverb is true, which says, *Nemo sibi secundus.* And I shrewdly suspect, by certain signs that I see, that my Lord Cardinal du Bellay will engage the pope on his behalf, and thus be made acceptable to the king. Nevertheless, be not uneasy, if his answer be a little ambiguous in your concern.

LETTER XII.—MY LORD,—The grains which I sent you, I can assure you, are the best of Naples, of the same which his holiness has caused to be sowed in his privy garden of Belvedere. There are no other kind of salads on this side but those of Nasidord and Arroussa; but those of Legugé seem to me altogether as good, and somewhat more sweet and grateful to the stomach, and particularly better for you; for those of Naples, in my opinion, are too hot and tough.

As for the season for sowing them, you must caution your gardeners not to sow them altogether so early as they do on this side, for it is not warm weather so soon without as here. They may very well sow your salads twice a year, that is to say, in Lent, and in November; and they may sow the white cardes or thistles in August and September; melons, pompions, and the others in March; fencing them for some days with mats, and a thin layer of horse-dung, not altogether rotten, when they fear it will freeze. Many other grains besides are sold here, as Alexandria gilliflowers, matronal violets, and shrubs, with which they refresh their chambers in the summer, called Belvedere, and other physical herbs. But this would be more for my lady d'Estissac's turn. If you please to have of all sorts, I will send you without fail. But I am forced to have recourse again to your alms; for the thirty crowns which you ordered to be paid me here are almost gone: yet I have converted none of them to any ill use; nor for eating; for I eat and drink at my Lord Cardinal du Bellay's, or at my Lord Mascon's. But a great deal of money goes away in these silly postage letters, chamber rent, and wearing apparel, though I am as frugal as I can be. If you will be pleased to send me a bill of exchange, I hope I shall make use of it wholly to your service, and not remain ungrateful. I see in this city a thousand pretty cheap things, which are brought from Cyprus, Candia, and Constantinople. If you think fit, I will send what I think fittest of them to you and my Lady d'Estissac. The carriage from hence to Lyons will cost nothing.

Thanks be to God I have made an end of my business, and it

has cost me no more than the taking out of the bulls; his holiness, having of his own good nature, given me the composition. And I believe you will find the proceedings right enough, and that I have obtained nothing by them, but what is just and lawful. But I have been obliged to advise very much with able counsel, that every thing might be according to due form; and I dare modestly tell you, that I have in a manner hardly made use of my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, or my lord ambassador; though, out of their own kindness, they not only offered me their own good word and favour, but absolutely to make use of the king's name.

LETTER XIII.—MY LORD,—I have not as yet presented your first letter to the Bishop of Xaintes, for he is not yet returned from Naples, whither he went, as I writ to you before. He is expected here within these three days: then I will give him your second, and entreat an answer of it. I understand, that neither he, nor the Cardinals Salviati, and Rodolph, nor Philip Strozzi with his money, have done any thing with the emperor in their affair, though they were willing to pay him a million of gold upon the nail, in the name of all the foreigners and exiles of Florence, also to finish la Rocca [the fortress] begun at Florence, to maintain a sufficient garrison in it for ever in the name of the emperor, and to pay him yearly 100,000 ducats, provided and upon condition he restored them to their former goods, lands, and liberty.

On the contrary, the Duke of Florence was most honourably received by him at his arrival. The emperor went out before him, and, *post manus oscula*, he ordered him to be attended to the castle of Capua in the same town, where his natural daughter has an apartment; she is affianced to the said Duke of Florence, by the Prince of Salerne, Viceroy of Naples, the Marquis de Vast, the Duke d'Alva, and other principal lords of his court. He held discourse with her as long as he staid; kissed her, and supped with her: afterwards the above-mentioned cardinals, the Bishop of Xaintes and Strozzi, never left soliciting. The emperor has put them off for a final resolution to his coming to that town, to the Rocca, which is a place of prodigious strength, that the duke has built at Florence. Over the portico he has caused an eagle to be painted, with wings as large as the sails of the windmills of Mirebalais, thereby declaring and insinuating, that he holds of nobody but the emperor. And, in fine, he has so cunningly carried on his tyranny, that the Florentines have declared before the emperor, *nomine communitatis* [in the name of the commonalty,] that they will have no other lord but him. It is certain, that he has severely punished the foreigners and exiles. A pasquil has been lately set up, wherein it is said,

To STROZZI. —*Pugna pro patria.* Fight for thy country.

To ALEXANDER DUKE OF FLORENCE.—*Datum serva.* What is given thee, keep.

To the Emperor.

Quæ nocitura tenes quamvis sint chara relinque
Quit what will hurt thee, though it is ne'er so dear.

To the King.—*Quod potes id tenta.* Dare what thou canst.

To the Cardinals Salviati and Rodolph.

Hos brevitas sensus jungere binos.
Pure want of sense unites these blocks,
As petty tradesmen join their stocks.

Letter XIV.—My Lord—I writ to you, that the Duke of Ferrara is returned from Naples, and retired to Ferrara. Her highness, the Lady Renée, is brought to bed of a daughter: she had another fine daughter before, between six and seven years of age, and a little son of three years old. He could not agree with the pope, because he demanded an excessive sum of money for the investiture of his lands. Notwithstanding he had abated fifty thousand crowns for the love of the said lady, and this by the solicitations of my lords the Cardinals du Bellay and Mascon, still to increase the conjugal affection of the said duke towards her. This was the occasion of Lyon Jamet's coming to this town, and they only differed for fifteen thousand crowns: but they could not agree, because the pope would have him acknowledge, that he held and possessed all his lands entirely in fee of the apostolical see, which the other would not. For he would acknowledge no more than his deceased father had acknowledged, and what the emperor had adjudged at Bolonia, by a decree in the time of the deceased Pope Clement.

Thus he departed, *re infectâ*, (without doing anything), and went to the emperor, who promised him, at his coming, that he would easily make the pope consent, and come to the point contained in his said decree; and that he should go home, leaving an ambassador with him to solicit the affair, when he came on this side; and that he should not pay the sum already agreed upon, before he heard further from him. The craft lies here, that the emperor wants money, and seeks it on all hands, and taxes all the world he can, and borrows it from all parts. When he come hither, he will demand some of the pope, it is a plain case. For he will represent to them, that he has made all these wars against the Turk and Barbarossa, to secure Italy and the pope, and that he must of necessity contribute to it. The pope will answer that he has no money, and will manifestly prove his poverty to him. Then the emperor, without disbursing any thing, will demand the Duke of Ferrara's of him, which he knows he may command at a word: and this is the mystery of the matter. Yet it is not certain whether things will be managed thus or no.

Letter XV.—My Lord, You ask whether the Lord Pietro Ludovico is the pope's legitimate son or bastard: be assured the pope was never married, which is as much as to say, that the aforesaid gentleman is certainly a bastard. The pope had a very beauti-

ful sister. There is to be seen to this day, at the palace, in that apartment where the summists reside, built by Pope Alexander, an image of our lady, which, it is said, was drawn after that gentlewoman: she was married to a gentleman, cousin to the Lord Rancé, who being in the war, in the expedition of Naples, the said Pope Alexander ****: now the Lord Rancé having certain knowledge of the thing, gave notice of it to his cousin, telling him, that he ought not to suffer such a wrong done to their family by a Spanish pope; and that if he would endure it, he himself would not. In short, her husband killed her; for which fact the present pope grieved; and to assuage his sorrow, Alexander made him a cardinal, being yet but very young, and bestowed several other marks of his favour upon him.

At that time the pope kept a Roman lady, of the house of Rufina, and by her had a daughter, who was married to the Lord Baugé, Count of Sancta Fiore, who died in this town since I came hither. By her he has one of the two little cardinals, who is called the Cardinal of Sancta Fiore. The pope likewise had a son, who is the said Pietro Ludovico, concerning whom you inquire, who has married the daughter of the Count de Cervelle, on whom he has got a whole house full of children, and among others the little Cardinacule Farnese, who was made vice-chancellor by the death of the late Cardinal de Medicis. By what is said you may judge why the pope did not very well love the Lord Rancé, and *vice versâ* (on the other side) the Lord Rancé put no great confidence in him: whence arises a great quarrel between my Lord John Paul de Cere, son to the said Lord Rancé, and the above-named Pietro Ludovico, for he is resolved to revenge the death of his aunt.

But he is quit of it on the part of the said Lord Rancé, for he died the 11th day of this month, going a hunting, in which he extremely delighted, old as he was. The occasion was this: he had got some Turkish horses from the fairs of Racana, and as he was hunting on one of them that was very tender-mouthed, it fell, tumbled over him, and bruised him with the saddle-bow so severely, that he did not live above half an hour after the fall. This was a great loss to the French, for the king in him has lost a good servant for his affairs in Italy. It is rightly said that the Lord John Paul his son will be no less hereafter. But it will be a long time ere he gets such experience in feats of arms, or so great a reputation among the commanders and soldiers, as the late brave man had. I wish with all my heart, that my Lord d'Estissac, by his death, had the county of Pontoise; for, it is said, it brings a good revenue.

To assist at the funeral, and to comfort the Marchioness his wife, my lord cardinal has sent to Ceres, near twenty miles from this town, my Lord de Ramboullet, and the Abbot of St. Nicaise, who was a near kinsman to the deceased. (I believe you have seen him at court.) He is a little man, all life; who was called the Archdeacon of the Ursins: besides, he has sent some others of his prothonotaries; which, likewise my lord of Mascon has done.

LETTER XVI.—My Lord,—I defer to my next to give you more at large, the news concerning the emperor; for his design is not yet perfectly discovered. He is still at Naples, but is expected here by the end of this month. Great preparations are made for his coming, and abundance of triumphal arches. His four harbingers have been a good while here in town; two of them Spaniards, one Burgundian, and a fourth a Fleming.

It is a great pity to see the ruins of the churches, palaces and houses, which the pope caused to be demolished, and pulled down, to make and level him a way. For the charges of his reception, he has laid a tax on the college of cardinals, on those who have places at court, and the artificers of the town, as much as the very aquarols. The town is already full of foreigners.

On the 5th of this month, the Cardinal of Trent (Tridentinus) arrived, being sent here by the emperor. His train is very numerous, and more sumptuous than the pope's. He had with him above a hundred Germans, all dressed alike: their gowns were red, with a yellow galloon; and on their right sleeve was embroidered a wheat-sheaf tied close, and round it was written *unitas*.

I hear he is much for peace, and reconciling all the Christian princes. He eagerly desires a general council, whatever is done in other matters. I was present when he said to my Lord Cardinal du Bellay: "His holiness, the cardinals, bishops, and prelates of the church, are against a council, and will by no means hear any thing of it, though they are pressed by secular princes on that subject; but I see the time at hand, when the prelates of the church shall be reduced to demand a council, and the laity will not hearken to it. This will be when the latter have taken from the church all the wealth and patrimony which they had given, while ecclesiastics, by the means of frequent councils, maintained peace and unity among the laity." Andrew Doria came to this town on the 3rd of this month, in no very good equipage. No manner of particular respect was shown him at his arrival save only the Lord Pietro Ludovico conducted him as far as the palace of the Cardinal Camerlingo, who is a Genoese, of the house of Spinola. The next day he saluted the pope, and the day after went away for Genoa, on the emperor's behalf, to inform himself underhand, concerning the disposition of the French about the war. We have had here a positive account of the old Queen of England's death; and they add that the princess, her daughter, lies very ill. However, the bull that was issued out against the King of England to excommunicate him, and to interdict and proscribe his kingdom, did not pass at the consistory, because of the articles, "De commentibus externorum et commerciis mutuis," of the passages of foreigners and mutual intercourses, which my Lord Cardinal du Bellay and the Bishop of Mascon opposed, in the king's name, on account of the interest which he pretends to have in it. It has been put off till the emperor's arrival.

My lord, I most humbly recommend myself to your kind favor praying God that it may please him to keep you long in health and prosperity. Your Lordship's most humble servant,

Rome, Feb. 15, 1536. FRANCIS RABELAIS.

ON THE PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION, AND OTHER SHORT PIECES.

OUR author, who was a learned gastronomer, has chiefly ridiculed astrologers in his Prognostication. He published an Almanack, printed at Lyons in 1553; and perhaps this was printed with it. However, we cannot be sure of this; for it is not to be procured, no more than some of his letters, besides his sciomachy, and festivals at Rome, in Cardinal du Bellay's palace at the Duke of Orleans' birth. I am told, that something of the nature of these predictions has been printed here in Poor Robin's Almanack.* I do not wonder at it; for as there is wit and satire in this piece, even one of the most learned men in Germany has not been ashamed to borrow a great deal of it; I mean Joachim Fortius Rindelbergius, who begins a small piece of this nature with the very beginning of the second chapter of this.

Thus he has it in Latin: "Proximo anno cæci parum aut nihil videbunt, surdi malè audient, muti non loquentur. Ver erit calidum ac humidum, æstas calida et sicca, autumnus frigidus et siccus, hyems frigida et sicca. Æstate erunt quandoque pluviæ, interdum fulmina et tonitrua. Bellum erit inter aucupes et aves, inter piscatores et pisces, inter canes et lepores, inter feles et mures, inter lupos et oves, inter monachos et ova. Multi interibunt pisces, boves, oves, porci, capræ, pulli, et capones; inter simias, canes et equos, mors non tantoperè sæviet. Senectus eodem anno erit immedicabilis propter annos qui præcesserunt. Non pauci inopiâ laborabunt," &c., p. 556.

There runs a vein of Protestantism through most of this work, which is undoubtedly Rabelais's, though it is said to be calculated by Alcofribus Nasier; for that name is only an anagram of the author's, Francois Rabelais.

The Epistle, said to be written by the Limosin, partly in an affected Frenchified Latin, is to ridicule that way of writing, as appears by the epigram after it. The Cream of Encyclopedic Questions is a trifle, which, like many other insignificant of other great men, has been kept from oblivion merely for the sake of its author, and added to his works, with the epistles, after his death, as appears by the title page of some old editions of the fifth book. The Epistle to the Old Hag, seems to be a sharp invective against the church of Rome. The Epistle to the Wise Matron, seems to be an encomium on the reformed church.

* The present editor hath seen several English imitations of this Prognostication, that are much older than the rise of Poor Robin's Almanack. The Owle's Almanack, Jackdaw's Prognostications, and some others in the reign of King James I. were of this kind.

THE END.

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