

authority—Voltaire. This great philosopher, (and who should know better than a philosopher?) makes greatness a compound of madness, reason and stubbornness, but especially stubbornness. "Would you gain a *great name*?" he asks. "Be completely *mad*, but of a madness besitting the age." Have in your folly a foundation of *reason* to guide your ravings, and be exceedingly *stubborn*. It may chance that you get hanged, but if you do not you may have an altar." (Dict. Phil. vol. x.) This theory, whilst it brings greatness down to the level of folly, raises folly to the dignity of greatness, and leaves us in doubt whether most to admire the folly of greatness or the greatness of folly. This duality of greatness will prepare us for Talleyrand's duality of consciences. When a certain member of the Chamber of Peers was discussing with Talleyrand the question of its merits, he gave as a reason for its continuance that "at least you *there find consciences*." "Consciencess!" exclaimed Talleyrand, "oh! yes, plenty! plenty of consciences! Sernouville, for example, has at least *two*." This was hard on Sernouville and the Chamber of Peers, but the Chamber of Peers, through its advocate, had been hard upon Talleyrand, and these two wits, be they philosopher or fool, were well met; almost as well met, indeed, as Diogenes and the citizens of Sinope. This surly philosopher having been politely informed that the worthy citizens had condemned him to be banished from Sinope, replied as politely. "And I—I condemn them to *remain* in Sinope." If the inhabitants of Sinope were such fools as to banish philosophy from their island, philosophy in these mutual condemnations had evidently the best of the bargain. To *remain* in an island of Fools must have been a terrible punishment. And here, whilst discussing so recently the "whereabouts" of "the Fool's Paradise," it cannot but strike one as remarkable, that this island of Sinope has never had its claims considered. A Fool's Paradise is just the place whence we should expect to find philosophy banished. On the other hand it may be urged that there are philosophers and philosophers; and that if the various surly sayings which history has handed down to us of Diogenes, be the only claim he has

to the rank of philosopher, the inhabitants of Sinope were certainly no fools to banish him. The question is an intricate one, and for the lovers of truth, which is always found at the bottom of the bag, an interesting one. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that as in the country of the blind a one-eyed man is a king, so Diogenes, with his surly sayings, may have been *idiotes men en philosophois, philosophos de en idiotais*—an idiot indeed amongst philosophers, but a philosopher amongst idiots, so many are the degrees and kinds of philosophy.

With all due sense of our responsibility and the gravity of the occasion, we have deliberated long and prayerfully within ourselves, whether in this treatise we should put down England's Elizabeth as more philosopher than fool, or more fool than philosopher. The decision is as delicate as it is difficult, since to judge fairly (of folly) one should at least be a judge. We will leave the task to our readers. Ours be it to give a mere statement of facts.

1st. She hated preachers—two or three she said were enough for a whole kingdom. But then Tib stole "a salt, a spoon, and a fork of fair agate from my Lord Keeper at Kew, after he had already given her a fine fan with a handle garnished with diamonds, a bouquet, or as it was more sensibly styled in those days, a *nosegay*, with a very rich jewel and pendants of *unfird* diamonds, a fine pair of virginals, and a fine gown and juppin (petticoat)." After that, gentle readers, it is for you to settle whether this gentle queen was more philosopher than fool; or more fool than philosopher. This hatred of preachers is hardly to be wondered at. She who could make and unmake Bishops, was little likely to care for the small fry. Besides she could never bear to hear of her faults, which were so numerous that it was next to impossible for a preacher, however had a shot, if he fired at all, not to hit some of them.

But there was another class of preachers, of which she stood equally in awe—her jesters—so that she periodically banished them from her presence, to keep their tongues in better order. When Tarleton, either from the natural presumption of his buffoon character, or bribed by Burleigh, had aimed his sarcastic shafts at two of the favourites