

is most welcome, for the Journal itself has nearly every good quality which a book of its kind can have. Even its bibliographical history has a touch of romance. The MS., partly written by a secretary from Montaigne's dictation and partly written (in French and Italian) by Montaigne himself, was accidentally discovered in a chest at his château, and published in 1774. Discoveries like this (and they are not so uncommon as might be supposed) set the mind upon a pleasant train of reflection regarding other treasures which may one day be revealed. Montaigne started soon after the first edition of the "Essays" had been published, and he and his companions visited a great number of places in France, Switzerland, the Empire and Italy. Opinions may differ as to which part of the record is most interesting, but the whole Journal is fascinating, not only as a description of contemporary life and manners, but, still more, as a revelation of the character of "the wisest Frenchman that ever lived." From the point of view of the social historian, Montaigne was indeed an ideal traveller. Nothing was beneath his curiosity, and nothing escaped his attention. One of his few regrets was that he had not consulted more books which would have told him what sights he ought to see, and that he had not taken with him that sixteenth-century guide-book known as Münster's "Cosmographia." He discussed theology with learned divines, Catholic and Lutheran, but was not above describing the inns at which he stayed, the food, the wine, the beds. "In order to make full trial of diverse manners and customs of the countries he visited," his secretary writes, "he always conformed to local usage, however greatly such a usage may have irked him." One object of his journey was to seek a cure for the kidney trouble from which he suffered, and he gives a detailed account of the many baths he visited for this purpose. The chief of these were Plombières, Baden and Lucca, but nearly every Italian town seems in those days to have boasted some curative water, the use of which betrayed a curious mixture of science and superstition. Montaigne had a high