

could be read in the parlors and in the assembly halls with equal propriety. One of the guests told the story of a barber who once said to Voltaire, "Look here, sir! although I am but a poor laborer, yet I have no more religion than any other men." It was agreed that the revolution would be completed, and that bigotry and fanaticism would soon have to give way to philosophy. The probability of the commencement of this anticipated happy period was calculated, and the guests asked who of the present should have the privilege of living during the reign of Reason. Those advanced in age were sorry that they could not hope for such a happiness. The younger rejoiced that they would probably be permitted to live when the event happened. The academy was congratulated as the centrum of liberty and that through its labors the great work had been prepared.

One of the guests had taken no part in this gay conversation. He had rather once in a while thrown in remarks which proved that he did not share our enthusiasm. This was Mr. Cazotte, a lovely but odd man. He was, unfortunately altogether, in with those dreamers who believe in a higher enlightenment.

At this point of conversation he said: "Gentlemen, rejoice! You shall all see that great and sublime revolution which you so much wish. You know that I am doing a little in prophesying. I repeat it, you shall see it."

"To say that, no gift of prophecy is necessary," came the answer.

"That is true," he said; "but perhaps for what I yet have to say. Do you know what shall be the result of this revolution, when Reason triumphs over revealed religion, and what will become of all you who are here? What will be the immediate and undeniable fruits thereof?"

"Let us know," said Condorcet with a silly expression in his face; "a philosopher cannot be sorry for meeting a prophet."

"You, Mr. Condorcet," continued Cazotte, "shall expire, lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon. You shall die from poison which you have taken in order to escape the hangman—poison which, when that happy period comes, you shall always carry about you."

This declaration at first created great astonishment; but it was remembered that Cazotte sometimes dreamt awake, and hearty laughter followed.

"Mr. Cazotte," said one of the guests, "the yarn which you have now told is not so good as your 'The Devil in Love' (a romance written by Cazotte), which has put this *cachot*, poison, and hangman into you. What have these to do with philosophy and the reign of reason?"

"But it is just as I say," continued Cazotte, "in the name of philosophy, in the name of humanity, liberty, and reason it shall happen, that you shall come to such an end. Then shall Reason rule, for she shall have tem-

ples; yes, in all France then shall no other temples be found than those of reason."

"Truly," said Chamfort, with an ironical laugh; "you can be no priest in these temples."

Cazotte replied, "I hope not; but you, Mr. Chamfort, shall be one of them and prove yourself worthy thereof. You shall inflict on yourself with the scissors twenty-two wounds and yet not die before several months thereafter."

The company laughed. Cazotte continued:

"You, Mr. Nicolai, shall die on the scaffold. You, Mr. Bailly, on the scaffold. You, Mr. Malesherbes, on the scaffold."

"Dear me!" cried Mr. Roucher; "it appears that Mr. Cazotte has only to do with the academy; but he has made a terrible havoc among you. I for my part—"

"You," interrupted Cazotte; "shall also die on the scaffold."

"Ha!" cried the company in chorus; "this is a bet. He has sworn to kill us all."

Cazotte: "No, it is not I who have sworn it."

The company: "Shall we then be enslaved by Turks and Tartars?"

He: "Not at all. I have already told you. You shall then stand under the rule of philosophy and reason. Those who shall treat you thus are pure philosophers, who shall always have on the ends of their tongues the same expressions which you for an hour have thrown out here. They shall respect your maxims and quote, like you, verses from Diderot and Pucelle."

Now, one whispered to another, "you can see that he has but his senses. He does not mean what he says. You know that in all his jokes he mixes the supernatural."

"Yes," said Mr. Chamfort, "but I must admit that his supernaturals are not amusing. They have too much of the gallows in them. And when shall all this happen?"

Cazotte—"Before six years have gone by all that I have told you shall be fulfilled."

"This is indeed wonderful," said La Harpe, "and you do not say anything of me."

"With you," replied Cazotte, "shall a miracle be performed—that is as wonderful as all the rest: You shall become a Christian."

Upon this a general exclamation followed. "Now we are easy. If we shall not perish before La Harpe becomes a Christian, then we are immortal," said Chamfort.

"We, of the other sex," said the Duchess of Grammont, "are fortunate that we in the revolution are counted for nothing. When I say for nothing it does not mean that we do not meddle a little with it, but it must be so understood that they are not on that account down on us and our sex."

Cazotte—"Your sex, ladies, shall at that time not be any protection for you, however much you will mix yourselves up with nothingness. You will be treated as men, and there will be no difference made."

She—"What do you tell us, Mr. Cazotte? Do you preach the end of the world?"

He—"That I do not know, but I do know that you, duchess, shall be taken to the scaffold, together with other ladies, with your hands bound to your backs."

She—"If so, I hope to have a black covered coach, at least."

He—"No, madame, nobler ladies than you shall be transported like yourself, on the common vehicle for criminals, and with hands bound."

She—"Nobler ladies! How? The princesses?"

He—"Nobler still."

Here the whole company was visibly moved and the landlord became sober-looking. It was thought that the "joke" had been carried too far. Madame de Grammont tried to disperse the cloud, and jokingly remarked: "You will see that I shall not have even the consolation of a priest."

He—"No, madame! You shall have none, nor anybody. The last one who shall be executed and have a priest by his side will be— Here he hesitated."

She—"Well, who will be the fortunate one who shall have this privilege?"

He—"This is the only privilege which will be granted, and he is the king of France."

The landlord now rose from the table, and everybody followed the example. He went to Mr. Cazotte, and said to him, with a deeply affected tone of voice:

"My dear Mr. Cazotte, this pitiful joke has lasted too long. You carry it too far and in such a way that the company in which you are and also yourself are thereby endangered."

Cazotte did not answer and would have taken his leave, but Madame de Grammont, who was anxious to have the whole conversation passed over as a joke, said: "Now, Mr. Prophet, you have told us all; but you say nothing of your own fate!"

He was silent for a while and then said—"Have you read the history of the siege of Jerusalem in Josephus?"

She—"Certainly. Who has not read that? But you may suppose that I have not."

He—"Well, madame, during the siege there was a man who for seven days went on the walls of the city, visible to both the besieged and the besieger, and cried all the time with a pitiful voice: Woe, Jerusalem! woe, Jerusalem! On the seventh day he cried: Woe, Jerusalem! woe, also me! and in the same moment he was killed by a stone thrown from the machines of the enemy." So saying, Mr. Cazotte made a compliment to the company and left.

Here is a prophecy every particular of which was fulfilled. The event belongs to history, and can be ascertained by every one who cares to make inquiries. I have quoted it from "*Theorie der Geisterkunde*," by Johann Heinrich Jung Stilling.

To say that all these men heard and saw nothing from "another shore" is nonsense, like most of Colonel Ingersoll's aphoristic effusions. Certain it is that both these men, and a thousand others, includ-