CAUSERIES DU LUNDI

By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE

Translated, with Notes, by
E. J. TRECHMANN

and an Essay by
MATTHEW ARNOLD

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

Born, Boulogne-sur-Mer . . 23 December 1804
Died, Paris . . . . . 13 October 1869

The 'Causeries du Lundi', second volume, were first published in book form in 1851. In 'The World's Classics' the present translation (1909) was first published in 1933.

This second volume in 'The World's Classics' represents the first half only of the second volume of 1851.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

CONTENTS

	PAGE
SAINTE-BEUVE, BY MATTHEW ARNOLD	vii
LETTERS AND OPUSCULES OF FÉNELON	1
WORKS OF BARNAVE	18
PLINY THE NATURALIST	36
MADAME DE LA TOUR-FRANQUEVILLE AND JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU	52
LETTERS OF THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY	70
"THE NUN OF TOULOUSE," BY JULES JANIN	85
LETTERS OF MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE	99
CHATEAUBRIAND AS ROMANCER AND LOVER	116
HUET, BISHOP OF AVRANCHES	132
MEMOIRS OF MADAME D'ÉPINAY	150
LETTERS OF MADAME DE GRAFIGNY, OR VOLTAIRE AT CIREY	166
LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD	180
"LE PALAIS MAZARIN," BY M. LÉON DE LABORDE	197
NOTES	212
INDEX	216

SAINTE-BEUVE

By MATTHEW ARNOLD

[*The Academy*, 13 November 1869.]

THIS is neither the time nor the place to attempt any complete account of the remarkable man whose pen, busy to the end, and to the end charming and instructing us, has within the last few weeks dropped from his hand for ever. A few words are all that the occasion allows, and it is hard not to make them words of mere regret and eulogy. Most of what is at this moment written about him is in this strain, and very naturally; the world has some arrears to make up to him, and now, if ever, it feels this. Late, and as it were by accident, he came to his due estimation in France; here in England it is only within the last ten years that he can be said to have been publicly known at all. We who write these lines knew him long and owed him much; something of that debt we will endeavour to pay, not, as we ourselves might be most inclined, by following the impulse of the hour and simply praising him, but, as he himself would have preferred, by recalling what in sum he chiefly was, and what is the essential scope of his effort and working.

Shortly before Sainte-Beuve's death appeared a new edition of his *Portraits Contemporains*, one of his earlier works, of which the contents date from 1832 and 1833, before his method and manner of criticism were finally formed. But the new edition is enriched with notes and retouches added as the volumes were going through the press, and which bring our communications with him down to these very latest months of his life. Among them is a comment on a letter of Madame George Sand, in which she had spoken of the admiration excited by one of his articles. 'I leave this as it stands,' says he, 'because the sense and the connexion of the passage require it; but, *personne ne sait mieux que moi à quoi s'en tenir sur le mérite absolu de ces articles qui sont tout au plus, et même lorsqu'ils réussissent le mieux, des choses sensées dans un genre médiocre. Ce qu'ils ont eu d'alerte et d'à-propos*

à leur moment suffit à peine à expliquer ces exagérations de l'amitié. Réservons l'admiration pour les œuvres de poésie et d'art, pour les compositions élevées; la plus grande gloire du critique est dans l'approbation et dans l'estime des bons esprits.'

This comment, which extends to his whole work as a critic, has all the good breeding and delicacy by which Sainte-Beuve's writing was distinguished, and it expresses, too, what was to a great extent, no doubt, his sincere conviction. Like so many who have tried their hands at *œuvres de poésie et d'art*, his preference, his dream, his ideal was there; the rest was comparatively journeyman-work, to be done well and estimably rather than ill and discreditably, and with precious rewards of its own, besides, in exercising the faculties and in keeping off ennui; but still work of an inferior order. Yet when one looks at the names on the title-page of the *Portraits Contemporains*: Chateaubriand, Béranger, Lamennais, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, George Sand,—names representing, in our judgment, very different degrees of eminence, but none of which we have the least inclination to disparage,—is it certain that the works of poetry and art to which these names are attached eclipse the work done by Sainte-Beuve? Could Sainte-Beuve have had what was no doubt his will, and in the line of the *Consolations* and *Volupté* have produced works with the power and vogue of Lamartine's works, or Chateaubriand's, or Hugo's, would he have been more interesting to us to-day,—would he have stood permanently higher? We venture to doubt it. Works of poetry and art like Molière's and Milton's eclipse no doubt all productions of the order of the *Causeries du Lundi*, and the highest language of admiration may very properly be reserved for such works alone. Inferior works in the same kind have their moment of vogue when their admirers apply to them this language; there is a moment when a drama of Hugo's finds a public to speak of it as if it were Molière's, and a poem of Lamartine's finds a public to speak of it as if it were Milton's. At no moment will a public be found to speak of work like Sainte-Beuve's *Causeries* in such fashion; and if this alone were regarded, one might allow oneself to leave to his work the humbler rank which he assigns to it. But the esteem inspired by his work remains and grows, while the vogue of all works of poetry and art but the best, and the high-pitched

admiration which goes with vogue, diminish and disappear; and this redresses the balance. Five-and-twenty years ago it would have seemed absurd, in France, to place Sainte-Beuve, as a French author, on a level with Lamartine. Lamartine had at that time still his vogue, and though assuredly no Molière or Milton, had for the time of his vogue the halo which surrounds none properly but great poets like these. To this Sainte-Beuve cannot pretend, but what does Lamartine retain of it now? It would still be absurd to place Sainte-Beuve on a level with Molière or Milton; is it any longer absurd to place him on a level with Lamartine, or even above him? In other words, excellent work in a lower kind counts in the long run above work which is short of excellence in a higher; first-rate criticism has a permanent value greater than that of any but first-rate works of poetry and art.

And Sainte-Beuve's criticism may be called first-rate. His curiosity was unbounded, and he was born a *naturalist*, carrying into letters, so often the mere domain of rhetoric and futile amusement, the ideas and methods of scientific natural inquiry. And this he did while keeping in perfection the ease of movement and charm of touch which belong to letters properly so called, and which give them their unique power of universal penetration and of propagandism. Man, as he is, and as his history and the productions of his spirit show him, was the object of his study and interest; he strove to find the real data with which, in dealing with man and his affairs, we have to do. Beyond this study he did not go,—to find the real data. But he was determined they should be the real data, and not fictitious and conventional data, if he could help it. This is what, in our judgment, distinguishes him, and makes his work of singular use and instructiveness. Most of us think that we already possess the data required, and have only to proceed to deal with human affairs in the light of them. This is, as is well known, a thoroughly English persuasion. It is what makes us such keen politicians; it is an honour to an Englishman, we say, to take part in political strife. Solomon says, on the other hand, 'It is an honour to a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling'; and Sainte-Beuve held with Solomon. Many of us, again, have principles and connexions which are all in all to us, and we arrange data to suit them;—a book, a character,

a period of history, we see from a point of view given by our principles and connexions, and to the requirements of this point of view we make the book, the character, the period, adjust themselves. Sainte-Beuve never did so, and criticized with unfailing acuteness those who did. '*Tocqueville arrivait avec son moule tout prêt; la réalité n'y répond pas, et les choses ne se prêtent pas à y entrer.*'

M. de Tocqueville commands much more sympathy in England than his critic, and the very mention of him will awaken impressions unfavourable to Sainte-Beuve; for the French Liberals honour Tocqueville and at heart dislike Sainte-Beuve; and people in England always take their cue from the French Liberals. For that very reason have we boldly selected for quotation this criticism on him, because the course criticized in Tocqueville is precisely the course with which an Englishman would sympathize, and which he would be apt to take himself; while Sainte-Beuve, in criticizing him, shows just the tendency which is his characteristic, and by which he is of use to us. Tocqueville, as is well known, finds in the ancient *régime* all the germs of the centralization which the French Revolution developed and established. This centralization is his bugbear, as it is the bugbear of English Liberalism; and directly he finds it, the system where it appears is judged. Disliking, therefore, the French Revolution for its centralization, and then finding centralization in the ancient *régime* also, he at once sees in this discovery, '*mille motifs nouveaux de haïr l'ancien régime.*' How entirely does every Englishman abound here, as the French say, in Tocqueville's sense; how faithfully have all Englishmen repeated and re-echoed Tocqueville's book on the ancient *régime* ever since it was published; how incapable are they of supplying, or of imagining the need of supplying, any corrective to it! But hear Sainte-Beuve:—

'Dans son effroi de la centralisation, l'auteur en vient à méconnaître de grands bienfaits d'équité dus à Richelieu et à Louis XIV. Homme du peuple ou bourgeois, sous Louis XIII, ne valait-il pas mieux avoir affaire à un intendant, à l'homme du roi, qu'à un gouverneur de province, à quelque duc d'Épernon? Ne maudissons pas ceux à qui nous devons les commencements de l'égalité devant la loi, la première ébauche de l'ordre moderne qui nous a affranchis, nous et nos pères, et le tiers-état tout

entier, de cette quantité de petits tyrans qui couvraient le sol, grands seigneurs ou hobereaux.'

The point of view of Sainte-Beuve is as little that of a glowing Revolutionist as it is that of a chagrined Liberal; it is that of a man who seeks the *truth* about the ancient *régime* and its institutions, and who instinctively seeks to correct anything strained and *arranged* in the representation of them. '*Voyons les choses de l'histoire telles qu'elles se sont passées.*'

At the risk of offending the prejudices of English readers we have thus gone for an example of Sainte-Beuve's essential method to a sphere where his application of it makes a keen impression, and created for him, in his lifetime, warm enemies and detractors. In that sphere it is not easily permitted to a man to be a *naturalist*, but a naturalist Sainte-Beuve could not help being always. Accidentally, at the end of his life, he gave delight to the Liberal opinion of his own country and ours by his famous speech in the Senate on behalf of free thought. He did but follow his instinct, however, of opposing, in whatever medium he was, the current of that medium when it seemed excessive and tyrannous. The extraordinary social power of French Catholicism makes itself specially felt in an assembly like the Senate. An elderly Frenchman of the upper class is apt to be, not infrequently, a man of pleasure, reformed or exhausted, and the deference of such a personage to repression and Cardinals is generally excessive. This was enough to rouse Sainte-Beuve's opposition; but he would have had the same tendency to oppose the heady current of a medium where mere Liberalism reigned, where it was Professor Fawcett, and not the Archbishop of Bordeaux, who took the bit in his teeth.

That Sainte-Beuve stopped short at curiosity, at the desire to know things as they really are, and did not press on with faith and ardour to the various and immense applications of this knowledge which suggest themselves, and of which the accomplishment is reserved for the future, was due in part to his character, but more to his date, his period, his circumstances. Let it be enough for a man to have served well one need of his age; and among politicians and rhetoricians to have been a naturalist, at a time when for any good and lasting work in government and literature our old conventional draught of the nature of things wanted in a thousand directions reverifying and correcting.

FÉNELON[1]

Monday, April 1, 1850.

THE present volume should be added as an indispensable complement to the twenty-two volumes of *Works* and the eleven volumes of *Correspondence* of Fénelon; that is to say, to the very handsome and good Paris edition (1820–1829), which was published under the care of the Abbé Gosselin and the Abbé Caron. In this new volume are gathered writings which are not without interest, a few business and administrative letters, a few others of a spiritual and pastoral nature, and above all some charming friendly and familiar letters: that is in itself enough to give us the whole Fénelon. The last part of the volume contains some of La Fontaine's *Fables*, translated into Latin prose for the use of the Duke of Burgundy. A sample of these translated Fables was already given; to-day we have quite a series up to the eighth book. It is well known how much Fénelon appreciated La Fontaine. At the death of the poet, he composed a pretty eulogy in Latin in which he celebrates his ingenuous grace, his simple and unadorned naturalness, his elegance without any false ornament and that unique negligence, which he alone is permitted to indulge, an invaluable negligence, more successful than a more polished style. (*Politiori stilo quantum praestitit aurea negligentia!*)

There is this in common between Fénelon and La Fontaine, that we love both without quite knowing why, and even before we have fathomed them. Their writings send forth a perfume which prepossesses and ingratiates; the face of the man speaks at once in the author's favour; a look and a smile seem to assist, and the heart coming up joins the party without calling upon reason for an

[1] *Letters and Unpublished Opuscules of Fénelon* (1850).

exact explanation. A scrutiny might lay bare many defects in both of them, many softnesses or weak spots, but the first impression remains true and is still the last. Among French poets La Fontaine seems to be the only one who, partly, answered to what Fénelon wished when he said in a letter to La Motte, that man of wit so unlike La Fontaine : ' I am the more touched by what is exquisite in our language, because it is neither tuneful, nor varied, nor free, nor bold, nor adapted for soaring, and because our scrupulous versification renders beautiful lines almost impossible in a large work '. La Fontaine, with a language as defined by Fénelon, succeeded however in apparently making light work of poetry and in arousing in those of most delicate taste that sense of the exquisite so rarely aroused by the moderns. He fulfilled that other wish of Fénelon : ' We should, if I am not mistaken, take only the flower of each object, and touch nothing that we cannot embellish '. And, lastly, he appears to have been sent into the world expressly to prove that in French poetry it was not quite impossible to realize Fénelon's further desire : ' I should like a something I cannot describe, namely a facility very difficult to attain'. Take our celebrated authors, you will find in them nobility, power, eloquence, elegance, sublimity in parts ; but that indescribable facility which is communicated to all feelings, to all thoughts, and which gains even the reader, that facility mingled with persuasiveness, you will hardly ever find except in Fénelon and La Fontaine.

The reputation of both these men (a remarkable thing) went on increasing in the eighteenth century, whilst that of many of their illustrious contemporaries seemed to diminish and was unjustly disputed. I would not answer for it that these two renowns, diversely pleasing but not dissimilar in such different spheres, were not sometimes overrated, and that there did not enter into their praise some of that exaggeration and declamation which were so repugnant to the men themselves. Thus, Fénelon has been highly praised for a tolerance in doctrine and almost for a laxness which certainly was not his. The philosophers appropriated him as if he were one of themselves, and he found favour even with those who would crush what he adored. But must I say it ? In spite of all the just remarks which may be opposed

to this philosophic view which they falsely attributed to him, those who treated him with that particular favour had a not entirely mistaken instinct; for if Fénelon's doctrine may not be called tolerant, his person and character were so, and he was able to put into everything a tone, a turn of grace, an earnestness which was a passport for everything, even his rigorous directions.

I find, even in the volume I have just read, a few which might appear so, and which show that Fénelon was by no means a bishop according to the too accommodating ordination of La Harpe, d'Alembert and Voltaire. A portion of the new letters (and they are not by the way the most interesting) are written to M. de Bernières, at that time Intendant of Hainaut and afterwards of Flanders. This M. de Bernières, sprung, if I am not mistaken, from a family in very close relations with Port-Royal, was a good man, with a good head, who lived in perfect harmony with the Archbishop of Cambrai. In March, 1700, Fénelon wrote to him to regulate, in concert with him, the observation of the Church laws for Lent: 'It appeared to me, says the prelate, that the rule could never be re-established, if we did not hasten to renew it after ten years of continuous dispensation. The peace was confirmed more than two years ago; the winter is mild; the season is pretty forward, and there should be more vegetables than in the other years; the dearness is diminishing daily. If we still allowed the people to eat eggs, there would come a kind of precept contrary to the law, as happened in the case of milk, butter and cheese.' . . . Here then we see Fénelon a bishop in good earnest, entering into the strictest details, and attaching importance to them. But side by side we find again, even in such details, the Fénelon of tradition, the popular Fénelon. In this same Lent of 1700 M. de Bernières no doubt advocated certain dispensations of diet for the army, and Fénelon hastens to grant them to the private soldiers; but 'it is not likely, Sir, he adds, that I should grant the officers, paid by the King, a dispensation which I refuse to the poorest among the people'. This feeling of justice especially towards the humble, this well-being of the people again visibly occupies his thoughts in other places; but it would tell us nothing new, and I pass on to other letters of the collection.

There are a few addressed to Mme. de Maintenon. Fénelon, it is well known, had been among those she patronized most, whom she consulted and listened to most, before she had the weakness to desert him. Saint-Simon has given us in his *Memoirs* such a graphic account of Fénelon's entry at Court, his introduction to the little exclusive society of Mme. de Maintenon, the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, of the rapid rise to fortune of the happy prelate, so soon followed by so many vicissitudes and disfavours, all that wreck of his hopes which now forms a pathetic part of his fame, that we can only refer to that painter, since it would be a profanation to meddle with such pictures, even though we believe they have a few doubtful points. Saint-Simon was gifted with a double genius which is rarely found united in the same degree: from nature he had received that gift of penetration, almost of intuition, that gift of reading the minds and hearts through faces and expressions, and of catching in them the hidden play of motives and intentions; to this penetrating observation of the masks and actors without number which thronged around him, he carried a verve, an ardour of curiosity, which at times appears insatiable and almost cruel: the greedy anatomist is not more eager to open the still palpitating breast, and to search it in all directions in order to reveal the hidden sore. To this first gift of instinctive and irresistible penetration Saint-Simon joined another which is equally seldom found in such a powerful degree, and which by reason of its bold turn makes him unique of his kind: what he had plucked out with such ruthless curiosity, he reproduced in writing with the same fire, with the same ardour and almost the same fury of the brush. La Bruyère too has the faculty of keen and sagacious observation; he remarks, he uncovers everything and every man around him; with subtlety he reads their secrets on all those faces which surround him; then, returned to his privacy and leisure, with gusto, with skill, with deliberation, he outlines his portraits, he recommences them, he touches them up and caresses them, he adds touch after touch until he finds them an exact resemblance. But that is not Saint-Simon's way. After those days of Versailles or Marly, which I may call debauches of observation (so many copious, conflicting and diverse ones

did he amass !), he returns home all in a glow, and there, pen in hand, at full gallop, without rest, without reading over, and far into the night, he commits to paper quite fresh, in their fullness and natural confusion, and at the same time with an incomparable distinctness of relief, the thousand persons he has crossed, the thousand originals he has caught in passing, whom he carries off still palpitating, and most of whom have through him become immortal victims.

Fénelon just escaped being one of his victims; for, among the charming and delightful qualities he recognizes in him, he perpetually dwells upon a secret vein of ambition which, in the degree he supposes, would make Fénelon quite a different man from that we love to see him in reality. On this point we believe that the picture of the great painter should, in order to remain true, suffer a little moderation, that his verve has allowed itself too much latitude. He had not penetrated and dwelled at leisure in all the recesses of that amiable soul. Through the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, Saint-Simon had known Fénelon as well as one may know a man through his most intimate friends. He had seen very little of him directly, and he tells us so: 'I only knew him by sight, having been too young when he was exiled'. Still a mere sight was enough for such a painter to seize and to reproduce the charm, and with marvellous truth:

'This prelate, he says, was a tall, thin man, a good figure, pale, with a large nose, eyes from which fire and intellect gushed like a torrent, and a physiognomy the like of which I have not seen, and which one could not forget though one had seen it only once. It combined everything, and opposites did not struggle upon it. It had gravity and gallantry, seriousness and gaiety; it suggested equally the man of learning, the bishop and the grand seigneur, and what was uppermost in his face, as in his whole person, was shrewdness, wit, grace, modesty, and above all nobility. It required an effort to cease looking at him . . .'

When one has once painted a man in those colours and shown him gifted with such power of attraction, one can never be accused afterwards of slandering him, even though one should have misjudged him in several points. Besides, Saint-Simon may be advantageously combated and corrected by Saint-Simon himself. Read

what he says so admirably of the Duke of Burgundy, that cherished pupil of Fénelon, whom the prelate did not cease to guide from afar, even from his exile at Cambrai, through the medium of the Dukes of Beauvilliers and Chevreuse. That young prince, whom Saint-Simon shows so haughty, so spirited, so terribly passionate at the beginning, so contemptuous to everybody, of whom he was able to say: 'From a celestial height he looked down upon men as mere atoms, with whom he had nothing in common, whoever they might be; even his brothers hardly appeared intermediary between himself and the human race'; this same prince, at a certain moment, is modified and transformed, becomes quite another man, pious, humane, charitable as well as enlightened, attentive to his duties, quite awake to his responsibilities as future king, and this heir of Louis XIV dares to utter, in the very drawing-room at Marly, these words which are capable of making the roof fall, 'that a king is made for his subjects, and not the subjects for him'. Well! this prince thus portrayed by Saint-Simon, whose death forces from him, the inexorable observer, notes of sincere eloquence and tears, who had transformed him thus? We will allow as much credit as you think is due to the mysterious and invisible operation of the spirit, even to what they call grace; we will allow due credit to his excellent governor, the venerable Duc de Beauvilliers; but, among human instruments, to whom can we give a larger share than to Fénelon, the man who, near and far, did not cease to directly influence his pupil, to inculcate, to insinuate that maxim about the *father of his country*, 'that a king is made for his people', and all that depends upon it?

We now know more on that point, in certain respects, than did Saint-Simon: we have the confidential letters which Fénelon wrote from the beginning to the young prince, the memoranda he drew up for him, the plans of reform, all those documents which were then secret, and now are divulged, and which, whilst allowing to human ambition the place that should always be given to the defects of each even in his virtues, show the latter at least in the first rank, and henceforth place in its full light the patriotic and generous soul of Fénelon.

Bossuet too, in concert with the Duc de Montausier,

had a pupil to educate, the first Dauphin, the father of this same Duke of Burgundy; it was for that royal and not very worthy pupil that he composed so many admirable works, beginning with the *Discours sur l'Histoire universelle*, which posterity possesses in permanence. But, when we look into the matter, what a difference in respect of care and solicitude! The first Dauphin was no doubt less amenable to education; he was indolent to the point of apathy. The Duke of Burgundy, with his passions and even his vices, had at least energy, and betrayed the sacred fire within him. 'Vivacious and susceptible natures, said Fénelon, with excellent reason, are capable of terrible aberrations: they are carried away by passions and presumption; but they have also great resources and often make up for much lost ground . . . whilst on the other hand one has no hold on indolent natures'. And yet do we see that Bossuet, to overcome his pupil's laziness, to spur his sensibility, did anything like as much as Fénelon did, in the second case, to tame and humanize the violent nature of his? The former great man did his duty amply and majestically, according to his wont, and then went his way. The latter continued his attentions and his fears, his ingenious and vigilant cares, his insinuating and persuasive address, as if bound by his affection; he had the tenderness of a mother.

To return to the present volume, I was saying then that we find in it some letters from Fénelon, newly admitted to Court, to Mme. de Maintenon, who was still under the spell of his charm. The tone of Fénelon's *Spiritual Letters* is in general delicate, subtle, shrewd, very agreeable to gentle and feminine spirits, but rather soft and spoiled by the cant of a quietistic spirituality; we are too sensible of the vicinity of Mme. Guyon. Fénelon besides is too lavish of expressions that tend to childishness and affectation, such as Saint François de Sales addresses to his ideal woman of piety, his *Philothée*. Speaking of certain familiarities and caresses which the heavenly Father, according to him, bestows upon the souls that have returned to humility and simplicity, Fénelon, for example, will say: 'One must be a child, O my God, and play on Thy knees to deserve them'. Theologians have taken exception to these and the like

expressions, from a doctrinal point of view; a severe good taste would suffice to banish them. And it is here that the sane and vigorous manner which Bossuet brought to every subject asserts its whole superiority.

I know, when I speak thus of Fénelon's letters, what exceptions will be properly urged: some of them are very beautiful in every respect and very sound, such as the letter to a lady of quality *on the education of her daughter*, such as the *letters on Religion*, supposed to have been written to the Duke of Orleans (the future Regent), which are ordinarily placed after the treatise *Of the existence of God*. But I am speaking of the *Spiritual Letters* properly so called, and I am not afraid of being contradicted by those who have read a good number of them.

Mme. de Maintenon, on receiving Fénelon's letters, and whilst appreciating their infinite delicacy, yet judged them with that excellent intelligence and good sense which she applied to all that did not exceed her capacity and her inner horizon. She had her doubts with regard to a few rather strong and venturesome expressions, the details of which I will spare the reader. To resolve her doubts, she consulted another director, a man of sense, the Bishop of Chartres (Godet des Marais), and Fénelon had to justify and explain himself. In his explanation, which we read in this volume, and by which he endeavours to reduce those mystic and rather singular expressions to their just value, I am struck by a habitual turn which has already been remarked and is a feature of Fénelon's character. Whilst supporting his expressions, or at least justifying them, with the help of respectable authorities, he ends each paragraph by saying, by repeating in all sorts of forms: 'A prophet (or a saint) has already before me said something equivalent or stronger, and I only repeat the same thing and rather less strongly; *but yet I submit*'. This refrain of submission, continually recurring at the end of a justification which he seems to regard as triumphant, produces in the long run a singular effect, and in the end really excites the impatience of the least theological. I call that an irritating meekness, and the impression one has confirms the remark already made by M. Joubert: 'In Fénelon's spirit there was something meeker than meekness, something more patient than patience'. That too is a fault.

What assuredly is not a fault is the general character of his piety, the piety he feels and inspires. He thinks that piety should combine joy, lightheartedness, indulgence; he banishes from it melancholy and severity: 'Piety, he said, has nothing feeble, sad and constrained: it makes the heart bigger, it is simple and pleasing; it makes itself all things to all men, to win them over'. He reduces piety almost entirely to love—that is to say, charity. This indulgence, however, is in him not weakness nor complaisance. In the few counsels which are here given to Mme. de Maintenon, he is able to put his finger on the essential faults, on that self-esteem which *would take all upon itself*, on that slavery to consideration, on that ambition to appear perfect in the eyes of the good—in short, all that formed the foundation of that cautious and vain-glorious nature. There is besides, in Fénelon's *Spiritual Letters*, regarded as a whole, a certain diversity which makes him appear to adapt himself to persons, and this diversity must have been especially present in his conversation. The *Entretiens* which Ramsay has handed down to us, and in which Fénelon unfolded to him the reasons which, in his opinion, should triumphantly bring every deist to the Catholic faith, are of a breadth, a simple beauty, a full and luminous eloquence which leave nothing to be desired. Just as the Conversation, which has been preserved, between Pascal and M. de Saci is one of the finest testimonies to Pascal's intellect, so these Conversations, handed down by Ramsay, give us the loftiest idea of Fénelon's manner, and in breadth of tone surpass even most of his letters.

The most interesting portion of the volume just published consists of a set of familiar letters from Fénelon to one of his friends, a soldier of merit, the Chevalier Destouches. All the distinguished persons who passed through Cambrai (and almost the whole army passed through at every campaign, during those wars of Louis XIV's last years) saw Fénelon, were entertained by him; and, with that particular attraction which was his, more than one of these passing acquaintances became a permanent friend. His intimacy with the Chevalier Destouches was one of the closest and tenderest. Destouches, then forty-three years of age, was serving in the artillery and with distinction; he was a man of wit and culture,

habits of thought and feeling, and the well-balanced tone of that refined nature. Destouches had sent the prelate a few Latin epitaphs: 'The epitaphs, replies Fénelon, have much power, every line is an epigram; they are historical and curious. Those who composed them were very witty, but they forced their wit; wit should be inadvertent and unconscious. They are written in the spirit of Tacitus, *who plunges into evil*'. Further on, after quoting some lines of Horace on peace, Fénelon happens to recall a stanza of Malherbe: 'There you have the ancient poet, he says, who is simple, graceful, exquisite, here the modern, *who has his beauty*'. How well expressed! how well the proportion, the shade of colouring, between the modern and the ancient is observed, and how well he makes us feel that he prefers the ancient! These plays of wit are crossed by serious and pathetic touches. The year 1711 was a great year for Fénelon. The first Dauphin died on April 14, and the Duke of Burgundy became next, and to all appearance a very near, heir to the throne. One might say that, from the depths of his exile at Cambrai, Fénelon received the full sun's ray, and was already reigning by the side of his royal pupil. Consulted by letter on every political and ecclesiastical matter, a very authoritative secret arbiter in the Jansenistic quarrels, restored to the dignity of a doctor and oracle, he was already playing the great rôle in his turn. But suddenly misfortunes break over him: the Duchess of Burgundy dies on February 12, 1712; the Duke follows her on the 18th, six days later, at the age of twenty-nine; and all the hopes, all the affections, shall we dare to say all the secret ambitions of the prelate, vanish. We see a trace of his deep grief even in this playful Correspondence; but how simple the words, how true, and how they repel every ill-natured thought! On hearing of the princess' death, which preceded that of his pupil by so short a time, Fénelon wrote to Destouches (February 18):

'The sad news which have come to us from the country where you are, Sir, take from me all the joy which was the soul of our intercourse: *Quis desiderio sit pudor*. . . . Truly it is a very great loss for the Court and the whole kingdom. A thousand good things were told of the princess, and they increased every day. One must feel very anxious for those who mourn her with

and was very fond of Virgil. At the same time he was dissipated, addicted to pleasures, those of the table, which were not the only ones; and we are obliged to admit that his intercourse with Fénelon never thoroughly converted him, since it is he who passes for the father of d'Alembert, who was born to Mme. de Tencin in 1717. Be that as it may, Fénelon loved him, and that alone redeemed all. The amiable prelate tells him so in every tone, with scoldings and lecturings, though he saw well that he had little success:

'If you were to show my letter to some grave and severe censor, he wrote to him one day (April, 1714), he would not fail to say: Why is that old bishop (Fénelon was then sixty-three) so fond of such a profane man? That is a great scandal, I admit; but how can I correct myself? The truth is, that I find two men in you; you are double like Sosia, without any duplicity or cunning; on the one hand you are wicked for yourself; for your friends, on the other hand, you are true, upright, noble, devoted. I finish up with an act of protest taken from your friend Pliny the Younger: *Neque enim amore decipior . . .*'

That is to say: 'Affection does not blind me, it is true that I love with effusion, but I criticize, and that with a penetration in proportion to my love'.

This Correspondence of Fénelon with the Chevalier Destouches shows us the prelate even in those sad years (1711–1714), sometimes unbending in innocent banter and, like Lælius and Scipio, playing after undoing his belt. He would seem to have set himself a wager in this Correspondence, to have said to his somewhat libertine friend: 'You love Virgil, you are fond of quoting him; well! I refer you to Horace, I require no other auxiliary beside him to vanquish you, and I undertake to inculcate into you almost all the Christian counsels which you need, or at least all counsels useful in life, and to disguise them under lines of Horace'. Horace, in fact, crops up in every line of the letters, and he speaks as often as Fénelon. These letters give us a perfect idea of what his conversations might have been, the charming and distinguished talk, in the pleasant hours of gaiety and playfulness; his *table-talk* and after-dinner conversation, the most cheerful imaginable in the moderate tone. In it we may catch, as if we had been present, the

so just a grief. (*What a delicate manner of indicating his fears for the Duke of Burgundy !*) You see how frail this life is. Four days ; they are not sure ! Everybody pretends to understand, as if he were immortal ; the world is but a rout of living people, weak, false and ready to decay ; the most brilliant fortune is but a flattering dream '.

Those are not the grand accents, the wide beats of Bossuet's wings as he exclaims from the height of his pulpit : *Madame is dying ! Madame is dead !* But with less brilliance and thunder, is that not as eloquent and as penetrating ?

On hearing of the Duke of Burgundy's death, Fénelon has but one word ; it is brief and keenly felt, it is what we should have expected : ' I suffer, God knows ; but I did not fall ill, and that is much for me. Your heart, which sympathizes with mine, comforts it. I should have been keenly pained to see you here ; think of your poor health ; *it seems to me that all I love is dying* '. To write thus to the Chevalier Destouches, in such a moment of grief, was to place him very high.

The worldly counter-blow of this cruel loss is quickly felt by Fénelon. Yesterday he was the man of the future reign and of coming hopes ; to-day, he is nothing, his dream is shattered, and if he was able to forget it for a single moment, the world is there at once to remind him of it. A man of some importance, a friend of Destouches, had offered his daughter in marriage to one of Fénelon's nephews ; the day after the death of the Duke of Burgundy, this man goes back from his word and withdraws his promise. Fénelon is not astonished ; he does not blame that father who is anxious to see his daughter well settled ; he commends him and even thanks him for his plain dealing :

' As for your friend, he writes to Destouches, I entreat you not to feel any ill-will towards him for his fickleness ; his wrong consists at the most in having set his hope upon a frail and uncertain support ; it is upon these sorts of uncertain hopes that the worldly-wise are wont to build their plans. If we did not overlook such things we should become misanthropic : we should avoid such rocks for ourselves in life, and easily overlook them in our neighbours '.

An admirable and serene, or at least a tranquil disposition, which shows through in more than one part of

this Correspondence! Fénelon thoroughly knows the world of men, he has no illusions about them. Had a delicate heart like his anything more to learn in the way of disappointments and bitterness? But he is not therefore a misanthrope; and if he ever was, he must have had a way of being so which was like no other:

'I am very glad, my dear bonhomme, he writes to Destouches, that you are pleased with one of my letters which was given you to read. You are right when you say and believe that I expect little of most men; I try to give much, and to expect nothing. I come out of this bargain very well; on these conditions, I defy them to deceive me. There is only a very small number of friends upon whom I count, not from self-interest, but from pure esteem; not in order to try to gain anything from them, but to do them justice by not mistrusting their hearts. I should like to oblige the whole human race, and especially the honest; but there is hardly anybody to whom I should care to be under obligation. Is it arrogance or pride that makes me feel thus? Nothing could be more foolish or out of place;; but I have learnt to know men as I grow older, and I think the best thing is to be independent of them without pretending to cleverness'.—'I pity men, he says again, although they are not often good'.

This scarcity of good people, which appears to him *the shame of the human race*, led him to love all the more the friends he had chosen: 'Comparison makes us only too sensible of the value of true, gentle, reliable, reasonable people, who are capable of friendship, and above all motives of interest'. On one single occasion he betrayed a curiosity of mind, that was for Prince Eugène, in whom he thought he perceived a truly great man. He confesses that he would be curious to know and observe him:

'His feats of war are great; but what I esteem most in him, is those qualities in which what is called fortune has no share. It is asserted that he is sincere without any ostentation, without any arrogance, ready to listen without any prejudice, and to reply in precise terms. At times he withdraws from company to read; he loves merit, he adapts himself to all nations; he inspires confidence: that is the man you are going to see. I should also like to see him in our Low Countries; I confess to a curiosity with regard to him, though I have little left for the human race'.

The death of the Duc de Beauvilliers (August 31, 1714)

broke the last close ties which attached Fénelon to the future: 'True friends, he wrote on this occasion to Destouches, cause all the sweetness and all the bitterness of life'. To Destouches too he wrote that admirable letter, already cited by M. de Bausset, in which he said how desirable it would be 'if all good friends agreed to die together on the same day', and he cites the case of Philemon and Baucis; which shows that it is true, and that we did not dream it, that there is a real relation between Fénelon's soul and La Fontaine's.

I have sufficiently indicated the interest of these new letters. We might find in them some additional details on Fénelon's last year (1714). The peace which had just been signed laid new duties upon him:

'The end of your labours, he wrote to Destouches, is the beginning of mine; the peace which gives you back your liberty robs me of mine; I have seven hundred and sixty-four villages to visit. You will not be surprised that I should wish to do my duty, having seen you so scrupulous in the execution of yours, in spite of your maladies and your wound'.

Six weeks before his death, on one of his pastoral rounds, he was thrown out of his coach and nearly killed; he tells of it in a very amusing manner:

'A rather long absence has delayed the replies I owe you. It is true, dear man, that I was in the greatest danger of losing my life; I am still unable to understand how I escaped: no one ever lost three horses with greater luck. My men all shouted to me: *All is lost; save yourself;* I did not hear them, the windows being raised. I was reading a book, with my spectacles on my nose, my pencil in my hand, and my legs in a bear-skin sack: almost like Archimedes when he perished at the taking of Syracuse. A vain comparison, but a frightful accident'.

And he enters into the details of the accident: a mill-wheel suddenly beginning to turn at the side of a bridge without a parapet, one of the horses takes fright, runs away, and so on. To the last, in spite of his inward grief, though his heart was still sick from the loss of his cherished pupil, Fénelon could still smile, and without too much effort. He had that light-hearted cheerfulness which is neither a dissipation nor a lie, and which with him was but the natural movement of a chaste, equable, temperate soul; his joy was that of which, as he said

so truly, 'frugality, health and innocence are the true sources'. In his last letter of December 1, 1714 (that is to say, a month before falling into his last illness), he still bantered Destouches on the *pretty* repasts to which the Chevalier was addicted, at the risk of repentance: 'It is at Cambrai, he says, that one is sober, healthy, light-hearted, contented and cheerful with regularity'. The general tone of these pleasant letters is shown in these very words. When I read this familiar correspondence, I find, as I do in all Fénelon, something gay, brief, vivacious, deliberate, easy, insinuating and fascinating.

Among the pleasantries we meet with in these letters are some which have reference to the quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns, which was then burning in the very heart of the Academy and which flared up more brightly than ever at the very moment when peace was being signed in Europe. La Motte, a friend of the Chevalier Destouches, had just translated, travestied, Homer's *Iliad*, and he sent it to Fénelon, asking his opinion. Fénelon was on this occasion a little weak. Called upon to be judge and arbiter between the two parts, he shuffled. He thought that in a matter which did not interest the safety of the State, he might be a little more accommodating than in others, and incline towards politeness. He replied to La Motte with compliments and praises, unwilling to pronounce on the matter in question; he got out of the difficulty by quoting a line of Virgil, which leaves the victory undecided between two shepherds: *Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic. . .* The victory undecided between La Motte and Homer! And this is Fénelon, the translator, the continuer of the *Odyssey*, the father of *Télémaque*, who speaks thus! Is it possible to carry tolerance so far? Evidently Fénelon had none of that irritability of good sense and reason which makes one reply with a forcible *No*, that honest and hasty, even a little blunt power, which Despréaux carried into literature, and Bossuet into theology. Here again we find a weak side.

To every man his glory and his shadows. We may catch Fénelon at fault on certain points. Bossuet drove him hard in theology. I find that he is also refuted and vigorously rated, apropos of his *Dialogues on Elo-*

quence and a few ventured assertions on the ancient orators, by Gibert, a man of learning, an austere and by no means contemptible mind, who was likewise an adversary of Rollin. But what matter to-day a few inaccuracies? Fénelon had the spirit of piety, and he had the spirit of antiquity. He unites in himself these two spirits, or rather he possesses and contains them each in its sphere, without any strife or struggle, without setting them by the ears, without any hint of discord, and that is a great charm. For him, the opposition between Christianity and Greece does not exist, and *Télémaque* is the unique monument of that happy and almost impossible harmony.

The *Télémaque* (how can we refrain from saying a word of it when speaking of Fénelon?) is not pure antique. Pure antique nowadays would be more or less imitation and pasticcio. We have had, since that work, some striking models of that antique studied and remade with passion and learning. The *Télémaque* is another thing, something much more artless and more original in its very imitation. It is the antique regrasped naturally and without an effort by a modern genius, by a Christian heart, which, fed on Homer's speech, recalls it freely to mind and draws from it as from the source; but he insensibly remakes and transforms it in proportion as he recalls it to mind. This beauty thus deviated, softened down without being impaired, flows in Fénelon in full channels, and overflows like an abundant and easy fountain, an ever-sacred fountain, which adapts itself to its new slope and its new banks. To properly appreciate *Télémaque*, there is only one thing to be done; forget, if you can, that you have read it too much in your childhood. I had this happiness last year; I had almost forgotten *Télémaque*, and I was able to reread it with the freshness of novelty.

From the literary side many have praised and many have tried to define Fénélon, but never, in my opinion, with a happier sensibility of expression and a more touching resemblance than in the following passage, where both his style and his person are discussed: 'What he made us feel was not ecstasies, but a succession of peaceable and inexpressible sentiments: there was in his language I know not what tranquil harmony, what sweet

deliberation, what lingering charm that no words can render'. It is Chactas who says this in *Les Natchez*. It is rather strange that such words should be found in the mouth of an American Indian, but they are none the less beautiful and perfect, and worthy to be inscribed after the pages of Fénelon.

BARNAVE [1]

Monday, April 7, 1850.

It was in 1843—that is to say, just fifty years after Barnave's death—that his very authentic works appeared, collected by the piety of one of his sisters, Mme. de Saint-Germain, assisted by M. Bérenger. Barnave was previously known only as an orator; but the orator, ever performing and on the stage, does not sufficiently allow the man to show through. In these works, on the other hand, it is the man that we are enabled to see, the nature and quality of the mind still more than of the talent, the moral person. Barnave, having returned to his home in January, 1792, after the closing of the Constituent Assembly, placed under arrest in September of the same year, detained for more than a year before perishing on the scaffold, took advantage of that interval to write reflections of every kind upon the subjects that habitually occupied his mind. These political and other thoughts, by reason of their serious and truthful character, the absence of all declamation, the sincerity of his confessions and his noble remorse for faults committed, of his sage views with regard to the future mingled with criticism of the present, are greatly to Barnave's honour, and cannot but confirm and clear up the impression of interest and esteem which remains attached to his memory. I do not think that sufficient attention was paid to these volumes at the time they appeared, and that is an omission that should be repaired.

Barnave was twenty-seven years of age when he was elected a member of the States-General, and he died at thirty-two. From the very beginning he distinguished

[1] *Works of Barnave.* Published by M. Bérenger (of La Drôme). (4 vols.)

himself in the Assembly by the clearness of his intellect and his speech, and he took his place with general favour. In consequence of an unfortunate speech which inadvertently escaped him, and to which we shall return, he became more of a party man than he should have done. He quickly gained in authority in spite of his youth, and grew in power of debating; he was a man to be reckoned with in all important deliberations. Once or twice he appeared to disconcert Mirabeau, and he had the honour of holding him in check. His chief talent lay in argument; he was wont to intervene towards the end of a debate and possessed the art of clearing it up, of summing it up. Mme. de Staël remarked that by his talent he was better adapted than any other deputy to make a speaker in the English sense, that is to say, a speaker who could reason and debate. His nerve, his vigour, his noble sentiments, which were not simulated, preserved him from the disadvantage which his enemies might have reproached him with, which Mme. Roland does reproach him with, which was a slight coldness. There were speakers in the Constituent Assembly who had more power, more impetuosity, more thunder, and gave the impression of a grander eloquence; there was none perhaps who had in a higher degree than he 'facility in debating, in connecting his ideas, in speaking on the question without having previously written his speech'. If we should be called upon to name at this distance, amongst the members of that great Assembly, the orator who was the most faithful representative of it from the first to the last day, in the constancy and continuity of its spirit, in its capacity, its brilliance, in its faults, in its integrity too and in the work of its sane majority, it is not Mirabeau, who was too great, too corrupt, carried away too soon, that we should choose, nor Maury, the Mirabeau of the minority, nor La Fayette, who had too little eloquence, nor any other; for the combination of qualities which best express the physiognomy of the Constituent Assembly, it is Barnave, the young deputy of the Dauphiné, that we should choose.

He was born at Grenoble, on October 22, 1761; his father was a respected lawyer, his mother beautiful and dignified. His parents professed the reformed religion; but he does not at any time seem to have gained from it

anything but a certain thoughtful and serious habit of mind. He was brought up in austerity and the home affections, in the midst of that honest and vigorous middle class, of which he will soon be the champion and avenger. A rather striking incident must have acted upon his mind in early childhood. One day his mother took him to the theatre; there was only one box vacant, and she took her seat in it. But this box had been reserved for one of the toadies of the Duc de Tonnerre, the Governor of the province, and first the manager, then the officer on guard came and entreated Mme. Barnave to retire. She refused and, by order of the Governor, four fusiliers came upon the scene to back up their persuasions. The pit was already taking sides, and a collision was to be feared, when M. Barnave, informed of the insult done to his wife, appeared and took her away, saying: 'I leave by order of the Governor'. The whole public, the whole middle-class community resented this insult done to the Barnaves and loudly testified their resentment. They pledged themselves not to enter the theatre again until satisfaction had been given, and they kept their word in fact for several months, until Mme. Barnave consented to reappear. The impression of this insult must have reacted upon the precocious mind of the young Barnave: there is no surer way of appreciating an injustice, a general inequality, than to be directly affected by it, either in one's own person or that of one's people. As soon as he saw his way, Barnave took an oath 'to raise *the cast to which he belonged* (that is his expression) from the state of humiliation to which it seemed to be condemned'.

Proud, ardent, impatient of injustice, deeply animated by a sense of human dignity, we soon see him reacting upon himself, laying down rules of conduct and study, analysing himself, joining reflection and method to his first impulses. He is fond of committing all his ideas to paper. At sixteen he fights a duel for his younger brother, who had been insulted, he is wounded a few lines from the heart. At seventeen he prefers to associate only with people older than himself; though physically favoured and possessed of natural elegance, he has a predilection for serious conversation. With a strong bent for literature, he is able to constrain himself and

vigorously to apply himself to the study of the Law, in deference to his father. If the latter's austerity kept him a little at a distance, he found opportunities for expansion and cheerful relaxation in company of his mother and his younger brother and sisters. But there, too, the habit of his mind reveals its serious turn. We see him giving his young sisters charming pieces of advice, the justness of which was seasoned by gaiety. He early loses that younger brother for whom he had fought, and who promised to distinguish himself in the exact sciences. He mourns him, he gives expression to his grief in a few sincere and touching pages quite in the antique manner:

'Thou wast, he exclaims, one of those whom I separated from the world, and I had placed thee very near my heart. Alas! thou art no more than a memory, a fugitive thought: the falling leaf and the impalpable shadow are less ethereal than thou'.

It is remarkable how, in more than one passage, the idea of a future existence is almost naturally absent from Barnave's supposition:

'But, O dear image! he continues, no, thou wilt never be for thy brother an extinct and unreal being: often present in my thought, thou dost enliven my solitude. . . . When a sweet thought moves me, I call thee to share my enjoyment. I call thee especially when my heart meditates an honest project, and when I see thy countenance smile I taste the reward of it with greater delight. Often thou directest the thoughts which animate my dreams before slumber. I do not hide myself from thee, but it is very true that, when my soul is occupied with its weaknesses, I do not try to call thee. Then I do not see thee smile. Oh! thy fair face is a surer guide than the morality of men'.

There is another touching passage on his mother, recorded on the day after this cruel loss. If Barnave ever attained what one might call poetic sentiment or expression (a very rare accident with him), it was on that day of emotion. I must quote this felicitous page, which gives him a place between Vauvenargues and André Chénier, his natural brothers, who died at the same age, whom we like to associate with him in respect of talent and heart as well as destiny.

ON HIS MOTHER

(After the death of his brother).

'She rose sick at heart; we all came down to breakfast; she, too, came a few moments after, but she would take nothing; this grieved us all.

'As she had an internal pain I offered her some coffee, which she took. During the rest of the day she was better, but very melancholy. Delicate and tender as she is, very little will grieve her heart and arouse her emotions.

'The noon-day wind was blowing; all day it stirred the trees under the windows and brought down the last leaves of the year'.

How well this noon-day wind, which blows and makes the last leaves to fall, is brought in by a delicate and touching harmony!

'In the evening, at the end of the day's work, we went for a walk, she, Adelaide, and I. As we walked, we sang tender and melancholy airs; we spoke of Saint-Huberti's talents. The evening, the wind, the clouds, the falling leaves, spoke a language that went to the heart. We were touched, and by degrees silence succeeded to conversation.—This wind saddens me, she said at one time.—A moment after, I spoke to her, and she did not reply; she was oppressed; she remained so for some time, in spite of our words and caresses, to which she could not respond. At last, the testimony of our affection calmed a little the violence of her state; we succeeded in moving her. She spoke of my brother with pain, her head dropping on my shoulder; her highly strung nerves relaxed; she sobbed; tears came, and she felt soothed. The sympathy of our hearts calmed hers; I pointed out to her that our Du Gua (that was the name of his brother) was happier than we, happy, if our hearts were known to him, on account of all the traces he had left in them. We promised to endeavour all our lives to comfort each other for our loss. Her tears flowed more freely; she became tranquil. But, during the remainder of the walk, we could not speak any more, and were all occupied with the subject of her grief'.

In this intelligent and patriotic province of the Dauphiné, Barnave's serious youth found subjects for inspiration and exercise; his political life began prematurely. The Dauphiné, he has remarked, distinguished itself early, in the resistance of the other provinces, by a *bold* and *methodic* progress; that, too, is the double character of the whole of Barnave's career. When

devoting himself to the study of Law, he felt at first urged not so much to the civil as to the political branch; he read eagerly, he earnestly searched and absorbed all the French works on these matters of government and institutions. In 1783, when he was twenty-two years of age, he delivered, at the close of the sittings of the Parliament, a discourse *On the Necessity of the Division of Powers in the Political Body*. When the disturbances of the Dauphiné occurred, the regular insurrection against the Edicts and the spontaneous convocation of the States of that province, which had its own premature revolution, he was quite ready; he was amongst the first to give the signal by a courageous and opportune work. He bore his first arms under the worthy Mounier, and was deservedly borne at his side, and by the same votes, to the States-General.

He relates in simple and truthful terms his first impressions and his state of mind on his arrival at Versailles: 'My personal position in these first moments, he says, resembled that of no other: too young to harbour the idea of controlling so imposing an Assembly, this situation also brought assurance to all those who had any claims to become leaders; none saw in me a rival, every one might see in me a disciple or a useful follower'. He began already to exercise some ascendency by the clearness of his opinions and the energy of his speech. The leaders welcomed him with good-will; and he, with that confident illusion that no noble youth escapes, tried at first to exercise that sort of influence which they appeared to allow him, with a view of uniting them: 'Thus, he said, I made vain efforts to reconcile Mounier and the Abbé Sieyès, an undertaking very worthy of a young man in respect of those imperious men, who had come to assert opposite systems'.

He quickly formed himself and decided upon the line he was to follow. He had at first been regarded as Mounier's *aide-de-camp*, and he did what was necessary to shake himself free and appear independent. According to him, 'Mounier and his partizans appeared to be unaware that there was a revolution; they tried to build the edifice with broken materials'. This group of honourable but stubborn men soon met with insurmountable obstacles, and they abdicated. Outside of their party, three systems

were henceforth face to face: the first aimed at regenerating the monarchical power by changing the person of the monarch: that was the secret thought of the Orleans party. The second system, which joined as yet only a small number of adepts, aimed already at substituting a republican government for the monarchical power. Lastly, the third system, which was that of the majority, consisted in preserving both the throne and the actual occupier of it, and 'in renovating all the other parts by using them so to say as an under-pinning, and placing them behind the shelter of this principal building'. To this latter party Barnave frankly rallied, without any reserve; but his progress was not free from temptations, deviations and errors. From the first months he allied himself with Duport and the Lameths, and this close connexion endured to the last without any weakening. He calls these friends of his choice, to whom he remained ever faithful, 'men *full of faults*, but of probity, character and courage'. That is the way he speaks of them in the writings intended solely for his own perusal; he spoke of them in the same way before his accusers and in face of the scaffold: this double judgment is too much in harmony not to be sincerely his. I have said that an unfortunate speech uttered almost at the beginning of his career altered his situation in the Assembly and impaired the purity of his character. It is that speech which escaped him in the sitting of July 23, 1789, on the occasion of the murders of Foulon and Bertier, out of which Lally-Tolendal made political capital by denouncing it: 'Was the blood that was shed then so pure'? That is the famous word, the fatal and inexcusable word which escaped from Barnave, and which, if taken by itself, if closely examined in every sense, as was done by his enemies, would strangely calumniate his instincts and his heart. 'All those with whom I have lived, he said, have seen, by my actions and my words, that I considered elevation of character to consist especially of these two things, *frankness* and *moderation*; and if, in the course of the Revolution, I have sometimes neglected the latter, I declare that then I only ceased to be myself'. After regretting this hasty expression, he adds these sincere words:

'But here, with the same truth, I will relate what passed within me, and how those words were forced from me.

'I have always regarded as one of the chief qualities of a man the power of keeping a cool head at the moment of danger, and I have even a certain contempt for those who give way to tears when it is necessary to act. But this contempt, I confess, changes to profound indignation when I think I perceive a display of sensibility which is merely a stage trick.

'Here are the facts:

'Before this event was spoken of in the Assembly, Desmeuniers showed me a letter which informed him of it. I was strongly moved, and I assured him that I understood like himself the necessity of putting an end to such disorders.

'A moment after, M. de Lally uttered his denunciation. We might have expected him to speak of Foulon and Bertier, of the state of Paris, of the necessity of repressing murders. No; he spoke of himself, of his sensibility, of his father; he ended by proposing a proclamation.

'Then I rose. I confess that my muscles were contracted. . . .'

We think we can see the situation, the attitude and the gestures on both sides: on the one side, M. de Lally, who has been called the fattest, the gayest, the most gourmand of men of feeling, that witty and demonstrative personage, who on account of a moment of generous eloquence and pathos in his youth was privileged to be a declaimer all his life, possessing the fine gift of tears and making use of it on this, as on all occasions; on the other hand, a young, ardent, rather bitter man, angry at seeing a display of humanity becoming an oratorical machine and a stroke of tactics; imagine the two men face to face, and all will be explained. But the speech was none the less very awkward for Barnave. It required his whole life and especially his death to redeem it. We will only add that the excessive severity with which, in peaceful times, and from their comfortable arm-chairs, many have been led to judge such accidents, would only prove that they might say worse things themselves in a time of tumult and when occasion offered.

Barnave's public life is well known, and we are not going to dwell here upon the succession of labours and memorable acts of which it is made up. In the pages of reflections and lofty considerations which he wrote in retirement and during his imprisonment in 1792, we must do him this justice, that he speaks above all of general subjects and events, and very little about himself. When he does speak of himself it is generally to add a few con-

fessions which are calculated to touch. He confesses that a love of popularity was long his weak point and his idol, and that, if for a moment he deviated from his straight course, he soon came back to it when he saw there was a danger of losing sight of it:

'As soon as a weak man, he remarked, feels that popularity is escaping from him he makes a thousand efforts to keep hold of it, and that is ordinarily the moment when one is most unfaithful to one's opinion, and liable to be carried away to the most foolish and disastrous extravagances.—For a man of character, the opposite error would be most to be feared, and, as the former would yield to cowardice, the latter would be inclined to give way to rancour'.

This man of character was himself, and he, too, was at one time the weak man. Let us hear these noble confessions:

'I felt the first disposition (that of weakness) at the beginning of 1791, and the second (that of rancour) in the same year after the affair of the Colonies. I kept such a guard over myself, that I do not think I swerved from my natural course; but the second time, if I had not imposed upon myself an almost complete silence for a fortnight, I might in a moment of heat have done myself a real and irreparable wrong'.

In another place he admits more explicitly having deviated from his course, when, having again become a regular attendant at the public sittings of the Assembly, from which his work in Committees had obliged him to absent himself, he observed that his popularity had notably diminished, and that outside attacks had done their work. This kind of disfavour, quite novel for him, found him singularly vulnerable: 'This period of my public life is the only one, he confesses, in which I was not entirely myself; one mistake dragged me into another'. And he enumerates them. We recommend the reading of these pages to those who are loyally entering the public career, and who neither wish to flatter the idol of ruling public opinion, nor (what is another caprice) assume the part of braving it.

Barnave gives us the following little list, which is curious as offering a sort of statistics or scale of popularity in this first revolutionary period:

'Necker was the first who in our time, in France, enjoyed

what is called popularity.—It attached itself to La Fayette, at the time of the creation of the National Guard. Soon after, Mirabeau shared it with him; but Mirabeau's popularity, like that of M. d'Orléans, was always accompanied by a great deal of distrust. Charles Lameth and I then had it, a little diminished, however, because La Fayette still kept a large number of partizans.—We lost it during the affair of the Colonies, but the scoundrel who robbed us of it (*he is less angry with Brissot in other places*) could not win it, because the people, thoughtless though they are, have yet a tact which cannot be taken in by this cunning hypocrisy; it went then to Robespierre, but so diminished that one may say that he did not perhaps win the fourth part of our partizans'.

Yes, it went to Robespierre diminished in number and extent, but increased in intensity and carried to the point of fanaticism, which made it more real and more formidable.

Barnave's popularity was as yet only partially impaired, when he was chosen with La Tour-Maubourg and Pétion, as a delegate of the Assembly, to bring back the fugitive Louis XVI to Paris, after his arrest at Varennes. On this subject many suppositions and much romance have been written; nothing can be simpler and clearer than Barnave's conduct. It is directly attested by himself, and not less directly by the reliable enough testimony of Pétion. The latter, indeed, wrote an account of this return from Varennes which is still in manuscript, and of which I have been allowed to read a copy in the study of the former and still gracious Chancellor of France, M. Pasquier. Pétion's account does as much honour to Barnave as it does little to the narrator himself and, through a strange oversight, the speaker does not seem to have any suspicion of it. In presence of these great and touching misfortunes, Pétion seems taken up with one thing only, the respect of his own virtue, with the design he supposes all the world to be harbouring to catch it at fault and to corrupt it, with his anxiety to preserve and assert it. There are some silly portions and others which might seem worse. Nothing could equal the vulgarity of the tone, unless it be that of the sentiments. With regard to Barnave and Maubourg, of whom he is very distrustful, this very distrust does them justice; he testifies to what extent, in this circumstance, they were prepared to feel differently from himself.

'For a long time, says Pétion at the beginning of his story I had had no connexion with Barnave; I had never associated with Maubourg. Maubourg knew Mme. de Tourzel (governess to the children of France) very well, and one cannot conceal the fact that Barnave had already conceived some plans. They thought it very politic to shelter behind a man who was known to be an enemy of all intrigue, and a lover of good morals and virtue'.

Leaving morals and virtue aside, this testimony has some value. It is very important indeed for historical truth to acknowledge that what has been called Barnave's change does not date from this journey, is not the result of of a simple emotion, very conceivable by the way and very natural, but of a previous and reasoned modification of views and principles. The impressions of the time only assisted and confirmed it. With regard to the journey itself, the precisest and most circumstantial details have shown that at no moment could any private conversation have taken place between the Queen and Barnave. Pétion and Barnave, who were inside the royal coach, were always together:

'We arrived unexpectedly at Dormans, writes Pétion; I several times observed Barnave (who was seated opposite to him, between the King and the Queen), and though the dim light did not permit me to distinguish with great accuracy, his bearing towards the Queen appeared to me honest, reserved, and the conversation had no appearance of mystery'.

And a little farther, on leaving La Ferté-sous-Jouarre:

'Barnave talked for a moment with the Queen, but it seemed to me in a rather indifferent manner'.

What was quite natural and inevitable was that the Queen, like the woman she was, immediately recognized in Barnave the attitude, the tone, the consideration of what will always be called in France a gentleman (*homme comme il faut*); she felt herself to be the object of a respectful and discreet pity; she understood that she could, to a certain extent, depend upon him. Barnave, on his part, reviewing in his prison the memories of this epoch, was able to say of so touching a conjuncture, 'that by engraving on his imagination this memorable example of misfortune, it had no doubt helped him to easily support his own'.

The impression was besides not limited to a mere moral disposition; the effect was seen in some of his more conspicuous political acts. Barnave's first great speech in the Assembly, on the very question which this flight had raised, on the royal inviolability which had been called into question, may be regarded as his finest triumph, though an ephemeral triumph. He rises to a height of political views and eloquence which he had never yet attained, and one might have thought him inspired by the genius of Mirabeau. In this disastrous circumstance he tries to revive, to restore in all its integrity that so compromised ideal of the inviolability and impeccability of the constitutional king, which the impetuosity of the French spirit has never been able to accept or to imagine, but which it was honourable to offer it. Over this fallen and humiliated King he tries to throw the sheltering cloak of theory and the law, and he did so with a breadth, a dignity, a warmth of impulse which called forth almost unanimous applause. It was then that, wishing to point out all the danger there lay for liberty itself in making the monarch personally responsible to such a degree either in good or evil, he exclaimed: 'To those who cry out so furiously against the individual who has sinned, I will say: *You would be at his feet, I suppose, if you were satisfied with him!*'

Mirabeau one day said to Barnave, to signify that his oratorical talent was not genius: 'There is no divinity in thee!' If Barnave ever belied Mirabeau's words, it was on that day.

In the last part of this discourse, leaving the details of the recriminations, deprecating all middle courses and taking the facts in the mass, he scanned the future in all its extent, he said: 'Every change is to-day fatal; every prolongation of the Revolution is to-day disastrous. I put the question here, and here it is marked by the national interest. Shall we end the Revolution? shall we recommence it?' The speech, read to-day, has something prophetic; the sensation it caused was profound at the time; Barnave gained his case in the Assembly, but it was already lost outside.

And not only in the speaker's tribune did he henceforth become the man of the constitutional monarchy; it appears certain that after the return from Varennes,

Barnave, in one way or another, accepted and kept up connexion with the Court, and that he gave advice more or less directly. Mme. Campan's story, though inaccurate on several points and betraying throughout a slightly romantic colouring which is not becoming to Barnave, seems to admit of no doubt on that point. In the works of Barnave we have before us, which were written during his imprisonment, it is not astonishing that we should see no mention or trace of those secret relations, the mere suspicion of which soon sufficed to cause his ruin. It is really puzzling, however, to hear Barnave, in his Defence before the Revolutionary Tribunal, expressing himself in these terms: 'I bear witness, on my life, that I have never, absolutely never, had the slightest correspondence with the Castle; that I have never, absolutely never, set foot in the Castle'. That is explicit. Such a declaration, in face of Mme. Campan's story, cannot, I repeat, fail to really puzzle and perplex us; for one hesitates to admit that Barnave spoke here simply as an advocate who thinks himself entitled to deny everything that is not proved. But whilst hesitating to do so from respect for his moral character, one is at a loss to find any other explanation. It is to be regretted that M. Bérenger, in the estimable and interesting Notice he has placed at the head of the present volumes, has not approached and discussed this delicate point, so as to decisively settle it; it is an unfortunate gap in a work which might otherwise pass for definitive. If we had not this definite and perplexing denial from the lips of Barnave, we should have no other reason for disguising what, after all, would have been honourable and avowable. Barnave was not, and never gave himself out as a republican: he was a constitutional royalist who, even in secret, can never have offered any advice except in that direction. But he believed little in the efficacity of his words; he left Paris before the period indicated by Mme. Campan; he was no longer there in the first days of January, 1792, having returned to his domestic hearth. His letters to the Lameths, written at this date, show clearly enough what should be the sense and the nature of the only counsels he was capable of giving.[1]

[1] I refer the reader to the end of the article for a few details I have received on Barnave's relations with the Court.

Barnave quickly came to maturity. His criticisms on the last acts of the Constituent Assembly display much wisdom. He discerns and shows up distinctly the supreme faults committed by that great Assembly, just as he disclosed, by the way, his own. By forbidding its members an entry into the next legislature and declaring them excluded from all offices in the gift of the King, the Constituent Assembly prolonged and reopened the Revolution, at the very moment when it declared it closed. It arbitrarily hurried the conclusion, and substituted a theatrical dénouement for a true political solution. In cutting off all communication between itself and its successors, it acted just as if it had wished to notify them to begin all over again; they were in any case quite disposed to do so. From that moment the fate of the Revolution, already so hazardous, was rendered entirely doubtful. They had missed the port, and had to make a double crossing: 'It is no longer the voyage to America, said Barnave ingeniously, but the voyage to India'. He did not conclude, however, that they should be discouraged or despair, and he wrote from Grenoble to one of the Lameths (March 31, 1792): 'Men who have *excessively* desired a revolution cannot, when halfway, lack head or courage'.

This noble feeling of devotion and faith in his cause never forsook him, in spite of disappointments and ingratitude; he has expressed it on a noble page which sums up his final examination of his conscience in politics:

'(1792.) What an immense space we have traversed in these three years, and yet we cannot flatter ourselves on having arrived at the term!

'We have stirred up the earth *very deeply*, we have found a fertile and virgin soil; but what corrupt exhalations have risen from it! How much intelligence in individuals, how much courage in the mass; but how little real character, how little calm strength, and, above all, how little true virtue!

'Arrived at my home, I ask myself whether it would not have been better never to have left it; and I need a little reflection to reply, so greatly does the situation in which this new Assembly has placed us cast down our courage and energy.

'However, after a little reflection, one is convinced that, whatever may happen, we cannot cease to be free, and that the chief errors we have destroyed will never reappear. How many misfortunes should we suffer to make us forget such advantages!'

This must have been written soon after his return to Grenoble. His imprisonment hardly changed this disposition of mind. Detained for more than a year in the Dauphiné, the numerous writings with which he filled the long hours of reflection and solitude are stamped with the same character: maturity, wisdom, elevation, no feeling of exasperation or hatred, nothing personal. I will not maintain that all his ideas appear to me equally clear, free and timely; there are some which are evidently only tentative. There is much that is hazardous in his literary views, and still more in his physiological ideas; there is much feeling of his way, even in his political considerations, when he goes outside of that which he knows best, and when, looking beyond his inner horizon, he approaches, for example, questions of foreign relations. But in what concerns France, the knowledge of parties, the play of different elements, their quality and relative strength, he is an excellent critic. What he says of the moderate party, of the constitutional party of the time, of that sane majority of the nation, of that middle class of which he was the glory, and that he knew so well, is worthy of being remarked:

'The moderate party which, whether in number or in composition, might be regarded as the nation itself, is almost a cipher in respect of influence; it throws its weight, indeed, to the side which tries to slacken the movement, but it hardly dares publicly to explain its desire. When the events it has most dreaded have come to pass, it subscribes to them, it forsakes its old leaders and its old principles, and in the new march only seeks to form the rearguard still and to delay the progress of the revolutionary column, which it slowly and reluctantly follows.

'This party has always basely abandoned its leaders, whilst the aristocratic or popular party has always valiantly supported its chiefs. All we can expect of it, as a rule, is a few secret prayers and a little applause when we have won them a victory. A weak support in success, no resources in defeat, no hope of vengeance.

'In this Revolution there was never displayed any energy, any combination or talent except in attack. . . .'

Decidedly, Barnave is a general who knew his army well. No less well did he know his adversaries. After August 10, drawing a clear parallel between the authors of the first Revolution and those of the second, he ends

by asking: 'The former desired the establishment of a free and limited monarchy: *what did the others desire?*' It is the history of the Girondists at all times.

Barnave was removed from the prisons of the Dauphiné to Paris in November, 1793; during the journey, and foreseeing his near end, he wrote from Dijon to one of his sisters a letter which may be regarded as the will and testament of this serious, noble and stoically tender soul:

'I am still in my youth, he wrote, and yet I have already known, I have already experienced all the blessings and all the ills which constitute this human life; gifted with a lively imagination, I long believed in chimeras; but I have become disillusioned, and, now when I am about to leave this life, the only blessings I have regretted are friendship (nobody could flatter himself more than I of having tasted the sweets of it), and the cultivation of the mind, the habit of which often filled my days with delight'.

But he acknowledges at the same time that this moderate enjoyment, though it was a comfort, never sufficed for happiness. Then thinking of those who will survive, his mother, his sisters, the friends he does not dare to name, he speaks with that tone which denotes a moral integrity preserved to the last. These affectionate recommendations to his sister breathe the honour of his house and the religion of his family.

'Before everything, never marry any but a man whose conduct and sentiments are in harmony with your own; though he should be poor, provided that he is able to provide your wants by a profession and the power of work, let that not be an obstacle. You should feel and think in harmony, and form a family as ours was: that is the chief foundation of happiness'.

In conclusion, he does not appear to believe with much certainty in the persistence of thought beyond this life:

'My beloved ones, the hope that you will attain to a happy existence will sweeten my last moments; it will fill my heart. If this feeling existed beyond this life, if one could recall what one has left, that would be the sweetest idea for me. May my thoughts gradually become tender without being painful. Think that I have made a distant voyage, that I do not suffer, that if I could feel I should be happy and contented, provided that you are so'.

munications seem to have been written in such a manner, and in the third person, that neither correspondent could be very much compromised by them. Jarjayes' pocket was like a bureau where each deposited his thought, his personal reflection, his *monologue*, without appearing to be aware that another might gain knowledge of it.

'There remains no doubt (if we examine the matter with a mathematical precision) a certain restriction, a certain interpretation to be given to Barnave's words before the Revolutionary Tribunal: *I have never had any correspondence with the Castle.* But as the tribunal, so is the deposition'.

That is the most plausible explanation, in the same terms in which I have received them; and, in spite of all, our moral sentiment persists in suffering by so explicit a denial on the part of Barnave.

In this way an ancient, a friend of Cicero or Thraseas, might have spoken of his near end in the midst of his friends, and had the courage to die.

After all, to die at thirty-two, at the zenith of a life so well filled, when youth still shines, when acquired experience has not yet dried up within us all hope and faith in the regeneration of society and in the future destiny of humanity, is not perhaps so lamentable a lot. What would Barnave have become if he had overcome that fatal epoch, if he had lived? He would have seen the time come which he foresaw, when the nation, *satiated with talk*, threw itself entirely to the side of victory. The Consul, who erected a statue to Barnave by the side of Vergniaud's in the grand staircase of the palace of the Senate, would have made him ascend its steps, if he had lived. He would have become Count Barnave under the Empire. He would have attained an honourable old age, but whilst feeling the fire die down within him and no longer bearing the light on his brow. The other end was for him more dignified and more beautiful. He is now immortal in the memory of men; there he is fixed for ever in the attitude of youth, of talent, of virtue recovered in spite of errors and trials, and of a supreme and enviable sacrifice, which purifies and redeems all.

NOTE.—I owe to the kindness of the Marquis de Jaucourt, ex-Minister of State, who knew Barnave well, a few explanations which answer the questions I asked myself relative to the connexion of the celebrated orator with the Queen. The following is what M. de Jaucourt and the best-informed persons of his society believed on that subject (I reproduce exactly what was transmitted to me):

'Barnave never saw the Queen. It was Duport who saw her in Barnave's name; but the usual intermediary was the Chevalier de Jarjayes, whose wife belonged to the Queen's household. When the Queen wished to send any communication to Barnave, she slipped a sealed letter into Jarjayes' pocket, and the latter carried it to Barnave, who, after reading it, sealed it again and replaced it in the pocket of the messenger, in order that the Queen might resume possession of it and destroy it. The same method was adopted when Barnave sent his advice to the princess; the same conveyance by the said pocket, and the same return into Barnave's hands. It follows that Barnave was able to say, *à la rigueur or nearly so*, before the Revolutionary Tribunal, that he had never had any direct relations with the Queen, that he had never seen her, etc. Besides, the com-

PLINY THE NATURALIST[1]

Monday, April 22, 1850.

I HAVE long already had a desire, if only for the sake of variety, to speak for once of an ancient writer, and I dare not. It is not because subjects are wanting. I have here on my desk books that are very worthy of attention and of being recommended to studious readers: and, for example, an *Essay on the History of Criticism among the Greeks*, in which M. Egger has collected with learning and intelligence all the curious notions that one can desire on the critics, the rhetoricians, the grammarians of antiquity before and since Aristotle. The centre, the principal body of the work, is Aristotle himself and his *Poetics* translated and commented, that Poetic Art which so many people invoked yesterday and that so few have read. But to approach the ancients fittingly requires uncommon preparations. Machiavelli, in years of disgrace when he was forced to mingle with a vulgar life, read them only at a certain hour of the day, and after making his toilet as if to render himself worthy of approaching them. And then, to approach them is not enough; if one still desires to present them and make them acceptable to others, to what degree of familiarity must one not make them one's own? I know not if all art even would suffice to interest in them the men of our time, who are so much and so justly occupied with their own affairs, their own fears, and who, in their short moments of distraction, do not at least wish to exert themselves. Men, taken in the mass, are interested only in what concerns them, in the things of yesterday, in the things that still re-echo, in the great names which a favourable glory has not ceased to render present. The rest is a matter

[1] *Natural History*, translated by M. E. Littré.

of study, of solitary curiosity, of a distant plan reserved for years of retirement and repose, for those years which are always put off and which will never come; but in the usual current, in the torrent of interests and ideas, when one has but a quarter of an hour here and there to give up to Letters properly speaking, one has not time, in truth, to lend ear to an ancient, any more than, in a crowd where everybody jostles us, there is any possibility of stopping to speak with an old man who expresses himself with dignity and deliberation.

However, Pliny tempted me to-day. Among the ancients, the two Plinys have remained the most present and the most recent in the memory. They came to us hand in hand, the uncle and nephew; the latter told us in our childhood of the memorable death of the other. One knows enough about them to wish to know more. Pliny the Elder, called *the Naturalist*, has just been translated in full by M. Littré, and the excellent translator has besides appraised his author in a Notice written, like everything that comes from M. Littré's pen, with elevation of views, independence and firmness. Now is the time to form a correct idea of the celebrated person who is thus displayed in full light.

Pliny the Elder was not altogether a naturalist, as one might imagine at first sight, from the title and fame of his principal work: he was a man of war, an administrator. Born under Tiberius, he died in the same year as Titus, having lived through the reigns of Claudius and the other emperors, serving in the armies and in different public offices. As a young man, and commanding a body of cavalry in Germany, he had written a special and theoretical treatise on the *Art of Throwing the Javelin from Horse-back*. He had written besides, in twenty books, the History of the *Wars in Germany*, which did not prevent him afterwards composing books on rhetoric and even on grammar, on the difficulties of the language. It was in the reign of Nero that he passed his time in these petty grammatical and literary questions; it was not then safe for thought to take a higher flight. At one time he applied himself to jurisprudence, and pleaded as an advocate. This diversity of functions and studies was the glory and the strength of the Romans. When he died in the eruption of Vesuvius, at the age of fifty-

eight, he was in command the fleet at Misenum. Besides his large *Natural History* he had written, in his last years, a political *History of his Time*, in thirty-one books. In an interesting letter his nephew describes the nature of his mind and his habits of work. Pliny never lost a moment: rising before daylight, he found time at night for his favourite labours; those he called his moments of leisure. Devoting his day to his public functions and the service of his princes, he settled with his sleep for the remainder of his time, and deprived himself of as much of it as he could. *To live*, he would say, *is to watch*. So, although he died before his term, few men have lived more than he.

'He who knows not the value of time was not born for fame'. This thought of Vauvenargues appears to have been Pliny's rule of conduct. He would read, or have somebody read to him, at all hours, make notes and extracts of everything. His principle was 'that no book is so bad but that one may derive profit from some part of it'. He carried his economy of time to the point of avarice. One day when he was being read to in presence of one of his friends, the latter asked the reader to repeat a sentence which he had pronounced badly. 'Did you understand?' said Pliny. And when the friend replied that he had understood: 'Then, added Pliny, why make him begin again? Your interruption has made us lose ten lines'. All the time that was not devoted to study he regarded as wasted. His extracts on every matter were considerable. His nephew possessed as many as a hundred and sixty books of chosen extracts, written, he says, in a very small hand, and even on the back of the paper.

One may already have an idea of the nature of the *Natural History*, written by a man of whom that is the principal method. It will be a vast repertory, an inventory of all that has been said, rather than of what he has himself seen and observed. Pliny is not the least bit of an Aristotle, that is to say, a directly observing and original genius, criticizing the object of his experiments or his readings, and aspiring to discover the true laws. It has been said with magnificent justice of Alexander's tutor, that if anybody deserved to be called the teacher of the human race, it was he. There was only

one Aristotle in all antiquity. Pliny is anything but that; he appears to us only as a zealous student, curious about nature, but it is above all a curiosity of the study. Not that he does not directly observe the facts when an opportunity presents itself. He somewhere speaks of the experiments he made on the song of the swan; he will readily go to see a collection of medicinal plants in the garden of a celebrated amateur of his time, Antonius Castor; everything curious to be seen, he sees: witness his memorable death. That death, which is connected with the catastrophe of Vesuvius, has given him in the eyes of posterity the appearance of a stubborn observer, of a noble martyr to science. In reality, he was rather a man of letters, a scholar, admiring and studying nature through others' books and treatises, from which he delicately extracts and compiles the substance and the flower, and not only the flower, for he does not always exercise choice, and accepts as many errors as truths. In this immense Digest of nature, in this Encyclopedia in thirty-seven books, the author and collector appears remarkable and a master especially in this, that a broad breath of talent and greatness circulates through it, that the power of his pen nowhere shows any weakness, or any weariness in explaining so many often tiresome details. He enlivens them by piquant historical anecdotes; he improves them at least by concision; he elevates them whenever he can by moral views which have their beauty, even when they border on the commonplace, by a profound sense of the sacred immensity of nature, and also by that of the majesty of Rome.

After a preface in the form of a familiar Letter addressed to Titus, a witty letter, but difficult to understand in parts, and not written in the same tone as the rest of the work, Pliny enters into his subject-matter. The second book (which is really the first, since the preface cannot be regarded as one), treats of the world and the elements. Leaving aside physics and particular explanations, and considering only what I call ideas, it is easy to see that Pliny is a philosopher, a mind superior to most of the things he records. In connexion with the sun, the soul of nature, of which he draws a splendid picture, he comes to speak of God. He thinks 'that it is an indication of human weakness to inquire into the

figure and form of God'. Metaphorically, one may say that the sun is 'the chief regulator, the principal divinity of nature'; but, in reality, one must not seek for a particular form for God, still less believe that there is an infinite number of gods. And here Pliny departs from the popular opinions of his time; is it necessary to say that he does not believe in the pagan, mythological divinities? and as to the heroic divinities and apotheoses: 'To come to the assistance of man, he says, is to be a God, and that is the road that leads to eternal glory'. But, setting aside this moral interpretation, the *God Augustus* and the *God Caesar* do not inspire him with much awe. Pliny is one of that class of lofty and enlightened minds, who were numerous enough in the ancient civilization before Christianity, who do not separate the idea of God from that of the universe, who do not believe that they are distinct, and who, in the details of life and the usages of society, comply with accepted ideas and useful prejudices: 'It is good, in society, to believe that the gods take an interest in human affairs. . . . Religion, he repeats in several places, is the foundation of life'. But he is thinking only of a quite political religion as the Romans understood it. So Pliny is able to hand down many details of superstition, without being inconsistent on that account. He is far from necessarily admitting the strange things that he records; his faith is not pledged to them, and he tells us so often enough to put us on our guard when he does not tell us. As a man of learning he follows his authors, and on their authority he sets down everything that he finds to his liking; he makes them responsible for the facts. Not that he does not accept and lend authority to many errors, on dreams, for example, on comets, on the omens due to the thunder-bolt: in his ignorance of the natural explanations, he regards many strange accidents, not indeed as the causes, but as the symptoms of other events with which he supposes them to be mysteriously connected. So, too, he is tempted to ascribe to a certain power infused in nature, to a sort of divine intoxication by which it is momentarily possessed, the irregularities, the fantastic productions, the capricious wonders which he cannot refer to any laws. Those are prejudices and errors; above all they are vague explana-

tions. But it seems to me that one cannot fail at once to recognize in Pliny an enlightened man of his time, with whom an enlightened man of our time might enter into immediate understanding and relation, contribute his own and profit without being offended in any essential point and without offending in his turn; with whom, in a word, one might converse on equal terms as with a peer. What explanations Pliny did not find we could give him, without his offering any obstacles of a different order, any mystic or theological resistance; he would admit on proof the roundness of the earth, the antipodes, and the rest. I emphasize this point, because in comparing him with a celebrated encyclopedist of the Middle Age, Vincent de Beauvais, M. Littré appears to me not to have sufficiently differentiated perhaps the nature of Pliny's mind, a mind which closely resembled ours, which was in many respects contemporary with us, whilst that of the good chaplain of Saint Louis was very far from being so.[1]

Pliny has a cult and an enthusiasm for science, a grateful admiration of the illustrious inventors, a sense of the indefinite progress of human knowledge, regret at seeing it sometimes neglected and impeded by subordinate interests, by selfish and greedy passions. In the chapter on meteors and the chief currents of the winds, we should hear him speak of the ancient Greek observers and their comparative superiority:

'More than twenty old Greek writers have published their observations on this subject. And this is the more remarkable, seeing that there is so much discord in the world, and that it is divided into different kingdoms, that is into separate members, that there should have been so many who have paid attention to these subjects, which are so difficult to investigate. Especially when we consider the wars and the treachery which everywhere prevail; while pirates, the enemies of the human race, have possession of all the modes of communication, so that, at this time, a person may acquire more correct information about a country from the writings of those who have never been there than from the inhabitants themselves. Whereas, at this day, in the blessed peace which we enjoy, under a prince who so greatly encourages the advancement of the arts, no new in-

[1] Some very competent persons assure me that, whilst I do justice to Pliny, I am not sufficiently just to Vincent de Beauvais, whom, in fact, I know too little about, and I insert the criticism here as a reparation.

quiries are set on foot, nor do we even make ourselves thoroughly masters of the discoveries of the ancients. Not that there were greater rewards held out, from the advantages being distributed to a greater number of persons, but that there were more individuals who diligently scrutinized these matters, with no other prospect than but of benefiting posterity. *It is that the manners of men are degenerated, not that the advantages are diminished*'.

This eloquent regret returns in more than one passage, though elsewhere he also recognizes the facilities and the blessings due to the peaceful unity of the Empire. But it is to luxury especially, to the satisfactions of the table and of effeminate tastes, that all activities are now turned. Do you know that people laughed at Pliny in his day, that they rallied him, the admiral, the army general, for wasting his time in investigations which appeared sometimes petty and frivolous, for seeking in the study of herbs and simples I know not what recipes that should be left to Cato the Elder? 'The world mocks at my researches, he said, and turns my labours into ridicule; but in this labour, vast as it is, it is a great comfort to me that I share that disdain with nature'.

There is something of a rhetorician in Pliny; this fact should not be overlooked nor exaggerated. When, descending from the spheres and the stars, and the stormy region of the meteors, he comes to describe the earth, he abandons himself to real platitudes, exalting, enlarging upon the qualities and merits of this surface of the globe, exercising his subtlety to attribute more virtues to it than is necessary. He draws a little picture which must have been very fine for quoting in the schools of the day, as we should quote a fine descriptive page of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre or Chateaubriand. But, like these writers he mingles moral reflections with his descriptions and quickly elevates what appeared to us pure rhetoric. Comparing the small extent of the land on our globe with that of the Ocean and the seas (a disproportion which will be still evident at this day in spite of the discovery of new continents), he ironically points to this stage of our glory, our ambitions, our furies: he says, almost in the words used since by the poet Racan, who, in some fine lines, carries us in imagination with the sage to the top of Olympus:

Il voit comme fourmis marcher nos légions
Dans ce petit amas de poussière et de boue,
Dont notre vanité fait tant de régions !

Pliny has a sense of the misery and at the same time of the greatness of man, of the contradictions which he thinks he discovers in him. 'There is nothing more superb than man, he says, and more miserable'. Cuvier has reproached him with a peevish philosophy. Born in a period of calamities and corruption, Pliny indeed carries his moral impressions, and his resentments against society, so to say, into his considerations of nature. His seventh book, in which he treats of Man, begins with a powerful, eloquent and gloomy picture, which seems to reflect the colours of the poet Lucretius, and to provide subject-matter for the meditations of a Pascal. He shows us man, alone among the animals, cast *naked upon a naked earth*, signalizing his appearance in the world by tears, unable to laugh until the fortieth day; and on every occasion he endeavours to show us, by a sort of fatal privilege, that master of the unhappy earth, weak, ever kept in check, and, even in his snatches of pleasure, ever ready to repent of life. I am not going to discuss here this way of looking at things, which Pascal has so powerfully employed since. There are great minds which perhaps exaggerate difficulties and create contradictions within themselves, in order to have the trouble and satisfaction of afterwards unravelling them. More conciliating philosophers, more broadly contemplative minds, have held 'that there are no contradictions in nature'. Yet it is difficult, however indulgent one may be, not to see them in man, as he appears to us at least. Pliny contents himself with remarking the fact without trying to explain it. The whole book on Man is besides one of the most curious in the work. After gathering all sorts of strange and fantastic physiological facts on the sexes, on the organs of the senses, he comes to the great men, those who by reason of some distinction have excelled and been in the first rank. Caesar rightly appears to him to have been the first of mortals in the order of action':

'The most remarkable instance, I think, of vigour of mind in any man ever born was that of Caesar, the Dictator, he says. I am not at present alluding to his valour and courage, nor yet

his exalted genius, which was capable of embracing everything under the face of heaven; but I am speaking of that innate vigour of mind which was so peculiar to him, and that promptness which seemed to act like a flash of lightning'.

And after a few well-known details, he adds:

'He fought as many as fifty pitched battles, being the only commander who exceeded M. Marcellus in this respect, he having fought only thirty-nine. In addition, too, to the victories gained by him in the civil wars, a million one hundred and ninety-two thousand men were slain by him in his battles. For my own part, however, I am not going to set it down as a subject for high renown, what was really an outrage committed upon mankind, even though he may have been acting under the strong influence of necessity; and, indeed, he himself confesses as much, in his omission to state the number of persons who perished by the sword in the civil wars'.

This moral and humane sentiment in Pliny is worthy of remark; he never wearies of expressing it in many a passage, but nowhere more admirably than when speaking of Sylla:

'Down to the present time, L. Sylla is the only man who has claimed to himself the surname of *Happy*, a name which he derived, forsooth, from the bloodshed of the citizens and the oppression of his country! But what claim had he on which to found his title to this happiness? Was it the power he had of proscribing and massacring so many thousands of his fellow-citizens? Oh, interpretation most disgraceful, and which must stamp him as Unhappy to all future time! Were not the men who perished in those times, of the two, to be looked upon as the more fortunate—seeing that with them we sympathize, while there is no one who does not detest Sylla? And then, besides, was not the close of his life more horrible than the sufferings which had been experienced by any of those who had been proscribed by him? his very flesh eating into itself, and so engendering his own punishment'.

One knows the terrible malady that Sylla died of. And Pliny tells us that, while it was already the general custom in Rome to burn the dead, the Cornelian and a few other families had preserved the ancient rites of interment. But Sylla, the first of his stock, wished to be burned after his death; for he feared that he might some day be disinterred, in revenge, as he had had Marius' body disinterred. That was the last thought of this man, the only one who proclaimed himself happy.

By the side of Caesar and as it were in contrast to him, Pliny exalts Cicero, whom he calls the *torch of Letters*. One should see in the original text (for the best translations are pale in these passages) with what effusion he celebrates that fine genius, the only one that the Roman people produced that was truly on a level with the empire : 'Hail then to thee, he exclaims, who wast the first of all to receive the title of Father of thy country, who wast the first of all, while wearing a toga, to merit a triumph . . .' A few books farther we learn to our regret that the unworthy son of the illustrious orator was a shameless drunkard ; that he boasted of swallowing at a single draught immense measures of wine ; that one day when he was drunk he threw a cup at the head of Agrippa : 'No doubt, says Pliny ironically, this Cicero wished to deprive M. Antonius, the murderer of his father, of the palm of the drinker'.

Pliny's book on Man is filled with particulars and interesting anecdotes which are not found elsewhere. He continues making a choice among the *élite* of mankind and in every branch of life deducting, as he says, *the flower of mortals*. The fame of genius occupies and holds a great place in his attention. He tells us that Menander, the prince of comic dramatists, when the kings of Egypt and Macedonia rendered him so great homage and sent a fleet and ambassadors to ask for him, refused their offers, and won still more honour by preferring the literary sense, the *consciousness of Letters* (that is Pliny's expression), to the favour of kings.

When the Lacedemonians were besieging Athens, Bacchus, says Pliny, appeared several times in a dream to their king Lysander, warning him not to disturb the burial of him who had been *his delight*, the delight of Bacchus whose feasts were originally confounded with the solemnities of the drama. It was the great poet Sophocles who had just died. Lysander, having asked the names of the citizens who had recently died in Athens, immediately recognized the one whom the god wished to indicate, and allowed the funeral to take place in peace. Shall we conclude from this anecdote that Pliny believed in the god Bacchus ? Oh ! by no means. But if the anecdote is not true, it deserved to be ; and Pliny, who felt the same, has preserved it from oblivion.

No doubt all Pliny's anecdotes are not as delicate and beautiful as this, and he has some to suit the most diverse tastes. After exhausting his collection of curiosities of every kind relating to man, he concludes with a few philosophical reflections on the *Manes*, and on what follows after burial. These reflections are such as one might expect of a firm, practical mind, without any illusions, without any religious belief in the proper sense of the word. I cannot congratulate and still less reprove him for that. What I am anxious to point out, is that thoughts like those I have indicated, rendered so forcibly and expressively, suffice to classify a mind, whatever he may afterwards say and appear to accept or believe. Antiquity also had its eighteenth century, I mean its philosophic way of thinking. The eighteenth century of the ancients commenced very early and lasted a very long time, and Pliny belonged to it, if we probe him.

'Not only, said Buffon, the kindest of his critics, did he know everything that it was possible to know in his time, but he had *that facility to think on a grand scale*, which multiplies science. He had that delicacy of reflection on which depend elegance and taste, and he communicates to his readers a certain intellectual freedom, a boldness of thought which is the germ of philosophy . . .' Buffon's judgment is extremely favourable to Pliny; it looks as if the great writer were grateful to him, as if he foresaw that he would himself be blamed some day for some of the faults imputed to the Roman author, and was pleased to greet in advance some of his own qualities in him, some of the general characteristics of his manner. Buffon brings to the consideration of Pliny a sort of liberality and generosity which it is always becoming in noble minds to accord one another across the ages. There is hospitality as it were in his judgment. He welcomes and treats his celebrated forerunner as if he were a stranger from Rome to whom he was doing the honours of the Jardin-du-Roi. Cuvier's judgment, though more severe, is much more just, according to M. Littré. Cuvier dwells less than Buffon upon Pliny's literary and philosophical merits; he acknowledges them, however, and makes every allowance with a strict but indisputable justice. It is an accurate drawing, traced with a sure hand. He estimates and

defines Pliny and his characteristics with as much precision as he would apply to the description of any other individual in natural history. As to the other judgments quoted by M. Littré, which come from men who specialize in the sciences, they are severe to the point of appearing harsh. I bow my head; those competent masters are no doubt trebly right in a matter which comes within their province; but, on those points which we are entitled to understand as well as they, they are wrong. If Pliny has felt so well and so often expressed the majesty, the grandeur and (why should we not say as he does?) the religion of nature, they have not by any means felt and deigned to understand that general spirit which circulated and breathed through Pliny. That *way of thinking on a grand scale* is hidden from them, and Buffon alone saw it; in judging Pliny he found some of those words which no other but he could have found. Cuvier's judgment, crowned with one or two of Buffon's sayings, would probably embrace the whole truth. All this is and can be no more than a literary and moral impression on my part; it is the only one I am entitled to bring to these learned subjects; but I give it merely as the result of my reading of the book on Man.

Pliny goes on to the investigation of the other animals, and you may believe that I am not going to embark with him. At every step, and even regarding the matter from the point of view of one who is uninitiated, one might meet with descriptions full of life and talent (that of the *Cock*, of the *Nightingale*, for example, in the book on Birds); at every step we find also more or less authentic, but interesting anecdotes, all of which, even in their errors, throw a strong light on the habits, the views and superstitions of antiquity. When he comes from the animals to the products of the earth, to the trees and other vegetables, Pliny explains the uses which the arts and industries made of them at the different periods. Thanks to him, we know exactly when and by whom each object of consumption and luxury was introduced into Rome. In connexion with the papyrus, for example, that plant which grows in Egypt, he speaks at some length of the manufacture of paper, of the different qualities it offered in respect of fineness or solidity, of the thinner kind which was used for letter writing, of

the kind used for longer works, of the *Augustan paper*, the *Livian paper*, of the *Claudian paper* (under the Empire did we not have the *Grand-Eagle paper* ?) : ' Papyrus, adds Pliny, is apt to fail occasionally ; such a thing happened in the time of the Emperor Tiberius ; when there was so great a scarcity of paper that members of the Senate were appointed to regulate the distribution of it : had not this been done, all the ordinary relations of life would have been completely disarranged '. Oh ! how welcome would such a famine be to us ! But such things happened only in the reign of Tiberius, and we cannot hope for such a piece of luck in our days.

After having, an indefatigable nomenclator, exhausted the catalogue of nature, of all that she produces and contains in her bosom, and of the numerous arts which spring from her, Pliny stops and concludes with this little final hymn : ' Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things ! and do thou deign to show thy favours unto me, who, alone of all the citizens of Rome, have, in thy every department, thus made known thy praise ! '

It was with the purpose of adding another observation to his great work, that, when he was at Misenum in command of the fleet, at the moment when the eruption of Vesuvius began to threaten, Pliny walked straight into the danger, in order to obtain a nearer grasp of that mystery whose cause he was so curious to know. He had always thought ' that a sudden death is the last happiness of life '. He was served according to his wish, and died from suffocation amid the tumult of the elements. It is in this rôle of an intrepid observer that posterity still loves to see him, expiring on the shore, with his tablets at his side. One should read again the story of his death in that celebrated letter which his nephew wrote to Tacitus on the event.

This nephew, adopted and brought up by him, whose memory cannot be dissociated from his own, is one of the most pleasing and, from our point of view (if we may say so), one of the most modern figures of antiquity. His Letters, which everybody may read in the pleasing translation of Sacy, bring before our eyes all the details of public life, of the domestic and literary life of an enlightened and gentlemanly Roman, under Trajan, in the fine period of the end of the Empire. Never was the

literary sense, properly speaking, the passion for fine studies and the honour they bring, never was the love of honest praise, the religion of fame and posterity, carried farther or more happily cultivated than by Pliny the Younger. He confesses his tastes and his becoming ambition with an innocence and an ingenuousness which disarm criticism, and I am surprised to find Montaigne taxing him so severely with vanity. To me Pliny's Letters, though collected, composed and rewritten at leisure, as Balzac since composed his, as we are told that Courier, in our own days, rewrote his, are still infinitely pleasing and charming to read. On a summer afternoon in the country, if you want to enjoy a slight taste, a savour of antiquity, if you are not too much tormented by passions, or memories, or the poetic fervour (for I will suppose that you are a bit of an author yourself, as everybody is nowadays), take Pliny, open him at random, and read. There are few subjects in life, especially those which come from familiarity with intellectual things, on which he does not offer some ingenious, brilliant and polished thought, one of those expressions which shine like an antique engraved stone, or like the white pebbles that he delights in describing to us when speaking of the beautiful waters of his fountains. Pliny is one of the small number of Romans who have what Sacy calls *morals* (*les mœurs*), that is to say, who are chaste, modest and decent. If he had had more vivacity of mind and relief, he would have been the Daguesseau of the decline of antiquity. We do not know precisely at what age he died, but we imagine him as having always preserved some of his youth, his laughter, his blush and purity, one of those faces which are quite astonished at their own white hair. He tells us of all the famous men of letters of his time, he corresponds with them, he writes to Quintilian, to Suetonius, to Tacitus: but especially with the latter is his memory still affectionately and intimately associated. Public opinion never separated them in their time. One day a man of education, a Roman knight, happened to be sitting next to Tacitus in the Circus, without knowing his name; after a quarter of an hour's conversation, having become aware that he was speaking with some well-known literary person, he said: 'You are either

Pliny or Tacitus'. Posterity has continued to do the same, and that touching fraternity still endures. And let it not be said that Pliny alone gains by this association, and that he is very fortunate on account of his proximity to Tacitus. Both of them gain by it. Tacitus' countenance, to judge by his writings alone, would appear too careworn and gloomy, if it were not toned down and lighted up as it were by Pliny's smile. He repays Tacitus in grace what the latter lends him in authority.

Pliny, taking after his uncle, is full of humane, generous, peaceful and compassionate sentiments. You should see how he speaks of his freedmen, the people of his household, how he looks after them like the father of a family when they are sick, how he mourns them when he loses them! He is a man in every respect, and makes it a point of honour to be one. There is a letter of his from which he would appear to be half Christian by his morality. But, during his proconsulship in Bithynia, he came face to face with the Christians themselves, who were already becoming very numerous in the Empire. He had to see to the execution of the Edicts against them, and, though he proceeded according to the customary rigours, he felt humane scruples; he reported about them to Trajan: 'I have much hesitation, he says, with regard to the different ages. Should they all be subjected to punishment without distinction of young and old? Should one pardon those who repent? or is it useless to renounce Christianity, when one has once embraced it? Is it the name alone that one punishes in them? or is it the crimes attached to that name?' Speaking of those he had interrogated, and even of two poor slave-girls whom he had put to the torture, he admitted that he could see in none of them any other crime but a perverse superstition and madness: 'They assure me that all their fault or error consists in this, that they assemble together on a given day before sunrise and that they sing by turns some verses to the praise of the Christ, whom they regard as God; that they pledge themselves by oath, not to commit some crime, but to refrain from committing theft or adultery, from breaking their promises, or denying a deposit; that afterwards they usually separate, and that they assemble

again to eat inoffensive dishes in common . . .' Pliny and his uncle were men of humanity, moderation and enlightenment; but this humanity of the educated classes of that time had already become inadequate for the reformation of the world. It required more heroic remedies: that kind of holy madness called charity was not too much for the purpose. Pliny once comes across it in his path; he stops for a moment, but he does not know what to call it. His uncle too had forgotten that plant in his so complete Encyclopedia of the objects of nature. Thus it is that at certain epochs of the world's history the wisdom and even the virtue of the moderate and the sage are found vain, and the sick man calls for I know not what miracles and new virtues to save himself.

MADAME DE LA TOUR-FRANQUEVILLE AND JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Monday, April 29, 1850.

In 1803 was published a Correspondence, till then unedited, between Jean-Jacques Rousseau and a lady, a woman of mind and one of his great admirers, Mme. de La Tour-Franqueville. This Correspondence into which Rousseau entered reluctantly and against his will, every note, from the first to the last day, being so to say forced from him, is remarkable and interesting, however, in that it is continuous, that it forms a complete whole, that it was not intended for publication, that it shows Jean-Jacques true to life from the morrow of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* until the time when his reason became irremediably impaired. In it we may study in an abridged form the growing progress of his eccentricities and humours, interspersed with recoveries full of charm, and rare but charming rays of light. We may study in it at the same time the public and, if I may say so, the *women of Rousseau*, in the person of one of the most distinguished and certainly one of the most devoted of them.

Every great poet, every great novelist has his train of admirers, and especially of women, who exalt, surround, make much of him, who would be most willing to sacrifice themselves for him, and (I ask their pardon) who, if they were allowed their own way, would soon have unintentionally torn him to pieces like Orpheus. But there, too, in the midst of that ring of followers where everything is reflected and exaggerated, it is often convenient and amusing to know an author and to find him again. Tell me who admires you, and I will tell you what you are—at least what is the nature of your talent, of your tastes. In our own days we have had many examples

of these various trains passing before us. M. de Chateaubriand, after *Atala* and *René*, had his passionate, noble, tender, delicate admirers, devoted till death: at their head we might have seen the pale and pathetic Mme. de Beaumont. What would suffice to give the highest idea of the *quality* of M. de Chateaubriand's talent, is, as a rule, the distinguished nature of the women who were captivated by it, who were in love with him and his talent. M. de Lamartine came after, and we had thousands of sisters of Elvire, dreamy and melancholy like her. In latter years, and since the appearance of *Jocelyn*, the circle has grown wider, or rather it has changed, the Elvires having become Laurences. M. de Balzac, the famous novelist, had his train of women more than anybody, those of thirty and more in a mass, whose foibles and secret weaknesses he has caught and flattered so well, all those nervous and febrile organizations which he had the art to magnetize. In the eighteenth century, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, after the appearance of *Paul and Virginia*, was also besieged by lady admirers, among whom Mme. de Krüdner showed herself one of the most passionate. But it was Rousseau who began that great revolution in France, and who, in the matter of literature, decidedly brought the women to take an interest in it. He raised up in its favour that half of the human race, hitherto restrained and discreet enough; the enthusiasm of the fair sex for himself was unexampled. How can we describe that universal insurrection which broke out after the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, after the *Émile* (1759–1762), which preceded the Revolution of '89, and which was already preparing it at a distance? Did not Mme. de Staël, Mme. Roland, soon figure in the first rank in the train of what I call Jean-Jacques' women? More modest and less conspicuous, not less generous and devoted, Mme. de La Tour-Franqueville was one of the first; she leads the procession, and she deserves a unique place in the fame of the man to whom she devoted herself.

Who was this Mme. de La Tour? She has occupied Rousseau's bibliographers, for he, the ingrate that he is, did not say a word of her in his *Confessions*. What we know we owe to M. Musset-Pathay, to M. de La Porte, the author of a Notice on her; M. Ravenel provides

me with accurate notes which correct and complete the information of the other two. Her name was Marie-Anne Merlet de Franqueville; her father was in finance. Born in Paris on November 7, 1730 (that is the exact date, registered in official documents), she was married in July, 1751, to M. Alissan de La Tour, likewise a man of finance; he was receiver-general and pay-master at the Hôtel-de-Ville in Paris. She was nearly thirty years of age at the time of the appearance of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*: that is the age when the most modest women begin to be daring. Mme. de La Tour had an intimate friend whose name we do not know; these two women, reading the new novel, thought they recognized each other, one in the person of *Claire*, the other in *Julie*: they were jubilant with surprise and pleasure. Especially Claire, the more animated of the two, did not hesitate to declare that her friend was Julie in all her purity and perfection, Julie before her fault. What determines the great success of works of the imagination, is when the creation of the author is of such a kind that a crowd of his contemporaries, on reading him, immediately think they recognize themselves: they begin by recognizing themselves by some essential features which strike them, and end by copying the remaining features. The poet, the novelist, only desired to realize the phantom of his dreams, and behold he has found the form expected and vaguely cherished beforehand by the imaginations of the moment, which they were unable to define and unravel without him. So, from the first day, they fling themselves upon the work which is more or less their mirror, and they begin to worship the author with passion and gratitude, as if, when composing it, he had only thought of them. It is always oneself that one loves, even in what one admires.

The *Nouvelle Héloïse* had already been out two years, and it was firing and ravaging susceptible imaginations on all sides. Rousseau, forty-nine years of age, living in retirement at Montmorency, was enjoying this last interval of repose (a very disturbed repose) before the publication of the *Émile*, which was to cause an upheaval in his life. At the end of September, 1761, he received an unsigned letter, in which he read: 'You must know that Julie is not dead and that she lives to love you;

this Julie is not myself; you may see that by my style: I am only her cousin at the most, or rather her friend, as much as Claire was'. It was Mme. de La Tour's friend who was here playing the part of Claire, and who betrayed to Jean-Jacques his new admirer, worthy herself of being admired. After some long-drawn-out eulogies of that unknown Julie and her claim to enter into relations with the great man, she indicated to Rousseau a means of replying. He did reply, and this first time by return of post, without waiting to be entreated. It is all very well being a misanthrope and a bear, one is still susceptible to those engaging advances of a new and still mysterious admiration. But after this first letter he takes his precautions, and already describes himself with his capricious changes: 'I hope, Madame, in spite of the beginning of your letter, that you are not an authoress, that you never had the intention of being one, and that you are not challenging me to a combat of wit, a kind of conflict for which I have as much aversion as incapacity'. He then enters seriously into this lengthy play of the Claires, Julies and Saint-Preux; he did not pretend, as good taste would have demanded of a well-bred writer, to take the persons of his imagination lightly; he continues to respect them, and to speak of them in confidence as if they were real models: 'To the author of a Julie you announce another who really exists, whose Claire you are. I am charmed for your sex, and even for my own; for, whatever your friend may say, when there are Julies and Claires, there will be no lack of Saint-Preux; caution her on that point, I entreat you, that she may be on her guard . . .' Then suddenly he is fired at the idea of finding somewhere an image of the two inseparable friends he had imagined; an apostrophe, that favourite figure which is his literary habit, escapes him: 'Charming friends! he exclaims, if you are as my heart supposes, may you, for the honour of your sex and the happiness of your life, never find any Saint-Preux! But if you are like the others, may you find no other than a Saint-Preux!'

All that, read to-day in cold blood, by men of a generation which has not had the same enthusiasms, appears a little strange and provokes a smile. After this romantic

flight, Rousseau returns to real life more than was necessary, revealing to the two young women who are strangers to him, the details of his physical ills and infirmities : 'You speak of making my acquaintance ; no doubt you do not know that the man to whom you are writing, afflicted with a cruel and incurable malady, has every day of his life a struggle between pain and death, and that the very letter he is writing to you is often interrupted by distractions of a very different kind'. When one knows what was the nature of Rousseau's malady, one is a little surprised at this direct allusion he makes to it. Montaigne indeed speaks of a similar malady from which he suffered, but he speaks of it to his readers, that is to say, to all the world ; whilst here Rousseau speaks of his in a private letter to two young women to whom he is writing for the first time : that is going a little farther and improving upon Montaigne.

For the rest, he would have been wrong to constrain himself ; for in the following letters these two women in their turn enter into details of health, not only with interest and affection, but with importunity and worry, to the extent of discussing at times the ways and means and the defects of conformation, just as any surgeon or anatomist might do. That is a want of taste and delicacy which characterizes the period, and especially the class of which Rousseau is a type.

What is no less characteristic is the tone, the style of the letters, both those of the two friends and Rousseau's own notes. I observe a frequent use of the imperfect subjunctive. On the subject of health the self-styled Claire will write to Jean-Jacques : 'Did you believe that we could be ignorant (*ignorassions*) of its deplorable state ?' Mme. de La Tour introduces in one place a terrible word, *consultassiez*, and Rousseau seems to sanction it when he writes : 'I could not bear the idea that you should attribute (*attribuassiez*) to negligence . . .' What would Fénelon, what would Voltaire say ? It is enough to make them suffer and cry out. Nor would you ever find those pedantically regular and methodical faults under the pen of the women of the end of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth centuries. O light and negligent pen of the Aïssés, the Caylus and the Coulanges, where are you ? In them we

should sooner find a mistake in spelling or grammar, much less serious in my opinion. But here everything is marked, accentuated, prominent. 'If I had received your letters, writes Rousseau to Mme. de La Tour, *I should not have denied their reception*'. Can you feel the fault? for if one cannot feel it, it is no use my proving it. And again, speaking of Claire's praises of her friend, he will say: 'With what pleasure her heart opens out on this *charming text*!' In a word, I seem to feel in this style, so regular and firm, so admirable in many happy pages, a foundation of acrid and strong pronunciation, which takes one by the throat, a remnant of a provincial accent.

I say the faults, but we must not insist upon them too much at first, and we must not lose the thread of the little romance which is hardly begun. To show, before all, what Mme. de La Tour was, that Julie who thought herself entitled to be compared with Julie d'Étanges, and to prove that she was not entirely unworthy of the comparison, I cannot do better than quote her own portrait, which she sent to Rousseau, one day when the latter, in one of his rare fits of gallantry, had asked her *how she dressed*, in order that he might fix her in his imagination, he said, and form some idea of her. For she only saw him three times altogether, and at this date when she traced her Portrait, she had not yet been to see him.

'However exactly I may try to describe my features in detail, she wrote to him, it will be impossible to give you a just idea of their ensemble; I know not how to set about it, and I am vexed. With regard to my height, at least, I will not put your imagination to any expense; reasonably shod, I am four feet nine inches and ten lines high, and as plump as I should be. My face, which, thanks to the small-pox with which it is slightly pitted, is the least fair part of my person, is not so bad for a brunette. Its outline is a perfect oval, and its profile agreeable. My hair is very dark and placed to great advantage; the forehead rather high and regular in shape; the eyebrows black and well arched; the eyes level with the face, large and dark blue, the eyeball small, the lashes black; my nose is neither big, nor thin, nor short, nor long, nor is it aquiline, and yet it helps to give me an eagle's physiognomy. My mouth is small and sufficiently bordered; my teeth are healthy, white and regular; my chin is well made, my neck a good shape, though rather

short. My arms, hands, fingers, nails even, are designed as the fancy of a painter might desire. Let us come now to my physiognomy, since, thank heaven, I have one. It shows contentment rather than gaiety, goodness rather than sweetness, vivacity rather than malice, more soul than intellect. I have an engaging glance, a natural expression and a sincere smile. From this portrait, which is indeed mine, you will think me beautiful as an angel? By no means! I have only one of those faces that one looks at twice. There remains a point which in my opinion is sufficiently bound up with the person to deserve mention, and which you yourself have not disdained: my manner of dressing. My hair usually forms my whole headdress: I comb it up as negligently as possible, and add no ornament; in truth, I love it so excessively as to amount to pettiness. As I am modest and sensitive to cold, I display less of my person than any woman of my age. There is nothing in my dress that deserves the name of ornament. To-day, for example, I am wearing a grey satin dress, splashed with pink. . . .'

Seat this woman at her harpsichord, singing an air out of the *Devin du Village*, or place her at her writing-table, with Jean-Jacques' Works in a row in front of her, and above them the portrait of the man who is the saint of her oratory, and you will have Mme. de La Tour.

If our readers have not quite forgotten a charming self portrait, which we quoted some little time ago, of a grand lady of the seventeenth century, the Marquise de Courcelles,[1] they may picture to themselves the two tones and the two centuries in their perfect contrast: on one side, refined, delicious and light grace; on the other, firmer, more outlined features, by no means contemptible, and a turn of grace which only wants a certain easy and natural negligence.

Although it is a beauty in his own style and cut after the pattern of his ideal, Rousseau himself is sensible of the want. He thinks Mme. de La Tour's mind is *clear and luminous*; but at the very beginning he had observed in her letters a style of handwriting that was too much joined and too formed, an extreme regularity in spelling, a punctuation 'more correct than that of a printer's foreman', something, in short, which, to his suspicious mind, had suggested for a moment that it might be a man who was thus disguising himself to play

[1] *See* vol. i of the *Causeries du Lundi* (p. 42 of the present translation).

him a trick. On seeing in her his own work, he could not help thinking her too perfect.

Mme. de La Tour was a lady of merit and virtue. Married to a man hardly worthy of her, and from whom on the advice and with the consent of her family she was separated in the end, she did not abuse her misfortune and think she was entitled to find consolation elsewhere. She has a fault, however, like all the women of this school of Rousseau: she speaks not only of her sensibility and her charms, she speaks of her character, of her *principles*, of her *morals* and her *virtue*. I know not whether the ladies of the seventeenth century had more or less of all those things; but as a rule they themselves said nothing about them, and that is more agreeable, more fitting indeed, whether it be that it is better not to parade one's failings, or that it is in better taste and shows a better grace to allow others to discover one's qualities.

Mme. de La Tour wrote one day to Rousseau: 'If my heart were not out of the common, I should not dare to confess to myself how much I am interested in you'. This testimony she renders of herself is just, and certainly her heart was set on a high level. But when a woman truly loves, with a passion of the heart and not of the head, does it occur to her thus to raise her heart out of *the common class* and distinguish it? Did the true lovers, the Portuguese Nun, for example, think of that?

Mme. de La Tour's enthusiasm for Jean-Jacques is not affected, it is sincere, and yet, like its object and hero himself, it has a false ring. She becomes exalted on the purity of her passion, on the beauty of the motive which animates her. She would like to see in the aged and infirm misanthrope a real Saint-Preux, an ideal Saint-Preux, all soul and all mind, all flame. The instinct of her sex, that is to say her good sense, indeed whispers to her at times that she has little to expect from him, that she can hardly draw any response from him, and that it is, after all, hardly becoming in a woman to throw herself at the head of a churlish fellow (though he might be a great writer), who cares nothing for her and who snubs her. Then suddenly, passing over the objection, she exclaims: *He is a man!* what does that matter? 'Should the frivolous distinction of the sexes be admitted

are like any other man'. Molière's *Dorine* could not have invented anything better.

Indeed, it was precisely Rousseau's great pretension, the germ of his malady and of the malady of his successors, that he was not cast in the same mould as other men: 'I am not like anybody I have yet seen; I presume to think that I am not like any man alive'. What Rousseau says there at the opening of his *Confessions*, all those who have Rousseau's malady say or secretly think. René, who flatters himself so greatly on being unlike his celebrated forerunner, exclaimed just like him in *Les Natchez*: 'Thou alone, Supreme Being, source of love and beauty, *Thou didst create me such as I am, and Thou alone canst comprehend me*!' The most cutting homage one can pay to a man of that nature and with that mania, is to say to him: 'We understand you, we know you, we admire you; but you have more equals, or at least more fellows than you think'.

Mme. de La Tour did not follow her friend's example; she was not disheartened. It was not her head alone that had become exalted for Rousseau; she loved him sincerely, warmly, unreasonably, with the devotion of a woman who had not till then found any object on which to place her romantic affections. A few phrases of his, addressed to her in his first notes, quite literary phrases whose meaning she exaggerated, and that she read over and over again, had led her to believe that she might have occupied for a moment a place in his heart which had not been vacant for anybody since Mme. d'Houdetot had filled it. She resumed the correspondence alone, and this time without the knowledge of Claire; she was what one so easily becomes when one is in love, troublesome, obstinate, often awkward; she became an obsession. Incessantly mortified, she returned to the charge, refusing to be repulsed. Proud and sensitive, she received many wounds, and yet forgave him every time. The name of *Julie*, which Rousseau had at first bestowed upon her, was taken away; he no more called her anything but *Marianne*. She submitted to these painful diminutions of testimonies already so grudgingly given and so rare, and showed herself grateful still for what she did obtain. He sometimes forgot even that name of *Marianne*, and did not know

in an intercourse of which the soul bears all the cost ?' There we have the false ring, the impossible which commences. But it is precisely the sex (do you not understand it ?) which, ever recalled or understood, vaguely indicated and felt, forms the charm of this kind of correspondence, even when most pure, from which one expects nothing beyond the charm itself.

Mme. de La Tour's friend, the self-styled Claire, who has started the correspondence in her friend's name, was the first and the only one to give it up. She was disgusted at Rousseau's explosions of ill-humour, and they were indeed rude on certain days, especially when the two friends expected letters, answers from him, which they did too often. One day when he had been too much plagued and tormented by the two friends on the rarity and the brevity of his replies, Rousseau, driven to extremes, wrote the following letter to Mme. de La Tour :

'At Montmorency, January 11, 1762.

'Saint-Preux was thirty years of age, in good health, and only taken up with his pleasures ; nobody is less like Saint-Preux than J.-J. Rousseau. After a letter like the last, Julie would have been less offended at my silence than alarmed at my condition ; she would not, in such a case, have amused herself with counting letters and underlining words ; nobody is less like Julie than Mme. de . . . (de La Tour). You are a woman of much intellect, Madame, you are very pleased to show it, and all you desire of me is letters : you belong to your quarter more than I thought.

'J.-J. ROUSSEAU.'

Observe that Mme. de La Tour lived in the Rue Richelieu, in the Palais-Royal quarter, and that Rousseau's final allusion was nothing less than a gross insult. Mme. de La Tour's friend, *Claire*, took the hint : 'I have given myself three fierce blows, she wrote to her friend, for having had the idea of starting the correspondence between you. Socrates said that he looked into the glass when he wished to see a fool. Let us give this recipe to our animal'. In the last letter she had written to Rousseau, this Claire, who had perhaps more wit, or at least a more easy and sly wit than Mme. de La Tour, had hurled at the eloquent churl the most cruel word he could have heard : 'Go, she said to him, you

what to call her when writing; she had to recall it to his memory. No matter, she still grasped at the smallest marks of attention, and was touched by what was certainly not worth the pains. The interval of two or three years during which Rousseau had taken refuge in Switzerland, and was living at Motiers (1762–1765), was the period when the correspondence was most continuous and brought most comfort to the poor Marianne. One day Rousseau wrote to her, after the receipt of the pretty page containing the Portrait I have quoted: 'How pleasant it will be to me to hear out of so pretty a mouth all the kind things you write me, and to read in your dark blue eyes, armed with dark lashes, the friendliness you feel for me!' That was the finest moment. 'Do you know that your letter is charming, replies Mme. de La Tour, and that, in order that I may not find you yourself so charming, I have had to recall to memory the many clouds which obscured the fine days that you sometimes procured me? . . . More even, our intercourse would be too fascinating; as it is, it fascinates me enough to cause me pleasure and pain; more would be too much'. Let us be just: there are moments too when we can understand Rousseau's impatience, when we can almost share it; for Mme. de La Tour, though she does not seem to know it, is very exacting. She one day sent him another portrait, but a real portrait painted in miniature. To this gift she attached an importance that is very natural in a woman, in a woman who loves, who would like to be loved without having yet been seen; but this importance betrays itself by too much anxiety. She desires Rousseau *at the very moment* he receives the portrait and the accompanying letter (even though he does not send his reply for a week after), to sit down and write . . . what? . . . to write his first impression. She wants to catch that impression quite fresh, in such a way that it will make only one leap from the mind and heart to the paper. Rousseau obeys, but in two words, and too coldly for the sensitive Marianne: 'Behold it then at last, that precious portrait so justly desired! it reaches me at a moment when I am surrounded by intruders and strangers . . . I thought it right to acknowledge *its* reception, to set your mind at rest'. The poor Marianne is in despair

and furious at receiving so little: 'Your laconic reply grieves me, my friend'. She would like to know what he thought of her from the portrait; she takes good care to inform him that it is not a flattering likeness; that everybody thinks her better looking. In short, she is a woman. Alas! all that rests upon a delusion, on the idea that when loving she can herself be loved. Mme. de La Tour did not know that, after Mme. d'Houdetot, Rousseau's heart had no flame to return. So, in spite of all her efforts, she can find no place in that locked and soured heart; she would have liked to bring a sweetness, a secret comfort to that glory; that would, no doubt, have been very difficult at any time, but now that she attempts it it is decidedly too late.

Rousseau tells her so in every tone, he enumerates his physical ills, the obsession he thinks he suffers, intruders, spies, I know not what. 'With all that, he adds sensibly enough, a man who has not a sou of income cannot live on air, and is much concerned with providing his daily bread. But I laugh at my simplicity, trying to make you understand a situation so different from your own, you, a Parisian lady, idle from your position, who, having no other occupation but that of writing and receiving letters, expect all your friends to be occupied in the same way. . . . I know, he said again, with as much truth as bitterness, I know that it is not in the human heart to put itself in another's place, when demanding anything'.

She rises again every time she is hit, and not without profit; for she has wit, dignity—above all, a generous heart. I do not like her when she is prostrate in adoration before her idol, when she solemnly speaks to him of the *universe*, when, on receipt of one of his printed works by the petty post, she exclaims: 'I sighed that I could not take the universe to witness so flattering a distinction'. She does not appear much to advantage when she says: 'You have the finest genius of the century; I have the best heart in the world. . . . You are worthy to have statues erected in your honour; I am worthy of erecting them'. All that is declamatory, like a page of Jean-Jacques himself. But she resumes her woman's superiority when she adds: 'You are the most sensitive of men; I, though not perhaps the most

believe it; he saw him so mild, so polite, so modest, so naturally cheerful and of such agreeable humour in conversation: 'He has, he said, more the behaviour of a man of the world than any of the learned here, except M. de Buffon, who in his figure and air and deportment, answers your idea of a maréchal of France, rather than that of a philosopher. M. Rousseau is of small stature, and would rather be ugly, had he not the finest physiognomy in the world, I mean the most expressive countenance'. Hume called him the *pretty little man;* he did not see too much affectation even in the Armenian dress that Rousseau then wore under pretext of his infirmity. But this same David Hume judges him admirably when a month or two later, and before their quarrel, seeing Rousseau determined to entrust himself alone in a country district, he predicts that he will be as unhappy there as anywhere else: 'He will be entirely without occupation, he writes to Blair, without company and almost without amusement of any kind. He has read very little during the course of his life, and has now totally renounced all reading: He has seen very little, and has no manner of curiosity to see or remark: He has reflected, properly speaking, and studied very little; and has not, indeed, much knowledge: He has only *felt* during the whole course of his life; and, in this respect, his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any example of; but it still gives him a more acute feeling of pain than of pleasure. He is like a man who were stript, not only of his clothes, but of his skin, and turned out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous elements, such as perpetually disturb the lower world'. Certainly it is impossible to give a better picture of Rousseau's moral and physiological state; and, with a guest with such a morbid sensibility, thus abandoned to solitude, 'without occupation, without books, without society (except that wretched Thérèse), and *without sleep*', Hume should have been less surprised at the result.

I have meanwhile forgotten Mme. de La Tour, and Rousseau, in his passage through Paris, almost forgot her himself. She was anxiously expecting a word from him to say that he had arrived, and perhaps that he would come to see her: 'I heard that you were in Paris, my dear Jean-Jacques; I could not believe it, not having

sensitive of women, am more sensitive than you; you have received my homage without disdain, I have offered it to you without pride; it is yourself that you love in me; I love in you only yourself, and we are both right'.

At this period Rousseau's reason had already become profoundly impaired; he began to appear mad not only in the vague and general sense of the word, but to be really so in the precise and medical sense. His Correspondence with Mme. de La Tour during his sojourn in Switzerland bears traces of that irritation, that super-excitation of *vanity*, that is to say of what, in this kind of madness, is both the cause and the symptom of it: 'You say that I am not a matter of indifference to anybody, he wrote one day to Mme. de La Tour; so much the better! I cannot bear the lukewarm and I would rather be hated outright by a thousand, and loved in the same way by only one. *Whoever is not enthusiastic about me, is not worthy of me*'. There we have the morbid fibre beginning to vibrate. He cannot contain himself any longer; the trigger is pulled; he adds: 'A man may not love my books, and I see nothing wrong in that; but *whoever does not love me because of my books, is a rogue*: I shall never be dissuaded of that'. His mind was already touched. One feels humiliated for what one calls human talent or genius, when one thinks that it was after this time that Rousseau wrote some of his divinest pages, the first books of the *Confessions*, the fifth promenade of the *Rêveries*. This bruised organism seemed only the better able to produce some of its most delicious fruits. Determined, in consequence of the persecutions he had met with in Switzerland, to cross over to England and entrust himself to the hospitality of David Hume, Rousseau returned for a moment to Paris (December, 1765). There has recently been published in Edinburgh a *Life of Hume*, which throws a perfect light on this episode of Rousseau's life. Hume's letters are a valuable and impartial testimony in this connexion. The dispassionate mind of the English philosopher was quite pronounced at the time in favour of the man who desired to be his guest. The philosophers in vain told him that he would no sooner have arrived at Calais before they would quarrel, Hume would not

heard it from yourself'. But the *dear Jean-Jacques* was on that day not in an amiable vein: 'I have received your two letters, Madame'; nothing but reproaches! As, whatever situation I may be in, I never receive anything else from you, I take them for granted, and make my arrangements accordingly. My arrival and stay here are not a secret. I have not been to see you, because I do not go to see anybody . . .' And he gives her to understand, her who already thought herself an old friend, that she is to him no more than a new friend, one among a large number, who has not yet succeeded in finding a real place in a corner of his heart. She takes heart in spite of all; she presents herself at his door in the Temple, where the Prince de Conti has given him an asylum. She arrives at a time when she expected to find him alone, but he was not; she enters all the same, and it appears, from the gratitude she shows, that her reception was not so very bad: he embraced her on her departure. That was the only time that the sight of the object of her worship gave her any satisfaction. Six years later (April, 1772), when Jean-Jacques was back in Paris, she appeared one morning at his lodgings in the Rue Platrière, on the pretence of having some music to copy. She did not give her name, and he did not recognize her. She came again two months later, giving her name; she had little success; he gave her her dismissal by letter, signifying to her that that third visit was sufficient. A prey to his fixed ideas, Rousseau was at this time not himself.

Mme. de La Tour had, however, deserved well of him in a memorable circumstance, and he himself appeared to appreciate her devotion. When six months after Rousseau's departure for England, the quarrel with Hume broke out, and all Paris took sides for or against, Mme. de La Tour did not hesitate: she was for Jean-Jacques *at any cost*; it is the glory and the right of women in such cases to act blindly. She published anonymously a *Letter* entirely favourable to her friend's character, she who knew so well how unjust and insulting he could be without any cause. This *Letter*, which has to-day lost all interest, testifies to a firm pen, capable of carrying on a virile controversy, of wielding an Amazon's lance. 'When I read it, wrote Rousseau, my heart beat,

and I recognized my dear Marianne'. But this gratitude quickly passed off, and his heart was already too much beset by suspicion to accept anything pleasant for long.

A strange man, a powerful and fascinating writer, it is continually necessary to consider him from both aspects in judging him. If he was his own tormentor and a great trouble to himself, he was a still greater trouble to the world. Not only did he throw a fascination over passion, he succeeded, as Byron said, in giving to folly an appearance of beauty, and in covering mistaken actions and thoughts with the divine colouring of words. He was the first to impart to our language a continuous force, a firmness of tone, a solidity of texture, which it did not possess before, and that is perhaps his surest title to fame. As to the substance of his ideas, all is doubtful in him, all may justly be regarded as equivocal and suspicious; sane ideas are every moment combined with false ones and are corrupted by the combination. By surrounding half-truths with a false light of evidence, he more than any other writer contributed to put the proud and the weak on the wrong path. One day, in a moment of abandon, talking about his works with Hume, and admitting that he was sufficiently satisfied with their style and eloquence, he happened to add: 'But I still dread that my writings are good for nothing at the bottom, and that all my theories are full of extravagances'. The work he thought most of was the *Contrat social*, the most sophistical of all forsooth, and the one that was to contribute most to upsetting the future. To us, whatever reason may say, to all of us who poetically belong, in any degree, to his posterity, it will be always impossible not to love Jean-Jacques, not to forgive him much in consideration of his pictures of youth, of his passionate feeling for nature, of the reveries which we owe to his genius, and for which he first created the expression in our language. Chateaubriand, in a final judgment, insisting on the essential defect in his character, said of him: 'That an author should go out of his senses through the infatuation of his vanity; that ever in presence of himself, never losing sight of himself, his vanity should deal an incurable wound at his brain, that is of all the causes of madness the one I can least

understand, and that I can least sympathize with'. Byron, who was not free from the same malady by which Chateaubriand and Rousseau were diversely touched, deigned to penetrate and understand it more fully; the stanzas which he devoted, in his *Childe Harold*, to the painter of Clarens and the lover of Julie will remain the most sympathetic and faithful portrait of him.

What more can we say of Mme. de La Tour, one of the devotees and victims that these geniuses of seduction carry off in their course? The beautiful years had fled for her; there came the years of decline and misfortune. She had to separate from her husband and thought it her duty also to repudiate even his name; she called herself Mme. de Franqueville. She had no children; she grew old in sadness, and died on September 6, 1789, having withdrawn to the convent of the Religieuses Hospitalières at Saint-Mandé. After Rousseau's death we find her again trying to defend his memory, and breaking lances for him in the newspapers of the time. From the way in which she takes up with all those who attack him, one sees that she has set her heart upon proving to the last 'that one has always the religion of what one loves'. But the chief trait which distinguishes her and marks her destiny is, that she wished to be a real Julie, and, in spite of her claims, was not accepted. She verifies what Byron expressed so well:

> But his was not the love of living dame,
> Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
> But of ideal Beauty, which became
> In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
> Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.
>
> This breathed itself to life in Julie, this
> Invested her with all that's wild and sweet;
> This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss
> Which every morn his fevered lip would greet. . . .

and when a real woman appeared who had the arrogance to show him the terrestrial object of his ideal and say: *I am Julie*, he did not deign to acknowledge her; he was almost angry with her for having hoped to replace the object of his divine dream.

Let us be more just than he. She aspired, though unsuccessfully, to find a place in his heart, and to leave

an impress in it ; but let her name at least remain associated with the renown of the man who so often repelled her, and to whom she devoted herself without a murmur ; let her be given the only consolation she ever would have chosen, that of living for ever, as a votary, in his glory !

THE DUCHESS OF BURGUNDY [1]

Monday, May 6, 1850.

THESE *Letters* and this *Notice*, which have already for some days had a semi-publicity in the drawing-rooms, form part of a volume of *Mélanges* (*Miscellanies*) which the *Société des Bibliophiles* is publishing for this year, and which is appearing at this moment. The Société des Bibliophiles, founded in 1820 by MM. de Châteaugiron, de Pixerecourt, Walckenaer, and other men of letters or distinguished amateurs, is an essentially aristocratic institution, which presupposes money, leisure, a taste for beautiful things, rare things, for those curious superfluities which result from or lead to serious studies. If you take away leisure, says Ovid, you suppress all art of love; and I add: you suppress all delicate likings and noble tastes. The Société des Bibliophiles has been in existence for thirty years, and it is by no means going to die. The taste for books has only gained in recent times. The amateurs who have been observing the public sales of the last two years know very well whether the current prices have fallen in the smallest degree in that direction? That Exchange has been firmer than the others. Only yesterday, in spite of the election of April 28,[2] a certain little book of the sixteenth century was sold at a higher, a more extravagantly high price than it did in the height of the monarchy. There is nothing like a passion for obtaining the object of its wish at any price, especially when a grain of mania enters into the passion.

The poets have used that word *mania* with honour,

[1] *Unpublished Letters of the Duchess of Burgundy*, preceded by a Notice on her life. (1850)

[2] Some already forgotten election, which appeared ultra-democratic.

and of course it is in that sense that I use it here. The Société des Bibliophiles (I return to it) was established 'for the purpose of maintaining and spreading the taste for books, of publishing or reproducing unpublished or rare works, especially those which concern history, literature or language, and to perpetuate in its publications the traditions of the old French printing art'. It has not hitherto failed in carrying out its programme. From 1820 to 1834 it published seven volumes of *Mélanges*, which contain mediaeval plays, letters or opuscules of celebrated people. The only drawback in connexion with those first volumes of the *Mélanges* is, that they are almost inaccessible for the ordinary reader; for they have been printed only in a small number of copies, and only for as many heads as there were members. Since then the Society has published (1844) a magnificent collection of engravings representing the *Playing Cards* of all the countries in the world. From that moment it entered into a broader, more open way of publication, bringing its works within the reach of all; and it was right. In this age one should think of the useful, even in the rare and the choice; every distinction must find its pardon through some concession to the majority. *Le Ménagier de Paris*, published three years ago, in the name of the Society, by the care of M. Jérôme Pichon, offers a curious treatise on morality, honest civility and domestic economy, the whole compiled by a good citizen of Paris in the fourteenth century, for the use of his young wife. This book introduces us into the rich household of well-bred people of the time, and we know every detail of it as well as if we had lived in it. In quite another order the Society will soon publish the *Tales of the Queen of Navarre*, revised after the manuscripts. M. Le Roux de Lincy has undertaken this labour, and to him we shall be indebted for this truly first and original edition. Then only shall we be able to judge of the book of the witty Queen, which all the editors, even the first, I am assured, have strangely disfigured.

The Société des Bibliophiles consists in all of twenty four members. If we run down the list of present members, which is printed at the head of the volume of *Mélanges* which we are noticing, we shall remark the names of amateurs who are well known, and justly so, for having

made collections unique of their kind; M. Cigongne, for example, who possesses the finest and most complete collection of old French poetry. Among all these names, some belonging to very learned men and members of the Académie des Inscriptions, none of which, however, end in *us*, we are pleased to see those of two ladies, one of whom was gifted at her birth with the genius for art, and among a thousand natural charms, has that of the pencil and the brush; the other of whom has just shown that she has but to will it, to place a clear and refined pen at the service of the most delicate wit. As it is all printed and published, I do not see why I should make a mystery of it, for there are not two ways of publishing. These two names which adorn the list of the Société des Bibliophiles are Mme. Gabriel Delessert and the Vicomtesse de Noailles; and, in order to be quite discreet, I will add that it is not the former who is the authoress of the *Notice* on the Duchess of Burgundy, a *Notice* which is the work of a member of the Society and a woman. Now you may guess, if you dare.

Marie-Adelaïde of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy, who was married to the grandson of Louis XIV, and who was the mother of Louis XV, left a very pleasing memory behind her. She passed through the world like one of those living and transient apparitions which the imagination of contemporaries takes a pleasure in beautifying. Born in 1685, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, who handed down to her some of his cleverness and perhaps some of his guile, a granddaughter on her mother's side of that amiable Henrietta of England whose death was immortalized by Bossuet, and whose charm she appeared to resuscitate, she came to France at the age of eleven, to marry the Duke of Burgundy, who was thirteen (1696). The marriage took place in the following year, but only for form's sake, and for some years they thought only of the education of the young princess. Mme. de Maintenon applied herself to that task with all the care and perseverance she was capable of. It was not her fault if the Duchess of Burgundy did not become the most exemplary of the pupils at Saint-Cyr. The princess' vivacity and outbursts of caprice sometimes certainly rather upset the counsels so well concerted by wisdom, and every moment she would leap out of the frame they

were building for her. She profited, however, through it all; seriousness glided even into her pleasures. It was for her that those sacred plays were performed in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments, some of them by Duché, but above all *Athalie*. The Duchess of Burgundy played a part in it:

'This amusement, says the authoress of the *Notice*, was frequently renewed and with success. . . . The life of the Duchess of Burgundy, till 1705, was then an uninterrupted succession of chosen pleasures and exquisite instruction. No princess ever profited more by her education. From the day of her arrival to that on which France lost her, hers was a continual progress, so to say, from success to success. After having been a delightful child, she grew up without ceasing to be charming; her mind developed with her stature, and her judgment, advancing from day to day, promised a precocious maturity. We may follow her progress in the letters of Mme. de Maintenon, whose tenderness watches over her with so much solicitude. Saint-Simon, so bitter when he blames, in praising her finds graces with which she seems to have inspired him; Dangeau makes us love her by merely telling of her smallest actions'.

There we see the beautiful side, the apparent and quite pleasing side; but, looking at that side alone, we might perhaps obtain too flattering an idea of the young princess' moral character, the idea of something too perfect, nor should we understand how great must have been her charm, since it had to surmount certain defects and certain shadows of which it will be appropriate to speak. Let us then look a little closer, and be guided by the authoress of the *Notice* herself, reserving the right of being bolder and more indiscreet on certain points.

The princess who arrived in France at the age of eleven, had already received a sort of education in Savoy, especially the education which was necessary to princes, and which nature alone gives to woman, the desire and anxiety to please. She arrived at Montargis on Sunday, November 4, 1696. Louis XIV had left Fontainebleau after his dinner, and was at Montargis with his son, his brother and the principal personages of his Court, to receive her. To obtain a correct idea of the art of imposing, and the importance which was attached to that and similar things, since then replaced by others which we consider and which will perhaps become much more sensible, one should read the account of this first interview in Dangeau:

'The Princess, says that faithful historiographer, arrived about six o'clock. The King came down from his apartments, and received her at the foot of her coach, saying to me: *For to-day, you will consent that I do your office.* He embraced the Princess in the coach, and gave her his hand to help her down; he conducted her to her apartments; on the way he presented to her Monseigneur, Monsieur and M. de Chartres; the Princess kissed his hand several times while mounting the staircase. The crowd was so great and the rooms were so small, that the King, after remaining a short time, sent everybody out, and then returned to his own apartments, where he told us that he was going to commence a letter to Mme. de Maintenon, to tell her what he thought of the Princess, and that he would finish his letter after supper, when he had seen a little more of her'.

We shall presently see this letter which Louis XIV is in such haste to write. We shall see that he was very quick in forming an idea and an impression; but this first impression was, in fact, of capital importance in a Court and on a stage where it was necessary, above all, to make a successful entrance, and ever to keep up appearances. 'I took the liberty, adds Dangeau, to ask him, as he was returning to his room, if he was satisfied with the Princess; he answered me *that he was too satisfied, and that he could hardly contain his joy*'. A quarter of an hour after, the King went back to see her: 'He made her talk, *he looked at her figure, her bust, her hands,* and then added: *I would not for the world have her different in any way, in regard to her person.* He made her play spillikins with the ladies in his presence and admired her skill'. He examines her, neither more nor less, like a pretty animal, as one might examine a gazelle. A servant announces that *the meat is served*; they go to supper; nothing but praise is heard from the King on the noble air of the little princess, on *her manner of eating.* 'Whilst he was in his cabinet after supper, he sat all the time on a little seat, and made her sit in an arm-chair, saying: Madame, this is how we should be together, and in all freedom'. That, indeed, savours more of the grandpapa and the bonhomme, but do not trust to first appearances; it is only the old man who is ready to be distracted and amused; it would be a great mistake to draw too many conclusions in favour of his affection. Before retiring to sleep, the King finishes that important letter to Mme. de Maintenon, in which he gives a most detailed

account of the Princess' person and slightest movements; it was the State affair of the moment. The original of this letter of Louis XIV exists in the Louvre Library, and the authoress of the present *Notice* gives it in full. Let us read then some pure Louis XIV, or rather let us listen to the great King talking and relating: an excellent language, a clear, correct and perfect turn, appropriate terms, a supreme good taste for everything external and showy, for everything connected with royal appearance. As to the moral background, it is thin and mediocre, it must be confessed, or rather it is absent. But let us read first:

'I arrived here (at Montargis) before five, writes Louis XIV to Mme. de Maintenon. The Princess did not arrive till nearly six. I went to receive her at her coach; she allowed me to speak first, and then answered me very well, but with a little bashfulness which would have pleased you. I conducted her through the crowd to her room, showing her from time to time by having the candles brought near her face. She bore that walk and those lights with grace and modesty. We came at last to her room, where the crowd and heat were enough to kill one. I presented her from time to time to those who came near, and considered her from every point of view in order to report to you what I think of her. She has the best grace and the handsomest figure I have ever seen, is dressed like a picture, and her hair the same; very bright and very handsome eyes, dark and admirable eyelashes, a very smooth, white and pink complexion, just as one might wish her to be; the loveliest fair hair that one can see, and a great quantity of it. She is thin, as suits her age; her mouth is very rosy, her lips thick, her teeth white, long and irregular; shapely hands, but the colour of her age. She speaks little, at least so far as I have seen, is not shy of being looked at, as if she had seen some society. She curtseys badly, and with a rather Italian air. There is something Italian in her face, but she pleases, as I have read in everybody's eyes. For my part, I am entirely satisfied with her. She is like her first portrait, and not the other. Speaking to you as I always do, I find her exactly as I could wish, and should be vexed if she were handsomer.

'I will say it again, everything is pleasing except the curtsey; I will tell you more about her after supper, for I will observe many things which I have not yet been able to see. I forgot to say that she is small rather than tall for her age. So far I have done wonders: I hope that I shall sustain a certain easy air that I have adopted until I reach Fontainebleau, whither I am very anxious to return'.

At ten o'clock in the evening before going to bed, the King added as a postcript:

'The more I see of the Princess, the more I am satisfied. We had a general conversation, in which she said nothing; that is saying enough. She has a very handsome, one might say a perfect, figure and a modesty which will please you. We have had supper; she made no mistakes, and showed a charming politeness to all; but to me and my son she showed every respect, and behaved as you might have done. She was well looked at and observed, and everybody appears honestly satisfied. The air is noble, the manners are polished and agreeable; I have pleasure in speaking favourably of her, for I think that, without any reserve and flattery, I can do so, and that everything obliges me thereto'.

Now shall I presume to express my thought? Her modesty is indeed mentioned in one or two places in this letter; but it is her modest *air* and the good effect it produces, and the charm which results from it. For the rest, it is impossible to see in these pages anything but a charming physical, external, worldly description, without the slightest thought of any inner and moral qualities. Evidently the King cares as little about them, in this case, as he is anxious about the outside. Let the Princess succeed and please, let her charm and amuse, let her adorn the Court and enliven it, let her then have a good confessor, a Jesuit and safe confessor, and for the rest let her be and do what she pleases, the King her grandfather will ask nothing more of her: that is the impression which this letter gives me.

But it would be too bourgeois in us to expect the great King to show a kind of solicitude that would be becoming in an ordinary paterfamilias. The moral to be drawn from this first letter would not seem to be complete, however, unless we contrasted with it one of Saint-Simon's most memorable pages. One day, twelve years afterwards, the young Princess was become the ornament and the soul of the Court, the unique joy of the private life of the King and Mme. de Maintenon, those morose old people. She was pregnant. The King intended to go to Fontainebleau; meanwhile he would not give up his journeys to Marly. In short, he would not allow his habits to be disarranged in any way, and, as his granddaughter amused him and he could not do without her,

she had to take part in all his excursions, cost what it might, and at the risk of an accident. She had followed her grandfather then to Marly, and the King was strolling after mass beside the Carp Pond, when one of the Duchess' ladies came up in great haste, and announced to the King that in consequence of the journey, the young woman was in danger of a miscarriage. I am translating it all into commonplace prose and modern style. The King, very vexed, told the news with a single word to the surrounding courtiers: 'The Duchess of Burgundy is injured'. Thereupon all were loud in regrets, saying it was a great misfortune and might endanger her confinements in future.

'Well! and what if it did? suddenly and angrily interrupted the King, who had not so far said a word; what should I care? Has she not already a son? and even though he should die, is not the Duke of Berry old enough to marry and have children? and what does it matter to me which of them succeeds me; are they not all equally my grandsons?—And suddenly, with impetuosity: Thank God! she is injured, since it was to be so, and I shall not be again thwarted in my journeys and anything else I desire to do by the remonstrances of the physicians and the talking of the midwives. I shall go and come as I please, and they shall leave me alone.—This outburst was followed by a silence *in which one could hear an ant walk*. The courtiers hung their heads, and hardly dared to breathe. Everybody was stupefied; even the builders and the gardeners remained motionless. This silence lasted more than a quarter of an hour'.

For all the details and the accessories of this admirable scene I refer to Saint-Simon who is, in this place, our Tacitus, the Tacitus of a king who was not usually cruel, but who was cruel on that day by force of selfishness.

If there had slipped into the letter written from Montargis a glimpse of moral anxiety, in the midst of all the external graces and all the perfect good breeding there described, Louis XIV would not have been, after twelve years of intimacy at all hours, the odious and hard grandfather we have just seen towards the mother of his heir. This first letter, so elegant, so smiling on the surface and in appearance, contained at bottom only vanity, the egotism of the master, mere anxiety about a curtsey

and decorum: the scene at the Carp Pond is the last touch.

I shall not here reproduce the various portraits of the Duchess of Burgundy, which should be transcribed from many a passage and copied especially from Saint-Simon; they will be found happily framed and encircled by delicate touches in the *Notice* of Mme. de Noailles (*Mon Dieu!* I have let the cat out of the bag). The Duchess of Burgundy was neither handsome nor pretty, she was better than that. Every part of the face, taken separately, might appear defective or even plain, and all this plainness, all these defects and irregularities, arranged and united by the hand of the Graces, combined to form I know not what harmony of the person, a delicious ensemble whose movement and whirl charmed your eyes and soul. From the moral side it was the same, and I shall here take the liberty of being less circumspect than the authoress of the *Notice*. It would seem almost, according to this gracious and discreet writer, as if the Duchess of Burgundy were an accomplished and perfect person, and that the education at Saint-Cyr had deeply influenced her. Be on your guard against that belief. It is true that she played a part in *Athalie*, but why should we not also know what she thought of *Athalie*, capricious child that she was? Speaking of those performances at Saint-Cyr Mme. de Maintenon wrote: 'Now *Athalie* has also fallen through! Misfortune pursues everything that I protect and love. The Duchess of Burgundy has told me that it would not succeed, that it was a very uninteresting play, that Racine had repented of it, that I was the only one who esteemed it, and a thousand other things which have convinced me, from the knowledge I have of that Court, that she does not like her part. She wants to play Josabeth, which she cannot do as well as the Comtesse d'Ayen'. And as soon as she is given the part she desires, everything is different, the whole point of view has changed in an instant; here we have a glimpse behind the scenes of Saint-Cyr. 'She is delighted, continues Mme. de Maintenon, and thinks *Athalie* wonderful. We will play it, since we are pledged to do so; but indeed it is not pleasant to arrange the pleasures of the great'. The Duchess of Burgundy belongs to that species of the *great* which is vanishing from day to day, and which

will soon have disappeared. She deserves to remain from afar one of the gayest and most seductive representatives of it in its fugitive course.

Her Letters which are published to-day are mere notes which will not add much to the idea one has formed of her mind ; a portion of these notes are addressed to Mme. de Maintenon. In them we see the young princess repenting of the unfortunate taste for gambling which she shared with the whole Court. In his Memoirs, written about 1699, La Fare remarked very truly that since the death of Madame Henriette, Duchess of Orleans (1670), the taste for intellectual things had diminished greatly in that brilliant Court of Louis XIV : ' It is certain, he says, that by the death of that princess, the Court lost the only person of her rank who was capable of loving and distinguishing merit ; and that since her death there has been nothing but *gambling, confusion and unpoliteness* '. Voltaire, who sees the age of Louis XIV through the prism of his childhood, protests loudly against such an assertion. Whilst admitting that La Fare's picture is a little forced, the remark still remains just. Towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV, the taste for esprit and polite literature reappeared, no doubt, and found favour in the little Courts of Saint-Maur and Sceaux ; but the bulk of those at Court at that period were a prey to *bassette, lansquenet* and other excesses, in which excessive wine-drinking had its good share. The Duchess of Berry, the daughter of the future Regent, was not the only young woman of the time who occasionally became intoxicated. The Duchess of Burgundy herself, at her entrance into this world, had a difficulty in refraining from sometimes indulging in those vices of the time, those fancies among which *lansquenet* was the most notorious and the most ruinous. More than once the King or Mme. de Maintenon had to pay her debts.

' I am in despair, my dear *aunt*, she wrote to Mme. de Maintenon (May, 1700), that I continue to do such foolish things, and give you cause to complain of me. I am very determined to mend and to cease playing at that unfortunate game which only injures my reputation and diminishes your friendship, which is more precious to me than anything. I entreat you, my dear *aunt*, not to speak of it, in case I keep the resolution I have taken. If I once break it, I shall be delighted if the King

forbids me to play any more, and I feel the effect of the impression it makes upon his mind against me. I shall never console myself for being the cause of your ills, and shall never pardon that cursed *lansquenet*. Forgive me, then, my dear *aunt*, my past faults. . . . What I should most wish in the world would be to be a princess who is esteemed for her conduct, and I will try to merit that in future. I flatter myself that I am not yet so advanced in age, and that my reputation is not so tarnished, but that I shall succeed in time'.

She asked forgiveness with so much good grace and submissiveness by letter, so prettily and playfully by word of mouth, that she was very sure of obtaining it.

Those who judged her most severely admit besides that she corrected herself as she grew older, and that her will, her rare understanding, the sense of the rank she was to hold, towards the end got the better of her first impetuosities and her petulance: 'Three years before her death (writes the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Regent, an honest and terrible woman who bluntly says whatever she thinks), the Dauphine entirely changed to her advantage; she played no more wild pranks, *and did not drink to excess*. Instead of behaving like a wild, unruly creature, she became reasonable and polite, bore herself according to her rank, and did not allow the young ladies to be on familiar terms with her, by dipping their hands in the dish. . . .' There is inconvenient praise, which one could dispense with. But at this distance we may hear anything without any scruple, and, whilst making allowance for the homage paid to one who had the gift of charming, we should dare to see the morals of the time as they were. We should resolve, at any cost, to come out of Mme. de Maintenon's room and that sanctuary twilight. The Duchess of Burgundy had been portrayed in the dress of a lady of Saint-Cyr. It is not in that habit that she is, in my opinion, most natural and most true.

A delicate question presents itself, more delicate than that of playing *lansquenet*: had the Duchess of Burgundy any love affairs? Worshipped by her young husband, and able to take his interests in hand on every occasion, it does not appear that she had any very strong or very tender attachment for him personally. Such being the case, we do not see what should have saved her from some

other penchant. The intelligent authoress of the *Notice*, trying on this point to contradict Saint-Simon and all the contemporaries, says: 'Why should not this charming princess have had friends and admirers, without having lovers?' And I take the liberty in putting precisely the contrary question: Why should she not have had what almost every princess, every great lady permitted herself at that time, and what she is supposed to have permitted herself in a slight degree? Saint-Simon, who shows no ill-will whatever towards the Duchess of Burgundy, tells us all the details, as if he had them on the authority of the best informed confidants, of the Princess' slight partialities for M. de Nangis, for M. de Maulevrier, for the Abbé de Polignac. This Abbé, afterwards Cardinal de Polignac, is the same who constituted himself the champion of outraged Providence and morality against the poet Lucretius. He conferred on these grave subjects with the Duke of Burgundy, about the same time that he tried to make his way with the Duchess. When the Abbé left for Rome (1706), it was much remarked 'that the Duchess of Burgundy wished him a happy voyage in quite a different tone from that which she usually employed when dismissing those who took leave of her'. She shut herself up for the rest of the day in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments, with the windows closed, and had a sick headache which was not much believed in, and that ended in a flow of tears. A few days afterwards *Madame* (the mother of the Regent), while walking in the gardens at Versailles, found somewhere on a balustrade a paper which contained a satiric distich which she had not the charity to destroy. But the Duchess of Burgundy was so much loved at Court, that everybody appeared to have agreed to keep her secret, and to spare only her in that general atmosphere of backbiting. The two wretched lines, which for any other would have found a thousand echoes, were suppressed. In short, that truthful and terrible *Madame* whom I have already quoted on the article of wine-drinking, the very same who found the couplet in the garden of Versailles, supports Saint-Simon's gossip, and tells us without any more fuss in her Memoirs: 'At Marly the Dauphine would roam about with all the young people in the garden till three or four o'clock in the morning. The King knew nothing of these nocturnal

jaunts'. These are the reasons which, without my attaching much importance to them, have made me hazard a doubt which is contrary to the intention of the witty authoress of the *Notice*, and to raise as it were one question against another. After that, I am quite satisfied to come to the same conclusion as Mme. de Caylus who, whilst admitting the Princess' partiality for M. de Nangis, hastens to add : 'The only thing I doubt is that the affair went so far as one thinks, and I am convinced that that intrigue was confined to glances, and a few letters at the most'.

Madame Henriette of England, Duchess of Orleans and grandmother of the Duchess of Burgundy, said at the point of death to Monsieur, who suspected her : 'Alas ! Sir, you have not loved me for a long time ; but that is unjust ; *I have never been unfaithful to you*'. Could the dying Duchess of Burgundy have said the same to the Duke, if the latter had been as suspicious as he was confiding ? Once more, a very delicate and ticklish question ! Every reader, and especially every lady reader, has but to reflect on it.

One thing did not fail to give much food for thought. At the point of death, when she had to make her general confession, the Duchess flatly refused Father de La Rue, her confessor in ordinary, and asked for another. If it is permitted to investigate such a matter, we can but conclude that she had not always told her confessor everything, and that it was too painful to her to make up for those little omissions in a general confession, which conscience commands the dying at the approach of the supreme moment. And then she did not perhaps sufficiently trust the professional fidelity of her confessor and his discretion, fearing he might tell the King all.

What Saint-Simon does not tell us and is only piquant, is that the Duc de Fronsac, afterwards Maréchal de Richelieu, who died in 1788, and who was presented at Court in 1710 (being only fourteen years of age at the time), had also had the honour of being talked about in connexion with the Duchess of Burgundy. It was the first adventure at Court of that illustrious dandy. Admitted to intimacy with the princess and Mme. de Maintenon, treated as a witty and playful boy, he soon began to take those liberties which that impudent Chérubin

takes with his godmother, and made himself so much at home that it required nothing less than the Bastille to bring him back to reason and to satisfy the King's anger.

In spite of all these frivolities and puerilities the Duchess of Burgundy had her serious qualities, and she became more serious as she grew older. One day she said very pleasantly to Mme. de Maintenon : ' My *aunt*, I owe you immense obligations, *you have had the patience to await my reason* '. She would no doubt have been equal to the transaction of public affairs and politics. The way in which she defended the prince, her husband, against the cabal of the Duc de Vendôme, the open revenge which she took upon him in full Court at Marly, and the back-handed stroke with which she dismissed him, show what she might have done, and that she was able to carry out with skill and continuity the affair she had at heart. The few letters from her to the Duc de Noailles which are published, and in which she says that she knows nothing about politics, would prove rather that, if she could talk more freely than write, she would have liked very much to meddle with them. There is even a more serious matter, which I have no reason to conceal ; according to Duclos, this fascinating child, though so dear to the King, was none the less betraying the State by revealing to her father, the Duke of Savoy, who was our enemy again, all the military plans that she found means to read ; and with her playful familiarity, with her right of entry at all hours and everywhere, she was at the source for that. The King, adds the historian, had proofs of this perfidy in letters that he found in the princess's casket after her death : ' *The little hussy*, he said to Mme. de Maintenon, *was betraying us* '.

In spite of all, one begins to regret that this princess, taken away at the age of twenty-six, whose natural fairy charms had enchanted all hearts, did not reign by the side of Fénelon's virtuous pupil. The reign of their son, that Louis XV who was no more than a pretty boy, and showed himself the most contemptible of kings, would have been happily put off. But what boots it to remake history and to restore in imagination what might have been ? In our days especially we ought to be cured of that. At that same Fontainebleau, where the young Duchess of Burgundy arrived at the age of eleven, have

we not also seen arriving (when I say *we*, I can speak of it all the better because I was not included), did one not see arrive, not fifteen years ago, a young princess, desired and fêted in her turn, also heiress to a throne? The latter was not a child of eleven years; she was possessed not only of the graces, but also of moral elevation, true merit and the lofty virtues. What end did all these qualities serve? There is some kind of *hidden power*, Lucretius said (what others besides Bossuet will call Providence), which seems to take a pleasure in breaking human things, in destroying at one blow the stage erected by the powers, and spoiling the piece just at the moment when it promised to go better.

M. JULES JANIN[1]

Monday, May 13, 1850.

M. JANIN, in writing the novel which he has just published, had the excellent idea, very worthy of a real man of Letters, of turning aside for two years from the spectacle of public affairs, the spectacle of the street, and seeking in a subject borrowed from the grand century oblivion of the miseries and the vexations of the present. Before even considering what is the subject of this novel, I may be permitted to congratulate the author on that honourable thought which made him seek consolation in the first place in labour and study. M. Janin is a man of Letters; he is so before, during and after the revolutions. He never sought either favour or place, what is called *position*, under the government in which his friends were all-powerful; he did not throw himself into the tumult nor into vague pursuits after the shipwreck took place. He desires no other position than that which he has enjoyed during the last twenty years in the press, and this disposition both does him honour and shows his good sense; he does what many great littérateurs who think themselves serious do not do, he remains himself.

I say that twenty years ago M. Janin formed a style and manner of his own, that he created a feuilleton which bears his stamp. Those who have tried this profession (and I have been one of them for some time), and who know what periodical efforts it requires, will appreciate the degree of facility and spirit, the force of temperament (that is the word) which M. Janin needed to be equal to them for so many years without fatigue, without disgust, to work as easily and smoothly on the last day as on the first. The creator of the feuilleton in the *Journal des*

[1] *The Nun of Toulouse.* By M. Jules Janin.

Débats, Geoffroy, once justly and proudly replied to one of his adversaries: 'It is not a small matter to amuse the public three or four times a week; to call up one's wit at will, every day, and on all sorts of subjects; to treat the most serious things playfully, and always to insinuate a little seriousness into the most frivolous, continually to refresh a used-up stock, to create something out of nothing. . . . I am far from flattering myself on having fulfilled all those conditions; I can see what I should have done, without having the comfort of thinking that I have done it; but, after all, as all that is very difficult, am I not entitled to a little indulgence?' It would be very unfortunate if, in such a case, one were reduced to asking indulgence, for the public has none; it asks amusement and pleasure before all. M. Janin, in amusing them, finds his own amusement; he is evidently amused by what he writes: that is the surest way to succeed, to remain always in the humour and in practice. He gaily and light-heartedly sets about doing what would be a task and a drudgery to another. There he is, in that study, nay! in that pretty garret, from which he writes, and which he has had the good taste never to leave, like the bird in his cage. Embracing in his universal jurisdiction (what I think was never seen before him) all the theatres, even the smallest theatres, obliged to speak of a thousand things which are generally not worth writing about, and which offer no serious or agreeable hold, he early thought to himself that there was only one way of avoiding disgust and insipidity: that was to throw himself on *Castor and Pollux*, and to speak as often as he could beside, above and around his subject. He has made great demands on the imagination, on the chance opportunities of the moment, on all the bushes at the roadside; the bushes also have paid him back much. M. Janin is a descriptive writer, whose strength lies especially in the happiness and the surprises of his details. He has formed a style which, on his good days and when the sun smiles, is lively, graceful, airy, made of nothing, like those light and transparent gauzes, which the ancients called *woven air*. Or, again, this ready, piquant, sparkling style, served up to the minute, resembles a fresh and foaming sherbet that one takes in summer under the trellis arbour.

Of faults there are many ; who knows that better than he who loves the ancients, who reads and rereads them at his pleasure, and is able to relish them for their own sake ? But he also has his forerunners and almost his models in the ancients ; he seeks them in his leisure moments in Apuleius, in Petronius, in Martial, and he has spoken of them all with the feeling of one who not only understands the letter and the text, but seizes their essence and spirit, and who is in a certain degree one of their descendants. Among the modern French writers I look for his forerunners and predecessors, and have a difficulty in finding them. Do you know that it is something in Letters to be oneself, to have no established model, even though one does not deserve to have any imitators ? After a good search, however, this is what I think. One day Garat, as a young man, went to see Diderot, who was already aged. After leaving him, he began to write down his account of that visit, in which the philosopher, though he did not know him, having never seen him before, and not even asking his name, at once spoke to him on all kinds of subjects, as to an old friend, unbosomed himself of a thousand plans, political, philosophical and others, asking questions and answering them, and parted from him with effusive embraces. That charming story of three or four pages, so gay and dainty, which exaggerates the reality without quite amounting to caricature, which shows exhilaration and headiness, as if written after lunch, is perhaps the first specimen in our literature, of that only slightly overdrawn style in which Janin has since so much delighted. Garat after leaving Diderot, and Charles Nodier, telling one of his pretty tales in which the substance is fugitive and the manner is everything, these are almost the only authors, in French, who give me any idea in advance of that unique style of M. Janin, when he writes well.

And do not imagine that good sense is wanting, in spite of his appearing to be habitually roaming the fields and beating the bushes. Although the criticism that M. Janin delights in is above all a criticism of fantasy and embroidery, it has more than once served him to cover the other, a true criticism that is worthy of the name. When he deigns to show good sense, his sense is of the best and most thorough. He has gaiety and naturalness,

and loves Molière : those are his certificates. I will notice certain feuilletons of his (that of Thursday, December 24, 1846, for example, on *Agnès de Méranie*), after reading which I wrote for my own benefit the following note which I have found, and which I reproduce as the clear expression of my thought : 'An excellent feuilleton. It is full of good sense and justness, in a good style and rich in delicate and happy expressions. Janin is decidedly a true critic, when he takes the trouble and feels himself free, with a loose rein. He has a healthy taste and natural at bottom, when he writes on dramatic subjects. Both in mind and body he is healthy and cheerful, somewhat like those sprightly characters in Molière, those Dorines and Martons whom he loves to quote, who tell their truths with arms akimbo'. There is my quite fresh impression of one of the good and substantial feuilletons of this critic who has written so many pretty and animated ones. But if M. Janin is to show all his good sense he must (I ask his pardon) feel himself free ; he must not have to deal with one of those names which, willingly or unwillingly, never appear under his pen but with an indispensable train of eulogies. A critic should not have too many friends, too many ties with the world, too many of those obligations commanded by the proprieties. Without exactly being pirates, as somebody has said, we need plenty of room for tacking ; we want elbow-room. M. Janin one day said wittily to a lady who at a soirée introduced him to a number of persons : 'You are giving me so many friends that you will deprive me of all my wit'.

Even when he has to do with those illustrious names of which I speak and to which he immediately applies all sorts of epithets, M. Janin has a way of overcoming the difficulty like a man of wit and of showing his constraint up to a certain point : he over-praises them. He appears to be almost laughing in his sleeve. He begins by covering them with so much praise, that it is very easy to see that this time the eulogy is not supposed to be taken too seriously. Oh ! I should not like to be praised by him in that way ; I should prefer a more sober, a more motived judgment, in which it is not the Janin of the part but the Janin of the entr'acte who is speaking, the truthful Janin who is free of the collar ! Courage ! I will say to him, let it be the latter that speaks often.

From among all the feuilletons that he has written these many years and which insure him an original physiognomy in the history of the newspapers of this age, one might make a selection which would be very agreeable, very interesting to read and consult. Nobody ever spoke better than he of those matters which, though fugitive and transitory, were the events of a day, of an hour, and which have survived. On an evening mist, on a passing violinist, on a departing dancer, on a dying flower-girl, he has written delightful pages which deserve to live. On Scribe, on Balzac, on Eugène Sue, on Théophile Gautier, on Méry, he has written rapid, delicately shaded criticisms, found on the spur of the moment, which cannot be reproduced, and which should be cut out, isolated from their surroundings. This selection which I should like to see of Janin's feuilletons it would be well perhaps that another than he were commissioned to make. Martial was a very good judge of his own epigrams ; yet if it had been necessary to select, to sift so great a number of pieces, would Martial himself have been most capable of the task ? You see that I am saying all that I think.

But while speaking of the writer I am forgetting the novel, and it is here to remind me of it. M. Janin tells us in his preface that in the midst of his weekly occupations and the sheets that he casts to the winds, he too wished to write his volume and his book, that for ten years he had had on the stocks his capital work, his *Robinson Crusoe's boat.* The subject of this book was to be the reign of Louis XV, and its title *The End of the World.* When the Revolution of February, 1848, broke out, M. Janin felt at once that he should not, as they say, carry water to the river, and by his book compete with the end of the world which seemed to be coming in good earnest. Then he boldly changed his plan and his tactics, and for the greater contrast sought his subject in the age, not of Louis XV, but of Louis XIV. So we have the new novel that he gives us, whose heroine is the Mother Superior and the foundress of an institution in Toulouse, which was destroyed in 1686, as being affiliated and a sort of cousin-german to the monastery of Port-Royal.

That is a very serious subject, and one wonders how and by what right the novel can enter into it. I may say, in the first place, that though I should consider it un-

seemly and thoughtless in a novelist to set foot in Port-Royal, that abode of truth and serious grandeur, he is quite at liberty perhaps to steal into the house at Toulouse which called itself the Congregation of the Sisters of the Infancy, and which had not the same character of virtue and austerity. The reader may judge from the brief narrative I shall try to give, in which I shall sum up all that is precisely known of the history of this Congregation. He will be the better able to see then how M. Janin has turned it to account.

Mlle. Jeanne de Juliard, the daughter of a Councillor in the Parliament of Toulouse, was born in that city under Louis XIII; she was handsome, witty and much sought after in marriage. Amongst her suitors was mentioned M. de Ciron, son of a President of the same Parliament, who, in spite of apparent suitabilities, was shown the door. Mlle. de Juliard married, on December 13, 1646, M. de Turle, lord of Mondonville, likewise the son of a Councillor in Parliament: we are in the midst of the gown nobility, and there are no military men except in the novel. Young M. de Ciron did not await the wedding-day to break with the world; seeing the ruin of his dearest hopes, he had turned to God, and in the first paroxysm of grief, had thought of turning Carthusian monk; then, his health being too delicate for that profession, he contented himself with the priesthood. He was ordained a sub-deacon on December 22, 1646, that is to say, nine days after the marriage of the lady he loved. He won public esteem, and became Chancellor of the Church and of the University of Toulouse. As a Deputy to the Assembly of the Clergy at Paris in 1656 (the momentous time of the *Lettres Provinciales*), he there contracted ties with the principal chiefs of the Jansenist party. The Prince de Conti, Governor of Languedoc, had become converted and himself obeyed Jansenist influences; M. de Ciron was charged with the duty of directing him. Meanwhile after a few years of marriage, Mme. de Mondonville lost her husband, and it was the Abbé de Ciron who, as priest, attended his former rival in his sickness and until his death.

Mme. de Mondonville was, according to every testimony, a woman of brains and capacity, firm, proud, fascinating, with an instinct and genius for dominating. Such women, when on a throne, call themselves Elizabeth,

Catherine. M. de Talleyrand surnamed the Princess Elisa, Bonaparte's eldest sister, the *Semiramis of Lucca*. Mme. de Mondonville, free, rich and childless, thought of creating a little empire for herself and of being the Semiramis of a select world in which she should reign.

In concert with the Abbé de Ciron she laid the foundations of the new institution which she intended to establish; she drew up the *Constitutions* of the Congrégation de l'Enfance as she called it, the intention being to honour particularly the divine infancy of Jesus Christ. What the foundress wished to establish was not a religious order nor an austere cloister; it was something between a retreat and the world, an asylum for the benefit of girls who felt no calling either for marriage or for the convent proper, and who would like to reconcile withdrawal from the world with a life which was exempt from absolute seclusion and the solemnity of vows.

'The Sisters of the Infancy, like the Christian virgins or the *deaconesses* of the early centuries, were not shut up in a cloister, in order to be able more easily to attend to the charitable offices which the Christian virgins may honestly practise in the world. Nevertheless they lived in common, but without any other external practices than those which should be observed by all persons of their sex who renounce marriage, and who wish to lead a modest and Christian life. They took no other vow than the simple vow of *stability*, but it included the three others, those of poverty, chastity and obedience'.

This vow of *stability* nearly amounted to the same thing as the permanent vows, but under a less formidable appearance. The distinction in ranks and conditions of birth in accordance with the way of the world was not suppressed in this Congregation of a new kind. There were three classes of sisters: those of the first class, intended for *damsels of the sword or gown nobility*, could alone attain to the high offices of internal government. The second class was intended for sisters of a lower rank, but still honourable; these could only aspire to meaner and secondary offices, saving the case of an extraordinary dispensation, which the foundress reserved to herself to grant. Lastly, there were the sisters of the third class, mere housemaids and servants, stamped with an absolute incapacity for any other employment. We see that the three orders existed there as everywhere else. But the

Mother Superior had taken to herself the lion's share in this government, and she may be said to have absorbed the whole. She, too, said in her way, when taking possession: *L'État, c'est moi.* 'The Superior, said one of the articles of the *Constitutions*, is the soul of the house and the head of all the members who compose it; all their virtue depends on her influence'. She must have been thirty years old at least; she was permanent. There was something queenlike in the manner in which Mme. de Mondonville established this rule for her own use:—

'The Superior, she said, will give audience once a month to each of the sisters who will ask to speak with her; she will receive them with a serene countenance, will peaceably and charitably listen to them, preserving a just medium between familiarity and the heaviness of a too stiff conversation. . . . In short, she will conduct herself in such a manner that she will never dismiss them discontented if possible'.

To be deprived of her presence was the most cruel punishment. On this the scoffers wrote satirical lines, a sort of parody of the ten Commandments for the use of the sisters of the Infancy:

Madame seule adoreras,
Et l'Institut parfaitement.

Son beau minois tu ne verras,
Si tu fais quelque manquement. . . .

The confessors had only a subordinate part to play, being subject to the influence of the Superior, who held in her hand the key of the sisters' consciences. The habit was simple, but not uniform: 'One may choose indifferently black, grey, white, *dead-leaf* or any other dark colour, for the choice of which one shall take the advice of the Superior, who will regulate all things, having regard to the *age*, the condition of mind, and the *quality* of the persons'. And with respect to the cut both of the linen and the habit, it seemed that, without quite being nuns, the sisters of the Infancy already had for their rule the pretty code of Gresset:

Il est aussi des modes pour le voile;
Il est un art de donner d'heureux tours
A l'étamine, à la plus simple toile.

'They shall observe, it said, a just mean, which will neither make fools to laugh nor sadden the wise, which will not attract attention by the frivolities of fashion, nor by the absurdities of a past and bygone use. . . . They shall be neat without being over-nice, tidy without daintiness, well dressed without affectation'.

Add to this good works, the gratuitous education of young girls, the instruction of newly converted Calvinists, care of the poor, and we shall have some idea of this cleverly planned Institution, calculated to fascinate and attract, and useful perhaps, but evidently stamped with a remnant of human pride, and even of worldly coquetry.

The Abbé de Ciron may have been in league with some of the friends and disciples of Saint-Cyran, the Institution founded by Mme. de Mondonville may have been persecuted and finally destroyed on that score, as a branch establishment of the Jansenists in the south of France; but there did not and never had prevailed the pure spirit of the austere and honest Port-Royal. That leaps to the eyes, and M. Janin may have called attention to it at once.

What did not make a smaller difference, and nevertheless surprises one at the first glance, was that kind of pious intercourse, in which there was nothing sensual, we are ready to believe, but which was too calculated to make people talk and smile, between the Abbé de Ciron, an old suitor, and Mme. de Mondonville, who was still young. This M. de Ciron, besides, seems to have been a virtuous man, with a charity which made him reckless of his life during an epidemic of plague at Toulouse. Everything points to the fact that he was mild, moderate, of good counsel, more likely to moderate and restrain the ardour of the lady he directed than to urge her to extremes. But he was, in concert with her, the director of the house of the Infancy; he lodged within the precincts of that house, in the garden enclosure, with only a few steps between himself and his penitent. After his death, and perhaps during his lifetime, his portrait adorned the foundress' chamber; she read and reread his notes, which she collected and treasured. One cannot be surprised after that if gossip and songs circulated about them, and it is asserted that the holy Bishop of Aleth, Pavillon,

censured M. de Ciron for having lent colour to rumours by appearances.[1]

In 1662 the Institution was regularly founded; but from its inception it had to surmount many difficulties and obstacles. The monks, and particularly the Jesuits, who were excluded from the management of the establishment, and had no access to it, repeatedly tried to ruin it. Four times they returned to the charge: the first time at the very beginning, in 1663; the second time in 1666, immediately after the death of the Prince de Conti, a powerful protector. Mme. de Mondonville then made a journey to Paris, and there gained other protectors, especially M. Le Tellier, afterwards Chancellor of France, who supported her as long as he was alive. In 1682 (M. de Ciron having been dead two years) a sister of the Infancy, Mlle. de Prohenques, who made her escape from the house and complained of ill treatment, excited a grave scandal, which the enemies were eager to take advantage of. But it was not till 1686 that the storm, hitherto averted, burst out; the house was destroyed, and the Congregation dispersed, with circumstances which aroused a universal interest at the time.

There exists a *History of the Congregation of the Infancy*, in two volumes, written by Reboulet, an advocate of Avignon; these volumes, which are not lacking in interest and a certain charm in the narrative, are unfortunately very unreliable; so many inaccuracies and impossibilities were pointed out, the author in his *Reply* defended himself so feebly and appeared, by his own confession, so careless and unscrupulous in the matter of historical criticism, that we can regard them in the light of little more than a romance, but a theological romance compiled in the interests of the enemies of the Infancy. From that work

[1] The Bishop of Aleth, M. Pavillon, had likewise disapproved from the beginning of the idea of forming the sisters who were to educate children into a *body of community*. It was this holy bishop who had first instituted in his diocese *regent* sisters for the education of their own sex, and M. de Ciron had requested him to send one of them to Toulouse to train other mistresses and form a school. Mme. de Mondonville did not follow M. Pavillon's advice in her more ambitious plans; he opposed them to the best of his ability, but in vain: 'Communities,' he said, 'always degenerate and do not long preserve the spirit of their institution'. (*Life of M. Pavillon, Bishop of Aleth*, vol. i, p. 166). When we examine this passage in the *Life* of M. Pavillon, written by a very pure and very cautious Jansenist pen, we see an implicit admission that there were abuses in this Institution of the Infancy.

M. Janin took most of the names that figure in his book; I say the names, for he has given to the persons quite a different character, and completely transformed them. After a certain moment, the Institution of the Infancy having become an object of suspicion, the Court gave orders to watch it strictly and to introduce spies, who were since that time called *flies* (*mouches*). It is the history of this espionage, the tricks and stratagems employed by real or imaginary persons, that form the staple of Reboulet's book. In fact, two serious accusations especially were laid at the door of the house at Toulouse and the Superior: firstly, of having harboured two priests, who were pursued by law for resistance to the orders of the King in what was known as the affair of the Régale; second, of having a secret printing-press, whence issued, at appropriate moments, placards and even little theological pamphlets, which were circulated throughout the south of France. It was supposed that the sisters of the Infancy themselves had been trained to the work of printing. Observe that no stranger was admitted to the interior of the house, that all this little world was absolutely in the hands of the Superior, and that the latter, in spite of the harshness she was accused of, had made herself so greatly loved by the sisters that she seemed able to impose the strictest secrecy. A secret kept by more than two hundred women! Mme. de Mondonville must have been a clever woman. It took time and cunning to obtain the necessary information before striking. It does not appear, nevertheless, that a well established and authentic conviction was ever arrived at, touching the mysterious facts that were suspected; but suspicion was enough. The suppression of this house entered besides into the plans of Louis XIV, who, expounding his State maxims for the particular instruction of his son, wrote: 'I endeavoured to destroy Jansenism and scatter the Communities among which arose that spirit of novelty, well-meaning Communities perhaps, but ignorant or wilfully ignorant of the dangerous consequences which might result'. The destruction of the Order of the Infancy, though more or less delayed, was only one of the applications and the consequences of this fixed policy of Louis XIV.

On May 12, 1686, when the decree of the Council appeared, which ordered this destruction, the Institution

was at the height of its prosperity: the Toulouse house had ramifications in the provinces; it contained, as I have said, more than two hundred inmates, including mistresses, postulants, boarders and servants. Among the former were many ladies of quality, Mlles. Daguesseau, de Chaulnes, de Fieubet, de Catelan. On receiving news of the danger, Mme. de Mondonville hastened to Paris. On two of her visits she had already been so successful that she again relied upon the effect of her presence. But hardly had she arrived when she received an order from the King to betake herself to Coutances, in Lower Normandy. There she was detained a prisoner in the Convent of the Religieuses Hospitalières; she never issued forth again, and died there only in 1703 or 1704.

Bereft of their Superior, the sisters at Toulouse showed themselves worthy of her, and sustained the attack of the powers as they might have sustained a siege and a storm. We have an account of these supreme moments, written by one of the sisters, which breathes a strong sense of innocence oppressed by injustice. Such a tone, which cannot be assumed, is the best reply to many of the accusations of their enemies. The dispersion demanded formalities of procedure and an inventory. The Archbishop of Toulouse (M. de Montpezat), when issuing his order conformably to the decree of the Council, desired to temper the execution of the order, especially with regard to the ladies of quality, Mlles. de Chaulnes, Daguesseau, and others; he wrote to them or sent his expressions of condolence on the rigorous necessity imposed upon him to strike them; but they had the generosity to refuse all mitigation, and considered it as a point of honour to be treated like the meanest of their companions. They came punctually, and with all ceremony, to *profane* the chapel; they carried away the hosts and the holy vessels. The sisters of the Congregation continued no less to assemble there for the exercises of their piety. Masons were sent to destroy the house, who left not one stone upon another: they continued to assemble to pray on the ruins. When soldiers were sent to remove at first forty sisters, then about thirty who still remained, they took refuge in the ruins of the chapel as in a fortress, protesting to the last against the violation of their vows. Every means had been employed to disperse them, even forbidding their

steward to supply them with food, and trying to reduce them by famine like the besieged in a city. But nothing availed; they did not surrender; it required violence and M. de Bâville's dragoons to consummate the work of Father de La Chaise. These final scenes caused great excitement among the public, and the impression they left was that of a pathetic and tragic misfortune. At Court, the fact of his having had one of his daughters among the sisters of the Infancy was always remembered to the disadvantage of M. Daguesseau; and it was thought that, but for this circumstance, which gave him a colouring in the eyes of certain people, he might have been Chancellor, as his son was afterwards.

It is rather difficult to-day, from the incomplete state of the documents, to form a very precise idea of Mme. de Mondonville's character; but all that is known about her proves, once more, that she must have been a person of very high distinction, of firm and elevated character, born to command, and ruling with great skill. If one might conjecture any farther, I should be inclined to think that she came before her time, and that in applying to the friends and adherents of Port-Royal she went to the wrong persons for protection. With the ideas which pierce through her conduct and some of the articles of her *Constitutions*, she might, it seems, have done better if she had come to an understanding with Mme. de Maintenon, the foundress of Saint-Cyr; if she had been born later, and had looked for support in that direction, she might have found an order of ideas more in harmony with her inclinations, instead of coming in collision with the rock on which she foundered. She would not have had to languish for eighteen years and die in exile, like so many dethroned sovereigns, she who had spent her best years in creating for herself a little principality and a little throne.

Now, I shall not enter into an account of M. Janin's novel; everybody will wish to read it, and my analysis would be superfluous. He has very well understood and placed in relief the principal features of Mme. de Mondonville's character; but he has not aimed at restoring, in accordance with the well-known historical facts, the other circumstances which would be more or less probable. He has taken those names and that framework of the Order of the Infancy as a mere pretext and a groundwork for his

living studies and his momentary fancies; he wished to trace, as he said, 'a capricious historical picture'. I confess that I have so much respect for historical truth, in so far as it is possible to know it, that I should have preferred a quite simple, quite unadorned, account of what is known about that Congregation of the Infancy, or at least a narrative the imagined circumstances of which did not appear to clash with the facts as proved and established elsewhere. For example, to mention only one feature, I cannot possibly agree with the novelist that M. Arnauld *at Utrecht blessed the marriage* of Mlle. de Prohenques, that sister of the Infancy who escaped from the house, when I read in a writing of Arnauld himself that he only speaks of her as an *apostate sister*, and of the man she married as a *grand débauché*: 'One may see, says the austere Doctor, that God, who extracts good from evil, allowed her to fall into such scandalous and dissolute ways and into such manifest contradictions, only more and more to reveal the innocence of the Sisters of the Infancy, and the cunning of their adversaries, who employed the testimony of this apostate to deceive the religion of the King'. Now, after that, how can I agree to what is said at the conclusion of the novel: 'Du Boulay was married to Mlle. de Prohenques in a church at Utrecht . . . M. Arnauld blessed this union of two *honest hearts*, of two *sincere minds*; but the illustrious captain of dogmatic battles who, near by or from afar, had conducted all those wars, did not content himself with this supreme benediction. A book appeared soon after in the midst of indignant France, which was both the chastisement of the victors and the consolation of the vanquished. This book was called the *Cry of Oppressed Innocence*'. But this is precisely the book in which Arnauld speaks of Mlle. de Prohenques, and the man she marries, in the contemptuous terms just quoted. For the rest, all this is very unimportant for the interest of the book, for very few people have, I think, read Arnauld, or will go to the trouble of searching the documents of the time. M. Janin's novel is not, and was not intended to be, a strictly accurate picture; it is a fresh and modern painting, adorned with names of former days, enlivened with the colours of to-day, a movable web, in which brilliant threads cross each other, from which young faces stand out, in which there plays in all honour an amorous fantasy.

MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE [1]

Monday, May 20, 1850.

When speaking sympathetically on one occasion of Mme. Du Deffand, I did not pledge myself not to deal on another occasion with Mlle. de Lespinasse. The critic should have no partiality, and takes no side. He espouses the interests of people for a time only, and only passes through the different groups, without ever linking himself to them. He boldly crosses over from one camp to the other; and his having done justice to one side is never a reason for refusing it to the opposite side. Thus he is by turns in Rome and Carthage, now for Argos and now for Ilion. Mlle. de Lespinasse had at one time a deadly quarrel with Mme. Du Deffand, after living for ten years in intimacy with her. The friends were obliged to choose between one or the other of these declared rivals, and there was no possibility for any of them to keep in with both. We have no need to choose: we appeared to be very attached and very faithful to Mme. Du Deffand, we shall none the less pay great attention to-day to Mlle. de Lespinasse.

Mlle. de Lespinasse's claims to the attention of posterity are positive and enduring. When she died she was universally mourned, as having succeeded, without a name, without fortune, without beauty, by the charm of her intellect alone, to create a salon, and one of the most in vogue and the most favoured, at a period which could boast of so many brilliant salons. Still, this flattering concert of regrets for the memory of d'Alembert's friend would not have left more than a rather vague and soon distant idea of her, if the publication, in 1809, of two volumes of her *Letters* had not revealed her in quite a differ-

[1] *Letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.*

ent aspect, and shown her not as the amiable lady so dear to society, but as a woman of heart and passion, the burning and wasted victim of love. These two volumes of *Letters* of Mlle. de Lespinasse to M. de Guibert form one of the most curious and memorable monuments of passion. In 1820 was published, under the title of *New Letters* of Mlle. de Lespinasse, a volume which cannot be hers, which is worthy neither of her intellect nor of her heart, and which is as commonplace as the other is distinguished, or rather unique. I entreat the reader not to confound that dull volume of 1820, a mere publisher's speculation and fabrication, with the two volumes of 1809, which alone merit confidence, and of which I am going to speak. These love letters addressed to M. de Guibert were published by M. de Guibert's own widow, assisted by Barrère, no less a man than the Barrère of the Reign of Terror, who, as is well known, was a great lover of literature, especially the literature of sentiment. When these Letters appeared there was a great stir among the society which still included some of Mlle. de Lespinasse's old friends. They much deplored this indiscreet publication; they blamed the conduct of the editors who thus dishonoured, as they thought, the memory of a lady hitherto held in esteem, and without any moral right betrayed her secret to all the world. They protested in the name of morality and modesty, and of Mlle. de Lespinasse's own good name. However, the reading of these letters, which far surpass in interest the most passionate romances, and which are truly the *Nouvelle Héloïse* in action, was greedily enjoyed.[1] To-day posterity, indifferent to personal considerations, has no eyes except for the book; it is classed among the series of testimonies and immortal paintings of passion, and they are not so numerous that they cannot be counted. In antiquity, we have Sappho for a few accents and ardent sighs which have come down

[1] Here is an anecdote which I have at first hand. During the season when these Letters appeared, a brilliant company was gathered together at the Baths of Aix in Savoy. They had gone to pay a visit to Chambéry; the return journey, in a carriage which contained Mme. de Staël, Benjamin Constant, Mme. de Boigne, Adrien de Montmorency and others, was attended by a thunderstorm, hindrances and delays of every kind. When they arrived at Aix, they found all the hôtel people collected at the door, full of anxious inquiries. But the travellers had not remarked anything unusual, the reason being that Mme. de Staël had been talking the whole time of these Letters, and of this M. de Guibert, who had been her first flame.

to us through the ages; we have the *Phaedra* of Euripides, the *Magician* of Theocritus, the *Medea* of Apollonius of Rhodes, the *Dido* of Virgil, the *Ariadne* of Catullus. Among the moderns, we have the Latin letters of *Heloïsa*; those of a Portuguese Nun; *Manon Lescaut*, Racine's *Phèdre*, and a few other rare productions, in the first rank of which are these Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse. Oh! if the late Barrère had never done anything worse in his life than publish these Letters, and had never had any weightier matter on his conscience, we should now very heartily absolve him and say: *May the earth lie lightly upon him!*

The life of Mlle. de Lespinasse began early by being a romance and more than a romance. 'Some day, she wrote to her friend, I will tell you things that you will not find in Prévost's or Richardson's novels. . . . Some evening, this winter, when we are very sad, and inclined to be very thoughtful, I will afford you the pastime of listening to a story which would interest you if you found it in a book, but will inspire you with a great horror of humankind. . . . I should naturally devote myself to hatred, and have badly fulfilled my destiny'. She was the adulterous daughter of Mme. d'Albon, a lady of rank of Burgundy, whose legitimate daughter was married to the brother of Mme. Du Deffand. It was at the house of this brother, during a visit to Burgundy, that Mme. Du Deffand met the young girl in the country, then twenty years of age, in a state of subjection and dependance, and obliged to do menial labours. She took to her at once, or rather they took to each other, and one can easily believe it; looking at intellectual merit alone, chance does not often throw together two more distinguished minds. Mme. Du Deffand did not rest until she had attracted the young woman away from her province, and installed her with herself in the convent of Saint-Joseph as her companion, her reader and permanent resource. The family had only one fear: that was, that the young woman might take advantage of her new position and the protectors she might find, to lay claim to the name of d'Albon and her share in the inheritance. She might have done so in strict justice, for she was born during the lifetime of M. d'Albon, her mother's husband. Mme. Du Deffand thought it necessary to take precautions, and, before receiving her into

her house, laid down her conditions without too much delicacy; we may appreciate her mind without crediting her with a good heart. This arrangement of a life in common was made in 1754, and lasted till 1764: to keep house together in harmony for ten years, that was a very long time, longer than one might have expected in the case of two minds so equal in quality and joined to such impetuous elements. But towards the end, Mme. Du Deffand, who rose late and was never down before six o'clock in the evening, became aware that her young companion received in her own room, a good hour before that time, the majority of her visitors, and thus took to herself the first bloom of the conversations. She felt herself wronged in her dearest possession, and loudly expressed her indignation, as if she had been the victim of a domestic theft. The tempest was terrible and ended in a rupture. Mlle. de Lespinasse abruptly quitted the convent of Saint-Joseph; her friends contributed together to procure her a salon and an existence in the Rue de Belle-Chasse. These friends were d'Alembert, Turgot, the Chevalier de Chastellux, Brienne the future Archbishop and Cardinal, the Archbishop of Aix Boisgelin, the Abbé de Boismont—in short, the flower of the wits of the time. This brilliant colony followed the clever emigrant and her fortunes. From this moment, Mlle. de Lespinasse lived apart and became, through her salon and her influence over d'Alembert, one of the acknowledged powers of the eighteenth century.

A happy age! all life was then turned to sociability; everything was arranged for the pleasantest intellectual intercourse and the best conversation. Not a day, not an hour was left unoccupied. If you were a man of Letters and the least bit of a philosopher, this was the regular division you had to make of your week: on Sunday and Thursday, dinner at the Baron d'Holbach's; on Monday and Wednesday, dinner at Mme. Geoffrin's; on Tuesday, dinner at M. Helvétius'; on Friday, dinner at Mme. Necker's. I will not speak of the Sunday breakfasts at the Abbé Morellet's, which came, I think, a little later. Mlle. de Lespinasse, not being able to afford dinners and suppers, remained very punctually at home from five to nine in the evening, and her circle was renewed every day in this interval of the *first soirée*.

All the Memoirs of the time tell us what she was as presiding lady of a house and a bond of society, before and even since the irruption and the delirium of her fatal passion. She had become strongly attached to d'Alembert, an illegitimate child like herself, who, like herself, had proudly forborne to go in pursuit of rights which he would not have owed to affection. D'Alembert first lived with his nurse, the good glazier's wife, in the Rue Michel-le-Comte; that was a long way from the Rue de Belle-Chasse. In consequence of a serious illness, during which Mlle. de Lespinasse tended him, the physicians recommended a better atmosphere, and he decided quite simply to go and live with his friend. From that day, d'Alembert and Mlle. de Lespinasse kept house together, but quite in an honourable way, and without giving rise to any gossip. D'Alembert's life became pleasanter, and Mlle. de Lespinasse grew in esteem.

Mlle. de Lespinasse was not pretty; but nature had generously made up for this want by wit, grace and the gift of pleasing. From the first day that she was in Paris, she appeared so much at home, as little out of her element, as if she had spent all her life there. She profited by the education of that excellent world in which she lived, just as if she had had no need of it. Her great art in society, one of the secrets of her success, lay in her understanding and feeling others' minds, in making the most of them, and seeming to forget her own. Her conversation was never above nor below that of the person she was speaking with; she had measure, proportion, balance. She reflected so well the impressions of others and so visibly received the effect of their wit, that one liked her on account of the success one felt one had with her. She carried this disposition to the point of an art: 'Ah! she exclaimed one day, how I should like to know everybody's weakness!' D'Alembert took up these words and reproached her with them, as denoting too great a desire to please, and to please everybody. But with this desire and the means which it suggested, she remained true, she was sincere. She said of herself and to explain her success with others, that she had the *truth of all*, whilst other women have the *truth of nothing*. When talking, she had a gift for the appropriate word, a taste for the correct and choice expression; a vulgar and trivial expression aroused her

pain and disgust: she would be quite taken aback by it, and could not get over it. She was not exactly simple, though she was very natural. Her style of dressing was the same, 'she gave one the idea of wealth, as somebody said, which had, from choice, devoted itself to simplicity'. Her taste in literature was strong rather than sure; she loved, she adored Racine, as the master of the human heart, but she did not on that account love the too finished, and would have preferred the rough and sketchy. That which seized her by a secret fibre easily exalted her and carried her away; even the *Paysan perverti* found favour in her eyes, on account of one or two situations which touched her soul. She imitated Sterne in two chapters, which are not much to speak of. As a writer, when not thinking of authorship, that is to say in her Correspondence, her pen is clear, firm, excellent, saving a few words like *sensible* and *vertueux*, which return too frequently, and show the influence of Jean-Jacques. But there is no commonplace, no declamation; everything is from the source and from nature.

Let us quickly come to her principal claim, her fame as a lover. In spite of her tender friendship for d'Alembert, which at first no doubt was a little more than friendship, we may say that Mlle. de Lespinasse loved only twice in her life: she loved M. de Mora and M. de Guibert. It is the struggle between these two passions, the one expiring but still powerful, the other encroaching upon it and soon supreme, it is this violent and desperate conflict which constitutes the harrowing drama which the publication of the Letters revealed to us. Mlle. de Lespinasse's contemporaries, her nearest and best informed friends, knew nothing about it; Condorcet, writing to Turgot, often mentions her and the critical state of her health, but without appearing to suspect the reason; those who, like Marmontel, divined something, were on the wrong scent, and mistaken about the date and the order of her feelings. Even d'Alembert, whose sympathy should have enabled him to see clearly, did not know of the mystery until after reading certain papers, after his friend's death. Let us then seek the truth about Mlle. de Lespinasse's secret feelings in herself and her own confessions.

She had already loved M. de Mora five or six years when she first met M. de Guibert. The Marquis de Mora was

son-in-law to the Count de Aranda, the celebrated minister who had driven the Jesuits out of Spain; he was son of the Count de Fuentes, Spanish ambassador at the Court of France. Everything testifies to the fact that M. de Mora, though still very young, was a man of superior merit and destined for a great future, if he had lived. We have not only Mlle. de Lespinasse's word for it, but that of contemporaries who were less liable to be infatuated; the Abbé Galiani, for example, who, hearing at Naples of M. de Mora's death, wrote to Mme. d'Épinay (June 18, 1774): 'I dare not speak of Mora. I have wept over him for a long time. All is destiny in this world, and Spain was not worthy of possessing a Mora'. And again (July 8): 'There are lives which are bound up with the destinies of empires. Hannibal, when he heard of the defeat and death of his brother Hasdrubal, who was a better man than he, did not weep for him, but said: *I know now what will be the fate of Carthage.* I say the same about the death of M. de Mora'. M. de Mora came to France about 1766; it was then that Mlle. de Lespinasse knew and loved him. He had been absent several times in the interval, but he always came back. He had a chest trouble, and they prescribed his native climate. He left Paris, never to return, on Friday, August 7, 1772. Mlle. de Lespinasse, who, though a philosopher and an unbeliever, was on one point as superstitious as any Spanish woman could be, as any lover is, remarked that he left Paris on a *Friday*, that he started from Madrid again on a *Friday*, (May 6, 1774), and that he died at Bordeaux on *Friday*, May 27. When he left Paris, they had never been more passionately in love with each other. One may gain an idea of it when one knows that, during a trip which he made to Fontainebleau in the autumn of 1771, M. de Mora wrote *twenty-two* letters in *ten* days to his friend. Matters had risen to that pitch, and they had parted with all possible oaths and promises, when, in September, 1772, Mlle. de Lespinasse met M. de Guibert for the first time at the house of M. Watelet at the Moulin-Joli.

M. de Guibert, twenty-nine years of age at that time, was a young colonel for whom all society had recently become enthusiastic. He had just published an *Essay on Tactics*, preceded by a discourse on the state of politics

and the military science in Europe. It contained liberal, *advanced* ideas, as we should say now. He discussed the great Frederick's system of warfare. He was about to compete at the Academy by composing patriotic eulogies; he had in his portfolio some tragedies on national subjects. 'He aspires to nothing less, said La Harpe, than to supersede *Turenne*, *Corneille* and *Bossuet*'. It would be too easy after the event and too unjust to make a caricature of M. de Guibert, that man whom everybody, beginning with Voltaire, considered at the outset as destined to be great and famous, and who so poorly kept his promise. An abortive hero of this period of Louis XVI which had nothing but promises, M. de Guibert entered the world with his head erect and on the footing of a genius; it was his speciality, so to say, to be possessed of *genius*, and you will find nobody at that time who does not mention that word in his connexion. 'A soul, they exclaimed, that is soaring to fame from all directions!' That was a difficult attitude to keep up, and in the end the fall was all the ruder for him. We must acknowledge, however, that a man who could be loved to that degree by Mlle. de Lespinasse, and who was afterwards the first to have the honour of occupying the affections of Mme. de Staël, must have had some of those active, animated qualities, which are bound up with the person, which deceive one with regard to the works as long as their *father* is there present. M. de Guibert had diverting, stirring, imposing qualities; he was at his best in a brilliant circle, but quickly cooled down and was as if out of his element in the bosom of intimacy. In the order of feelings, he had the movement, the tumult and the noise, but not the heat, of passion.

Mlle. de Lespinasse, who in the end judged and estimated him at his true value without being able to help loving him, had begun with admiration. 'Love, it has been said, ordinarily begins with admiration, and it survives with difficulty the loss of esteem, or at least it only survives it by being convulsively prolonged'. That was the history of that fatal passion in her which was so rapid that one can hardly distinguish the steps. She was then (must we say it?) forty years of age; she was bitterly grieving over the departure of M. de Mora, that man of true feeling and delicacy, that truly superior man, when she became involved in her love of M. de Guibert, that

spurious great man, who, however, was present and seductive. Her first letter is dated Saturday evening, May 15, 1773. M. de Guibert was about to leave for a long journey to Germany, Prussia, perhaps to Russia. We have the printed account of this journey of M. de Guibert, and it is curious to compare these witty, practical, often instructive, sometimes rhetorical and romantic notes with the letters of his passionate friend. M. de Guibert already commits a wrong at his departure. He says that he is leaving on Tuesday, May 18, then on the Wednesday, and it turns out that he did not leave till Thursday, the 20th, and his new friend knew nothing about it. It is evident that it was not she who had his last thought and his last farewell. That pains her already, and she reproaches herself for being pained; she has just received a letter from M. de Mora, which is full of trust in her; she is ready to sacrifice all to him, 'but two months ago, she adds, I had nothing to sacrifice to him'. She thinks that she still loves M. de Mora, and that she can arrest and immolate at will the new feeling which separates her and carries her far away from him. The struggle begins, it will never cease for a moment. M. de Mora, absent, sick, faithful (whatever that spiteful tongue of Mme. Suard may have said), writes to her, and with every letter reopens her wound and revives her remorse. How much more so when, returning expressly for her sake he becomes worse and dies on his way at Bordeaux? So, to the last, we shall see her divided in her delirium between the need, the desire to die for M. de Mora, and the other desire to live for M. de Guibert. "Can you conceive, my friend, the torment that I suffer? I feel remorse for what I give you, and regrets for what I am forced to keep back'. But we are only at the beginning.

M. de Guibert, who is in the fashion and infatuated enough, at his departure leaves after him more than one regret. There are two women, one of whom he loves, but without much response; the other of whom loves him, but without his caring much for her. The poor Mlle. de Lespinasse is interested in these persons, one of them especially, and she tries to slip in between the two. What would you have? when one loves in good earnest, one is not proud, and she said to herself like Félix in *Polyeucte*:

J'entre en des sentiments qui ne sont pas croyables ;
J'en ai de violents, j'en ai de pitoyables,
J'en ai même de . . .

She does not dare to end with Corneille : *J'en ai même de bas.* She would like a separate place for herself ; she does not yet quite know what :

'Let us settle our *ranks*, she said, give me my place ; but, as I do not like to change, make it a good place. I would not like the place of that unfortunate person, she is displeased with you ; nor would I like the place of that other person, you are displeased with her. I do not know where you will place me, but see, if possible, that we are both contented ; do not shuffle ; grant me much, you will see that I shall not abuse it. Oh ! you shall see how well I can love ! I only love, I can only love'.

There we have the eternal note, which is beginning and will never cease. To love is her destiny, more entirely and more fatally her destiny than in the case of Phaedra, Sappho or Dido. She misjudges herself when she says : 'I have a strength or a power which makes me equal to anything ; that is, to be able to suffer, and suffer much without complaining'. She is able to suffer, but she complains, she cries out ; she passes in a twinkling from convulsion to dejection : 'In short, what shall I say to you ? the excess of my inconsequence deranges my mind, and the weight of life crushes my soul. What must I do ? what will become of me ? Will it be Charenton or the parish graveyard that will deliver me from myself ?' She counts the letters she receives ; her life depends on the postman : 'There is a certain post which, for the last year, has put a fever into my soul'. To soothe her mind in the expectation, to obtain the sleep which flees her, she can find no better resource than opium, and she increases the doses with the increase of her malady. What matters to her the fate of other women, those women of the world who 'for the most part have no need of being loved, for their only desire is to be *preferred*' ? She wishes to be loved ; or rather to love, though her love should not be returned : 'You do not know all my *worth* ; know then that I can suffer and die ; and then see whether I am like all those women, who are able to please and be amused'. In vain she exclaims at times : 'Oh ! I hate

you for teaching me hope, fear, pain, pleasure: I had no need of all these emotions; why did you not leave me in peace? My soul had no need to love; it was filled with a tender, deep, shared, reciprocated yet painful feeling; and it is this movement that brought me near to you: you should have done no more than please me, and you have touched my heart; in comforting me, you attached me to you . . .' In vain does she curse that violent feeling which has taken the place of a more even and gentle feeling, her soul is so powerfully gripped and so ardent that she cannot help being carried away by it as if by intoxication: 'I live, I exist so intensely, that there are moments when I catch myself madly loving even my misfortune'.

As long as M. de Guibert is absent, she restrains herself a little, if one can call that restraining oneself. He returns, however, at the end of October (1773), after having been honoured by the great Frederick, and assisted at the manoeuvres at the camp in Silesia, and shining with a new brilliance [1]. Here it is impossible, with a little attention, not to observe a decisive moment, a moment that ought to be veiled, and which corresponds to the moment of the grotto in the Dido episode. A year after, in a letter from Mlle. de Lespinasse, dated midnight (1775), we read these words, which leave little room for doubt: 'It was on the tenth of February of last year (1774) that I was intoxicated by a poison the effect of which still endures . . .' And she continues this delirious and painful commemoration, in which the image, the spectre of M. de Mora, dying two hundred leagues away, returns and mingles with the more present and charming image which surrounds her with a fatal attraction.

From this moment the passion is at its zenith, and, throughout the two volumes there is not a page that is not on fire. Scrupulous people, whilst reading and enjoying these letters, have strongly blamed M. de Guibert for not having destroyed them, for not having returned them to the writer, who often asked them back. Order

[1] In a letter from Condorcet to Turgot, dated December 20, 1773, we read: 'Mlle. de Lespinasse had been pretty well since my arrival: the last eight days or so she has been getting worse. Her insomnia and despondency were increasing, and the cough returned yesterday. Few people have been more ill-treated, and have less deserved it'. It is the counter reaction of M. de Guibert's arrival that is making itself felt.

and punctuality do not, indeed, appear to have been among M. de Guibert's virtues: he frequently jumbles up his friend's letters, he gets them mixed up with other papers, he is apt to drop them inadvertently out of his pockets, at the same time forgetting to seal his own. He sometimes returns them; but those he returns include some which are not hers. That is M. de Guibert to the life. Yet, I do not see why we should make him responsible and blame him to-day for the pleasure these letters afford us. He no doubt returned many of them; many were destroyed. But Mlle. de Lespinasse wrote so many! Those which have been preserved by chance comprise only a handful of them. What matter? The thread is sufficient. It is almost always the same letter that begins, ever fresh, ever unexpected.

I will only pick out a few words here and there to give an idea of what is present all through in a state of lava and torrent:

'My friend, I love you as one ought to love, with excess, with madness, transport and despair. . . .

'My friend, I no longer have any opium either in my head nor in my blood; I have worse than that, I have what should make one bless Heaven, cherish life, if the object of one's love were animated by the same feeling.

'Yes, you ought to love me madly; I demand nothing, I forgive all, and I never have any fits of ill-humour. My friend, I am perfect, for I love you to perfection.

'Do you know why I write to you? It is because I like to: you would never have suspected it if I had not told you.

'You are not my friend, you cannot become so: I have no kind of trust in you, you have given me the deepest and sharpest pain that can afflict and tear an honest soul: at this moment you deprive me, perhaps for ever, of the only consolation that Heaven granted me for the days I have still to live: in short, what shall I say? You have fulfilled all: the past, the present and the future offer me nothing but pain, regrets and remorse; well! my friend, I think, I judge all that, and I am dragged towards you by an attraction, by a feeling I abhor, but which has the power of a curse and a fatality. . . .

'What would you say of the disposition of an unfortunate creature who appeared before you for the first time, agitated, distracted by such varied and contrary feelings? You would pity her: your good heart would be touched; you would succour and comfort that unfortunate creature. Well! my friend, I am that creature; and it is you that cause this misfortune, and this soul full of fire and pain is of your creation . . .'

And through all these heart-rendings and lamentations, a charming word, the eternal and divine word, returns in many places, and redeems everything. Here is one of her letters in two lines, which is more expressive than any number of words:

'*Every moment of my life* (1774).
My friend, I suffer, I love you, and I expect you'.

The kind of passion and of *holy evil* of which Mlle. de Lespinasse was the victim, is very rarely met with in France in the same degree. That is not a reproach (Heaven forbid!) addressed to our amiable nation: it is a simple remark that others have expressed before me. A moralist of the eighteenth century, who knew the world, M. de Meilhan, said: 'In France, great passions are as rare as great men'. M. de Mora did not think that even the Spanish women could compare with his friend: 'Oh! they are not worthy of being your pupils, he kept saying to her; your soul has been warmed by the sun of Lima, and my fellow-countrywomen appear to have been born under the icy skies of Lapland'. And he wrote that from Madrid. He could only compare her with a Peruvian, a daughter of the Sun. 'To love and suffer, she exclaims indeed, Heaven or Hell, that is what I would devote myself to, that is what I would feel; that is *the clime where I would dwell*'. And she pities the temperate climate where people live and vegetate, and fan themselves all around her: 'I have known only the climate of Hell, sometimes that of Heaven'.—'Ah! *mon Dieu*! she says again, how natural passion is to me, and how foreign is reason! My friend, never did anybody reveal herself with this abandon'. It is this abandon that forms the interest and the excuse of this moral situation, the most real and the most lamentable that ever betrayed itself to the eye.

This situation of her soul is even so visibly lamentable, that one may look upon it without any danger, I think, so much does it suggest the idea of a malady, and display such a medley of delirium, fury and misfortune. Whilst admiring a nature that is capable of feeling so strongly, one is tempted, while reading, to pray to Heaven to turn aside from us, and from those we love, such an invincible fatality, such a thunderbolt. I will try to note the pro-

gress of this passion, in so far as it is possible to note what is irregularity and contradiction itself. Before M. de Guibert's journey to Germany, Mlle. de Lespinasse loves him, but has not yet yielded. She admires him, she is exalted, she already suffers cruelly, and turns everything to poison. He returns, she yields to her intoxication; she feels remorse; she judges him better; with terror she sees her mistake; she sees him in his true colours, a man of noise, of vanity, of success, not of intimacy, needing before everything to expand, agitated, excited by external things without being deeply moved. But what good does it do her to become clear-sighted? Did ever a woman's intellect, however great it might be, arrest her heart? 'The intellect of the majority of women serves to strengthen their madness rather than their reason'. It is La Rochefoucauld who said that, and Mlle. de Lespinasse verifies the saying. She continues then to love and to judge him at the same time. She suffers more and more; she calls him and scolds him with anger mingled with tenderness: 'Fill my soul then, or do not torture it any more; make me to love you always, or make me never to have loved you; in short, do the impossible, tranquillize my heart, or I shall die'. Instead of that, he wrongs her; in his thoughtlessness he contrives to hurt even her vanity; she compares him with M. de Mora; she blushes for him, for herself, at the difference: 'And it is you who have made me guilty to such a man! That thought revolts my soul, I turn aside from it'. Repentance, hatred, jealousy, remorse, contempt for herself and sometimes for him, in one moment she feels all the tortures of the damned. To allay her pain, to distract her mind and to find a temporary relief from her torments, she has recourse to all kinds of things. She tries *Tancrède* which touches her and excites her admiration, but nothing is in tune with her soul. She tries the music of *Orphée* which succeeds better, and procures her a painful delight. Above all she finds her solace in opium to suspend her life and deaden her sensibilities during the hours of waiting. She sometimes takes a resolution not again to open the letters she receives; she keeps one sealed for *six days*. There are days, weeks, when she thinks she is almost cured, that she has recovered her reason and her tranquillity; she sings the praises of

reason and its sweetness: even this tranquillity is a delusion. Her passion only feigned death, to come to life again more ardent and more ulcerated than ever. She does not regret that deceptive, insipid calm: 'I lived, she said; but it seemed to me that I was *at my own side*'. She hates him, she tells him so, but we know what that means: 'You know well that when I hate you, it means that I love you to a degree of passion that distracts my reason'. Her life is thus spent in loving, hating, drooping, reviving, dying, that is to say, in loving always. All ends every time in a forgiveness, in a reconciliation, in a more violent embrace. M. de Guibert thinks of his fortune, of settling down; she helps him in his plans. Yes, she helps him to get married. When he marries (for he has the face to marry at the height of this passion), she interests herself in it; she praises his young wife whom she meets; alas! it is perhaps to that generous praise that we owe the preservation of the Letters, which we should have expected to be destroyed in the hands of such a rival. One might think that M. de Guibert's marriage will put an end to it; the generous, insane woman thinks so herself; but what an error! Passion laughs at those social impossibilities and those barriers. She continues then, in spite of everything, to love M. de Guibert, without asking anything more but that he will let himself be loved. After many struggles, everything came back on the last day, as if nothing had been broken between them. Indeed, she feels herself to be dying; she takes more opium than ever. She desires to live only from day to day, without a future: for can passion have a future? 'I feel the need of being loved only to-day; let us strike out of our dictionary the words *never, always*'. The second volume is one sharp cry with rare intervals. One cannot imagine what inexhaustible forms she is able to give to the same sentiment: the river of fire overflows at every step in gushing streams. Let us sum up with her: 'So many contradictions, so many opposite emotions are true, and are explained by these three words: *I love you*'.

Observe that throughout this life of exhaustion and frenzy, Mlle. de Lespinasse sees society; she receives her friends as often as she can; she often surprises them with her changing humours, but they attribute that alteration in her to grief for the absence and then for the death of

M. de Mora. 'They do me honour to think that I am crushed by the loss I have suffered'. They praise and admire her for it, and that increases her shame. Poor d'Alembert, who lives under the same roof, tries in vain to comfort and entertain her; he cannot understand why she sometimes repels him with a sort of horror. Alas! it was the horror she felt for her own dissimulation with such a friend. This long agony had its term. Mlle. de Lespinasse expired on May 23, 1766, at the age of forty-three and a half. Her passion for M. de Guibert had lasted more than three years.

In the midst of this devouring passion which appears to suffer nothing foreign to it, do not think that the Correspondence does not exhibit the charming mind which is united to that noble heart. How many delicate mockeries in passing on the *good* Condorcet, on the Chevalier de Chastellux, on Chamfort, on the persons of her society! how much charm! Lofty and generous sentiments, the patriotism and the virility of her views, also reveal themselves in more than one passage, and help us to appreciate the worthy friend of Turgot and Malesherbes. When she talks with Lord Shelburne, she feels all that is great and quickening for thought in the fact of being born under a free Government: 'How is one not to feel sad at being born under a Government like this? For my own part, weak and unfortunate creature that I am, if I had to be born again, I would rather be the humblest member of the House of Commons than even the King of Prussia'. Little inclined as she is to augur well of the future, she has a moment of exaltation and hope when she sees her friends become ministers, and boldly putting their hands to the work of public regeneration. But, even then, what is it that occupies her mind most? She has M. de Guibert's letters brought to her wherever she may happen to be, at Mme. Geoffrin's, at M. Turgot's even, at table, during dinner. 'What is it you are reading so eagerly? a neighbour asked her, the curious Mme. de Boufflers. It is no doubt some Memorandum for M. Turgot?' 'Yes, exactly, Madame, it is a Memorandum which I have to deliver to him presently, and I wish to read it before giving it to him'.

Thus everything for her relates to her passion, everything leads up to it, and it is this passion alone that gives

us the key of that strange heart and that so struggling destiny. The inestimable merit of Mlle. de Lespinasse's letters, is that we find in them what we do not find in books, not even in novels; we have pure drama in its natural state, as it reveals itself now and then in some gifted beings: the surface of life is suddenly rent, and one sees it laid bare. It is impossible to meet such beings, victims of a holy passion and capable of such noble pain, without a feeling of respect and admiration, in the midst of the deep pity they inspire. However, if one is wise, one will not envy them; one will prefer a calm, mildly animated interest; one will walk, as she did one day, through the Tuileries on a fine sunny morning, and say with her: 'Oh! how beautiful they were! what a divine weather it was! the air I breathed was a sedative; I loved, I regretted, I desired; but all these feelings had the impress of sweetness and melancholy. Oh! that manner of feeling has more charm than the ardour and the shocks of passion! Yes, I think that I am becoming weary of it; I will not again love strongly, I will love tranquilly . . .' And yet, at the very moment when she says that she will love tranquilly, she adds: '*but never feebly*'. And that is the sting that attacks her. Oh! no, those who have once tasted the poison will never be cured of it.

CHATEAUBRIAND [1]

AS ROMANCER AND LOVER

Monday, May 27, 1850.

I HAVE not said anything like all I had to say on M. de Chateaubriand's Memoirs. Their success has been greatly revived the last few months, or at least the impression they have made, of whatever nature it may have been, has been very strong. When touching upon the burning politics of 1830, the controversialist has found and reopened some of our wounds of to-day; he has made them bleed and cry out. Each party has quickly caught at the page which agreed with its views or hatreds, without investigating whether the reverse of the page did not say the exact contrary, and give the lie, a slap in the face almost, to what preceded. The Republicans have seen in them a prediction of the universal republic, without paying much attention to the contempt which is thrown, a few pages farther, at this present or future society and these abortive generations. The Royalists have continued to see in them promises for the future, splendid remnants of hope, I know not what gold fleurs-de-lis, soiled in places, it is true, by many insults and splashings, with which are mingled, under this avenging pen, as many wasps as bees; but the spirit of party is so constituted that it sees in things only what is useful to it. All the enemies of the last régime have vied in discovering in them treasures of gall and anger, an arsenal of sparkling invectives. M. de Chateaubriand's pen is like Roland's sword, which sends forth flashes of light; but here, on the matters of 1830, it is the sword of the *mad* Roland (*Orlando furioso*), which

[1] *Mémoires D'Outre-Tombe.* By M. de Chateaubriand.

strikes at random in the frenzy of its vanity, in its rage at not having been everything under the rule of the Bourbons, at feeling that, from motives of honour, it can and should not be anything under the new reign, in his desire that this world, to which he no longer belongs, should not be worth living in after him. *Après moi, le déluge !* that is his usual inspiration: 'The Legitimate race or the Republic! he exclaims: *prime minister under the one or tribune-dictator in the other'!* Such is his abortive programme, and it will be that of many others; that is his last word in politics. I read it in his own hand in a private letter, of October 29, 1832. He will fret and eat his heart, meanwhile, between the two dreams. This singular rage, at times laughable and pitiful, at times sublime in its Juvenal-like outbursts, often restores to his literary genius all its colouring and all its temper. But I shall return to discuss more thoroughly this amazing character of the politician (if we can call that a politician), who reveals himself henceforth in his nakedness, without his mask, in all his murderous humour and his exterminating fervour: to-day I only wish to speak of Chateaubriand the romancer, the romantic and amorous Chateaubriand.

That, too, is a very essential side of Chateaubriand, a vein which is bound up with the depths of his nature and his talent. Long ago I defined Chateaubriand to myself as *an Epicurean with a Catholic imagination.* But this demands an explanation and an unravelling. The Memoirs, there as elsewhere, say much, but they do not say all. M. de Chateaubriand claims to have displayed his whole nature in them: 'Sincere and truthful, he says, I lack openness of heart; my soul inclines incessantly to shut itself up; I do not say everything about a thing, and have displayed my complete life only in these Memoirs'. Ah! no, he has not displayed his whole life; we may find it there, but not without a great deal of labour.

With regard to his amours, for example, the loves he has inspired and the ardent fancies he has felt (for he hardly ever experienced anything more), he is very discreet, from pretended good taste, from chivalry, from a half-worldly, half-religious propriety, because too, writing his Memoirs under the influence and the eyes of her he called Béatrix, who was to hold the place of honour in them, of Mme. Récamier, he was thought to love none but

her and never to have had previously any but attachments of a lesser and very unequal or inferior order. Thus the past was sacrified or subordinated to the present. The high-altar alone remained in sight: all the little private chapels were concealed and condemned.

When it was known that M. de Chateaubriand was writing his Memoirs, a woman of the world, whom he had at one time greatly loved or desired, wrote him a line asking him to come and see her. He came. This lady, who was not bashful, said to him: 'Come now! I hope you will not breathe a word about . . .' He tranquillized her with a smile, and replied that his Memoirs would not speak of all those things.

Now, as all who have known M. de Chateaubriand know that those *things* occupied a great place in his life, it follows that these Memoirs, which tell so many truths to all the world and about himself, do not, however, contain everything about him, unless they are supplemented by a commentary. We, in our turn, will be very discreet, only endeavouring to define well that fundamental chord as it concerns the soul and the talent of the great writer.

It is in the accessory parts, in the pages of reverie which we find on every occasion in these Memoirs, that we should rather seek true and sincere revelation on those points. Thus, on his journey to Venice in 1833, recurring to the memories called up by that sea on which, twenty-seven years before, he had embarked a pilgrim bound for Palestine, he exclaims:

'But did I say all in my *Itinerary* about that voyage commenced at the port of Desdemona and Othello? Was I going to the tomb of Christ in a repentant disposition? A single thought absorbed me; I counted the moments with impatience. From the deck of my ship, with my eyes fixed on the evening star, I prayed to it for winds to sail more quickly, for the glory that would win me love. I hoped to find it at Sparta, at Sion, at Memphis, at Carthage, and to carry it to the Alhambra. How my heart beat as we neared the Spanish coasts! Had she preserved my memory as well as I had passed through my ordeals? What misfortunes have followed this mystery! the sun still shines upon them. . . . If I stealthily gather a moment of happiness, it is troubled by the memory of those days of seduction, of enchantment and delirium'.

So, without pretending to clear up a few obscure allusions, we have the essential confesson: when M. de

Chateaubriand was departing for the tomb of Jesus Christ, to pay honour to the cradle of his faith, to fetch some of the water of Jordan, and, in reality, to seek some necessary colours for his poem of the *Martyrs*, here we have him confessing that he was going with quite a different aim. A lady whom he loved and vigorously courted at the time, an enchantress had said to him: 'Think of your glory before all, go on your travels first, and after . . . after . . . we shall see!' And it was at the Alhambra that she had appointed to meet him on his return, and hinted at the reward. She had gone there herself, and it is said that the names of the two pilgrims could still be read a few years ago on the Moorish walls on which they had traced them.

Now, I open Chateaubriand's Memoirs at the place which tells of his return from Palestine, and I seek in vain for a detail, a tender revelation, even though it were a little in disagreement with the *Itinerary*—in short, those things which portray a man in true colours and a heart in its contradictions, in its secret weaknesses. No. He confines himself to saying: 'I traversed from one end to the other that Spain where, sixteen years later, Heaven reserved for me a great rôle, by contributing to suppress anarchy . . .' And he breaks out into a little hymn in his own honour apropos of that Spanish war of which he never ceases to take upon himself the glory, whilst trying at the same time to appear the most liberal of the ministers of the Restoration. So, in this part of the Memoirs the man in office has concealed all, the man of pomp has placed himself in front of the mysterious folly.

Since you pretended to tell us your whole life, O Pilgrim, why then not tell us for what end you expressly went to Granada on that day? Though you should have lost a little by it as a Christian, as a crusader and as an object for display, you would have gained, O Poet, as a man, and you would have touched our hearts. I know very well that you told it in a different manner, veiling it with romance and poetry, in the *Last of the Abencerages*; but, since you were writing your Memoirs, you had the occasion and the means of giving us a better insight into that heart, if on a certain day it was true and really carried away.

Only in his reminiscences of childhood, perhaps, has, the

author dared or tried to say a little more. But still, charming and real as the Lucile of the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe* is in certain respects, there is less said about her perhaps and her hidden wound, than in the few pages in which the Amélie of *René* was described. As to the other emotions of his young years, M. de Chateaubriand was contented to obscure them poetically behind a cloud, and to enter them in a mass to the account of a certain *Sylphide*, who is brought in to figure in an ideal way the little errors of adolescence or of youth which others would no doubt have complacently described, and which M. de Chateaubriand preferred to cover with a vague and blushing vapour. We do not blame him for it, we merely remark it.

The only episode in which the author of the Memoirs has exhibited himself with the greatest appearance of truth and artlessness, is that which concerns Charlotte, a fresh picture of a natural and domestic romance, which stands out from the narrative of his exile. Poor, worn out by misery, the young Breton emigrant finds in England, in the provinces, an English clergyman, Mr. Ives, a man of learning who needs a secretary and a co-worker. M.de Chateaubriand becomes that secretary; he lives in the family; he reads Italian with the charming Miss Ives; like Saint Preux, he wins her heart. But, just when everything is about to be satisfactorily settled, when the young girl has fallen in love, when her mother, who divines her secret, anticipates the confession and spontaneously offers to take the young stranger into the family, a fatal word breaks the spell: *I am married!* and he departs. All this is told with charm, poetry and truth, with the exception, however, of two or three touches which disfigure the graceful picture. Thus, beside the young Miss Ives, there is too much mention of the mother, *almost as beautiful* as her daughter, that mother who, when she is about to confide to the young man the secret she has wrung from her child's heart, becomes confused, drops her eyes and blushes: 'There is no feeling that she herself, so fascinating in her confusion, could not have aroused'. It is an indelicacy to insist so much on this pretty *Mamma*. We ask ourselves what idea was crossing the mind of the narrator, at that moment which should have been entirely devoted to the chaste and painful memory.

Supposing that such an idea entered his head, he should never have written it[1]. This betrays, by the way, the licentious tastes which the noble author indeed had, as those assure us who knew him well, but which he concealed so magnificently in his early writings: as he grew older, his pen could no longer restrain itself.

In the case of Charlotte's mother, it is both a piece of bad taste and the sign of a heart that was indifferently touched, The end of the Charlotte episode is spoiled by other touches of bad taste and fatuity. He wonders what would have become of him if he had married the young English girl, if he had become a *gentleman* sportsman: 'Would my country have lost much by my disappearance?' The reply to such a question might be an interesting one to discuss; one might support reasons for and against; one might trifle agreeably on the subject, and, if one became entirely eloquent and serious, the reply might not be very amusing, and might even be terrible, for him who challenges it.

When M. de Chateaubriand tries to describe the grief he felt at the time, after he had broken Charlotte's heart, he hardly succeeds in convincing us; some false tones reveal the romancer who is arranging his picture, and the writer speaking in set phrases: 'Attached to my steps by thought, Charlotte, graceful, tender-hearted, followed me, purifying them, through the paths of the *Sylphide* . . .' and so on. Can you not feel, indeed, the literary and poetic phrase that tries to feign an accent of emotion? The scene in London, when he sees her again twenty-seven years later, he as an ambassador, she as the widow of Admiral Sulton, and presenting her two children to him, might have been beautiful and touching if it had not been disfigured by a few not less offensive touches. He makes Lady Sulton say to him: 'I do not find you at all changed, *not even older* . . .' It is true that he had asked her himself, as a parvenu might have done: 'But tell me, Madame, *what do you think of my new fortune*? How do I appear to you to-day?' He makes her say again: 'When I first knew you, nobody

[1] It may be pardoned in Crispin who, in Le Sage's pretty comedy (*Crispin rival de son maître*), says, on seeing Mme. Oronte and her daughter: 'Malapeste! la jolie famille! Je ferais volontiers ma femme de l'une et ma maîtresse de l'autre'.

pronounced your name; now, who does not know it?' Even in this scene which aims at being pathetic, we can see that double fatuity which never leaves him, the conceit of the lady-killer who wants to be thought young, and of the literary personage who cannot help being vain-glorious.

I have mentioned the word lady-killer; I must explain it at once and reflect upon it. M. de Chateaubriand was a lady-killer, but in the same way as Louis XIV or Jupiter. It would be curious to trace and enumerate the principal names of really distinguished women who successively and sometimes simultaneously loved him, and who wasted away on his account. The ungrateful man! in the Charlotte episode he presumed to say, wishing to do honour to the love of the young English girl: 'Since that time I have only met with one attachment elevated enough to inspire me with the same confidence'. That unique attachment of which he makes an exception is Mme. Récamier's. That charming woman certainly deserved to be an exception in many things; such words, however, are ungrateful and false. What! he sweeps away at one stroke so many tender and devoted women who gave him the dearest and most unexceptionable pledges. He passes over, he forgets in the first place Mme. de Beaumont. O all you who loved him, some of you dying with his name on your lips, adorable Shades, Lucile, you who first went out of your mind for him alone, and you, Pauline, who died at Rome and were so quickly replaced, and so many noble friends who, at the price of your own lives, would have liked to comfort and lighten his; you, the lady of Fervaques; you, the lady of the gardens of Méréville; you, the lady of the Château d'Ussé; rise up, chosen Shades, and tell the ungrateful man that in obliterating you all with a single stroke of the pen, he lies to his own memories and to his heart.

What M. de Chateaubriand desired in love, was not so much the affection of such or such a woman in particular as the occasion for emotion and reverie, it was not so much the person that he sought as the regret, the memory, the eternal dream, the worship of his own youth, the adoration of which he felt himself the object, the renewal or the illusion of a cherished situation. What has been

called *an egotism confined to two* was with him an egotism confined to one. He thought more of disturbing and consuming than of loving. We have been assured that, when he wished to make himself pleasant, he had, to the very last, a power of fascination and charm, a youth of imagination, a flower of language, a smile which were irresistible, and we can easily believe it. 'Oh! how lovable is that race of the Renés! exclaimed a woman of wit who knew him well; it is the most lovable on earth'. He was not, however, one of those who bring to love and passion the simplicity, the goodness and the sincerity of a healthy and powerful nature. He had, above all, something of the charmer and fascinator. He has depicted himself with his philtres and his magic, as also with his ardours, his violent desires and his tempests, in the Atala and the Velléda episodes, but nowhere more openly than in a letter, a sort of testament of René, that we read in *Les Natchez*. This letter is his true and full confession on the point in question. Let us recall some of it here; that is the only means of seeing through him, heart and genius, and of really knowing him.

René, who thinks he is in danger of death, writes to Céluta, his young Indian wife, a letter in which he reveals to her the secret of his nature and the mystery of his destiny. He says to her:

'A great misfortune struck me in my first youth; that misfortune made me what you have seen me. I was loved, too much loved. . . .

'Céluta, there are existences so tempestuous that they seem to accuse Providence and *would cure one of the mania of being*. From the beginning of my life I have not ceased to nourish sorrows; I carried the germs of them in myself as the tree bears the germ of its fruit. An unknown poison mingled with all my feelings. . . .

'I suppose, Céluta, that René's heart now opens before thee: dost thou see the extraordinary world it contains? *From this heart rise flames which lack food, which would devour creation without being satiated, which would devour thyself . . .*'

That is very good, and he defines in a masterly manner that flame without heat, that irradiation without fire, which only desires to dazzle and kindle, but which also devastates and sterilizes.

One cannot fail to have remarked that incredible expression, *the mania of being*, to designate and almost to insult man's attachment to life. That instinctive and universal feeling which makes life seem sweet and dear to every mortal, even in misfortune, which makes all creatures, when once born into the world, to love and regret *the sweet light of day*, he calls a mania.

He continues in that tone, demolishing at his pleasure all natural feelings, with a magic full of intention and artifice. He writes to Céluta to tell her that he does not love her, that he cannot love her, and, knowing the nature of woman's heart, he employs that means to throw at her a parting shaft, to move and stir her still more. He represents himself, in a passage too strong to be quoted, as if struggling, in solitude, with a phantom which mingles the idea of death with that of pleasure: 'Let us mingle our sensual pleasures with death! let heaven's vault fall upon and conceal us!' That is the eternal cry which is repeated in the mouths of Atala and Velléda; thus has he given to passion a new accent, a new, fatal, mad, cruel but singularly poetic note: he always introduces a wish, an ardent desire for the destruction and ruin of the world.

At the same time that he tells Céluta that he does not love her, that he has never loved her and that she has never known him, he has the presumption to desire never to be forgotten by her, never to be replaced: 'Yes, Céluta, if you lose me, you will remain a widow: who could surround you with that flame that I bear with me, *even when I do not love?*' He contends, in his pride, that in giving nothing he does more than others in giving all, and that that nothing suffices to eclipse everything for ever in a heart. What is strange is, that he hardly ever in his life met a woman who did not agree with him. So great was the fascination!

Beside those strange words that I curtail and weaken, we find this other confession which he has since varied and repeated in every tone:

'I am weary of life; weariness has ever devoured me: *things that interest other men do not concern me.* As shepherd or king, what should I have done with my crook or my crown? I should have become equally wearied of glory and genius, of labour and leisure, of prosperity and of misfortune. In Europe, in America, society and nature have wearied me. I am virtuous

without pleasure; if I were a criminal, I should be so without remorse. I would wish never to have been born, or to be forgotten for ever'.

What he said there at the beginning of his career, he repeated *ad nauseam* to his last day: *I am weary, I am weary!* In a letter from Geneva, written in September, 1832, to an amiable and superior woman, who to the very last had the gift (though she was not Mme. Récamier) of cheering and distracting him a little, he said:

'Power and love, all is indifferent to me; everything is tiresome to me. I have my plan of living in solitude in Italy, and death at the other end. I have seen a greater age, and the dwarfs (*that is meant for us*) who now dabble in literature and politics are nothing to me. They will forget me as I forget them'.

We see that he spoke in 1832 just as he spoke in 1795. He would like to be everything, and always, and everywhere. The rest concern him not.

I will return to that strange letter of René in *Les Natchez*. Céluta has a daughter. René, speaking of that daughter who is also his, regrets having had her; he recommends the mother not to make him known to her, his own child: 'Let René remain a stranger to her, the story of whose strange destiny will make her dream without being able to penetrate the cause of it: I wish to be in her eyes only what I am, a painful dream'. So, (strange perversion of the purest and most natural sentiment!) René, in order to appear greater, would rather impress the imagination than the heart; he would rather (even in this case where he supposes himself a father) be *dreamed of* by his daughter than be known, regretted and loved by her. Of everything, even of filial feeling, he makes a matter for apotheosis and vanity.

These divers sentiments which we find expressed in René's letter in *Les Natchez*, we might, by investigating them a little closely, verify in M. de Chateaubriand's other writings and in his life. As a poet, by giving to passion a more penetrating and sometimes sublime expression he has above all employed that method which consists of mingling the idea of death and destruction, a certain satanic rage, with the more natural and usually more tranquil feeling of pleasure; and here I must better

define that sort of *Epicureanism* which is his, and of which I have spoken.

That feeling of voluptuousness and supreme abandon, which, with the ancients, with Homer, with the Patriarchs, with the good Ceres or with Booz, as with the good Jupiter in the arms of Juno, is so simple, so unconstrained, which makes so few demands on nature, which is so pleasant, which makes flowers to spring up round about, and which in its own felicity would fertilize the whole earth, becomes more subtle with the ages; it becomes more acute, more delicate, more sophisticated too, with the Epicureans of the more advanced ages. Horace does not treat love as a shepherd, as a patriarch, or as an Olympian god would treat it. Horace, Petronius, even Solomon, who already was a decadent, all love to mingle the idea of death and annihilation with that of pleasure, to stimulate the one through the other. They will make their mistress sing, at the hour of feasting, a funereal song to remind them of the flight of years, of the brevity of life. But here, in René, it is more than an acute melancholy, it is a kind of rage; the idea of eternity mingles with it; he would like to swallow up eternity in a moment. Christianity has come, which, when it does not bring peace, brings agitation and leaves the sword in the heart, and acute pain. Perverted Christianity revives an Epicureanism which is not the same after as it was before, and which feels the effect of its great fall. It is the Epicureanism of the Archangel. Even thou, O gentle Lamartine, in thy Fallen Angel, wast not free from it! Such is also the Epicureanism of René, of the dying Atala, when, speaking to Chactas, she exclaims: 'Now I should have wished to be with thee the only living creature on earth; now, feeling a Divinity which arrested me in my horrible transports, I could have wished that Divinity to become annihilated, provided that, locked in thy arms, I had rolled from abyss to abyss *with the ruins of God and the world!*' There we touch upon the new and distinctve tone that characterizes Chateaubriand in the feeling and the cry of passion. He was unable entirely to refrain from it, even in his story of Charlotte, which in other respects was purer and more moderate. He betrays himself quite at the end, and, in the odious supposition that he might have seduced her on seeing her again

after twenty-seven years, he exclaims: 'Well! if I had clasped in my arms as wife and mother, her who was destined for me as virgin and wife, it would have been *with a kind of rage . . .*' Was it not thus again that René wrote, in that well-known letter to Céluta: 'I have held you on my heart in the midst of the desert . . . I should like to have stabbed you to fix the happiness in your bosom, and to punish myself for having given you that happiness!' Ah! why that perpetual rage of vanity even in love? Even when priding himself on loving, this man, it seems, would like to destroy the world, to absorb it in himself rather than reproduce and perpetuate it; he would like to kindle it with his breath, to make a hymeneal torch, and involve it, to his own honour, in a universal conflagration.

What a long way from that insane and almost sanguinary voluptuousness, to Milton, to those chaste scenes that he, Chateaubriand himself, has so well translated! Milton, however, gave him a beautiful and pure lesson. Let us quickly compare that divine picture of Eve still in a state of innocence with the somewhat infernal flames that we find under René's false Christianity:

'So spake our general mother; and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and pressed her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the devil turn'd
For envy . . .'

This Devil, his boastful Lucifer, is he not the same who, with all the charms of seduction and under an appearance of idle ennui, stealing again under the tree of Eden, took his revenge in more than one passage of Chateaubriand's disturbing scenes.

What Chateaubriand was there in his writings in the ideal state, he also was more or less in life, with the women he desired and by whom he wished to be loved. He

never prided himself on fidelity: how can you expect the gods to be faithful to the mere mortals whom they honour or devour in passing? As long as he was able to walk and go out, with his switch in his hand and a flower in his button-hole, he went, he wandered mysteriously. His day had its marked hours and stations like the signs of the zodiac. From one to two,—from two to three,—at such and such a place, at the house of such and such a lady;—from three to four, somewhere else;—then came the hour of his official exhibition, not in his own house; he was to be met with in a given place and as it were in his frame before dinner. Then in the evening (never going into the world), he returned home under the sway of Mme. de Chateaubriand, who then had her turn, and made him dine with elderly Royalists, preachers, bishops and archbishops: he again became the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* until further orders, that is to say, until next morning. The sun rose more beautiful; he put back the flower into his button-hole, went out by the back door of his garden, recovered his joy, freedom, carelessness, his coquetry, his desire to conquer, his certainty of vanquishing, from one to six o'clock in the evening. So, in the years of his decline, he spent his life, and cheated old age to the best of his ability.

The Memoirs might really persuade us that he was completely converted during the last twenty years of his life, and that he worshipped none but the only Béatrix. That may do for readers who did not know him, or those who never see any more than the front of the stage. I have before me some letters, almost love letters, written by Chateaubriand to a distinguished lady, whom he takes good care not to name in his Memoirs (fie then! there should be some unity in works of art). This animated, courteous and rather affectionate Correspondence, begun at Rome in 1829, occasionally interrupted and resumed, goes on till April, 1847—that is to say, till nearly the end of his life. Some of these letters are charming, and, even when they are not so, they are always natural, which is not common with him. This lady was as high-minded as she was noble and compliant in character, still young and beautiful, and she did not abuse her advantages; she understood him from his higher sides, never made him feel that he was tied, never worried him; with her he was

gay, amiable, ill-tempered too at times, but generally good-tempered, free as a schoolboy out of sight of his master: 'I am afraid that the moments of brief liberty, that I enjoy so rarely in my life, are again coming to an end'. He wrote that in August, 1832, as he was hastening along the high-roads from Paris to Lucerne. He would have liked the amiable lady to whom those words were addressed, and who is not mentioned in the Memoirs, though they mention so many idols, to join him at that moment. He invited her to meet him on that trip to Switzerland, to enjoy with him the scenery from Mount St. Gothard, in that short and unique interval of freedom; he said to her:

'If you regard me as unique among men and place me outside the vulgar law, you will announce your visit like a fairy: the storms, the snow, the solitude, the strangeness of the Alps will go well with your mysteries and your enchantment. *My life is only an accident; I feel that I should not have been born. Accept the passion, the rapidity and the misfortune of that accident; I will give you more in a day than another will give you in long years*'.

We see that it is still the René of *Les Natchez* who is speaking, who repeats his song with melody in his voice, and who thinks, even at the age of sixty-four, that he is able to give in a day more than another can give in his whole life. The lady did not respond to the call. He naïvely pities her that she did not come: 'Yes, you have lost a part of your glory by leaving me (that is to say, *by not coming*); you should have loved me, if only for love of your talent and from interest in your renown'. That at least is sincere. In September, 1832, at Geneva, he is no more alone; he has returned to the usual domestic subjection: 'Ah! why did you not come a month ago? I was free. My life is now more confined than ever. I suffer cruelly, and I should like to arrive quickly at the end of my career'.

In every line of this artless Correspondence, I see weariness, contempt of the present, hatred of the living generations, of 'those myrmidons of to-day who trick themselves out as great men', above all the worship, the idolatry of youth, of that youth which is no longer his: 'I am always sad, because I am old . . . Remain young, that is the only good thing'. The Greek Elegiac poet speaks in

just the same way, but he is a Greek and a pagan. When Chateaubriand says it, he forgets that he goes to mass and has been to Calvary.

He has (like the René of *Les Natchez* again) the presumption to think that he is not known, that he is not understood: 'You think my smile denotes gaiety, you know little about it. Await my death and my Memoirs to undeceive you'. One day, he was told that somebody had spoken of him with interest, with kindliness. He is indignant at the idea of a kindliness of which he is the object:

'I know not whom you see and who may have spoken to you about me: however well disposed one may be, one does not know me, for I know nobody. One of my faults is that I am locked up in myself and that I have never shown myself to anybody'.

Would you like the final and *real* truth about him? He will take stock of himself for the last time and file the schedule of his soul:

'(*Sunday*, June 6, 1841.) I have finished with everything and everybody: my Memoirs are completed; you will find me there when I am no more. I do nothing; I no longer believe in fame or in the future, in power or liberty, in kings or peoples. I live alone, during somebody's absence, in large apartments where I am weary and vaguely await I know not what that I do not desire, and that will never come. I laugh at myself with a yawn, and go to bed at nine o'clock. I admire my cat who is about to have young, and I am eternally your faithful slave; without work, free to go where I wish and going nowhere. I watch my last hour passing at my feet'.

Leaving religion and morality on one side, we can but bow, let us admit it, before the expression of so disconsolate and supreme a melancholy.

Well! that man whom we have seen at the end of his life seated dumb, peevish, saying *no* to everything, confined in all his limbs, and fretting with rage like an old lion, has in private some charming moments and flashes of his former self. If he is able to escape for a moment to drag himself on some sunny day to the Jardin des Plantes to meet her who can at least cheer him with her brightness and bring back memories of the past, he comes to life, he is reborn, he returns to his spring-time, to his

youth; he remembers Rome, he sees himself there as in the past. 'Do you still see that flowery path which starts from the obelisk of St. John of the Lateran?' He recovers his charm, his imagination, almost his tenderness. And even when he cannot move out of his arm-chair, when all think that he is broken down and absent, he deserves what she says of him who so well understood and prolonged his poetic nature:

'Chateaubriand is in a beautiful languour. One is charmed, on seeing him again, with his distinguished, refined, gentle manner, so different and so superior to all. There is a grandeur in his weariness and indifference which cannot conceal any of his genius; he reminds me of the eagles I saw in the morning at the Jardin des Plantes, with their eyes fixed on the sun, and beating their great wings which their cage cannot contain. After leaving them, I found Chateaubriand sitting before his window, looking at the sun, unable to walk, and softly complaining of his slavery. . . .'

I have remarked his faults, and did not wish to conceal his charm. Whatever his nature, and changeable as we may suppose him to be, he must have been very powerful and real to be thus understood and portrayed in April, 1847, exactly as he had appeared fifty years before to Amélie and Céluta.

HUET[1]

Monday, June 3, 1850.

THE name of Huet is well known, but little is known of his works in general. What made him think of writing most of them in Latin, since he was born in 1630 and died in 1721, that is to say, was hardly senior to Boileau and Racine, and survived them long enough to witness Voltaire's first pranks? Many readers now only know the learned Huet from Voltaire's own playful lines:

> Vous demandez, Madame Arnanche,
> Pourquoi nos dévots paysans,
> Les Cordeliers à la grand' manche,
> Et nos curés catéchisants,
> Aiment à boire le dimanche?
> J'ai consulté bien des savants:
> Huet, cet évêque d'Avranche,
> Qui pour la Bible toujours penche,
> Prétend qu'un usage si beau
> Vient de Noé . . .

You may have then the most scholarly pen in Europe, you may be the man of the widest reading who ever lived, the last of that vigorous race of scholars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, you may combine in your person and method everything that constituted the polite man, the man of the world and even of the Court, what they called the *honnête homme* under Louis XIV, you may be all that and yet, soon after your death, you may be known only by your name, which will call up a vague idea, a smile born of a witticism! Ah! how right the sage Huet was when he demonstrated almost geometrically what vanity and extravagance it is to believe that there is a reputation which will belong to us after death!

[1] *Huet, Bishop of Avranches.* By M. Christian Bartholmèss (1850).

And yet the Bishop of Avranches still enjoys renown in his country of Lower Normandy; his fame lives even among the people, the peasants; his memory has given rise to a saying and proverb. When a man has an absorbed, dreamy look, and does not attend to his business, his neighbour meeting him will say: 'What is the matter? *you are quite the Bishop of Avranches* this morning'. Whence comes that expression? I have heard more than one explanation put forward; here is mine. We know that when Huet was appointed to the bishopric of Avranches, and during the eight or nine years that he fulfilled his episcopal functions which were so little in harmony with his determined love of study, he spent many hours in his work-room, and when somebody came to see him on business, they would say: *Monseigneur is studying*, which made the people of Avranches, who respected him all the same, say: 'We will ask the King to give us a bishop who has finished his studies'. It is that idea of a scholar always absorbed and dreamy, as common imagination represented him, which must have spread among the people and given rise to that saying: *You are quite the Bishop of Avranches.* I submit my explanation to the learned of the district.

And yet the amiable Huet was not a repellent and inhuman scholar. M. Christian Bartholmèss has just shown him from his philosophical side in an exhaustive work which has met with much appreciation in the University world and that of the Academy of Moral Sciences. M. Bartholmèss is not only a very learned writer, he is elegant, facile and witty, discusses his subjects and philosophical persons without any effort or tedium, and succeeds in imparting to them an interest, a certain animated and as it were sympathetic colouring. I take the liberty, however, of thinking that the work savours a little too much of its direct destination, having been, above all, written in view of the Sorbonne. There is too much refutation of Huet, too much discussion, instead of a more even narrative and exposition. In my opinion Huet and those who were, like him, occupied with the weakness of the human mind, were not so far wrong as is asserted in the schools of the University, and Descartes, in philosophy, is not so manifestly right as it pleases our masters to proclaim him.

But I have no wish to enter into a discussion myself; I should like simply to show in his true light that learned, amiable, polite man, who knew everything, everything it was possible to know at that time, and who is the last great figure, and one of the most refined, among those robust scholars of another age. Huet was perfectly aware that he belonged to an epoch that was coming to an end: 'When I entered the land of Letters, he says, they were still flourishing, and their glory was upheld by several great men. I have seen Letters declining and falling into an almost complete decay; for I know hardly any man to-day whom one might call a real scholar'. When he wrote that he was thinking of the second half of the age of Louis XIV, and that is of a nature to comfort us, since it shows that one may be worth something without being properly speaking a scholar. 'I may say then, added Huet, that I have seen Letters flourish and die, and that I have survived them'. That was not said in a spirit of ill-humour, nor in that of an old man who disparages the present and delights in glorifying the past; no one was calmer and more equable in mind and less ill-humoured than Huet. He gives very good reasons for that decay, that gradual decline of Letters, which consists precisely in their more easy popularization and their more elementary diffusion. In the sixteenth century, in the fifteenth, many books were only in manuscript, and consequently rare, dear, within reach of only a small number. Little assistance was to be expected around one; it required great efforts and uncommon intellectual power to surmount the obstacles, to conquer learning; it was necessary in a certain degree to be an inventor, to have the zeal and the genius for discovery, in order to become scholarly: 'In the early times of obscurity and darkness, *those great souls* (as Huet calls the scholars of that primitive date) were aided only by the power of their mind and the assiduity of their labour . . . I see, he said wittily, the same difference between a scholar of that age and a scholar of to-day, as between Christopher Columbus discovering the New World and the master of a packet daily crossing between Calais and Dover'. Huet wrote that at the end of the seventeenth century: what would he think to-day, when science and packet and everything goes by steam?

Huet was born at Caen in 1630; his father was already advanced in years, and perhaps transmitted to him that sedate temperament and that equanimity which distinguished him during his long life; his mother was young, witty, 'with a charming humour, a lively conversation, a delicate and penetrating mind, who had a shrewd observation of the ridiculous side of things and persons'. In a portrait of Huet, written by the Abbess of Caen, I meet with the same feature attributed to our savant, which he must have got from his mother: 'You are very good, she says, at finding out the ridiculous side of things, and in that point alone you have the spirit of your country'. Huet's father had been a Calvinist, but had become converted, sincerely and even with zeal. Though not exactly a literary man, he had a taste for the arts, for music, he played the lute, danced and wrote pleasing verses. Huet must have inherited from him his poetic talent. He lost this excellent father at an early age; shortly after, he lost his mother too, and so was left in childhood to the care of distant relatives, who were careless guardians. From the age of six the boy had to bear many annoyances and torments at the hands of his young cousins, with whom he was brought up; themselves idle and fond of play, they plotted together to prevent him from satisfying the invincible love of reading and study that he had from his birth; for he had absorbed this passion, so to say, with his mother's milk. He did not yet know his letters when, hearing somebody read a story from a book, he imagined the happiness it would be to him if he could soon read it himself. When he was able to read and not yet able to write, whenever he saw somebody break open a letter and read it, he enviously imagined the joy of being able to do the same himself, and of correspondeng by letter with some little comrade. So, through one incentive after another, he flew rather than walked in the career of studies. This home education, which he felt as a constraint, ceased in time, and he was sent to the Jesuit College at Caen; there he found superior masters and guides who were able at once to discern the boy's merits, and devoted particular attention to his training and instruction. He was grateful to them for the rest of his life; he kept up his connexion with them at all times: and as an old man, weakened in body, he

went to Paris to end his days and die in their house of the Rue Saint-Antoine. He left to them his immense library, his dearest delight, in order that it might not be dispersed after his death : a last delusion which shows that the scholar, who knew the past so well, did not possess that second sight which anticipates time and reads in the future [1].

As a boy Huet devoted himself with ardour and spirit to Latin poetry, which was by no means regarded at that time as a futile recreation nor even as a mere transition exercise ; it was looked upon as a worthy definitive employment of talent. The fine French poetry of the seventeenth century had not yet come to eclipse those last brilliant remnants, those long-drawn-out diversions of the Renaissance. One hesitated between the language of the ancients and that of the moderns, and many thought that the surest means of walking in the footsteps of Horace and Virgil was to try to repeat them in their own language. Chapelain, that Chapelain who was so often the subject of Boileau's mockery, and so much esteemed by Huet, and who was, after all, and on many matters, a sensible and learned man [2], wrote seriously to this same Huet, apropos of a Latin ode and a Latin epistle of the latter : ' It is a pity that our Court is not so accomplished in good latinity as that of Augustus, you would hold the place of Horace in it, not only for lyric, but also for epistolary genius ! ' Chapelain wrote this enormity in March, 1660 ; that was the date of Boileau's first satire.

Huet, still a child and already a Latin poet, finished his humanity course at the age of thirteen ; he found a stimulating and reliable poetic guide in the amiable M. Halley, Professor of Belles-Lettres and Eloquence ; he found an elevated and profound master of philosophy in Father Mambrun, who urged him at first to study mathematics, and afterwards had trouble in recalling him to philosophy.

[1] It has been pointed out to me that he did not after all lack a certain foreknowledge which showed his prudence at least ; one of the clauses of his will was to the effect that, in case the Society should cease to exist in France, his heirs might claim that portion of the succession. Huet's intention was that the library should not be dispersed ; that was the aim and the condition of his legacy to the Jesuits. After their suppression, the legacy was judicially declared void, and the library, by a sentence of the Council of July, 1763, returned to the prelate's heirs. It has since passed over bodily to the King's library.

[2] ' *Chapelain, who, after all, had some wit* ', said Cardinal de Retz.

Every man of learning whom the young man met on his path (and the Academy of Caen at that time contained a great number) thus became to him a fresh incentive to study; he greedily drank in from every living source that was offered to him, and, ever thirsty, he asked for more. The proximity of the learned Bochart, who was Protestant minister at Caen, impelled young Huet to plunge, after his example, into Greek and Hebrew literature. He who was to be a bishop, an apologist and teacher of Christianity, and who, in the course of his life, read the Hebrew text of the Scriptures *four and twenty times*, from beginning to end, first translated from Greek into Latin the pretty and very free pastoral of *Daphnis and Chloe*, without suspecting, he says, that his innocence was in any danger.

At this period, besides, Huet was a mere man of the world, the most learned of the young gentlemen of Normandy, but nothing more. Let us put aside the bishop's title which he obtained later, and which prevents our forming a clear judgment of him. It was not till 1670, that is at the age of forty, that Huet became an official personage, under-tutor to the Dauphin; he was forty-six years of age when he took holy orders, and was appointed bishop at fifty-five. So he spent all his youth as a free, unrestrained savant, roaming with an indefatigable curiosity in the field of knowledge and the human intellect, a true *amateur* in the antique sense, wandering through all branches of knowledge without becoming fixed to any particular one, despising nothing, but careful not to overrate. There was, I assure you, nothing of the pedant in this man. The Abbé d'Olivet made a little calculation about him, the result of which was that, of all the men who have existed hitherto, Huet had perhaps read most. Let us hear the argument:

'If we consider, says d'Olivet, that he lived ninety-one years minus a few days, that from his tenderest childhood he applied himself to study, that he almost always had all his time to himself, that he almost always enjoyed an unchangeable good health; that on rising, on retiring to rest, during meal times, he had a servant reading to him; that, in a word, and to use his own words, *neither the fire of youth, nor the hindrance of business, nor the variety of employments, nor the society of his equals, nor the bustle of the world, were able to moderate that in-*

vincible love of study and learning which always possessed him, it seems to me that we may conclude that M. d'Avranches was, of all men that ever existed, the one who has studied most'.

Well! this man who had read most, who, for a private person, had the most extensive library it was possible to see, and which he valued so much, do you know what he thought of books? 'He held that all that has been written since the world was the world might be contained within *nine or ten folio volumes*, if everything had been said only once. He excepted the details of history, as being unlimited matter; but, with that exception, he absolutely restricted all branches of knowledge, all the fine arts, within that space. A man at the age of thirty might, he said, if such a selection were made, know everything that other men have ever thought'. That is what I call a scholar who is not infatuated and really honest, a scholar who does not smell of his trade or his parish. It was he again who said, in a comparison as just as it is witty:

'I would compare the ignorant and the learned man to two persons in the centre of a level plain, one of whom is seated and the other standing. The sitting man only sees things at a very short distance around him. The standing one sees a little further. But the little further that he sees is so little proportionate with the remainder of the vast extent of the plain, and still less with the rest of the earth, that it can enter into no comparison, and can only be regarded as equal to nothing'.

So Huet did not think himself entitled to despise those who were less learned than he; on that point he was entirely of Fontenelle's opinion, 'the more one knows the less does one ordinarily despise the ignorant, for one is then better able to judge how much one resembles them'.

Study made Huet neither melancholy nor dreamy; his health never suffered from his industry. Study was so naturally his portion and his vocation, both his passion and his pastime, that, far from fatiguing him, he always felt more free, more cheerful and alert after than before it. A writer who belonged to Huet's school in philosophy, said: 'Human life reduced to itself and its last word would be too simple and too bare; civilized thought has had to do its utmost to disguise and adorn the background of it. Gallantry, bel-esprit, philosophy, theology even, are only a kind of learned and subtle games that men have invented to fill up

and enliven the brief and yet so long period of this life ; but they are not sufficiently aware of the fact that they are only games '. Huet, whilst applying himself to these divers things with his studious passion, seems to have had an idea that they might be mere pastimes ; he found his interest and amusement in things around him, and does not seem to have taken his studies more seriously than necessary. So the world had the benefit of his society without finding in him any of the opinionativeness and positiveness usually found in very studious men. Here is a graceful portrait that does him justice, and shows him as he appeared in the eyes of the ladies in his youth before the splendours of his episcopacy. It is the Abbess of Caen, afterwards Abbess of Malnoue, the celebrated Marie-Éléonore de Rohan, who paints his portrait in accordance with the fashion of the day :

' You are tall and a good figure rather than elegant. You are better looking than you are agreeable. Your complexion is too fair and even too delicate for a man ; your blue eyes are large rather than small ; your hair a light chestnut ; your nose shapely, your mouth large, but as proper as can be, for your lips are bright red and your teeth brilliantly and conspicuously white. You have a very high forehead. The largeness of your features and face make you resemble those medallions representing illustrious men (you may imagine that I mean the great philosophers rather than the conquerors). I know not whether it is your great reputation for learning which gives me that idea, or whether those illustrious men were really like you. But if you are not like those who have gone before, perhaps those who come after will not be sorry that they resemble you. You have very white hands and a very delicate skin. . . . As for your wit, you have assuredly as much as it is possible to have, and your mind resembles your face ; it has more beauty than charm '.

This spirituelle Abbess returns often enough to this handsome young man's lack of good grace and elegance ; one might think that she would like to train him, with every honourable intention [1].

[1] Huet returned the Abbess portrait for portrait. In his picture of that noble dame, I read, among all sorts of gallant things that he tells her, this sentence which would appear very strange to-day : ' Having never seen your bosom, I cannot speak ; but, if your austerity and modesty permitted me to form a judgment from appearances, I should swear that nothing could be more perfect '. Note that the pious and virtuous Abbess was young herself, and only a year older than he.

There follow a few other traits which I cite as bearing upon the man's tone and character:

'Your soul is good in its relations to God, and you are pious without being very devout.

'The goodness of your soul benefits others besides God, for you are accommodating, not given to criticism, and so little disposed to judge ill that I think your goodness might sometimes even deceive your mind. You are more ready to esteem than to despise.

'You are incapable of taking revenge by returning malice for malice, and you are so little given to evil speaking that even resentment would not force you to speak ill of your enemies; it seems to me that you are too considerate to them as the world goes; I do not mean to say that you are insensible to honour and fame; on the contrary, you are excessively susceptible on that point.

'You are wise, faithful, and as reliable as can be.

'You have much modesty, and are even abashed and confused by praise. . . . But your modesty is rather in the opinion you have of yourself than in your bearing, for you are modest without being meek, and you are docile though you appear rough. You are so quick, and maintain your opinions with so much impetuosity, that they appear to become a passion with you'.

This passion, which was only in his tone, was the result of youthful ardour; that first roughness, which the Abbess would like to rub off him, will be soon polished down in society and at Court. Taking him altogether, even with his light faults, we must admit that he made a very cavalier-like and very agreeable scholar. In the pretty and too little known Memoirs of his life which he wrote in Latin, Huet confesses that at this period of his youth he indulged in dissipations and fashionable frivolities, that he sought the circles of the worldly and especially the women, and that, to please them, he neglected neither his dress, nor the little attentions, nor little pieces of poetry. In his gallantry he even wrote some in French, though that was not his strong point. In some of his familiar letters to Ménage, unpublished letters that a well-informed amateur has had the kindness to show me, I see Huet, in February, 1663, very proud of a certain *ballade* which has had some success. Ménage, who was gallant as a mere scholar might be and without any real polish, used to send him epigrams in all languages, Greek, Latin, Italian

madrigals, on all sorts of more or less metaphorical and allegorical beauties; Huet replies to him, returning one confidence for another:

'I sent you last year my first *elegy*; I will soon send you my first *sonnet*, but it is still in the rough. Since I wrote you last I have been a journey to Lisieux: one might say that I have been sixty leagues, for I would rather travel sixty leagues than go to Lisieux by such detestable roads. But the subject that took me made the fatigue easily bearable. You shall know it when you hear the argument of the *sonnet* I am keeping for you; for I am not so delicate on the subject of my penchants as you are'.

This letter of the eighth of January, 1662, reveals to us a little love affair, a first attachment of the future prelate.

In ancient literature Huet's taste was of the best, the healthiest and most refined, the most delicate and the most severe: in French, he is liable to err, to confound, not to clearly mark the differences. In his letters to Ménage he perpetually associates and mixes up in one and the same homage and in a common admiration Mlle. de Scudéry and Mme. de La Fayette—that is to say, the lady who carried the novel on wrong lines and drowned it in insipidities, and the lady who reformed it with such judicious taste. Huet must, however, have appreciated, it seems, Mme. de La Fayette; it was to gratify her that he wrote his dissertation *On the Origin of Novels*, which first appeared as an introduction to the story of *Zayde*, which she had written. She said pleasantly on this subject: 'Do you know that we have married our children together?' And yet Huet's weakness was still for Mlle. de Scudéry, for the *illustrious Sappho*, as he called her. He was very indignant at the abuse which she received at the hands of Boileau and that young society; he felt it as a friend and a knight. I know not what first attack is alluded to in the following passage from a letter:

'The lines you have sent me, wrote Huet to Ménage (February 4, 1660), have charmed me, and particularly the first epigram, in which you so cleverly avenge the insult to Mlle. de Scudéry. If I dared I should offer my pen to back up her interests and serve you as second, and for so just and worthy a cause would willingly shed the last drop of my ink and my blood'.

Here we catch Huet in the most eager moment of his first state as a cavalier. He never entirely lost the habit

and the manner of it. He was at Court, and already a prelate and a greybeard, when he wrote some very pretty French lines to Mme. de Montespan, *In reply to an invitation to dinner.* Huet and Mme. de Montespan! we may see that unexpected little chapter in the first volume of the old *Revue rétrospective* for 1883.

In French poetry, Huet decidedly favoured the pre-Boileau literature, that of Segrais, of Conrart, of the first members of the French Academy; he never departed from that standpoint. The relations between Huet and Boileau are rather amusing to study. One should hear Huet speak of Chapelain's *La Pucelle* and of the *little jealous poets* (*minutos quosdam et lividos poetas*), of those curs that can do nothing but bite and have made a savage attack upon the serious renown of Chapelain. Huet never speaks of Boileau and his clique otherwise than the most venerable of the classics of to-day might speak of the insolents who on a certain day invaded and broke into the temple. Those violent words of Huet have only escaped notice because they are written in Latin and few people look for them[1]. Boileau at first indeed attacked almost all Huet's friends, Ménage, Mlle. de Scudéry, Chapelain, that society of the Hôtel Rambouillet and of Montausier. One day Huet, who was now a prelate and the oracle of learning, had an affair with Boileau himself. It was about the famous words of Moses at the beginning of Genesis: God said: *Let there be light! and there was light.* Longinus, isolating the words, had thought them sublime, and Boileau agreed with him. Huet, whom excess of learning had rendered less able to admire, as often is the case, whilst recognizing the sub-

[1] This sort of injustice is repeated in the judgments of every new generation. Boileau in his old age will take his turn and say of the still young La Motte: 'What a pity that he has lowered (*encanaillé*) himself to that little Fontenelle!' A century later, speaking of the internal discussions of the second class of the Institute (French Academy), Morellet will write to Suard: 'Have you seen a Colin more Colin than this Collin (*Collin d'Harville*)? And that caterpillar of an Andrieux, is it possible to have a more distorted wit? Parbleu, we are very *encanaillés*'. Morellet thinks himself degraded by having as his colleagues Andrieux and Collin d'Harville, and twenty-five years later Andrieux will think himself *encanaillé* by having Lamartine for a colleague: 'We have had a narrow escape to-day, sir', he said, speaking to M. Patin, who was paying him a visit on the evening of the day on which Lamartine had almost been elected a member of the French Academy.—Is that enough of such vanities?

limity of the matter related in the passage, refused to see, in the expression and even the thought, anything more than a manner of speech, an habitual and almost necessary turn in the Oriental languages, with which he was so familiar. Boileau was vexed at the airs and the tone he assumed on what appeared to him to be a matter of taste. Huet replied with a rather sharp letter addressed to M. de Montausier, that austere judge whom Boileau had never been more than half able to move by his eulogies.

One day at the French Academy, when Perrault was reading his poem the *Siècle de Louis-le-Grand*, in which antiquity is sacrificed to the present, and which was the beginning of that long quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns, Boileau was so indignant that he could hardly contain himself during the reading, and Huet pacified him as well as he could by saying, not without a grain of irony : ' Monsieur Despréaux, it seems to me that that concerns us much more than you '. Huet, when he said that, was both right and wrong. No doubt he had an incomparably greater knowledge of antiquity than Boileau, who might appear an ignoramus beside him. But that keen literary sense, that quick and ready impulse, that impetuosity of judgment which almost resembles a passion of the heart, Huet did not have. His taste was patient and tranquil like his humour ; taste in him was long-suffering, and, if I may venture to say so, long-lived.

Here we touch upon one of the essential features of Huet's character, which explains his whole nature, a strong, persevering and powerful nature, although too indifferent and impassive. Curiosity, after all, the pleasure of knowing and comprehending everything, got the better of his judgment, of the vivacity of his impression and the clearness of his choice. In every age there are marked times, taps of the fiddle-bow, or, if you please, thunderclaps. These thunderclaps were in the seventeenth century Descartes, Pascal ; the tap of the fiddle-bow which brought the orchestra back to time was Despréaux. Well ! Huet, the heir and continuer of the sixteenth century and the Renaissance, content with combining with it the polish of the great reign, shares as little as possible in those movements peculiar to his time ; he appears to be, indeed, quite insensible to those great coming events. He is still on the side of the Jesuits, he prizes and esteems them,

he believes in their future, as if Pascal had never thundered; he still favours the philosophy of the sages before Descartes, the sceptical philosophy of Gabriel Naudé, of La Mothe Le Vayer, of Charron, as if that great revolutionary and enemy of tradition, Descartes, had never appeared and changed everything; he still relishes the somewhat out-of-date, flowers of the old literature, the beauties of the d'Urfés, the Scudérys and others, as if Boileau had never come and bluntly cried *Stop!* and reformed taste. Huet is one of those men who continue, accomplish and exhaust a movement, not one of those who recommence it.

Huet, I repeat, represents and prolongs the sixteenth century and the movement of the Renaissance, not only in the seventeenth century, which he lives through, but even into the eighteenth. In order to form a link between the two epochs, the Renaissance and modern times, to join hands, on the one side with Politian, on the other with Voltaire, his temperate character only lacked that openness, that disposition which is ready to welcome new ideas, which the wise and discreet Fontenelle possessed. Huet, although such a partisan of the ancients, shares some of Fontenelle's literary opinions in respect of modern taste; he shares some of his philosophy, but with a little less elasticity.

After reading Huet's treatise on the *Weakness of the Human Intellect*, it seems that one has but to turn over the leaf to read Voltaire's piece on *Systems*, or his admirable letter to M. Des Alleurs on *Doubt* (November 26, 1738); but it does not seem as if Huet were the man to turn over that leaf. Having died in the eighteenth century, he would have shared its scepticism, if he had had in him something of the spark of the new times; but he had not in any degree that spark which Bayle, for example, had, though doubting. Huet is one of those who keep alight and preserve, not one of those who hand on the torch in their course.

Between Huet and the eighteenth century there was only a thin partition, but he did not break through it.

What are we to think of Huet's religion? I think it was sincere, although, looking at it a little closely, we might find many contradictions in it. Voltaire justly remarked that that posthumous treatise of Huet on the *Weakness of the Human Intellect* seems to contradict and belie his

Evangelic Demonstration; but Huet's was not one of those minds that go to the bottom of things, that pursue a matter to its last limits. He was not of those who love to be singular and to exaggerate; in little things, and perhaps in great things, he thought what he one day wrote to Ménage: 'You see that all the world does it; it is well to follow the stream, and *not to draw attention to oneself in one direction or another*'. When he was in his secular and natural stage he was by inclination a sceptic and a Pyrrhonist. He thought that, as all those disputes and questions touching the nature of the understanding can only be decided by the understanding itself, which is of a doubtful nature, there is no solution possible: 'Rightly to understand and perfectly to comprehend the nature of the human understanding, he said, would require an understanding different from ours'. All that is not so unreasonable. He thought again that Descartes, that pretended new inventor of the truth, after cautiously beginning with doubt, suddenly ceases to doubt, and goes astray even at his second step, by affirming what is by no means clear. That is still the impression made by Descartes upon many sensible people, who stop and refuse to follow him after his second, if not after his first, word. But, though that was his thought in every-day life and in familiar conversations, Huet stopped there, and his scepticism drew the line before the altars. He did not with Pascal's impetuosity apply scepticism to religion; he did not say to man with anguish; '*Believe all, or believe nothing*. There is no middle course; mortal, you must choose!' Or if he did so, he said it in a mild and accommodating way. With regard to his own ideas and convictions, he was perceptibly influenced by his surroundings and the times. He admits himself that there was a more and a less in his faith. When he was clothed in his sacred character, he endeavoured to arrange his life in perfect harmony with his new duties. Age put the final seal on that honourable manner of living and feeling. However, he is certainly one of those men concerning whom one might be allowed, on certain days, to ask oneself: 'Who can say and know what may be the opinions, on any religious and social question, of a man of over forty, who is cautious and who lives in an age and in a society where everything commands that caution?' We

may add that if Huet was at one time capable of having that thought or back-door, he made so little use of it, that in the end it condemned itself and was in him as if non-existent.

Those who love Letters above everything should never speak of Huet but with a respect mingled with affection. Brunck, in his notes on the *Anthology*, meeting with him on his passage, felicitously saluted him as the *flower of Bishops* (*flos Episcoporum Huetius*). Huet had a wonderful sense of the ancient poetry; he combined it with a love of nature and the country, and he more than once expressed this feeling with charm. For years he never allowed a May, his favourite month, to pass without celebrating and gladdening it with a fresh reading of Theocritus; thus, even as a scholar, he was seasonable and apposite. Retired in the summer to his Abbey of Aunay, he there found his Tusculum. Though he relished poetry, Huet had early remarked that very few people are really born to understand it: 'There are more poets than there are real judges of poets and poetry'. He often returns to this idea, which we might also find, I think, in Montaigne. He appreciated the latter's gift for metaphors, and that brilliant fertility which is the particular sign of a happy and rich nature. When he writes in French, his style is good, though a little out-of-date, and he is fond of using words in their quite Latin acceptation. He will say of an editor, for example, that he is *licentious*, meaning that he takes too many licences with his author; he will say a *diatribe* for a dissertation; a *depraved*, meaning a faulty, manuscript. But in general there is great appositeness in his expression; it is sometimes ingenious and even poetic in its images. Thus, comparing the broken-down health of old men to an undermined tower, or a tree that is only held together by its outer fabric and its bark, he will say: 'I might also compare that semblance of health to those glass tears which appear to be perfectly solid, but which a mere scratch will turn into dust'. That is correct and pretty, and savours of Latin poetry.

Nothing can give us a better idea of Huet, and of his pleasing sides, than his Correspondence with Ménage, which is in good hands, and which I hope will one day be published. This Correspondence, seventy-seven letters of which I have seen, all written in Huet's own

hand, in that little, neat, delicate, close writing, minute and distinct even in its abbreviations, the same that we find on the margin of his books, extends from the year 1660 to 1691, with a gap, however, for the years 1665-1682. It turns around the different subjects of study which the two correspondents had in common. Huet and Ménage were two virtuosi in quest of every kind of erudition and all fine literature. Huet, who was seventeen years younger than Ménage, was also more serious, had a broader mind and a wider outlook, was more truly a gentleman—that is to say, he had nothing of the pedant. We see him here from his gay and poetic side. The two vie in regaling each other with epigrams and poems. At the very beginning of the Correspondence, in February, 1660, we see how little Huet, with his mind full of the learned men of the time whom he had known in his travels in Sweden and Holland, Saumaise, Vossius, Heinsius, Gronovius, those *Princes of belles-lettres*, appears to be aware that French literature is on the eve of bursting into its finest bloom with Racine, La Fontaine and Despréaux. Apropos of the Latin or French poems which Huet and Ménage exchange, we should be pleased to catch a few youthful sallies of the future prelate, some thread of Gallic and Rabelaisian verve. Huet and Ménage had harnessed themselves to two big tasks, Ménage to his observations on Diogenes Laertius, Huet to a translation of Origen, which he had discovered in a manuscript: a kind of labour which does honour to the man who carries it through, but which he curses in the execution. Huet wished Ménage a happy release from his Laertius, and wished that he himself were quit of his Origen: 'It is an ungrateful study, he said, which robs me of the best hours of my life. . . . If I am delivered of this burden when you are done with your Laertius, we may afterwards indulge our facetious humours, and write poetry with vests unbuttoned'. I do not quote these words for their elegance, but thus did the most polite of our ancestors talk, when they were learned and the coming of April put them into good humour. Huet sometimes wishes to visit Paris and Ménage; what a pleasure then to celebrate his holiday with his friend by some little frugal repast, where the only excess will be that of wit! he calls that their *Saturnalia*. To give an idea of Huet's gaiety, I should have to quote

more Latin than I can bring in here, for Huet often finishes in Latin a sentence begun in French [1], and seasons the whole with Greek words. Yet it forms a natural and even elegant whole. But Huet loved, above all, to return to his solitude at Aunay, where he felt at home; there he really enjoys his life, according to his idea and dream of it, a life divided between his study, the cultivation of his garden and walking. Every time he speaks of Aunay, he finds graphic colours and tones; never a poet with his own expression, he is so sometimes with the expression of the ancients. From this retreat at Aunay come the most serious, the most learned of his works, and also the lightest, particularly a Latin Elegy on *tea* which he composed in 1687, and of which he seems very proud.

Old and infirm, disgusted with his episcopate of Avranches which he resigned, Huet retired to the house of the Paris Jesuits in the Rue Saint-Antoine[2]. There he found a nest for his old age, a nest exposed to the southern sun. He would have preferred a northern aspect, and he tells us the reasons, not without charm:

'All the storms, the high winds, the violent hail and rain showers come from the south. The windows on that side are often broken by the storm. The rooms are like ovens during the heat of summer, and the sun blinds and burns you all day long. The outside objects are seen from the shady side, which robs them of all their charm. None of these drawbacks are found in a northern aspect. There it is always calm and cool in summer. . . . Objects are seen from their best side only, the side which is illuminated and gilt by the rays of the sun. The eastern aspect also has its charms. The nascent sun and the dawn, its forerunner, are to my liking delicious objects, the coolness of the night tempering the ardour of its rays'.

Thus, in all things, Huet preferred an even and soft light to an excess of brightness and heat. That taste

[1] For example: 'We must not let these Saturnalia pass without celebrating them *minutis et rorantis poculis*, and by some frugal little banquet *non multi cibi, sed multi joci*, etc., etc.'.

[2] The Journal of the Abbé Le Dieu describes Huet in his chamber on an afternoon (Friday, December 21, 1703), 'in overcoat and cravat, a study-cap on his head without a wig, not in a condition to go down to the hall to see M. de Meaux (Bossuet, who had come to see Father de La Chaise), and M. de Meaux unable to mount eighty steps to look him up at that height'. So they never saw each other again. Bossuet died less than four months after that; Huet still survived him eighteen years (1721).

describes him also morally in the ensemble of his temperament as well as of his genius.

I have only been able lightly to touch upon this point in passing, but I have tried not to hazard any feature that was not exact and true in a person of so much importance in his time and so original at this distance. A life so calm and so full is very unlike the lives of the men of to-day, and it is entitled to envy. Yet, on leaving Huet's company, one is struck by one disadvantage. This man had decidedly read too much. Men like Huet know too much. If the world took him as an example, one would have nothing more to do than to sit down, enjoy one's acquired wealth, indulge in memories, and express one's thoughts in the words of the ancients, for everything has been already said. But humanity prefers from time to time to get rid of and throw overboard a good part of its freight; it prefers to forget, free to take the trouble or rather the pleasure of reinventing, of saying and doing over again, even though it should be said and done less well; but, above all, it desires an opportunity of exercising its activity. Every young generation is anxious to contribute some of its own and to assert its presence in its turn. After all, it is the ignorant, like Pascal, like Descartes, like Rousseau, those men who have read little, but who think and dare, it is they who stir up the world for good or evil and make it go round.[1]

[1] A sentence of Huet's is sometimes quoted as an apparent prophecy; it is in his *History of the Commerce and the Navigation of the Ancients*, which he wrote under the ministry of Colbert; he is speaking of the Russians, who were still called Muscovites: 'For if some day there appeared among them, he says, a wise prince who, recognizing the errors of that base and barbarous policy of his State, took measures to remedy them by moulding the uncultivated minds and the rude and unsociable manners of the Muscovites; if he availed himself, as profitably as he could, of the infinite multitude of the subjects that inhabit that vast Dominion which nearly reaches to the frontiers of China, and from which he could draw numerous armies; and of the wealth he might accumulate by means of commerce, that nation would become formidable to all its neighbours'. I do not quote the sentence as a model of composition, but it is curious and proves that Huet, with a very Latin expression in French, is more capable than one might think of a very modern meaning.

MADAME D'ÉPINAY[1]

Monday, June 10, 1850.

THERE is no book which gives us a better picture of the eighteenth century, of the society and morals of that time, than the *Memoirs* of Mme. d'Épinay. When these *Memoirs* were first published in 1818, the scandal was great. The chief actors were still so near; they had hardly vanished, and their descendants were only in the first generation. Society and the kinsfolk showed themselves properly sensible to such an exposure; they blushed and suffered. Some eccentric person, on the pretext that he was half related by marriage, began to fire in all directions and addressed petition after petition to the King's ministers. Literature for its part did not remain indifferent. Blind admirers of Jean-Jacques Rousseau took up the cudgels on his behalf against the new witnesses who charged and convicted him of madness and perhaps falsehood. Even Duclos had his defenders. Thirty years of distance have sufficed to allay many rumours and to pacify many feelings. The disadvantages connected with so sudden and so great a revelation have disappeared; the slight errors or infidelities of the brush, inaccuracies of detail, have even lost some of their importance. What remains is the morals and manners as a whole, the background of the picture, and nothing can appear more true and living. The *Memoirs* of Mme. d'Épinay are not a work, they are an epoch.

Mme. d'Épinay had not exactly intended to write her Memoirs; but she had an early love for writing, for keeping a journal, for retracing *the history of her soul.* It was a fashion and mania at the time. A journal of one's life is also a kind of mirror. Jean-Jacques Rousseau

[1] *Memoirs and Correspondence of Madame d'Épinay.*

made much use of that mirror, and passed it on to the women of his time. Every woman of intellect and sensibility, following his example, kept a diary of her impressions, of her reminiscences, of her dreams; she wrote her *Confessions* in a small way, were they even the most innocent in the world. And when she became a mother, she nursed her child if she was able to do so; in any case she began to superintend his education, and not only in detail, and in the proper manner, by her cares, kisses and maternal smiles, but also in theory; methods were discussed in endless discourses. It was the age of the Genlis, those women of gallant and light-hearted conduct, who became in due season Mentors and Minervas, and wrote moral treatises on education, during the short respites which their lovers allowed them.

Mme. d'Épinay, who wrote treatises on education (and treatises crowned by the Academy) and had her lovers, was better than the women I speak of. But, being only a very agreeable and very intellectual woman, without being a superior person, she suffered the influences of her time. In the beginnings of her liaison with Grimm, pining after him during a campaign in Westphalia in which he took part in the suite of the Maréchal d'Estrées (1757), excited by hearing the letters of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* read aloud to her, she too conceived the idea of writing a sort of novel which should be at the same time the story of her own life, and in which she would only disguise names. It was a way of informing her friends of many things which she was not sorry that they should know, without having to tell it them to their faces. She sent two big bundles of it to Grimm. Grimm was charmed with them, and though he was in love, his love was not so blind as to disturb his critical sense: 'In truth, he said of this work, it is charming. I was very tired when it was handed to me; I cast a glance into it, and was not able to leave it; at two o'clock in the morning I was still reading; if you continue like that you will assuredly produce a unique work'. Grimm was right, and Mme. d'Épinay's work is really *unique* of its kind. 'But do not work at it, added the excellent critic, except when you feel a real desire to do so, and, above all things, always forget that you are writing a book; it will be easy to provide connexions; *it is the air of truth which cannot be*

imparted, if it is not in the first casting, and the happiest imagination cannot make up for that'. Mme. d'Épinay followed her friend's advice pretty closely. She does not run after imagination, which is not indeed her gift. One remarks no pretentiousness, no inflation in her stories. In a few places only, when she tries her hand at pure sentiment, when she tries to heighten the tone, does she indulge a little in invocation and exclamation, for which Jean-Jacques alone was privileged; but everywhere else they are familiar letters, animated, natural, dramatic conversations, reproduced with a perfect air of truth. Grimm could not but be satisfied.

However, the big novel which Mme. d'Épinay left him he never published, and it was in danger of remaining for ever unknown, when it fell into the hands of the learned bookseller M. Brunet, who was able to distinguish, under the disguises of the persons, all its curious and historic contents. The chief names were restored with certainty; superfluities and digressions were suppressed, and out of the rest were extracted three volumes which appeared in 1818; and the success was such that three editions appeared in less than six months.

In the present state of the work the novel form is hardly perceptible. It shows itself only in one point: in the person of a fictitious guardian, Mme. d'Épinay's guardian, who is supposed to be telling the story of his ward, but who generally leaves the speaking to her, and to the other characters, whose letters, journals and conversations he quotes and inserts at full length. This guardian is the *machine* of the novel, too evident and too unskilfully disguised a machine to compromise the reality of the whole. Suppress this fiction of the guardian, and all the rest is true.

Mlle. Louise-Florence-Pétronille Tardieu d'Esclavelles, who in the novel is called by the pretty name of *Émilie,* daughter of an officer who died in the King's service, must have been born about 1725. At the age of twenty-five, on December 23, 1745, she married her cousin, M. d'Épinay, the eldest of the sons of M. de La Live de Bellegarde, a farmer-general. Her husband and she at first thought that they were very much in love with one another, but this delusion did not last long: she alone loved him, and still with a schoolgirl's first love. As for him, he

was merely a man of pleasure and an extravagant spendthrift [1], outrageously indelicate in his whole conduct towards this young woman, who behaved to her in such a manner that it is impossible to record it here; we must refer the reader to her own account. There one may see laid bare the interior of a rich marriage in that world of quality and high finance in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Mme. d'Épinay was at this time a pretty and intelligent girl, *emotional and interesting*, as they used to say. Nature had made her very timid, and it was long before she could emancipate herself from the influence and the spirit of others, and become herself. One might draw three portraits of Mme. d'Épinay, one at the age of twenty, another at thirty (and she herself has given us this portrait about the time she first knew Grimm); and a third portrait might be drawn of her a few years after this acquaintance, when, thanks to him, she had become a little more self-reliant, and, still a very agreeable person, she was becoming a woman of distinction, which in the course of time she entirely became.

At twenty she is animated, mobile, confiding and a little credulous, tender, with a pure brow, modest, with well-placed hair, a freshness which quickly passed away, and quick to shed tears of emotion from her lovely eyes.

At thirty, she tells us:

'I am not pretty, and yet I am not plain. I am small, thin, a very good figure. I have a young look, without freshness, with a dignified, gentle, animated, witty and interesting air. My imagination is tranquil. My mind is slow, correct, thoughtful and inconsequent. I have vivacity, courage, constancy, exaltation and an excessive timidity.

'I am true without being frank. (*The remark is Rousseau's, who had made it to her.*) Timidity has often made me appear dissembling and false; but I have always had the courage to confess my weakness in order to destroy the suspicion of a vice I did not possess.

'I have enough shrewdness to attain my end and to remove obstacles; but I have not enough to see through others' plans.

'I was born tender and susceptible, constant and not coquettish.

[1] Somebody asked Diderot what sort of a man M. d'Épinay was: 'He is a man, he said, who has run through two millions without saying a good thing or doing a good action'.

'I love solitude and the simple and retired life; I have, however, almost always led a life contrary to my taste. . . .
'Poor health, keen and repeated griefs, have turned my character, which is naturally very cheerful, to seriousness.
'It is hardly more than a year since I have begun to know myself well!'

Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, has spoken of her with little justice, even in respect of her beauty; he dwelt upon certain charms, essential according to him, in which he thought Mme. d'Épinay was lacking; he spoke of her, in fact, like a rejected lover. Diderot is more just, and he gives us a charming picture of Mme. d'Épinay at this time of her second youth, one day when he was at La Chevrette, whilst she and he were having their portrait painted:

'Mme. d'Épinay is being painted opposite to me, writes Diderot to Mlle. Voland; she is leaning on a table, her arms languidly crossed, her head a little turned, as if she were looking to one side, her long black hair tied up with a ribbon which encircles her brow. A few curls have escaped from under this band; some fall over her bosom, others spread over her shoulders, and heighten their whiteness. Her dress is simple and négligé'.

Returning to the same portrait a few days later, he says again with charming turn:

'Mme. d'Épinay's portrait is finished; she is portrayed with her bosom half exposed, a few locks scattered over her bosom and shoulders, the others held by a blue ribbon encircling her brow, her mouth half open; she breathes, and her eyes are full of languor. It is the picture of tenderness and voluptuousness'.

I thought it necessary to set this portrait of Diderot, who was a good judge, over against a certain page of the *Confessions*, where Rousseau denies Mme. d'Épinay precisely that charm and voluptuous softness.

There we have her at past thirty, a little flattered if you like, or at least seen by friendly eyes, one day of beauty and sunlight. What she was again in those years of plenitude and decline, but on a day of poor health and suffering, it is not Diderot, nor Jean-Jacques, but Voltaire who will tell us. She went to see him during a visit she made to Geneva for the sake of her health. Her delicate frame was already far on the way of decline and deteriora-

tion. Voltaire, however, who looked especially at the mind, the physiognomy, and who in regard to women was less material than Rousseau, found her much to his liking. He was with her more agreeable, more cheerful, more extravagant than at fifteen; he made her all sorts of the most amusing declarations. One day when she was writing from his house to her friend Grimm, he wanted to remain in the room whilst she wrote her letter:

'He expressed a desire to remain to see what my two large black eyes say when I write. He is sitting before me, poking the fire and laughing; he says that I am making game of him, and that I look as if I were criticizing him. I reply that I am writing all that he says, because that is as good as anything that I can think of'.

Voltaire said of her again to Dr. Tronchin:

'Your patient is truly a philosopher; she has found the great secret of making the best of her condition; I should like to be her disciple; but the habit is formed. . . . What can I do? Ah! my philosopher! she is an eagle in a gauze cage. . . . If I were not dying, he added, looking at her, I should have told you all that in verse'.

Making every allowance for gallantry and poetry, this *eagle in a gauze cage* proves at least that Mme. d'Épinay had very beautiful eyes and a very animated soul in her transparent frame.

I have chosen to draw her in the first place with the pen of those eminent men whose names are connected with her own; it is well to know people a little by sight before listening to their story and their romance. Mme. d'Épinay's romance is rather complicated, though it is like that of many women. She was in the mood to love her husband when she perceived by too certain signs that he was disagreeable and even contemptible. She had just become a mother; but this affection, though she felt it very strongly, did not suffice her. She tried to impose duties upon herself; she suffered, she dreamed, she had inexplicable tears in her eyes, when one day she saw M. de Francueil enter her house, a young, agreeable, elegant man, a lover of music like herself, powdered as he ought to be, the type of a first lover of the period. She was touched, she resisted, she returned. The advice of charitable souls was not lacking.

Among these charitable souls around her there is one who is the most cunning wasp, the most perfidious and corrupted confidante that one could imagine: a certain Mlle. d'Ette, a spinster of over thirty, 'once beautiful as an angel, in whom there remained only the spirit of a devil'. But what a devil! Diderot, who paints in Rubens' manner, said of her: 'She is Flemish, and that appears in her skin and complexion. Her face is like a large bowl of milk on which rose leaves have been thrown'. I will spare you the rest of Diderot's painting. This Mlle. d'Ette, who was the mistress of the Chevalier de Valory, is introduced to Mme. d'Épinay, insinuates herself into her confidence, gives her bold, positive, interested advice. This cunning and artful lady has perceived Francueil's love, and thinks she guesses that it is reciprocated; she tries to see through it, to assist it, becomes a go-between, makes herself useful and indispensable, and all to her own advantage. She tries to become mistress in this rich house, to obtain the key of all its secrets, and, if necessary, to kill two birds with one stone. The character of this Mlle. d'Ette is admirably caught and rendered; it is by reason of the painting of characters, the progress and naturalness of the conversations that Mme. d'Épinay's *Memoirs* form a unique book. The lover Francueil, later the lover Grimm, will be more or less like all lovers; one resembles the lover of the first youth, the other the lover of the second, less handsome, less delightful and charming, but often more reliable, and curing the wounds left by the first. This side of Mme. d'Épinay's *Memoirs* is true, without being very original. Their real originality consists in the naïve and bare expression of the other characters; in the character of Mlle. d'Ette, that domestic pest; in that of Duclos, her worthy pendant, as it is here revealed; in the confidential communications of Mme. de Jully, crudely confessing to her sister-in-law her love for the singer Jelyotte, and asking service for service. This originality is conspicuous again in the scenes of the two dinners at Mlle. Quinault's house, in the unimaginable conversational orgies which take place there among the fine wits, of which Mme. d'Épinay is a witness, who says her say, and is above all a good listener. In this respect Mme. d'Épinay, whilst only intending to write a novel, has become the authentic

chronicler of the morals of her time. Her book ranks between that of Duclos, *Les Confessions du Comte de * * **, and that of Laclos: *Les Liaisons dangereuses*; but it is more in the atmosphere of the century than either, it offers a more natural, more complete picture of it, and is a better expression, if I may say so, of the average corruption.

The reader may perhaps remember an admirable satire (the 13th) of the old poet Mathurin Regnier, in which the poet imagines himself listening behind the door to the odious counsels given by the old Macette to a young girl whom he is in love with: Macette, who thinks herself alone with the girl, speaks as follows, in lines which will not be surpassed by Molière's Tartufe:

Ma fille, Dieu vous garde et vous veuille bénir!
Si je vous veux du mal, qu'il me puisse advenir! . . .
A propos, savez-vous, on dit qu'on vous marie.
Je sais bien votre cas: un homme grand, adroit,
Riche . . . . . .
Il vous aime si fort! Aussi pourquoi, ma fille,
Ne vous aimerait-il? Vous êtes si gentille,
Si mignonne et si belle, et d'un regard si doux,
Que la beauté plus grande est laide auprès de vous.
Mais tout ne répond pas au trait de ce visage
Plus vermeil qu'une rose et plus beau qu'un rivage.
Vous devriez, étant belle, avoir de beaux habits;
Éclater de satin, de perles, de rubis . . .
Ma foi! les beaux habits servent bien à la mine,
On a beau s'agencer et faire les doux yeux,
Quand on est bien parée, on en est toujours mieux.
Mais, sans avoir du bien, que sert la renommée?

And she continues on this note to preach the *utility* of beauty and youth. We might find similar counsels in a very old French poem, the *Roman de la Rose*; here too it is an old woman, who to one of the allegorical characters of the romance expounds the precepts of that execrable, quite interested morality. Here in the eighteenth century it is no longer the old Macette, but a younger Macette, more cunning in mind, fresher of cheek, it is Mlle. d'Ette who plays exactly the same part towards a young woman of society. Corruption is very much alike in all ages, in regard to substance, but it differs in form, in tone and costume. In the eighteenth century the type of this

feminine, externally decent corruption, is shown to us in Mlle. d'Ette.

All the scenes in which she figures are excellent and drawn from nature; but the first, where she snatches the young woman's secret and urges her forward, surpasses all the others. The actual situation is as follows. The young Émilie, just convalescent after her confinement, sad on account of her husband's infidelities, already despising him and with just cause, has seen the amiable Francueil and is vaguely interested in him, but does not yet dare to declare herself, and sees her own desire only through a cloud. It is at this moment that the engaging and insidious counsellor appears:

'Mlle. d'Ette is come to spend the day with me, writes Émilie. After dinner I lay down on my chaise-longue. I felt heavy and weary; I yawned every moment, and, afraid that she might think her presence irksome or disagreeable, I feigned a desire to sleep, hoping that this disposition would pass over. But no: it only increased; melancholy took possession of me, and I felt a need to say I was sad. Tears came to my eyes, I could not hold them any longer'.

In this state of uncertainty and languor, the young woman excuses herself to her friend: 'I think it is the vapours, I feel very ill at ease'.

'Do not constrain yourself, she said to me. Truly yes, you have the vapours, and it is not the first time; but I did not presume to tell you so, for I should have increased your indisposition'.

And after a little dissertation on vapours and their effect:

'Let us see the cause of yours, she says. Come, be sincere and hide nothing from me; it is ennui and nothing else'.

And as the young woman tried to enter into some explanations:

'Yes, interrupted Mlle. d'Ette, all this confirms what I say; for it is weariness of heart that I suspect in you, and not weariness of mind.—Seeing that I made no reply, she added: Yes, your heart is isolated; it is attached to nothing; you no longer love your husband, and you cannot love him. I tried to make a gesture of denial, but she continued in a tone which deluded me: No, you cannot love him, for you no longer respect him.—

I felt soothed by her having said the word I did not dare to utter. I burst into tears.—Weep freely, she said, clasping me in her arms; tell me all that is passing in this pretty head. I am your friend, and will be all my life; hide from me nothing that is in your heart; may I be fortunate enough to comfort you. But, before all, let me know what you think and what are your ideas on your situation.—Alas! I said, I do not know myself what I think'.

And the young woman discloses the contradictions of her own heart; she has already long thought herself estranged from her husband and perfectly indifferent, and yet she cannot think of him without shedding tears, and at times she dreads his return, almost as if she hated him.

'Ah yes! replied Mlle. d'Ette, laughing, one only hates in proportion to one's love. Your hatred is nothing but humiliated and outraged love; you will only recover from this baneful malady by loving some other object more worthy of you.—Ah! never! never! I exclaimed, withdrawing from her embrace, as if I dreaded to see her opinion verified, I shall never love any other than M. d'Épinay.—You will love others, she said, holding me, and you will do well; only find one agreeable enough to please you, and. . . . In the first place, I said, that is what I shall not find. I swear to you sincerely that, since I have been in the world, I have not seen any other but my husband who appeared worthy of being distinguished.—I can well believe it, she replied, you have never known any but old dotards or young dandies: it is not very surprising that none should have pleased you. Among all those who come to your house, I do not know one who is capable of making a sensible woman happy. I should like you to know a man of thirty, a man of discretion; a man who is able to advise, to guide you, and who has enough affection for you to think only of making you happy.—Yes, I replied, that would be charming; but where is one to find an intelligent, amiable man, such a one, in short, as you describe, who will devote himself to you and be satisfied with being your friend, without carrying his pretensions so far as to wish to be your lover?—But I do not say that either, replied Mlle. d'Ette; I expect him to be your lover.

'My first feeling was to be scandalized, my second was one of gladness that a girl of good repute, like Mlle. d'Ette, could suppose that one could have a lover without crime; not that I felt at all inclined to take her advice, *on the contrary*, but I could at least cease to appear so grieved before her at my husband's indifference'.

And the scene continues in that tone, Mme. d'Épinay resolving to herself never to have a lover, flattered, how-

ever, to be spoken to about it, and in reality already having one, and Mlle. d'Ette, to make her speak and to obtain the mastery over her, cleverly endeavouring to pique, to frighten, to reassure and embolden this young soul, to incline her to the ends she is proposing to herself. Mlle. d'Ette's great maxim, which is also that of the whole eighteenth century, is : 'It is only a woman's inconstancy in her tastes, or an evil choice, or the publicity she gives to it, that can injure her reputation. *The choice is the essential thing*'. And as to what the world will say, what matter ? 'They will speak of it for a week, perhaps they will not talk about it at all, and then they will think no more about it, except to say : She is right'.

Mme. d'Épinay's choice was now made more than she dared to confess to Mlle. d'Ette, for an instinctive feeling of delicacy warned her that she must still conceal something from this self-styled friend, who laid such bold hands on these budding and timid affections.

The continuation of the romance is varied with incidents, only a few of which I can indicate. Francueil at first appears in a flattering light : this love between Mme. d'Épinay and him is indeed a love *à la française*, such as may exist in a polished, over-refined society, a love without violent storms and thunderbolts, without any frenzy *à la Phèdre* or *à la Lespinasse*, but with charm, youth and tenderness. Into this love there enters good grace, delicacy and intellect, there enters a taste for the fine arts and music. They act plays with passion, and these plays are only a pretext for mingling, isolating and meeting incessantly : 'There they are a troop of lovers, writes Mlle. d'Ette to her Chevalier. In truth this society is like a moving novel. Francueil and the little woman are intoxicated as on the first day'.

But the intoxication has its term. Francueil cools down, or at least he leads a disorderly life ; he sups every night, becomes intoxicated in the real sense, is no longer so exact and attentive to his lady : the evil manners of the time have won him over. It is then that Duclos tries to supplant him and invade his place. He despised Francueil, regarded him as a brainless fellow, and called him the *cockchafer* : 'You are not happy, poor woman, he exclaimed, and it is your own fault. Why attach yourself, *mordieu*, to the claw of a cockchafer ? You have been

duped ; the d'Ette is a minx, I have always told you so'. At least twenty years older than Mme. d'Épinay, Duclos, caustic, mordant, carying his candour to the point of brutality, and making cunning use of his brutality, would very willingly put up with this gay, spirituelle, and lively young woman ; he would willingly spend all his evenings with her, and he would think he was doing her an honour in dominating and forming her. He expounds this whole plan in Mme. d'Épinay's *Memoirs*, and that in speaking to her with a blunt and picturesque crudity, which she may sometimes have exaggerated, but which she certainly did not invent: a gentle and polished woman is incapable of inventing the like physiognomies and the like talk, unless she has indeed met with them. Before the publication of these *Memoirs* Duclos enjoyed a good reputation, that of a man of original humour and character, outspoken, upright and clever (*droit et adroit*). Henceforth he leaves behind him the idea of a dangerous friend, a mordant despot, cynical and treacherously blunt. Whatever one may say or do, the spurious *bonhomme* in him is unmasked, and will not again recover his position.

For the rest, if he loses in respect of character, he does not lose in respect of intellect. The conversations in which he is made to figure by Mme. d'Épinay are most amusing and comic, seasoned with a most piquant salt and coloured with a Breton verve which is not found to the same extent in any of his writings. The pleasantest and one of the most creditable scenes in which he figures is that where we see him one day going to the College in company with Mme. d'Épinay and submitting young d'Épinay's tutor to an examination. Of that poor, grotesque M. Linant somebody said : ' The poor man is more stupid than ever '. While Duclos sends the boy to do an exercise in the next room, he takes the tutor to task and submits him to an interrogatory in the most amusing, I might say, the most sensible manner, if it had not been humiliating and far too rude. For we must not forget that throughout these *Memoirs*, in spite of all the gallant and amorous diversities which fill them and in which the principal person has painted more than a half-length portrait of herself, the preoccupation, I was about to say the chimera of a systematic moral education holds a great place, and, in between

her tender frailties, Émilie does not cease to rival the author of the *Émile*.

There was a critical moment in the life of poor Mme. d'Épinay, when her reputation had to suffer a terrible assault. That was at the death of her sister-in-law, Mme. de Jully, a charming woman, who, under her indolent airs, herself possessed the philosophy of the century in all its essence, and practised it in all its hardihood and grace. Suddenly carried off in the bloom of life, she only had time, before dying, to intrust a key to Mme. d'Épinay ; it was the key to a secretaire which contained letters to be destroyed. Mme. d'Épinay, apprised of everything, understood and instantly carried out her instructions. But one important document, which concerned affairs of interest of her husband and M. de Jully, not being found at first, she was suspected of having burned it with the other papers, traces of which had been found in the hearth, and odious rumours, authorized even by the family, circulated. These rumours gained such credit in society that one day, at a supper at Count Friesen's, Grimm, who had only known Mme. d'Épinay a short time, had to openly take her defence, and provoked a duel in which he was slightly wounded. This was beginning like a brave knight, and Mme. d'Épinay in her gratitude called him by that title and accepted him as such.

It was time : on bad terms with that odious Mlle. d'Ette, with that unworthy Duclos, with a husband more extravagant than ever and who dragged Francueil with him into his dissipations and extravagances, Mme. d'Épinay had to fight against too great odds, and her delicate organization was ready to collapse. For a moment she had an idea of turning to religion, and taking God as a make-shift ; but an excellent priest whom she introduces and makes to speak very wisely, the Abbé Martin, had no trouble in proving to her that she mistook her own heart. It was to Grimm that the task fell to set it right again and cure it. We must say to his honour that he applied all his efforts to it and was successful.

All who speak of Grimm say much ill of him, in truth I do not know why. As a writer he is one of the most distinguished critics, one of the most solid and at the same time the most delicate, that French literature has produced. Byron, who is not lavish with his praises and

who took pleasure in reading Grimm, says in his *Diary*: 'Grimm is an excellent critic and literary historian. His *Correspondence* forms the annals of the literary part of that age of France, with much of her politics, and still more of her "way of life". He is as valuable, and far more entertaining, than Muratori or Tiraboschi—I had almost said than Ginguené, but there we should pause. However, 'tis a great man in its line'. This judgment of Byron seems to me the true one. Reading Grimm we are sensible of a mind superior to his object, which never separates literature from the observation of the world and of life. The whole literature of the time is in Grimm, as the society of the time is in Mme. d'Épinay. Diderot has been called the most German of French minds; we should call Grimm the most French of all German minds. As a character and as a man, he seems to have had more real and positive than amiable qualities; but we must be on our guard against judging him after Rousseau. The latter never pardoned him for having at once, with an accurate glance, seen through his incurable vanity. Grimm, as he stands out from the testimony of his friends (the only persons entitled to appreciate him, said Mme. d'Épinay, for only with them was he himself), Grimm is a judicious, upright, reliable, constant man, early formed to the world, having a small estimation of humanity in general, judging them, sharing none of the wrong views and philanthropic illusions of his times. 'Few men, said the great Frederick, know humanity as well as Grimm, and we could find still fewer who possess in the same degree as he the faculty of living with the great and making himself liked by them without ever compromising the candour nor the independence of his character'. His outward bearing was cold, polite, and might have appeared stiffness or pride to those who did not know him; but in familiarity he was, they say, gaiety itself, candid to the point of outspokenness, and certainly faithful and devoted to the last to those he had once chosen. Let us put Rousseau aside: to which of his friends was Grimm ever unfaithful? He loved Mme. d'Épinay, and was useful to her from the first as a guide. She had the good wit at once to appreciate him by reason of that essential merit, and to feel that a serious friend had come to her. At the very beginning of their intimacy she writes: 'We talked till midnight. I am

penetrated with esteem and affection for him. What justness in his ideas! what impartiality in his counsels!' Here we find the critic with all his advantages, even in the lover. He was supremely good and helpful to her; he was the first to give her self-reliance, the feeling of her own worth, he emancipated her: 'Oh! how happily born you are! he wrote to her. I pray you, do not miss your vocation: it only depends upon yourself to be the happiest and most adorable creature on earth, provided you do not put others' opinions before your own, and are able to be self-sufficient'. And when it is not she he is speaking to, with what justice again, increased and animated by tenderness! '*Bon Dieu!* he writes to Diderot, how this woman is to be pitied! I should not be anxious about her if she were as strong as she is brave. She is gentle and confiding; she loves peace and repose above everything; but her situation continually demands a conduct that is forced and foreign to her character: nothing will so surely wear out and destroy a naturally delicate machine'. Only after knowing Grimm did Mme. d'Épinay become entirely herself. Through him this charming and delicate mind acquired all its character; he discerned in her and brought out the trait which particularly distinguished her, 'a delicate, deep sense of honesty'. Mme. d'Épinay, so compromised by the incidents of her early life, so slandered by her former friends, was on the way to become better at the very time when she was most a victim to infamy; and one day she was able to reply in a manner as witty as pathetic to a man from Paris who came to see her at Geneva, and who showed his astonishment a little awkwardly at finding her so different from the idea he had formed of her: 'Know, sir, that I am worse than my Geneva reputation, but better than my Paris reputation'.

Grimm was thirty-three years of age when he knew her, and during the twenty-seven years that their liaison lasted, his attachment to her did not flag a single day. However, from a certain moment he found himself insensibly more absorbed by literature, by his labours and the duties imposed upon him by honourable obligations, and by the ambition natural to a mature age; this judicious man felt the necessity of finding new motives of life in proportion as youth passed away. He advised his lady somewhat to the same effect. When he was obliged to

leave Paris, it was she who held the pen in his place, and who, under Diderot's direction, continued his literary Correspondence with the sovereigns of the North. She wrote books, though she did not give up making knots, tapestry and songs. 'Continue your works, the Abbé Galiani wrote to her; it is a proof of attachment to life to compose books'. Ruined in body and health, she had the art of living thus to the end, of disputing foot by foot the remnants of her painful existence, of making the most of it for those who surrounded her, with affection and charm. She died on April 17, 1783, at the age of fifty-eight. We find a picture of her during the last fourteen years of her life, of her and all her society, in her Correspondence with the Abbé Galiani; that would deserve a separate consideration. To-day I only desired to dwell on some curious and almost naïve Memoirs of a super-refined epoch, a singular monument of the morals of a century, and also to recall attention to a woman of whom we may say, to her praise, that, with all her faults as with her qualities, she was and ever remained truly a woman, which is becoming a rare thing.

MADAME DE GRAFIGNY[1]

Monday, June 17, 1850.

You may rest assured, I am going to speak neither of the drama *Cénie* nor even of the *Peruvian Letters*, works which were more or less pleasing in their day, and are now quite out of date. I am going to speak, above all, of Voltaire, to whom Mme. de Grafigny introduces us and whom she enables us to catch in rather a new light or at least very much to the life. In the same way Mme. de La Tour-Franqueville introduced us to Rousseau. French literature is very rich, if we follow it in those rather subordinate branches (Journals, Correspondence, Memoirs), which relate to society and its doings; by frequently returning to them, we are enabled to penetrate and traverse that society in many directions. As I am unable so cursorily to embrace a great writer in his entirety and full extent, I should like at least to get at him in this way as occasion offers, and present him by chapters and episodes. Some day, for example, thanks to Mme. d'Épinay and her testimony, combined with that of the *Confessions*, I might write a chapter entitled *Rousseau at the Hermitage*; another time I might, in company with a few visitors like Mme. Suard, write of *Voltaire at Ferney*. This time it will be *Voltaire at Cirey*.

We must, however, say something about Mme. de Grafigny, who is to be our guide and introducer. Françoise d'Issembourg d'Happoncourt (that was her very noble name) was of Nancy, born February 13, 1695, daughter of one of the officers of the Duke of Lorraine, and grand-niece, through her mother, of the famous Callot. She was married to an officer and chamberlain of the Duke of Lorraine, Huguet de Grafigny, a hard and cruel man, who

[1] *Letters of Madame de Grafigny, or Voltaire at Cirey.*

by his acts of violence more than once placed his wife in jeopardy of her life, and who ended his days in a prison. She was legally separated from him, but only after years of ill-treatment and martyrdom. Her life was no doubt a more pathetic romance than those she wrote. One evening, at Cirey, Mme. du Châtelet having asked her as a matter of form if she had had any children, Mme. de Grafigny was induced to begin her story; she told it so well, so naturally, that the whole company was moved, and each showed it in his manner. Mme. du Châtelet, who did not wish to appear too soft, laughed to prevent herself crying. Voltaire was fairly moved to tears, 'for *he* is not ashamed to appear tender-hearted'. The teller wept herself and tried not to enter into too many details, for fear of breaking down. On that evening Mme. du Châtelet did no geometry; Voltaire did not close an eye all night, and appeared almost as much affected the next morning. But we do not know any more particulars of the story, and we must remain satisfied with the impression made upon the inmates of Cirey.

At the moment when we meet with her Mme. de Grafigny is a lady of over forty, decidedly doomed to ill-luck, and believing in her evil destiny and her unlucky star: 'I still hold to what I have said: When one is unlucky, one is so for good'. That was her refrain, only too well verified. 'I am so convinced, she said again, that ill-luck would follow me to Paradise, if I should go there, that I yield with a good grace to my fate. Believe me that the whole world would sooner be overturned before my star would cease to persecute me'. This habitual sense of ill-luck she often expresses in touching words, which are remarkable in the midst of a language whose ordinary tone was not always very distinguished. Astonished at not being as sensible as she should be to the near arrival of a friend, she will say of her misfortunes: 'They have made my soul so black, that I no longer feel pleasure, *I only think it*'. And further: 'Would you believe it? I think pleasure, I almost feel it, and I am not cheerful; I believe that I shall never be'.

It was this lady, still unknown in Letters, not having written or published anything, who one day, in consequence of some circumstance connected with her domestic persecutions, suddenly drops into the château of Cirey, at

the gates of Lorraine, and asks refuge and hospitality of Mme. du Châtelet, of Voltaire. Hardly arrived at this place, of which so many wonders and mysteries were told, feminine curiosity and indiscretion at once triumphs over other feelings in Mme. de Grafigny, and she sets about writing to her friends in Lorraine on all that she sees and hears. These tell-tale Letters were not published till 1820. When reading them, and whatever idea they may give us of Mme. de Grafigny, we are at Cirey with her, and we take advantage of them. But, before hearing her, let us know how and why Voltaire himself happens to be there.

From the first day that he appeared on this world's scene, Voltaire seems to have been entirely himself and to have needed no school. His charm, his brilliancy, his petulance, the seriousness and sometimes the pathos which were hidden under this airy exterior, all this he had from the first day. However, he did not acquire all the vigour of his talent and the elasticity of his character until he had known injustice and misfortune. The deadly insult he suffered one evening at the hands of the Chevalier de Rohan, and the protection which covered that contemptible man, the powerlessness which this outraged man of heart suddenly felt to wash away the insult, those social iniquities that one cannot rightly appreciate without having felt them, taught him that intellect was not everything in France, and that there was a despotic power which placed a few privileged persons above the laws, even above public opinion. Voltaire, unhappy for the first time, withdrew to England ; he there studied government, public morals, the philosophic spirit and literature, and he returned from thence entirely formed and with an abiding stamp. His instinctive petulance was certainly never corrected, but he henceforth mingled with it reflection, a stock of wisdom, to which he returned throughout and notwithstanding all infractions and misadventures. He was one of those in whom the pleasure of thinking and writing in freedom takes the place of everything, and for a time he thought of giving himself up unreservedly to that passion in a free country and quitting his own. However, Voltaire was not a pure Descartes, he needed also friendship, arts, sympathetic every-day excitements. Hated by some, and returning hate for hate, he needed to be loved and caressed by others. He desired to think

and speak, but he was impatient to hear the echo at once. He wrote naïvely to Formont: 'How wise you are, my dear Formont! you cultivate your friendships in peace. Accustomed to your riches, you are not concerned about their being remarked: and I am like a child who goes and shows all the world the toys which have been given him'. After this first great storm of his life he longed for a retreat where, without being isolated, he might live sheltered and independent, think aloud, and not be deprived of all feeling: 'Mon Dieu, my dear Cideville, he wrote to that other so dear friend, what a delightful life it would be, if four or five men of Letters could reside together, with talents and no jealousy, loving each other, living in peace, cultivating each his art, and speaking of it, and enlightening each other! I can imagine myself some day living in that little paradise'. This earthly paradise he found, he created for himself, and it was Cirey, the residence of Mme. du Châtelet, that he chose, not without artifice, in a country of frontiers, with one foot in Lorraine and the other in France. During the early days of this residence at Cirey, he wrote to d'Argental, shortly after having made a trip to Holland, a letter in which he discloses all his thoughts, his affections, the most serious parts of his soul:

'I confess to you that if friendship, stronger than all the other feelings, had not recalled me, I should very willingly have spent the remainder of my days in a country where at least my enemies cannot injure me, and where the whims, the superstition and authority of a minister are not to be feared. A man of Letters must live in a free country, or he must make up his mind to live the life of a timid slave, continually accused to the master by other jealous slaves. . . . There is no likelihood of my ever returning to Paris to expose myself to the furies of superstition and envy. I will live at Cirey, or in a free country. I have always told you so; if my father, my brother, or my son were Prime Minister in a despotic state, I would leave it to-morrow; imagine what a repugnance I must feel to find myself in it to-day. But, in short, Mme. du Châtelet is to me more than a father, brother and son. I only desire to live buried in the mountains of Cirey'.

When Voltaire wrote that, in March, 1735, he was just forty-one years old, and he spent the fourteen following years in this intimate union which filled the whole middle part of his life. We must not forget that in speaking with

so much gratitude of Mme. du Châtelet's hospitality, he largely contributed to it himself. Voltaire had a very large fortune for the time (an income of something like eighty thousand francs); this fortune went on increasing with years in consequence of the master's good management, and wherever he was he made a vein of gold to flow, which never does any harm, even in an earthly paradise.

Mme. de Grafigny arrived then at Cirey two hours after midnight, on December 4, 1738. The *nymph* of the place, Mme. du Châtelet, receives her politely and rather coolly; the *idol*, that is to say, Voltaire, enters the room a moment after, 'with a little candlestick in his hand, like a monk', and says a thousand kind things. He asks for news of all his friends in Lorraine, including Saint-Lambert, who since . . . who, ten years later, was to supplant him with the lady of the place; but at that time he was a mere star just rising above the horizon. On the following days Mme. de Grafigny writes all her impressions to a friend of her childhood, one M. Devaux, reader to King Stanislas; she calls this M. Devaux by a thousand pet names (*Panpan*, *Panpichon*). As a rule the tone of these letters of Mme. de Grafigny is petty, rather vulgar; it is cackle, in the right sense of the word: 'To cackle! oh! is pleasant', she exclaims in one place, and she abundantly proves that she likes it. We are sensible throughout of a coterie and provincial jargon, of the taste of that little Court of Lorraine, where people lived together as in a sweetmeat-box. But for us the revelations are no less interesting.

During the two months that Mme. de Grafigny was at Cirey, she had some very varied impressions. The first fortnight was a real honeymoon; she admires all, she loves all. She is in ecstasy like a person who has seen little hitherto. She minutely describes the little wing which Voltaire inhabited, the pictures framed in the wainscot, the mirrors; 'admirable lacquered corner-buffets; porcelains, marabouts, a clock supported by marabouts of strange shape, an infinity of things in this taste, expensive, choice, and everything so clean that one might kiss the floor; an open chest containing silver-plate; all that superfluity, *so necessary a thing*, has been able to invent: and what silver! what workmanship! There is even a ring-stand with a dozen rings with engraved

stones, besides two of diamonds '. Then comes the little gallery with the statues, the Venuses, the Cupids—in short, all that the Louis XV taste is able to collect in its luxury and perfection. We see that the author of the *Mondain* was in harmony with himself, and justified his own lines. Then we have a description of Mme. du Châtelet's apartments, all in *yellow and blue*, and of the boudoir, which is in the latest gallant taste. There it is that that strange, superior rather than amiable woman spent her nights in study, in diving into geometry and writing on physics. On a favoured day we also have a sight of the bath-room and the adjoining dressing-room, ' the wainscot of which is varnished a pale-green, cheerful, divine, admirably carved and gilded. . . . No, nothing prettier could be imagined, exclaims Mme. de Grafigny ; the whole abode is delicious and enchanting. If I had an apartment like that, I should have them wake me at night to see it '.

With the exception of the lady's apartments and Voltaire's, the remainder of the house is extremely untidy, and perfectly *uncomfortable*, as we should say. Voltaire might look after his guests, but Mme. du Châtelet does not trouble about them in the least. Poor Mme. de Grafigny lives in a large room open to all the winds, in which one perishes with cold. During the day, after her books and writing-desk, she has no other resource but Mme. de Champbonin. The latter, an excellent woman, well known through Voltaire's Correspondence, has been three or four years at Cirey ; ' she avoids being troublesome ; she has been trained not to be in the way '. She is made to keep her room all day. They make her read all the books in the house, the best that are to be found, and she is none the wiser for it. Voltaire laughs at her, he calls her *big cat* ; Mme. de Champbonin has resigned herself to growing fat. I was almost forgetting the nominal lord of the place, the Marquis du Châtelet, who, when he is there, usually has the gout and is not much in the way, though he is something of a bore. The arrival of the Abbé de Breteuil, Mme. du Châtelet's brother, brings a little distraction into this daily routine of Cirey. But as soon as he is gone, nothing could be less amusing than the life in this paradise. How do they spend their time ? Each works on his own account, and works steadily.

That is really their keenest pleasure. These two powerful, active minds, Mme. du Châtelet and Voltaire, are each at their work ; she works at the sciences and philosophy, for which she has a calling and which she loves to the exclusion of all else ; he too works at the sciences, which he had the weakness at that time to try to embrace, but at the same time he is occupied with poetry, epistles, history—in short, everything ; for his activity sticks at nothing. I have amused myself with collecting from Voltaire's Letters a few passages which depict him to the life in this universality and this passionate avidity of tastes. To give the most charming and the truest portrait of Voltaire, it would be enough to extract with choice some of his own words ; Voltaire is not the man to constrain himself, even though he should give himself away, or to keep back his thoughts for long :

' Do not tell me that I work too much, he wrote about this time from Cirey ; these labours are a trifle to a man who has no other occupation. The mind that has long been bent to belles-lettres can give itself up to them without trouble or effort, just as one speaks with ease a language one has long learned, and as the hand of the musician travels with ease over the keyboard. What we have to fear alone is that we may not do feebly what we would do with vigour in health '.

' I try to lead a life in conformity with the state I am in, without any disagreeable passion, without ambition, without envy, with many acquaintances, few friends and many tastes '.

' I should wish that Newton had composed vaudevilles, I should esteem him the more. The man who has only one talent may be a great genius ; he who has several is more amiable '.

' One should give one's soul all possible shapes. It is a fire that God has intrusted to us ; we should feed it with what we find most precious. We should let every imaginable mood enter our being, we should open all the gates of our soul to all branches of knowledge and all sentiments ; provided that it does not enter pell-mell, there is room for all the world '.

Speaking expressly of the life he led at Cirey, he said again :

' We are far from forsaking poetry for mathematics. . . . Not in this happy solitude is one so barbarous as to despise any art. It implies a strange mental narrowness to love one branch of knowledge and hate all the others ; we should leave that fanaticism to those who believe that it is not possible to please God except in their own sect. One may prefer, but why exclude ?

Nature has given us so few doors by which pleasure and instruction can enter our souls! Should we open only one of them?'

'I look upon a man who has loved poetry, and is no longer affected by it, as a sick person who has lost one of his senses'.

'I confess to you that I should be very glad to have, once in my life, courted with success the Muse of Opera; *I love all nine of them*, and one should have the greatest possible number of love affairs without being too much of a coxcomb'.

There we have Voltaire the man of pure intellect. His principle was that one should devour things in order not to be devoured by them, and not to devour oneself. Mme. de Grafigny shows him such indeed, greedy of what occupies him, greedy of his time, so absorbed in his writing that they have to drag him to supper from his desk, where he is still at work. But as soon as he has sat down to the table, he spurs and incites himself until he has found some tale to tell, something very facetious, very droll, very comic, something that is only good from his own lips, and which shows him as he described himself:

Toujours un pied dans le cercueil,
De l'autre faisant des gambades.

This buffoonery, which goes on increasing with age, is not always pleasing, and easily becomes disagreeable. Yet it also appears most natural in him. At table, Mme. de Grafigny describes him as charming, attentive, served by the way like a prince, with his laqueys and his valet de chambre behind his arm-chair:

'His valet de chambre never quits his chair at table, and his laqueys hand him (the valet de chambre) the necessary things, like pages to the king's gentlemen; but all this is done without any appearance of ostentation, so true it is that great minds know on all occasions to preserve the dignity which beseems them, without the absurdity of putting affectation into it. He has an amusing way of ordering, which shows the good grace of his manner; he always adds laughing, *And look well after Madame!*'

Madame is, of course, Mme. du Châtelet: but he also looks after the others. To sup at his side, what a delightful position! Mme. de Grafigny, who is not insensible to the ridiculous, appreciates that happiness like a woman of intellect.

There are days, however, when this ordinary routine is departed from at Cirey, gala-days, with performances, fêtes with large orchestra. On those days they read new works to each other, they act them, they play comedies, tragedies, farce, and even marionettes; Voltaire gives a magic lantern entertainment. When once they begin these pleasures, it is no child's play: 'Last evening we reckoned, writes Mme. de Grafigny, that in the *twenty-four hours* we had rehearsed and played *thirty-three acts*, tragedies and comedies as well as operas'. This was excess after a fast: 'The life we lead is the devil, yes the devil'. On these grand days, during these dramatic and fairy-like weeks, Voltaire is in a state of pure genius. This ever-dying man comes to life: he is gay, brilliant, indefatigable. All the muses that he courts, all the demons that possess him, revive in him. Especially the days when they read unpublished cantos of *Jeanne*, of the too famous *Jeanne* (and they read them in the mysterious bath-room), those are days of semi-licence which are a good time for Mme. de Grafigny; we shall see in a moment that she pays dearly for them: 'We made punch, she writes to her friend Devaux after one of these readings; Mme. du Châtelet sang with her divine voice: we laughed a great deal without knowing why, we sang canons; the supper, in short, was like those we have so often had together, where gaiety knows not what it says nor what it does, and laughs at a mere trifle'.

But all days are not so gay; Voltaire's gaiety is not always so disinterested and light-hearted. 'There are many moments when he is furiously author'. There are many suppers which are only enlivened by bringing up the Abbé Des Fontaines or Jean-Baptiste Rousseau: 'Oh! *dame*! then the man remains and the hero vanishes; he is a man who would never pardon anybody who praised Rousseau'. And as for praises, 'he loves them with any kind of sauce, especially when they are accompanied by abuse of this Abbé Des Fontaines'. There we have the petty side. Mme. de Grafigny lays him bare before us, but without exaggeration, and still recognizing Voltaire's strong, irresistible and, in spite of all, his amiable qualities.

The intimacy between Mme. du Châtelet and Voltaire is well described and without any exaggeration. The

fact is that the fair lady *makes the poet's life a little hard.* But where is there any love without a little quarrelling? She is useful to him, however; she holds him back and saves him from many follies. Sometimes too she abuses her empire. Having little love for history, and regarding Tacitus only as 'a gossip who tells tales of his district', she makes war upon the historian in Voltaire; she keeps under lock and key, for example, his history of the *Age of Louis XIV*, and prevents his finishing it. She does more, she plagues him about his poetry. Here Voltaire revolts: it is a domestic quarrel between geometry and poetry. 'Ma foi! leave Newton alone, exclaims Voltaire: those are idle fancies. Long live poetry!'—'He is passionately fond of writing poetry, adds Mme. de Grafigny, and the fair lady continually plagues him about giving it up. The stout lady (Mme. de Champbonin) and I thwart her as much as we can. It is a terrible thing to keep Voltaire from writing poetry!'

But the chief event of Mme. de Grafigny's visit to Cirey is the scene they made one evening on the strength of a mere suspicion with regard to the famous *Jeanne*, of *La Pucelle*, in short, certain cantos of which she had heard and relished too well. I have said that Mme. de Grafigny, a real inquisitive gossip, wrote about all that she saw and heard to her friend Devaux, another gossip, who for his part spoke of it to his friends in Lorraine. The privacy of letters was not very religiously observed at Cirey. The letters which left and arrived all passed through the hands of Mme. du Châtelet, who had established in her chamber a sort of *black cabinet*, that is, she did not scruple to open what appeared suspicious to her. One day then, it came to her knowledge that those readings of the *Pucelle* had been spoken of in the society of Nancy or Lunéville, and thereupon opening a letter from M. Devaux to Mme. de Grafigny, she read these words: '*The canto of* JEANNE *is charming*'. Observe that the honest correspondent wanted to say no more than 'The canto of *Jeanne*, according to your brief analysis of it, must be charming'. But anger and suspicion are not so discriminating. Supper being ended, at the moment when Mme. de Grafigny, having retired to her chamber, thought herself perfectly safe and alone, she is greatly surprised to see Voltaire enter, who tells her bluntly 'that

he is lost and that his life is in her hands'. He imagined that a copy of the *Pucelle* had been sent by Mme. de Grafigny to M. Devaux, that other copies were in circulation, and with his poet's impetuosity he saw himself compromised, ruined, obliged to flee: 'Come, quick! he exclaimed, come, Madame, write for the original and the copies to be returned'. The poor woman did not quite understand, and did not know what to reply.—'Ah! fie! Madame, he exclaimed louder and louder, you must be open and sincere, when the life of a poor unfortunate like myself is at stake!'—'Thereupon, continues Mme. de Grafigny, his shouts are redoubled; he says that he is lost, that I will not repair the mischief that I have done him. The more I spoke, the less could I persuade him; I determined to hold my tongue'. But, a new storm! enter Mme. du Châtelet, furious, screaming in a loud voice the same reproaches, and finally drawing from her pocket the fatal letter, saying: 'Here is the proof of your infamy'. One should read in Mme. de Grafigny the whole account of this scene, which is at once terrible and burlesque. Voltaire, however, seized with some compassion for the poor woman who was there in their house, at their mercy, crushed and silent, seized Mme. du Châtelet by the middle of the body, still threatening extreme measures; in trying to calm her, he seemed to calm himself a little. When Mme. de Grafigny had strength enough to speak, she explained the simple words of this letter which had been so ill interpreted and so shamefully opened: 'I say it to his praise, she adds, from the first moment Voltaire believed me, and at once asked my pardon'. But it was not the same with the haughty lady of the castle, who never pardoned her the wrong which she had done herself. This strange scene lasted the whole night, till five o'clock in the morning.

When day came, Mme. de Grafigny was ill, in despair; she had not a penny in the world (the poor woman!) to take her to the nearest village and leave at once this inhospitable house; she was obliged to remain after that affront. 'At last the good Voltaire came at noon, she said; he appeared grieved to tears by the state he saw me in; he excused himself with warmth; he asked my pardon many times; and I had occasion to see all the sensibility of his soul'. From this moment Voltaire did

his best to make her forget the melancholy scene of which he was much ashamed. We find in his Correspondence of the time, in a letter to the Duc de Richelieu which is of the same date, a strong recommendation of Mme. de Grafigny, who had been very intimate with Mlle. de Guise, afterwards Duchesse de Richelieu. But from that day the charm of Cirey was entirely broken and destroyed for the poor traveller; she imagined herself as in a prison, in a real jail, till the hour when she could leave it. In this part of her letters we hear a few sincere notes which make up for the too petty and indiscreet portions of the earlier ones. She has at least two virtues: she loves her friends with sincerity and effusion, and she has that sensibility which understands misfortune from having experienced so much of it herself. The result is two or three outbursts of truth, to which this condition of moral restraint imparts all their force.

The last pages of these letters from Cirey are sad, and contradict the first. Oh! how far already was the honeymoon of that first fortnight! Mme. de Grafigny ends by judging Voltaire *the most unhappy man in the world:*

'He knows all his worth, she says, and he is almost indifferent to approbation; but, for the same reason, a word of his adversaries drives him to despair as they say; that is the only thing that occupies him and drowns him in bitterness. I cannot give you an idea of this foolishness, except by saying that it is stronger and more unfortunate than his mind is great and wide. . . . You may judge of the happiness of those people who, as we think, have attained to a supreme felicity. The quarrels I told you about at the beginning still go on, so you may judge again! That gives me pain, because I feel the price of all his good qualities, and that he really deserves to be happy. I should like to be able to tell him all that I think about it; but one should not place one's finger between the tree and the bark'.

There is some truth in this final judgment; but it is exaggerated and darkened by the impression of the narrator. Having seen only the bright side at her entrance, Mme. de Grafigny, on leaving, sees only the dark side.

I shall only have a few more words to say of Mme. de Grafigny, from the moment when she left Cirey for Paris and when we are concerned with her alone. She found more succour and support than she had at first expected. Two successes especially brought her into the public eye, a few years later; the *Lettres d'une Péruvienne*, published

in 1747, and the play of *Cénie*, performed in June, 1750. The merit of the *Letters of a Peruvian Girl* in my eyes is that they inspired Turgot with some reflections full of power, of good sense, of political and practical philosophy. In presenting a young Peruvian girl, Zilia, suddenly transplanted to France, in putting into her mouth, within a romantic frame, a criticism of our manners and institutions, as was also done in the *Lettres Persanes*, Mme. de Grafigny too often forgot to take account of the reasons of those same institutions and of the natural causes of those social inequalities, which seem so greatly to offend the young stranger. It was this quite fresh point of view, not by any means the complete justification, but the explanations and reasons of our social state, that Turgot approaches and shows up in some critical observations of the most exalted order, which, we are not afraid of saying, went far beyond Mme. de Grafigny's horizon. He would like to 'see Zilia a *Frenchwoman*, after having been a *Peruvian*; he would like to see her not judging according to her prejudices, but comparing her own with ours; he would like to point out to her how wrong she was at first to be astonished at most things; he would like her to follow in detail the causes of those measures drawn from the old Constitution of the government, and resulting from the primitive or gradual distribution of conditions, as well as from the progress of knowledge'. And thereupon, in respect of this distribution of conditions in society, and in favour of a certain necessary inequality, which he opposes to some sort of ideal and chimerical equality, Turgot says some things which would seem in truth to be addressed, not so much to Mme. de Grafigny as to our present writers on socialism: 'Liberty! I say with a sigh, men are perhaps not worthy of thee!—Equality! they would desire thee, but they cannot reach thee'.

With regard to the romance itself, Turgot regrets that the authoress should have preferred to create a heroine after the manner of Marmontel's heroines who renounces marriage from an exaggerated feeling of delicacy, instead of conducting the passion to a more legitimate and natural conclusion: 'I have long thought, he said, that it is a need of our nation to have marriage, and good marriage, preached to it'. He wished that the authoress had not failed in this object at the end, and advised her

to return to it in a sequel, the plan of which he himself traced. All these pages of Turgot are excellent, and I recommend them to be read, as little as I recommend the *Lettres d'une Péruvienne* to be reopened.

If one cared to know how Turgot came to know Mme. de Grafigny so intimately, the Abbé Morellet tells us that, at the time he was at the Sorbonne and an Abbé, Turgot had had himself introduced to her, for she gathered many men of letters in her house. He often even left the circle to go and play shuttlecock in his soutane with *Minette*, a tall and handsome girl of twenty-two or twenty-three, Mme. de Grafigny's grand-niece, who became Mme. Helvétius.

Mme. de Grafigny was living at Paris, with a certain degree of style, helped out by small pensions received from the Courts of Lorraine and Vienna, and rather large debts, when the failure of the *Fille d'Aristide*, a comedy in five acts on which she counted much, dealt her an unfortunate blow: 'She read it to me, says Voisenon; I thought it poor; she thought me spiteful. It was acted: the public died of ennui, and the authoress of chagrin'.

The wit is a little out of place. Collé, who is considered caustic, speaks more kindly of the dying lady: 'I felt her death very much, he writes in his *Journal*; she was of the small number of persons whom I had reserved to myself to see after I ceased to go into society'. It appears that Mme. de Grafigny carried only a very ordinary and even common wit into society and the salons; she showed all her worth and merit only in intimacy. She died on December 12, 1758, partly a victim to her authoress' sensibility. When she was at Cirey, twenty years before, she little suspected, as she commented on Voltaire's excessive susceptibility, that she would herself one day be an authoress to that extent.

CHESTERFIELD [1]

Monday, June 24, 1850.

ALL epochs have had their manuals intended to form the *Well-bred Man*, the *Gentleman*, the *Courtier* when the world lived for courts, the *Perfect Cavalier*. In these various manuals of good-breeding and politeness, if we reopen them in the following ages, we at first sight discover portions which are as out of date as the fashions of our fathers and the cut of their coats; evidently the pattern has changed. If we look into the matter carefully, however, if the book was written by a sensible man who knew his fellow-men as they were in reality, we shall still find our profit in the study of those models which were set up before the preceding generations. The Letters which Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son, and which contain quite a school of good-breeding and knowledge of the world, are particularly interesting from the fact that he had never thought of setting up a model, but that he merely desired to form an excellent pupil by means of familiar instruction. They are confidential letters which were suddenly brought to light, and which have betrayed all the secrets and ingenious artifices of a paternal solicitude. If, on reading them to-day, one is struck by the excessive importance attached to accidental and transitory particulars, to mere details of dress, one is not less struck by the durable part, that which appertains to human observation of all times; and this latter part is much more considerable than one might expect after a first superficial glance. When concerning himself, for the son he wished to form, with what befits the well-bred man in society, Lord Chesterfield did not like Cicero write a treatise *Of Duties*; but he left letters which, by reason of a mixture

[1] *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son.*

of justness and levity, of certain frivolous airs insensibly joined to serious graces, take a middle place between the *Memoirs of the Chevalier de Grammont* and *Télémaque*.

Before speaking of them with some detail, we must know a little about Lord Chesterfield, one of the most brilliant minds of his time in England, and one of those most closely connected with France. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was born in London on September 22, 1694, in the same year as Voltaire. Sprung from an illustrious race, he knew the value of this origin, he wished to uphold the honour of it; still it was difficult for him not to laugh at genealogical pretensions, when carried too far. To guard himself against them once for all, he had placed, amongst the portraits of his ancestors, two old pictures of a man and a woman; below the one he inscribed: *Adam* of Stanhope; and below the other: *Eve* of Stanhope. Thus, while standing up for honour, he cut short any chimerical fancies.

His father did not concern himself at all about his education; he was handed over to the care of his grandmother, Lady Halifax. At an early age he felt a desire to excel and take the lead in everything, that desire which he afterwards would have liked to arouse in his son's heart, and which, in good as in evil, is the beginning of all great things. As he himself had had no guidance in his first youth he more than once erred in the objects of his emulation, and set up a false idea of honour. He confesses that at a period of inexperience, he indulged in excessive wine-drinking and other excesses, to which he was otherwise not naturally inclined, but he found a vanity in hearing himself called a man of pleasure. Thus, in the matter of gambling, which he thought a necessary ingredient in the composition of a young man of fashion, he plunged into it with passion at first, but could not afterwards escape from the vice and thereby long endangered his fortune. 'Take warning then by my errors, he said to his son; choose your pleasures for yourself, and do not let them be imposed upon you'.

His desire to excel and distinguish himself did not always take this wrong direction, and he often applied it judiciously; his first studies were of the best kind. Sent to Cambridge University, he learned all that was taught there, civil law, philosophy; he attended the lectures

on mathematics of the blind scholar Saunderson. He read Greek fluently and reported his progress in French to his old tutor, a French refugee pastor, M. Jouneau. Lord Chesterfield had learned our language in his childhood from a Norman housemaid who had waited upon him. When he came to Paris the last time in 1741, M. de Fontenelle, having observed a trace of the Norman accent in his pronunciation, remarked upon it, and asked him if he had not first learned our language of a person of that province; which was in fact true.

After two years at the university he made his continental tour, according to the custom of the young lords of his country. He visited Holland, Italy, France. He wrote from Paris to that same M. Jouneau, on December 7, 1714:

'I will not tell you my opinion of the French, because I am very often taken for one of them, and more than one Frenchman has paid me the greatest compliment they think it possible to pay any one, which is: *Sir, you are quite one of us.* I will only say that I am insolent, that I speak a great deal, very loud and in a masterful tone; that I sing and dance while walking, and that, in fine, I am furiously extravagant in powder, plumes, white gloves, etc."

We see here the mocking, satirical, and somewhat *insolent* spirit, which makes a first hit at our expense; he will do justice later to our serious qualities.

In his Letters to his son, he described himself, on the first day of his entrance into good society, as still quite covered with his Cambridge rust, shamefaced, bashful, tongue-tied, and at last, taking his courage in both hands, saying to a fair lady at his side: 'Madame, don't you think it is very warm to-day?' But Lord Chesterfield said this to his son in order not to discourage him and to show him that one could recover much lost ground. He makes free with his own person to embolden him and the better to draw him nearer to himself. I am far from taking his word for this anecdote. If he was ever bashful for a moment in society, that moment must have been very short, and he quickly recovered from it.

Queen Anne was just dead; Chesterfield welcomed the accession of the House of Hanover, of which he was to be one of the declared champions. He had at first a seat in the House of Commons, and made a favourable

first appearance. An apparently trifling circumstance, however, it is said, held him in check, and paralysed his eloquence a little. One of the members, who was not distinguished for any other superior talent, had the gift of mimicking and imitating to perfection the speakers he replied to. Chesterfield feared ridicule, that was a weakness, and he held his tongue more than he would have wished on certain occasions, for fear of giving his fellow-member and opponent a handle for parody. He soon inherited the peerage on the death of his father, and moved over to the House of Lords, which perhaps offered a more suitable frame for the good grace, the refinement and urbanity of his eloquence. He made no comparison, however, between the two scenes, in respect of the importance of the debates and the political influence to be there acquired :

' Such an event, I believe, was never read or heard of, he said afterwards, speaking of Pitt, at the time when the great orator consented to go to the Upper House with the title of Lord Chatham. To withdraw, in the fulness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the House of Commons (which procured him power, and which alone could ensure it to him), and to go into that Hospital of Incurables, the House of Lords, is a measure so unaccountable that nothing but proof positive could have made me believe it : but true it is '.

It is not my intention here to appraise Lord Chesterfield's political career. If I dared, however, to hazard a comprehensive judgment, I should say that his ambition never found its full satisfaction, and that the brilliant distinctions with which his public life was filled really concealed many disappointed wishes and the downfall of many hopes. Twice, in the two decisive circumstances of his political life, he miscalculated. Young and in the first ardour of his ambition, he had early staked his all on the heir-presumptive to the throne, who became George II ; he was one of those who, at the accession of that prince (1727), should have counted most on his favour and on a share in the power. But this clever man, trying to turn his face in the direction of the rising sun, failed to take his bearings with perfect accuracy : he had long paid his court to the Prince's mistress, believing that she was destined to exert an influence, to the neglect of the lawful wife, the future Queen, who alone had real

power. Queen Caroline never forgave him; it was the first check to the political fortune of Lord Chesterfield, who was then twenty-three years of age and in the full tide of hopes. He was too eager and took the wrong turning. Robert Walpole, apparently less skilful and less alive, had taken more correct measures and calculations.

Thrown conspicuously into the opposition, especially since 1732, the epoch when he had to resign his Court charges, Lord Chesterfield laboured for ten years with all his might to bring about the downfall of the Walpole ministry, which did not occur till 1742. But even then he did not come into power, and remained outside of the new combinations. When two years after, in 1744, he after all entered the administration, first as ambassador to the Hague and Viceroy in Ireland, then even as State Secretary and member of the Cabinet (1746–1748), his title was more specious than real. In a word, Lord Chesterfield, at all times a man of consideration in the political world of his country, either as one of the leaders of the opposition or as a skilful diplomatist, was never a leading, nor even a very influential minister.

In politics he certainly had that distant outlook and those views into the future which go together with breadth of mind, but he possessed these qualities no doubt in a much higher degree than a persevering patience and a practical firmness, those every-day qualities which are so necessary in men of government. Of him as of La Rochefoucauld it would be true to say that politics served above all to make the incomplete man of action an accomplished moralist.

In 1744, when he was not more than fifty years of age, his political ambition seemed already partially used up; his health was feeble enough to make him prefer the prospect of retirement. And besides, we know now the object of his secret ideal and his real ambition. Before his marriage, he had about 1732, by a French lady he had met in Holland (Mme. du Bouchet), a natural son, to whom he had become extremely and tenderly attached. He wrote to this son in all sincerity: 'From the time that you have had life it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow'. Towards the education

of this son all his wishes, all his affectionate and worldly predilections were turned, and, as Viceroy in Ireland or Secretary of State in London, he found time to write him long, minute letters, to guide his least steps, to perfect him in his serious studies and in the polish of his manners.

The Chesterfield we like especially to study is then the man of intellect and experience, who passed through public office and essayed all the rôles of political and public life, only in order to know its smallest springs of motive, and to tell us the last word about them ; the man who was from early life the friend of Pope and Bolingbroke, who introduced Montesquieu and Voltaire in England, the correspondent of Fontenelle and Mme. de Tencin, the man who was adopted by the Academy of Inscriptions among its members, who united the spirit of the two nations, and who, in more than one witty Essay, but particularly in his letters to his son, appears to us a moralist as amiable as he was consummate, and one of the masters of life. It is the La Rochefoucauld of England we are studying.

Montesquieu, after the publication of the *Esprit des Lois*, wrote to the Abbé de Guasco, then in England : 'Tell my Lord Chesterfield that nothing flatters me so much as his approval, but that, since he is reading me for the third time, he will be all the more able to tell me what there is to be corrected and rectified in my work : nothing could be more instructive to me than his observations and criticism'. It was Chesterfield who, speaking one day to Montesquieu of the readiness of the French for revolutions and their impatience of slow reforms, uttered that word which sums up our whole history : 'You French know how to make barricades, but you will never raise barriers'.

Lord Chesterfield certainly appreciated Voltaire ; he said apropos of the *Siècle de Louis XIV* : 'It came at a very proper time ; Lord Bolingbroke had just taught me how history should be read ; Voltaire shows me how it should be written'. But at the same time, with that practical sense which seldom forsakes men of wit on the other side of the Strait, he felt that Voltaire was committing imprudences and disapproved of them. Already advanced in years and entirely retired from the world, he wrote to a French lady :

'Your good authors are my principal resource ; Voltaire,

above all, charms me, excepting his impiety, with which he cannot refrain from larding all that he writes, and which he would do better to wisely suppress, since in the end of the reckoning one should not disturb the established order. Let everybody think as he pleases, or rather as he can, but let him not communicate his ideas when they are of a nature to disturb the peace of society '.

What Chesterfield here said in 1768, he had already said more than twenty-five years before, writing to Crébillon the younger, a singular correspondent and a singular confidant in matters of morality. It was again on the subject of Voltaire and his tragedy *Mahomet* and the bold things it contains :

' What I do not pardon in him, and what is not pardonable, wrote Chesterfield to Crébillon, is his activity in propagating a doctrine as pernicious to civil society as it is contrary to the general religion of all countries. I doubt much whether it is permissible in a man to write against the religion and the beliefs of his country, even though he should be sincerely convinced that they contain errors, by reason of the trouble and disorder he might cause ; but I am very sure that it is in no degree permissible to attack the foundations of morality, and to break bonds so necessary and already too weak to keep men within their duty '.

When he spoke thus, Chesterfield did not misrate Voltaire's great inconsistency. This inconsistency is, in a few words, as follows : it was that he, Voltaire, who was inclined to look upon men as fools or as children, and could not sufficiently laugh and mock at them, at the same time put into their hands weapons already loaded, without concerning himself about the use they might put them to.

I should mention that Lord Chesterfield himself, in the eyes of the Puritans of his country, was accused of having made a breach in morality, by means of his letters to his son. The austere Johnson, who was not, it may be mentioned, impartial in regard to Chesterfield, and thought he had grounds of complaint against him, said at the time of the publication of these Letters, ' that they taught the morals of a courtezan and the manners of a dancing-master '.

Such a judgment is supremely unjust, and if Chesterfield, in the particular case, lays so much stress upon grace

of manners and power to please at all costs, it is because he has already supplied the more solid parts of education, and because his pupil is in no danger whatever of sinning on the side which makes a man *worthy of respect*, but rather on that which makes him *amiable*. Although more than one passage of these letters may appear very strange coming from a father to a son, they are on the whole animated by a true spirit of affection and wisdom. If Horace had a son, I can imagine that he would not have spoken to him very differently.

The Letters begin with the *ABC* of education and instruction. Chesterfield teaches and sums up in French to his son the first elements of mythology and history. I am not sorry that these first letters were published ; excellent advice glides into them at an early stage. The little Stanhope is not yet eight years of age when his father draws up a little Art of Rhetoric adapted to his capacity, and tries to instil into him good language, distinction in his manner of expressing himself. Above all, he recommends *attention* in everything he does, and gives to this word its full value. Attention alone, he says, engraves objects on the memory : 'There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind, than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well ; and nothing can be done well without attention'. This precept he continually repeats, and he varies its application as his pupil grows older and is more able to understand its full scope. Whether in pleasure or in study, everything that is done should be well and thoroughly done and at the proper time, without any distraction : 'When you read Horace, attend to the justness of his thoughts, the happiness of his diction and the beauty of his poetry, and do not think of Puffendorf *De Homine et Cive* ; and, when you are reading Puffendorf, do not think of Mme. de Saint-Germain ; nor of Puffendorf when you are speaking to Mme. de Saint-Germain'. But this free and strong subordination of thought to the commands of the will, is only peculiar to great or very strong minds.

M. Royer-Collard used to say 'that what was most lacking in our days, was *respect* in the moral order, and *attention* in the intellectual order'. Lord Chesterfield, under his less grave exterior, might have been capable of saying the same. He was not long in finding out what

was wanting in that boy he tried to form, who became the occupation and the object of his life: 'In the strict scrutiny which I have made into you, he says, I have (thank God) hitherto not discovered any vice of the heart or any particular weakness of the head; but I have discovered laziness, inattention and indifference; faults which are only pardonable in old men, who, in the decline of life, when health and spirits fail, have a kind of claim to that sort of tranquillity. But a young man should be ambitious to shine and excel'. Now it was precisely this sacred fire, the spark which makes an Achilles, an Alexander, a Cæsar, *to be the first in everything he undertakes*, it was this motto of great hearts and of men eminent in every walk of life, that nature had from the first neglected to put into the honest but fundamentally mediocre soul of the little Stanhope: 'You seem to want the *vivida vis animi* which spurs and excites most young men to please, to shine, to excel'.—'When I was of your age, I should have been ashamed if any boy of that age had learned his book better, or played at any game better than I did; and I would not have rested a moment till I had got before him'. All this little course of education by letters offers a sort of continuous dramatic interest: we may trace in it the struggle of a delicate, distinguished, energetic nature, as Lord Chesterfield's was, with an honest but indolent disposition, with a soft and slow clay, out of which it tries at all costs to extract an accomplished, pleasing, original masterpiece, and in the end only succeeds in making a sort of adequate and estimable copy. What sustains and what almost touches the reader, in this struggle where so much art is expended and where the eternal advice returns again and again, always essentially the same under so many transformations, is the true paternal affection which animates and inspires the delicate and excellent master, patient this time as he is ardent, amazing in resources and address, never discouraged, inexhaustible in sowing the elegancies and graces on this ungrateful soil. Not that this son, the object of so much cultivation and zeal, was in any way unworthy of his father. It has been asserted that he was as awkward and unpleasant as could be, and a hard word of Johnson's is quoted to that effect. Those are caricatures which go beyond the truth. It appears, from

more accurate testimony, that Mr. Stanhope, without being a model of grace, had in reality quite the air of a well educated, polished and presentable man. But do you not feel that that is the hopeless part of it? It would have been better almost to have totally come to grief, and produced an original in the inverse sense; whilst to produce, after so much care and expense, only an insignificant and ordinary man of the world, one of those men whom one sums up by saying that one has nothing to say about them, was really enough to drive any but a father to despair, and to pity his handiwork.

Lord Chesterfield had at the very beginning thought of France, to rub the rust off his son, and to give him that pliancy which is not acquired later in life. In some familiar letters to a lady in Paris, who was, I think, Mme. de Montconseil [1], we see that he thought of sending him there as a boy:

'I have a boy, he wrote to this friend, who is now thirteen years of age. I will frankly confess to you that he is not legitimate; but his mother is a well-born person, who was kinder to me than I deserved. As for the boy, perhaps it is prejudice, but I think him amiable; he is a pretty figure, he has much vivacity, and I think some wit for his age. He speaks French perfectly, he knows a good deal of Latin and Greek, and he has ancient and modern history at his fingers' ends. He is at present at school; but as nobody in this country thinks of forming the habits and manners of young men, and as they are almost all boobies, awkward and unpolished, such as you see them, in short, when they come to Paris at twenty or twenty-one, I do not want my boy to remain here long enough to acquire that bad ply; for that reason I am thinking of sending him to Paris when he is fourteen. . . . As I infinitely love this boy and flatter myself that I shall be able to make something of him, since I think he has it in him, my idea is to unite in his person what I have never yet seen in one and the same individual, I mean to say what is best in the two nations'.

And he goes into the details of his plans and the means he thinks of employing: an English pedant every morning, a French tutor for the afternoon, with the aid, above all, of the fine world and good society. The war which supervened between France and England put off this plan of a

[1] From what I read in Lord Mahon's edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters (London, 1847, 4 vols.) this is no longer a mere conjecture, but a certainty. See vol. iii, p. 159. I did not know that edition when I was writing my article.

Parisian education, and the young man did not make his appearance there till 1751, at the age of nineteen, after finishing his tour of Switzerland, Germany and Italy.

Everything was arranged by the most attentive of fathers for his success and his welcome on that new stage. The young man is lodged at the Academy, with M. de La Guérinière; in the morning he does his exercises, and the remainder of the time is devoted to society: 'Pleasure is now the last branch of your education, writes this indulgent father; it will soften and polish your manners, it will lead you to seek and at length to acquire the *graces*'. But, on this latter point, he shows himself exacting and without quarter. He keeps returning to the *graces*, for without them all effort is vain: 'If they do not come to you, carry them off', he exclaims. He spoke as if it was an easy matter, as if, in order to carry them off, it was not first necessary to catch them.

Three ladies among his father's friends are specially charged with watching over and guiding the young man at his first appearance: they are his accredited *governesses*, Mme. de Montconseil, Lady Hervey, and Mme. Du Bocage. But these introducers appear to be essential only for the early periods; the young man must afterwards walk on his own legs and choose himself some more familiar and charming friend. On this delicate subject of women, Lord Chesterfield breaks the ice: 'I will not address myself to you on this subject either in a religious, a moral or a parental style. I will even lay aside my age, remember yours, and speak to you as one man of pleasure, if he had parts too, would speak to another'. And he expresses himself accordingly, urging the young man, as best he can, into *honest arrangements*, and delicate pleasures, to turn him away from easy and gross habits. His principle is: 'That an honest arrangement is becoming to a gallant man'. All his morality, in this respect, might be summed up in a line of Voltaire:

Il n'est jamais de mal en bonne compagnie.

It was at these passages especially that the austere Johnson's modesty hid its face; ours contents itself with smiling at them.

The serious and the light are every moment intermingled in these letters. Marcel, the dancing-master, is very

often recommended; Montesquieu not less so. The Abbé de Guasco, a kind of flatterer of Montesquieu, is a useful personage to introduce him here and there: 'Between you and me, writes Chesterfield, he has more knowledge than parts. *Mais un habile homme sait tirer parti de tout* (but a clever man will get the best out of everything); and everybody is good for something. President Montesquieu is, in every sense, a most useful acquaintance. *He has parts joined to great reading and knowledge of the world. Puisez de cette source tant que vous pourrez* (draw from that source as much as you can).

Among authors, those that Chesterfield especially recommends at this epoch, and who most habitually recur in his counsels, are La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère: 'If you read in the morning some of La Rochefoucauld's maxims, consider them, examine them well, and compare them with the real characters you meet with in the evening. Read La Bruyère in the morning, and see in the evening whether his pictures are like'. But these excellent guides should have in themselves no other utility than that of a geographical map. Without direct observation and experience they would be useless and might even lead one wrong, as a map might do, if we looked to it for a complete knowledge of towns and provinces. It is better to read one man than ten books: 'The world is a country which nobody ever yet knew by description; one must travel through it oneself to be acquainted with it'.

Here follow a few precepts and remarks, which are worthy of those masters of human morality:

'The most material knowledge of all, I mean the knowledge of the world, is never to be acquired without great attention; and I know many old people who, though they have lived long in the world, are but children still as to the knowledge of it, from their levity and inattention.'

'Human nature is the same all over the world; but its operations are so varied by education and habit, that one must see it in all its dresses in order to be intimately acquainted with it'.

'Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree; but almost every man has a prevailing one, to which the others are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion, pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people. And, when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man,

remember never to trust him where that passion is concerned'.

'If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has; and do justice to the one and *something more than justice to the other*'.

'Women have, in general, but one object, which is their beauty, upon which scarcely any flattery is too gross for them to swallow.'

'Women who are either indisputably beautiful or indisputably ugly are best flattered upon the score of their understandings'.

On the subject of women again, if he at times appears very disdainful, he makes reparation elsewhere, and above all, whatever he may think of them, he does not allow his son to speak too ill of them:

'You seem to think that, from *Eve* downwards, they have done a great deal of mischief. As for *that lady*, I give her up to you; but, since her time, history will inform you that men have done much more mischief in the world than women; and, to say the truth, I would not advise you to trust either more than is absolutely necessary. But this I will advise you to, which is, never to attack whole bodies of any kind.

'Individuals forgive sometimes; but bodies and societies never do'.

In general, Chesterfield advises his son to observe caution and a sort of prudent neutrality, even in respect of the rogues and fools who swarm in the world: 'Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship'. This is not the morality of a Cato or a Zeno, but that of an Alcibiades, an Aristippus or an Atticus.

On religion he says, in reply to a few decided opinions which his son had expressed: 'Every man's reason is, and must be, his guide; and I may as well expect that every man should be of my size and complexion, as that he should reason just as I do'.

In all things he is for knowing and loving the good and the better, but not for championing them against all. Even in literature we should be ready to tolerate others' weaknesses: 'Leave them in the tranquil enjoyment of their errors in taste as well as in religion'. Oh! what a long way from this wisdom to the harsh profession of a critic, as we practise it!

Yet he does not counsel falsehood; he is explicit on

this point. His precept is: Not to tell all, but never to lie. 'I have always observed, he often repeats, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding'.

We see that the serious and the agreeable easily mingle with him. He perpetually demands of the mind something firm and subtle, suavity in manner, vigour in the substance. Lord Chesterfield was very sensible of the seriousness of France and of all that was pregnant and redoubtable in the eighteenth century. In his opinion, 'Duclos, in his *Reflections*, has very truly observed, *qu'il y a un germe de raison qui commence à se développer en France* (that France is beginning to develop a germ of reason). But this I foresee, he adds, that before the end of this century, the trade of both king and priest will not be half as good a one as it has been'. As early as 1750 he clearly predicted our Revolution.

He cautions his son at the very first against the idea that the French are purely frivolous: 'The colder northern nations generally look upon France as a whistling, singing, dancing, frivolous nation; this notion is far from being a true one, though many *petits-maîtres* (dandies) by their behaviour seem to justify it, but those very *petits-maîtres*, when mellowed by age and experience, very often turn out very able men'. The ideal, in his view, would be to unite the merits of the two nations; but in the blend he seems to incline a little to the side of France: 'I have often said, and do think, that a Frenchman, who, with a fund of virtue, learning, and good sense, has the manners and breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature'.

He himself unites in a good measure the advantages of the two nations, with one feature, however, which indeed belongs to his race. He has imagination even in his wit. Hamilton himself has this distinctive feature, and even brings it into his French wit. Bacon, the great moralist, is by his expression almost a poet. We cannot say as much of Lord Chesterfield, and yet he has more imagination in his sallies and in the expression of his wit than we meet with in Saint-Évremond and in our shrewd moralists in general. In this respect he resembles his friend Montesquieu.

If, in the letters to his son, we may, without being austere, pick out some points indicating a slightly corrupt morality, we could, as a set off, point to some very serious and very admirable passages, in which he speaks of the Cardinal de Retz, Mazarin, Bolingbroke, Marlborough, and many others. It is a rich book. One cannot read a page of it without some happy observation to retain.

Lord Chesterfield intended that dear son for the diplomatic service; he at first found a few obstacles to his views in reasons connected with his illegitimate birth. To obviate any objections, he made his son enter Parliament: that was the surest means of overcoming Court scruples. In his maiden speech Mr. Stanhope had a moment of hesitation and was obliged to refer to his notes. He did not again try the ordeal of a public speech. It appears that he was more successful in diplomacy, in those subordinate parts where substantial merit suffices. He filled the post of Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Dresden. But his health, at all times delicate, broke down prematurely, and his father had the grief of seeing him die before himself, when hardly thirty-six years of age (1768).

At this time Lord Chesterfield was living in complete retirement from the world, in consequence of his infirmities, the most painful of which for himself was a total deafness. Montesquieu, whose sight was failing, once said to him: 'I am prepared for blindness' (*Je sais être aveugle*). But Chesterfield admitted that he could not say the same thing; he was not prepared for deafness. He wrote more about it to his friends, even his French friends: 'The exchange of letters, he remarked, is the conversation of deaf people and the only bond of their society'. He found his last consolation in his pretty country-house at Blackheath, which he had also baptized with the French name *Babiole*. There he engaged in gardening and the cultivation of his melons and pine-apples; he found his pleasure *in vegetating in their company*:

'I have been vegetating all this year, he wrote (in French) to a lady friend in France (September, 1753), without pleasures or pains; my age and deafness preclude the former; my philosophy, or perhaps my temperament (for one is often mistaken on that point), protect me against the latter. I always get the

most that I can out of the peaceful amusements of gardening, walking and reading, which help me *to await death without either desiring or fearing it*'.

He undertakes no lengthy works, for which he felt too worn out, but he sometimes sent some pleasing *Essays* to a periodical publication, *The World*. These *Essays* sustain his reputation for shrewdness and urbanity. Yet none of them approach the work, which to him was not a work, those Letters, which he did not expect anybody to read, and which now form the stock of his literary wealth.

His old age, though rather premature, was prolonged. His wit played in a hundred forms with that sad theme; speaking of himself and one of his friends, Lord Tyrawley, also old and infirm, he said: 'It is now two years since Tyrawley and I died, but we did not want any one to know it'.

Voltaire who, though always speaking as if he were dying, had remained much younger, wrote to him on October 24, 1771, this pretty letter, signed *The Old Invalid of Ferney*:

'. . . Enjoy an honourable and happy old age, after passing through the trials of life. Make the best of your intellect and preserve your bodily health. Of the five senses which have been allotted to you only one is weakened, and Lord Huntingdon assures me that you have a good digestion, which is quite as good as a pair of ears. I might be entitled to decide which is the saddest—to be deaf or blind, or to have a bad digestion. I am able to judge of the three states by experience; but I have long ceased to venture an opinion on trifles, and with greater reason upon things so important. I content myself with the belief that, if you have sunlight in the beautiful house you have built for yourself, you will have some tolerable moments; that is all one can hope for at our age. Cicero wrote a fine treatise on old age, but he did not prove his book by facts; his last years were very unhappy. You have lived longer and happier than he. You have had to do neither with perpetual dictators nor with triumvirs. Your lot has been, and still is, one of the most desirable in this great lottery where the winning numbers are so rare, and the first prize of a continual happiness has so far never been won. Your philosophy has never been disturbed by chimeras which have sometimes muddled good brains. *You have never been, in any degree, either a charlatan or the dupe of charlatans*, and that I account a very uncommon merit, which contributes to the shadow of felicity one may enjoy in this short life'.

Lord Chesterfield died on March 24, 1773. In pointing to his charming course of worldly education, we thought it not inappropriate to take some lessons in good-breeding and politeness, even in a democracy, and to take them from a man whose name is so closely attached to those of Montesquieu and Voltaire; who, more than any of his contemporary fellow-countrymen, showed an uncommon preference for our nation; who appreciated, more than in reason perhaps, our amiable qualities; who was sensible of our serious qualities, and to whom one could not give any better praise than to say that he had a French mind, if he had not carried into his verve and his lively sallies that imaginative and coloured something which leaves him with the stamp of his race.

MAZARIN [1]

Monday, July 1, 1850.

In a series of Letters in which he discussed the organization of the Public Libraries of Paris, M. de Laborde devoted one to the Mazarin Palace, that is to say, the palace built by Cardinal Mazarin in the Rue Richelieu, in which has been housed for already a hundred and twenty-five years the King's Library, now the National Library. This Letter, published five years ago, was much remarked upon on account of the number of opinions and documents it contained. The author had added an appendix to it, which was perhaps the most interesting part of it; this appendix consisted of *seven hundred notes*, for the most part extracted from the Memoirs, historical and satirical Collections of the period, and containing numberless anecdotes, some entirely amusing and improper, on the habits and morals of our fathers. This latter part of the work, issued only in 150 or 200 copies, has been long out of print, and in great demand, so great that the last two copies sold at public auctions were knocked down at forty-eight and fifty-two francs respectively. M. de Laborde proposes to have the work reprinted, and from the appendix, at first intended for bibliophiles only, who are so eager for such things, to extract all that is really significant, both piquant and proper, and to offer it to that larger section of the public that should always be considered. That is a plan which we strongly encourage; meanwhile, we will say something about the book and its ideas.

The positive idea and the practical conclusion M. de Laborde comes to is as follows: 'That the Palais Mazarin is in itself a historical monument, most worthy of being preserved, that the library is well housed there, better

[1] *Le Palais Mazarin.* By M. le Comte de Laborde of the Institute.

than it would be elsewhere, and that there it should be left, on condition that the building be repaired and improved inside, and restored and decorated on the outside, that it may not disfigure the brilliant quarter which contains it'. This conclusion of M. de Laborde is also that expressed by M. Vitet in a Report to the Legislative Assembly of August 8, 1849. I will not here discuss the practical side of the question, the more so because I think that the cause has been won for the present.

I will only dwell upon a few of M. de Laborde's views, or rather on his principal view, in so far as it touches upon the history of those times which he has so closely studied. This Letter on the Palais Mazarin we might also call a judgment, an apology or a eulogy of Cardinal Mazarin, a refutation of the Cardinal de Retz and all the adversaries of the Prime Minister. Since Gabriel Naudé took up his pen in his defence, Cardinal Mazarin has never been so ably nor so completely defended. It is worth while stopping to examine the value of such a judgment, especially when new and positive documents are produced in support of it.

To Cardinal Mazarin, so fortunate in all things, there came a very great misfortune after his death : this man, without friendships and without hatreds, had only a single enemy with whom he was not reconciled and whom he never pardoned—the Cardinal de Retz ; and the latter, when writing his immortal *Memoirs*, left of his enemy, the man whom he regarded as a fortunate rival, a portrait so gay, so vivid, so amusing, so withering, that the best historical reasons can hardly hold out against the resulting impression, and will never succeed in triumphing over it.

On the other hand, Cardinal Mazarin had several pieces of good fortune after his death, and in our days especially, his reputation as a great politician has found eager and competent appreciators and vindicators. First M. Mignet, in the Introduction which he placed at the head of his *Négociations relatives à la succession d'Espagne* (1835), as soon as he met with Mazarin did him signal justice, and drew of him a large full-length historical portrait which will be permanent. About the same time (1836), M. Ravenel published, for the Société de l'Histoire de France, some *Letters of Mazarin*, written, during his retirement

outside of France, to the Queen, to the Princess Palatine, to other persons in his confidence, which prove at least that, at a time when so few French hearts were to be found among so many factious spirits, he was still the most French of all in his political views and in his quite reasonable ambition. Later (1842), M. Bazin, in the two volumes he devoted to the *History of France under the Ministry of Cardinal Mazarin*, endeavoured to separate the historical narrative from the glamour which the pictures of the Cardinal de Retz had thrown over it, and did so even at the risk of suppressing some of its vivacity and interest. Lastly, M. de Laborde brings up the rear, and puts the finishing touch, as it were, to this work of rehabilitation; very far from allowing himself to be arrested for a single moment by this contrary charm of the Cardinal de Retz, he pays no attention to it, and seems to have been himself carried away by enthusiasm under Mazarin's spell.

And it is indeed true that Mazarin, if we regard him from the right point of view and at close quarters, as if we were his contemporaries, enjoyed some of those gifts which, as soon as they came into play, made it difficult to escape his charm. 'He was insinuating, said Mme. de Motteville; he could use his apparent goodness to his advantage; he had *the art of charming people*, and of making himself beloved by those to whom Fortune made him subject'. It is true that especially in difficulties and when he was at a disadvantage, he made use of those flattering gifts and those *honeyed words* with which nature has provided that cautious and so easily perfidious race of the Ulysses. We can hardly imagine Mazarin otherwise than old, gouty, moribund under the purple; let us see him as he was at the time when he raised and founded his fortune. He was handsome, with a magnificent carriage and a cheerful countenance. Born in 1602, he was only twenty-nine when he gave the measure of his capacity, of his boldness and his good luck in the Italian war. In 1631, still a man of the sword and the right arm of the Nuncio, the *Signor Giulio Mazarini* (as he was then called) stopped before Casal the Spanish and French armies which were ready to give battle. Issuing from the Spanish camp with the conditions he had just wrung, he called to the French already marching: *Halt, halt! Peace!* spurring

his horse to a full gallop, and waving his hat as a sign to stop. The French army, which was moving forward and on the point of charging, replied : ' *We want no peace ! we want no Mazarin !* ' But he kept on more and more energetically making his signal of peace, and was even exposed in passing to a few musket shots. The chiefs listened to him and suspended the attack. A treaty ensued. This single wave of the *hat*, by which he arrested and *charmed* the two armies, should alone have been enough, it was said, to procure him the Cardinal's hat.

From this time Richelieu valued him and won him over to the service of France. He seems to have appreciated from the first day that clever, easy and hard-working genius, open and insinuating, of a nature different from his own, and of an inferior order in some respects, but for that very reason not displeasing to him, in whom even by reason of these differences, he was not sorry to point out a successor to himself. The first time he presented him to the Queen, after that affair of Casal, he said to her : ' Madame, you will love him well ; he looks like Buckingham '. If he indeed permitted himself such words, he could not have predicted more correctly. As long as Richelieu lived Mazarin's capacity was in some sort buried in the secrecy of the closet ; he was there on very intimate terms with Chavigny, who had the heart and the affections of Richelieu, being secretly supposed to be his son. At the death of the great Minister and the King, there came a very critical moment for Mazarin : designated by them to take the first place in the Council, he could imagine himself rather on the eve of a disgrace, and it is said that he was already making preparations for returning to Italy, when his address and his lucky star suddenly carried him to the highest pinnacle.

Although he was something like Buckingham, it does not appear that he entertained any private relations with the Queen before 1643. If we may believe La Rochefoucauld, it was in the short interval which ensued between the death of Richelieu and that of Louis XIII that Mazarin began to open to himself avenues to the mind and heart of that princess, to justify himself in her eyes through his friends, and to contrive perhaps some secret interview which she herself concealed from her old servants. Anne of Austria was about to be Regent ; but

would she rule alone and all-powerful as she wished herself, or would she rule through a Council as the King wished ? Mazarin, who was destined to be the soul of this Council, endeavoured to make the Queen understand that it was of little importance on what conditions she obtained the Regency, as long as she had it with the King's consent, and that afterwards, this point having been gained, she would not lack the means of emancipating her authority and ruling alone. That was giving her a hint that she would not henceforth find him an enemy. We may believe that, in these first approaches, Mazarin, still young enough, not over forty, did not neglect his advantages and put forward those delicate refinements of demonstration of which, when the need arose, he was so capable, and which are sovereign with every woman, especially with a queen who was as much of a woman as Anne of Austria.

Brienne has given us a very good account of the decisive moment when, thanks to her, Mazarin again, and more solidly than ever, tied the knot of his fortune. This moment should correspond to the first instants of the Regency, or perhaps to the last days of Louis XIII's malady. The Bishop of Beauvais, Potier, then chief minister, was incapable : the Queen had need of a Prime Minister ; but whom should she choose ? She consulted two men who had her confidence, the President de Bailleul and the old Secretary of State Brienne. The latter, who afterwards related the details of the conversation to his son, only spoke second. M. de Bailleul, who first gave his opinion, began by excluding Mazarin, as a creature of Cardinal Richelieu : ' But I, said old Brienne, who had already more than once perceived the Queen's secret feeling with regard to His Eminence, thought I ought to speak with more reserve '. The fact is, that the Queen had reached that point when one takes counsel only to have one's own secret opinion confirmed, and to be urged in the direction to which the heart inclines. This consultation over, the Queen had made her choice ; it was only a question of making sure of the Cardinal. She called her first *valet de chambre*, Beringhen, and reported to him what had just been said : ' Go at once, she said, and report it to the Cardinal. Pretend that you have heard all these details by chance. Spare that poor President de Bailleul, who is a good servant ; praise up to the

Cardinal the good service that Brienne has rendered him ; but discover, before all, what are the Cardinal's feelings for me, and let him know nothing before you know what gratitude he will show for my goodness '. Beringhen carried out his errand ; he found the Cardinal at the house of the Commandeur de Souvré, with whom he was dining on that day. The Cardinal was playing with Chavigny and some others. As soon as he saw Beringhen enter, divining some message, he handed his cards to Bautru and passed into an adjoining room. The conversation was a long one. Beringhen at first expressed himself with extreme precaution with regard to the Queen's good intentions. The Cardinal displayed neither joy nor surprise, faithful to his habit of dissembling. But when Beringhen, driven by the reserve he encountered, said positively that he came in the Queen's name, his words acted like a magic wand :

' At these words the cunning Italian changed his attitude and language, and suddenly passing from an extreme reserve to a great expansion of heart, he said to Beringhen : Sir, I place my fortune unconditionally in the Queen's hands. All the advantages which the King gave me by his Declaration I abandon from this moment. It pains me to do it without informing Chavigny, our interests being common ; but I dare to hope that Her Majesty will deign to keep my secret, as I for my part will keep it religiously '.

These words were plain ; but Beringhen hinted that he desired some more precise pledge which would testify to the success of his errand. The Cardinal, immediately taking a pencil-case, wrote upon Beringhen's tablets :

' I shall never have any other will than the Queen's. From now I with all my heart renounce all the advantages promised to me by the Declaration, which I abandon without reserve, with all my other interests, to the unexampled goodness of Her Majesty. Written and signed with my hand '. And below : ' Her Majesty's very humble, very obedient and very faithful subject, and her very grateful creature, JULES, Cardinal MAZARINI '.

Mazarin's cleverness consisted in grasping this unique moment, in divining that, in the instability of Court matters and alliances, there was for him no surer and more solid plank to embark upon than the heart of this Spanish princess, romantic and faithful, and that this vessel,

reputed the most frail by the wise, would this time resist all storms.

From this day forward he was the master, and might have taken for his motto : *He who has the heart, has all.* Chavigny, to whom he owed everything, and with whom he had hitherto shared all his plans, was thrown over without regret and without shame. Statesmen are not, or, if you like, were not, in those times arrested by those trifles which hamper men of honour in the ordinary course of life. For the rest, the first influences of this supreme accession of Mazarin are admirably rendered and described by his enemy himself, Retz, who, on an incomparable page, enables us to understand the skill, the good fortune, and, so to say, the hidden fascination of this new insinuating grandeur. When Mazarin, in order to bring back to their senses the former friends of the Queen, who, becoming too importunate and too presumptuous, claimed power as their due spoil, had the Duc de Beaufort arrested, all the world admired and bowed its head. The moderation which the Cardinal showed on the morrow of this vigorous action, appeared to everybody in the light of an act of clemency. The comparison they formed between this power, suddenly become so firm without being terrible, which continued to be habitually so mild and so smiling, with that of Cardinal Richelieu, for a time charmed all minds and fascinated all imaginations. The Cardinal, who still had much to win, applied all his skill to backing up his good fortune. ' In short, he succeeded so well, says Retz, that he found himself over the heads of all the world, at a time when all the world thought he was still on their level '.

It cannot be said that I am insensible to Mazarin's persuasive charms ; but where I join issue a little with M. de Laborde and his ingenious apologies, is in the general admiration of the personality and character. Why should we so greatly admire those men who have had such a contempt for their fellow-men, and whose great and sole art in governing them was to dupe them ? Is it not enough to acknowledge their merits and to be just to their memory ? Mazarin was certainly a great minister ; but I think that he was great above all as a negociator in foreign affairs, as the man who contrived the treaty of Munster, and who concluded the Peace of the Pyrenees ; it is as a fine diplo-

matic player that he has his assured rank, and is truly unapproachable. With respect to the internal affairs of France, administration and finance, he appears to have brought to them no view of general improvement, no thought for the public weal; far from it, he never ceased shamefully to pursue his own gain and profit. Though he knew humanity so well, there is a point in the French genius which always escaped him, a point on which he was a Frenchman neither by accent, nor in feeling, nor in intelligence. I pass over his having been *most ignorant* in matters of the old magistracy and of Parliament, but he could not understand that strong mainspring inside of our monarchy, *honour*, and the advantages to be gained from it. Insensibly he allowed power to be degraded in his hands. He allowed its finest prerogative to be degraded, that is to say, favours and benefits; he could be illiberal in promising and sometimes even in giving; he yielded too visibly to those he was afraid of, and retained all as soon as he had the all-power. The supreme prosperity of his last years showed the bottom of his heart, and this heart was anything but lofty and disinterested. He had not the royal soul; this single word sums up all. He mingled petty and almost sordid views even with his great plans. No doubt he was successful; in the end he succeeded in everything; 'he died, as has been said, in the arms of Fortune'. We will, to a certain point, respect this fortune, which was partly the daughter of cleverness, but we will not adore it. Let us not be blind to the public contempt which was everywhere apparent, and which grew every day, that contempt which, like a slow fever, undermines powers and States. Between Richelieu and Louis XIV such a man was perhaps needed, to give some respite and slacken the tension on the hearts of men; but one day more would have been too much, and there was needed no less than a king who could be a king, to raise up royalty from its subjection to a minister who was so absolute and yet so unroyal.

Such, after reading M. de Laborde and most of the Memoirs he cites, is my final and invincible impression. Mazarin belongs to that race of ministers to which Robert Walpole belonged, rather than to the race of the Richelieus; he is of those (and we have known such) who are not averse to a certain degradation in the spirit of the

nation they govern, and who, even when they render the most real services, do not raise it. What posterity owes them is justice, not enthusiasm. Robert Walpole's son Horace, taking up his father's defence against the enemies who had so often insulted him, one day exclaimed: 'Chesterfield, Pulteney and Bolingbroke were the *saints* that reviled my father . . . those are the *patriots* who opposed that excellent man, acknowledged by all parties to be as incapable of revenge as ever minister was, who, with his experience of humankind, one day uttered these memorable words: "Very few men should become Prime Ministers, for it is not right that too many should know how vile men are"'. These words could be applied to Mazarin himself, excepting the *excellent man*, an expression which supposes a kind of cordiality, and which he did not deserve; but it is true to say that Montrésor, Saint-Ibar, Retz, and so many others were singular judges of honour, that they should preach to Mazarin. In his letters to the Queen he very pleasantly laughs at them all, and their pretensions and absurdities.

As for the Cardinal de Retz, however, we must not be misunderstood; he is too great a writer, too incomparable a memoir writer, to be thus unreservedly and unconditionally abandoned. In a chapter of the *Génie du Christianisme*, discussing the question why the French have so many good Memoirs and so few good histories, M. de Chateaubriand said, laying his finger upon a defect which he was more sensible of than anybody:

'The Frenchman has been at all times, even when he was still a barbarian, vain, light-hearted and sociable. He reflects little upon things as a whole; but he is a curious observer of details, and his glance is quick, sure and keen. He must be always on the stage; he cannot consent, even as a historian, to entirely efface himself. Memoirs leave him free to indulge his genius. There, without quitting the stage, he records his observations, always sharp and sometimes profound. He likes to say: *I was there, the King said to me . . . I heard from the Prince . . . I advised, I foresaw the good, the evil.* His vanity is thus satisfied; he displays his wit before the reader, and his desire to show himself an ingenious thinker often leads him to think well. Besides in this branch of history he is not obliged to renounce his passions, from which he is loath to separate himself. He becomes enthusiastic for such or such a cause, for such or such a person; and, now insulting the opposite party, now laughing at his own, he at once exercises his vengeance and his malice'.

Taking this as the definition of the Frenchman, Retz appears in his day the most brilliant type of him, and consequently he is also the most excellent Memoir-writer.

Retz is a man of imagination. Brought up from childhood in the ideal of conspiracies and civil wars, he was not sorry for an opportunity to realize them in order afterwards to recount them like Sallust, and to write about them. There is literature in his constitution. He is a man to undertake a thing, not in order to succeed, but for the sake of the excitement and the pride of the enterprise, the pleasure in the game rather than the gain and profit, which he will never have. He is in his element in the midst of cabals; he feels at home, and in writing his vivid descriptions of them he is again in imagination swimming in the midst of them. Men with the literary genius always have, though it be unconsciously, a secret ulterior design and a last resource, which is to write their story and thus repay themselves for all they lose on the side of the real. Those who heard Retz in the years of his retirement remarked that he loved to tell the adventures of his youth, that he exaggerated them and touched them up a little with the marvellous: 'And in truth, says the Abbé de Choisy, the Cardinal de Retz had a little grain in his head' (a touch of madness). This *little grain* is precisely what makes the man of imagination, the writer and painter of genius, the unpractical man, the man who will fall before the good sense and cool patience of Mazarin, but who will be even with him and take his revenge, pen in hand, before posterity.

I will not answer, and no careful reader can answer, for the truth and the historical exactness of most of the stories which Retz's Memoirs offer us; but what is evident and leaps to the eye is something superior for us to that accuracy of detail, I mean to say the moral truth, the human and living fidelity of the whole. And see, for example, that first scene of the Fronde, where, after the imprisonment of Councillor Broussel, the Coadjutor, that is to say Retz, makes up his mind to go to the Palais-Royal to report to the Queen the excitement in Paris and the imminent danger of a revolt. On the way he meets the Maréchal de la Meilleraie, a brave soldier, who undertakes to second him and support his testimony at Court. Where can we find a comedy scene more admirably de-

scribed than that which Retz brings before our eyes ? The Queen, incredulous and angry ; the Cardinal, who is not yet afraid and smiles mischievously ; the complaisants, the Court flatterers, Bautru and Nogent, who are facetious, and each of the bystanders in his particular part : M. de Longueville, who pretends to be grieved, ' and he was obviously joyous, for he was, of all men, the one who most loved the beginning of affairs ' ; the Duke of Orleans, who feigns eagerness and passion when speaking to the Queen, ' and I never heard him whistle with more indifference than he did for half an hour while talking with Guerchi in the little grey chamber ' ; the Maréchal de Villeroi, who pretends to be gay in order to pay his court to the Minister, ' and he confessed to me in private, with tears in his eyes, that the State was on the brink of a precipice '. The scene described by Retz thus continues with all sorts of variations, until the Chancellor Séguier enters the cabinet : ' He was so feeble by nature, that until this occasion he had never uttered a word of truth, but now complaisance yielded to fear. He spoke, and he spoke as he was prompted by what he had seen in the streets. I observed that the Cardinal appeared much impressed by the freedom of a man in whom he had never seen any freedom '. But when, after the Chancellor, we see the Civil Lieutenant enter, paler than an actor of the Italian Comedy, oh ! then all is decided, and fear, which hitherto they had resisted, finds a way to all hearts. One should read the whole comedy in Retz. This scene is true, it must be true, for it is true to human nature, the nature of kings, ministers, courtiers, in these extremities. It is the same scene we see enacted at Versailles whilst the Bastille is being taken, or that on the eve of the Fifth of October ; it is the scene, so often repeated, of Saint-Cloud or the Tuileries, on the morning of seditions which swept away dynasties.

Those are the aspects which Retz has known and caught with marvellous talent, the character of men, the mask and play of persons, the general situation and the moving spirit of things ; in all these respects he is superior and unapproachable in the order of thought and moral painting, as superior as Mazarin himself may be in history as the signer of the Peace of the Pyrenees.

What can I say of Mazarin that has not already been

said? If you ask me how the Queen loved him, what was the nature of her affection, I must reply that there is some doubt on that point; not indeed on the question of the love, it was love assuredly, a real love on her part, a more or less simulated love on Mazarin's, as long as he had need of a support. The Letters we have from him to the Queen leave no room for doubt as to the vivacity of the passionate demonstrations which he permitted himself, or perhaps forced himself to make in writing to her; but it would appear, if we refer to the testimony of Brienne and his virtuous mother, that this love was restrained within sufficiently platonic bounds, that the Queen's mind confessed itself above all charmed by the Cardinal's *intellectual beauty*, and that it was, in fine, a love of which one could speak to a confidant in the oratory and on the saint's relics, without too much blushing and self-accusation.

Such appears to have been at least the true state of the Queen on a certain day. But if later Mazarin (as was not impossible) went further and triumphed over scruples so far as to gain entire possession, it was because he saw therein for himself a surer means of governing.

The same Brienne, who initiates us into these secrets of the closet and the oratory, related the last years and the end of Mazarin in a manner that recalls the pages of Commynes, in which that faithful historian describes the end of Louis XI. Mazarin died at the age of fifty-nine. It was time that he should end, for the King as well as for the Queen. During latter years he had piqued the latter by his harshness and neglect, after he saw himself secure from all attack; for, according to the testimony of his niece Hortense, 'no person ever had such mild manners in public, and such rude ones in private'. But Louis XIV, above all, who as a boy had little love for Mazarin, and was ruffled in his feelings both as King and as son (a son instinctively dislikes the too tender friend of his mother), though he afterwards appreciated him and understood the extent of his services, was impatient for the hour to strike when he could at length reign. Mazarin, who, with his sagacious glance, had read Louis' character as a child, was eager to keep him back as a king rather than to push him; but the moment was come when keeping back was no longer possible. Death, therefore,

stood the fortunate Mazarin in excellent stead by carrying him off at the height of his prosperity and in the maturity of his human power. After a consultation of physicians, the celebrated Guénaud having clearly declared that he was fatally diseased, and that he could hardly live two months longer, he began seriously to think of his end, and did so with a strange mixture of fortitude, show and pettiness. He clung to life; he was attached to it by stronger ties than those of great hearts, I mean the thousand ties of the vulgar possessor who clings to things in proportion to the worldly goods he has amassed:

'One day, relates Brienne, I was walking in the new apartments of his palace (meaning the grand gallery which runs along the Rue de Richelieu and led to his library); I was in the little gallery where one saw a tapestry all in wool representing Scipio, executed after the drawings of Giulio Romano; the Cardinal had no finer. I heard him coming by the shuffling of his slippers, which he trailed along like a man who is very weak and recovering from a severe illness. I concealed myself behind the tapestry and heard him saying: *I must leave all this!* He stopped at every step, for he was very weak and held on now on one side, now on the other; and casting his eyes upon the object which struck his sight, he said from the depth of his heart: *I must leave all this!* And turning he added: *And this too! what pains I have taken to acquire these things; can I leave them without regret? I shall never see them again where I am going!* I heard these words very distinctly; they affected me perhaps more than himself. I gave vent to a big sigh which I could not restrain, and he heard me. "Who is there, he said, who is there?" "It is I, my lord, who was awaiting the moment to speak with Your Eminence. . . ." "Approach, approach", he said in a very doleful tone. He had nothing on but his camlet dressing-gown lined with miniver and his nightcap on his head. He said, "Give me your hand; I am very weak, I am quite done up." "Your Eminence had better sit down". And I was going to bring him a chair. "No, he said; I like to walk about, and I have business in my library". I offered my arm, and he leant upon it. He would not allow me to speak of business: "I am no longer in a fit state to hear it, he said; speak of it to the King, and do what he tells you: I have many other things to think about now". And recurring to his idea: "Do you see, my friend, that fine picture of Correggio, and this Venus of Titian, and this incomparable Deluge of Antonio Carracci, for I know that you love pictures and are a good judge of them; *ah! my dear friend, I must leave all these!* Farewell, dear pictures, that I have loved so, *and that cost me so much!*"'

Hearing these words, and witnessing this so dramatic and unexpected setting of Horace's Ode: *Linquenda tellus, et domus,* we are touched like Brienne; but do not be mistaken! if, in this grief at leaving so many beautiful things and fine pictures, there is a semblance of the passion of the Italian and the noble amateur, there is still another feeling: if the first word seems to be that of the artist, the second is that of a miser.

M. de Laborde knows all this as well and better than we, and it is from him that we have pleasure in learning it. But he has a weakness for Mazarin. When quoting this passage, for instance, he stops at the words: *Adieu, chers tableaux que j'ai tant aimés!* and omits the final touch: *et qui m'ont tant coûté!* which is the characteristic touch, which betrays the secret vice of the dying man.

Is it as an artist, is it because he loves these pictures for their own sake that the master regrets them? No; it is because they have cost him dear, it is especially in proportion to their price that he loves them and is attached to them: that is the bottom of Mazarin's soul.

Another touch that we also owe to Brienne, and that Shakespeare would not have omitted if he had written a *Death of Mazarin,* is of great power and terribly true. One day, Brienne, softly entering the Cardinal's room at the Louvre, found him dozing in an armchair in the chimney-corner: his head was nodding in a mechanical way, and he was murmuring some unintelligible words in his sleep. Brienne was afraid he might fall into the fire and called the *valet-de-chambre* Bernouin, who shook him rather roughly. 'What is it, Bernouin? he said, waking up, what is the matter? *Guénaud has said so!*' 'The devil take Guénaud and his saying! replied his valet; why do you always say that?' 'Yes, Bernouin, yes, *Guénaud has said it!* and he spoke only too true; I must die! I cannot escape! *Guénaud has said so! Guénaud has said so!*' They were the very words he was mechanically uttering in his sleep, and which Brienne had not at first distinctly caught.

A complete and anecdotic life of Mazarin would be very curious to write: we possess nearly all the ingredients of it. M. de Laborde has collected a large number of them in the Notes to his interesting work. He often quotes Mazarin's *Carnets* (memorandum-books) and some of the

notes written by him, both in Italian and in French, on the subjects which occupied his mind and of which he wished to speak with the Queen. In these *Carnets* of Mazarin we might find maxims of State, excellent judgments on men, the small-talk of the day, in short everything, I imagine, except greatness of soul. M. de Laborde has been successful in his apology of Mazarin in this sense, that after reading him we carry away a very present and very living idea of the minister's intellect, of his amiable and powerful qualities, equal to any we could have already formed of it. I should wish the author, however, in the new choice he makes in his reprint, to contrive that his quotations and notes should never suggest more than they prove in fact, that he should advance nothing that could not be justified by an impartial and precise criticism. I should wish him to treat Retz, Saint-Évremond, and in general all the adversaries in a less off-hand manner, not to show so much contempt even for the *foolish Memoirs* of La Porte. La Porte was a *valet-de-chambre* who left Memoirs, by no means an intellectual man, but an honest man, and for posterity the Memoirs of a *valet-de-chambre* are not foolish. On these conditions, I think, after these slight precautions, success will attend, even with the most exacting, this agreeable and already so appreciated work, only one essential point of which I have been able to signalize, and which is animated in all its parts by a happy sense of art.

NOTES

Page 1, line 9 from bottom. *Politiori stilo*, etc., how much more preferable is a golden negligence to a more polished style!

Page 9, line 20. Andrew Michael Ramsay (1686–1743), known in France as the Chevalier de Ramsay, a friend of Fénelon, who persuaded him to join the Roman Catholic Church. He wrote a Life in French of the prelate, which was translated into English by G. N. Hooke.

Page 10, line 16. Sosia, the name of a slave in Plautus' *Amphitruo* and Molière's adaptation of the same comedy. Mercury having assumed his shape, some amusing scenes result from the confusion, and *Sosie* came to be used in the sense of a 'double'.

Page 11, line 4 from bottom. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis?* What shame or stint can there be to our regret for a life so loved? (Horace, *Odes*, I, 24).

Page 14, line 7. Philemon and Baucis. The old story, which forms the subject of one of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was very touchingly retold by La Fontaine in one of his finest poems. It tells how the gods Jupiter and Mercury repaid the hospitality of the old couple by transforming their hut into a temple, and granting their wish to die together. They were metamorphosed after their death into an oak and a lime-tree.

Page 15, line 14 from bottom. *Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic . . .*, (It is not given to me to decide so high a contest between you;) both you deserve the heifer, and also he . . . (Virgil, *Eclogue*, III).

Page 17, line 2. *Les Natchez*, a romance by Chateaubriand.

Page 22, line 18. Saint-Huberti. Perhaps Madame Saint-Huberty, the famous singer.

Page 24, line 16 from bottom. Foullon and Bertier de Sauvigny both by their oppression and tyranny made

themselves thoroughly detested, and were severally 'lynched' by the populace in July, 1789.

Page 34, line 13. The Consul, i.e. the First Consul, Napoleon I.

Page 43, line 1. 'He sees our legions marching like ants in that little heap of dust and mud, of which our vanity makes so many regions!' Racan was a contemporary of Malherbe.

Page 49, line 10. J.-L. Guez de Balzac (1594–1624), the Malherbe of prose; famous in his day for his letters, which were very polished in style but of little substance. Not to be confounded with the novelist.

Page 56, line 15 from bottom. The use of the imperfect subjunctive appears to be gradually dying out in French. That of the first conjugation, especially the plural forms in *-assions, -assiez*, have long been avoided by good writers.

Page 58, line 21. *Le Devin du Village*, 'The Village Prophet' (1752), an operette of Rousseau's early days. Jean-Jacques was a musician as well as a writer.

Page 59, line 18 from bottom. The Portuguese Nun. Soror (Sister) Marianna Alcōforado (1640–1723), famous for the letters she wrote to her lover, a Maréchal of France, who published them in translation in 1669 with the title *Lettres portugaises*.

Page 61, line 19. René, i.e. Chateaubriand. He gave his own name to the hero of his romance which first formed part of his *Génie du Christianisme*, and was afterwards published separately.

Page 64, line 8 from bottom. A *Life of Hume*; probably J. H. Burton's *Life and Correspondence of David Hume*, Edinburgh, 1846.

Page 82, last line. Chérubin, the saucy page of the Countess Almaviva in Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* and Mozart's Opera.

Page 84, line 3. Princess Helen of Mecklenburg, married in 1837 to the Duke of Orleans, son and heir of Louis-Philippe. The Palace of Fontainebleau was completely restored and redecorated for the occasion of the marriage, which was celebrated with great splendour. The Princess was twenty-three years of age, and died eleven years later in England.

Page 86, line 14 from bottom. 'Throw himself on Castor and Pollux', i.e. digress after the manner of Simon-

ides, who having been commissioned to write a panegyric upon an athlete, and finding the theme too barren, launched out into praises of the two twins. See La Fontaine, *Fables*, I, 14.

Page 88, line 3. *Agnès de Méranie*, a tragedy by Ponsard, on the subject of the excommunication of King Philippe-Auguste, in consequence of his marriage with Agnès de Méranie, his first wife Ingeburg being still alive.

Page 89, line 15 from bottom. *The End of the World.* The book was eventually published with the title *La Fin d'un Monde.*

Page 92, line 22. The meaning of these doggerel lines is : ' thou shalt worship only Madame and the Institute, and shalt not look upon her fair face if thou art guilty of any misdemeanor '.

Page 92, end. ' There is a fashion even in nuns' veils ; there is an art in giving a happy turn to the simplest piece of tamin or linen '. The lines are from *Vert-Vert, Histoire d'un Perroquet de Nevers*, by Gresset (1709–1777), in which the life of the nuns is described. Vert-Vert is a very well-behaved parrot who is corrupted by falling into low company in a stage-coach.

Page 101, line 5. The Portuguese Nun ; see note on line 18, page 59.

Page 104, line 11. *Le Paysan perverti* is, as we gather from Larousse, a novel of manners by Restif de la Bretonne, one of the most singular monuments of the eighteenth century, which had an immense vogue and was translated into English forty-two times ! Not one copy seems to have found its way to the Library of the British Museum ; *sic transit*, etc.

Page 108, line 1. ' The state of my feelings is not to be believed ; they fluctuate between violence, pity, generosity and baseness ; ' the words of Felix, the Governor of Armenia, who is swayed by contrary feelings of love of his son-in-law Polyeucte and hatred of Christianity, which the latter has espoused.

Page 108, line 16 from bottom. Charenton, an Asylum for the Insane near Paris.

Page 112, line 11 from bottom. *Tancrède*, a tragedy of Voltaire.

Page 117, line 6. *Après moi, le déluge ;* the words of Madame de Pompadour, usually attributed to Louis XV.

Page 132, line 8. ' You ask me, Madame Arnanche, why our pious peasants, our wide-sleeved friars and catechizing priests, love to drink on Sundays ? I have consulted many scholars : Huet, the Bishop of Avranches, who always prefers the Bible, maintains that we owe this fine custom to Noah. . . .'

Page 157, line 15. ' My daughter, may God keep you and bless you ! If I wish you ill, may ill befall me ! . . . By the way, you know, they say you are to be married. I know the man for you : a tall, clever, rich man. . . . He loves you so dearly ! And why, my daughter, should he not love you ? You are so graceful, so dainty and pretty, your glance is so soft, that the greatest beauty is plain beside you. But everything is not in keeping with your face, redder than a rose and more lovely than a river-side. Handsome as you are, you should have handsome clothes ; you should shine in satin, pearls and rubies. . . . Faith ! fine clothes are a good set-off to the face. It is no use putting on airs and making sweet eyes. When a woman is well-dressed, she is always the better for it. But what good is reputation, if you have no money ? '

Page 170, line 3 from bottom. All that superfluity, *so necessary a thing : Le superflu, chose si nécessaire*, a quotation from Voltaire's poem *Le Mondain* (mentioned on the next page), in which he half seriously celebrates the advantages of luxury and civilization over a primitive life.

Page 173, line 22. ' Ever one foot in the grave, and with the other cutting capers '.

Page 175, line 22. *La Pucelle*, Voltaire's licentious poem on the Maid of Orleans ; see Causerie on *Jeanne d'Arc*, Vol. III of the present translation, page 105.

Page 188, line 17. *Vivida vis animi*, living force of mind (Lucretius).

Page 190, line 6 from bottom. ' One can never go wrong in good company '.

Page 204, line 16. Illiberal ; the sense seems to require *liberal*.

Page 207, line 19 from bottom. Paler than an actor of the Italian Comedy. Some of the stock characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte* always had their faces whitened.

Page 210, line 2. *Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens uxor*, land, mansion and charming life must all be left (Horace, *Odes*, II, 14).

INDEX

Agrippa, 45
Aissé, Mlle., 56
Albon, Mme. d', 101
Alembert, d', 3, 10, 99, 102 ff., 114
Alleurs, Comte des, 144
Andrieux, 142
Anne of Austria, Queen of France, 199–203, 205–208, 211
Anne, Queen of England, 182
Antonius, M., 45
Apollonius of Rhodes, 101
Apuleius, 87
Aranda, Count de, 105
Argental, Comte d', 169
Aristotle, 36, 38 f.
Arnauld d'Andilly, 98
Augustus, Octavius, 40
Ayen, Comtesse d', 78

Bacon, 193
Bailleul, Président de, 201
Balzac, Honoré de, 53, 89
Balzac, J.-L. Guez de, 49
Barnave, (Article) 18–35
Barnave, Mme., 20 ff.
Barrère, 100 f.
Bartholmèss, Christian, 133
Bausset, Cardinal de, 14
Bautru, 202, 207
Bâville, de, 97
Bayle, 144
Bazin de Raucou, Anaïs, 199
Beaufort, Duc de, 203
Beaumont, Mme. de, 53, 122
Beauvilliers, Duc de, 4 ff., 13
Bérenger (de la Drôme), 30
Beringhen, Queen's valet, 201 f.
Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, 42, 53
Bernières, de, 3
Bernouin, Mazarin's valet, 201
Berry, Duc de, 77
Berry, Duchesse de, 79
Bertier, 24 f.
Blair, 63
Bocage, Mme. du, 190
Bochart, 137
Boigne, Mme. de, 100
Boileau-Despréaux, 15, 132, 136, 141 ff., 147
Boisgobelin, Archbishop of Aix, 102
Boismont, Abbé de, 102
Bolingbroke, Lord, 185, 194, 205
Bonaparte, Elisa, 91
Bossuet, 6 ff., 12, 15, 72, 84, 148
Bouchet, Mme. du, 184
Boufflers, Marquise de, 114
Boulay, du, 98
Breteuil, Abbé de, 171
Brienne, de, 201 f., 208 ff.
Brissot, 27
Broussel, Councillor, 206
Brunck (Hellenist), 146
Brunet, publisher, 152
Buckingham, Duke of, 200
Buffon 65, 46 f.,
Burgundy, Duchess of, 11 f. (Article) 70–84
Burgundy, (Louis) Duke of, 1, 6 f., 11 f.
Byron, 67 f. 162 f.

Caesar, Julius, 40, 43 ff.
Callot, 166
Campan, Mme., 130
Caroline, Queen of George II, 183 f.
Caron, Abbé, 1
Castor, Antonius, 39
Catelan, Mlle. de, 96
Catullus, 101
Caylus, Mme. de, 56, 82
Chamfort, 114
Champbonin, Mme. de, 171, 175
Chapelain, 136, 142
Charron, 144
Chartres, Duc de, 74
Chastellux, Chevalier de, 101, 114
Chateaubriand, 16 f., 42, 53, 61, 67 f., (Article) 116–131, 205

Chateaubriand, Mme. de, 128
Châteaugiron, de, 70
Châtelet, Marquis du, 171
Châtelet, Marquise du, s. Art. 166–179
Chaulnes, Mlle. de, 96
Chavigny, de, 200, 202 f.
Chénier, André, 21
Chesterfield, Lord, (Article) 180–196, 205
Chevreuse, Duc de, 4 ff.
Choisy, Abbé de, 206
Cicero, 45, 180, 195
Cideville, 169
Cigongne, 72
Ciron, Abbé de, 90 f., 93 f.
Collé, 179
Collin d'Harville, 142
Commynes, 208
Condorcet, 104, 109, 114
Conrart, 142
Constant, Benjamin, 100
Conti, Prince de, 66, 90, 94
Corneille, 107
Coulanges, Mme. de, 56
Courcelles, Marquise de, 58
Courier, P.-L., 49
Crébillon fils, 186
Cuvier, 43, 46 f.

Daguesseau, father of the Chancellor, 97
Daguesseau, Mlle., 96
Dangeau, Marquis de, 73 f.
Dauphin, son of Louis XIV, 7, 11, 74
Deffand, Mme. du, 99 ff.
Delessert, Mme. Gabriel, 72
Descartes, 133, 143 ff., 149
Desfontaines, Abbé, 174
Desmeuniers, 35
Destouches, Chevalier, 9–15
Devaux, 170, 174 ff.
Diderot, 87, 153 f., 156, 163 ff.
Duché, 73
Duclos, 83, 150, 156 f., 160 f., 193
Duport, Adrien, 24, 34

Egger, 36
Epinay, d', 152 f., 158 f., 162
Epinay, Mme. d', 105, (Article) 150–165, 166
Ette, Mlle. d', 156 ff.
Eugène, Prince, 13
Euripides, 101

Fénelon, (Article) 1–17, 56
Fieubet, Mlle. de, 96
Fontenelle, 138, 142, 144, 182, 185
Formont, 169
Foullon, 24 f.
François de Sales, Saint, 7
Francueil, de, 155 f., 158, 160, 162
Frederick the Great, 106, 109, 163
Friesen, Comte de, 162
Fuentes, Count de, 105

Galiani, Abbé, 105, 165
Garat, 87
Gautier, Théophile, 89
Genlis, Mme. de, 151
Geoffrin, Mme., 102, 114
Geoffroy, L. Jullien, 86
George II of England, 183
Gibert, 16
Ginguené, 163
Godet des Marais, Bp. of Chartres, 8
Gosselin, Abbé, 1
Grafigny, Huguet de, 166
Grafigny, Mme. de, (Article) 166–179
Gresset, 92
Grimm, 151 ff., 155 f., 162 f.
Gronovius, 147
Guasco, Abbé, 185, 191
Guénaud, physician, 209 f.
Guerchi, 207
Guibert, de, s. Article on Mlle. de Lespinasse
Guyon, Mme., 7

Halifax, Lady, 181
Halley, professeur, 136
Hamilton, 193
Hannibal, 105
Hasdrubal, 105
Heinsius, 147
Heloïsa, 101
Helvétius, 102
Helvétius, Mme., 179
Hervey, Lady, 190
Holbach, Baron d', 102
Homer, 15, 16
Horace, 10, 126, 136, 210
Houdetot, Mme. d', 61
Huet, Bishop of Avranches, (Article) 132–149
Hume, 64–67
Huntingdon, Lord, 195

Janin, Jules, (Article) 85–98

Jarjayes, Chevalier de, 34 f.
Jaucourt, Marquis de, 34
Jelyotte, 156
Johnson, Samuel, 186, 188, 190
Joubert, 8
Jouneau, 182
Jully, Mme. de, 156, 162

Krüdner, Mme. de, 53

Laborde, Comte de, 197 f., 203 f., 210 f.
La Bruyère, 4, 191
La Chaise, Père de, 97, 148
Laclos, de, 157
Laelius, 10
Laertius, Diogenes, 147
La Fare, 79
La Fayette, Comtesse de, 141
La Fayette, General, 19, 27
La Fontaine, 1 f., 14, 147
La Guérinière, de, 190
La Harpe, 3, 106
La Live de Bellegarde, 152
Lally-Tolendal, Marquis de, 24 f.
Lamartine, 53, 126, 142
La Meilleraye, Maréchal de, 206
Lameths, the, 24, 30 f.
Lameth, Charles de, 26
La Mothe Le Vayer, 144
La Motte, 2, 15, 142
La Porte, valet de chambre, 211
La Porte, de, 53
La Rochefoucauld, 112, 185, 191, 200
La Rue, Père de, 82
La Tour, Alissan de, 54
La Tour-Franqueville, Mme. de, (Article) 52–69, 166
La Tour-Maubourg, 27 f.
Le Dieu, Abbé, 148
Le Roux de Lincy, 71
Le Sage, 121
Lespinasse, Mlle. de, (Article) 99–115
Le Tellier, Chancelier, 94
Levasseur, Thérèse, 65
Linant, Abbé de, 161
Littré, 36 f., 41, 46 f.
Longinus, 142
Longueville, Duc de, 207
Louis XI, 208
Louis XIII, 200 ff.
Louis XIV, 73–77, 59, 82 f., 95, 122, 204, 208 f.
Louis XV, 83
Louis XVI, 27, 29
Lucretius, 43, 81, 84
Lysander, 45

Machiavelli, 36
Mahon, Lord, 189
Maintenon, Mme. de, 4, 7, 8 f., 72–76, 78 f., 82 f., 97
Malesherbes, 114
Malherbe, 11
Mambrun, Père, 136
Marcel, dancing-master, 190
Marcellus, Marcus, 44
Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, 71
Marie-Antoinette, 28, 34
Marius, 44
Marlborough, Duke of, 194
Marmontel, 104, 178
Martial, 87, 89
Martin, Abbé, 162
Maulevrier, de, 81
Maury, 19
Mazarin, Cardinal, 194, (Article) 197–211
Mazarin, Duchesse de, 208
Meilhan, de, 111
Ménage, 140 ff., 145 ff.
Menander, 45
Méry, 89
Mignet, 198
Milton, 127
Mirabeau, Comte de, 19, 27, 29
Molière, 61, 88
Monconseil, Mme. de, 189 f.
Mondonville, Mme. de, 90–97
Montaigne, 49, 56, 146
Montausier, Duc de, 6, 142 f.
Montespan, Mme. de, 142
Montesquieu, 185, 191, 193 f., 196
Montmorency, Adrien de, 100
Montpezat, de, Archbishop of Toulouse, 96
Montrésor, 205
Mora, Marquis de, 104–107, 111 f., 114

Morellet, 102, 142, 179
Motteville, Mme. de, 199
Mounier, 23
Muratori, 163
Musset-Pathay, 53

Nangis, de, 81 f.
Napoleon I, 34

Naudé, Gabriel, 144, 198
Necker, 26
Necker, Mme., 102
Newton, 172, 175
Noailles, Duc de, 83
Noailles, Mme. de, 72, 78
Nodier, Charles, 87
Nogent, 207

Olivet, Abbé d', 137
Origen, 147
Orléans, Duc d' (the Regent), 8, 74
Orléans, Gaston Duc d', 207
Orléans, Mme. Elisabeth-Charlotte Duchesse d', 80 f.
Orléans, Mme. Henriette Duchesse d', 72, 79, 82
Orléans, L. P. J. Duc d' (Egalité), 27
Ovid, 70

Palatine, Princess, 199
Pascal, 9, 27, 43, 143 ff., 149
Pasquier, Chancelier, 27
Patin, 143
Pavillon, Bishop of Aleth, 93 f.
Perrault, Charles, 143
Pétion, 27 f.
Petronius, 87, 126
Pichon, Jérôme, 71
Pitt, 183
Pixerecourt, de, 70
Pliny the Naturalist, (Article) 36–51
Pliny the Younger, 10, 37, 48–51
Polignac, Cardinal de, 81
Politian, 179
Pope, 185
Potier, Bishop of Beauvais, 201
Prévost, Abbé, 101
Prohenques, Mlle. de, 94, 98
Pulteney, 205

Quinault, Mlle., 156

Racan, 43
Racine, 78, 101, 104, 132, 147
Ramsay, A. M., 9
Ravenel, Jules, 53, 198
Reboulet, 94 f.
Récamier, Mme., 117, 122
Regnier, Mathurin, 157
Retz, Cardinal de, 136, 194, 198 f. 203, 205 ff., 211
Richardson, Samuel, 101
Richelieu, Cardinal, 200 f., 203 f.
Richelieu, Duchesse de., 177
Richelieu, Maréchal de, 82 f., 177
Robespierre, 27
Rohan, Abbesse de, 135, 139 f.
Rohan, Chevalier de, 168
Roland, Mme., 19, 53
Rollin, 16
Rousseau, Jean-Baptiste, 174
Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, (Article), 52–69, 104, 149–155, 162 f., 166
Royer-Collard, 187

Saci, de, 9
Sacy, Louis de, 48 f.
Saint-Evremond, 193, 211
Saint-Germain, Mme. de, 18
Saint-Huberti, Mme., 22
Saint-Ibar, 205
Saint-Lambert, 170
Saint-Simon, Duc de, 4 ff., 73, 76 f. 81 f.
Sallust, 206
Sappho, 108
Saumaise, 147
Saunderson, 182
Savoy, Duke of, 72, 83
Scipio, 10
Scribe, 89
Scudéry, Mlle. de, 141 f., 144
Segrais, 143
Séguier, Chancelier, 207
Shakespeare, 210
Shelburne, Lord, 114
Sieyès, Abbé, 23
Socrates, 60
Solomon, 126
Sophocles, 45
Souvré, Commandeur de, 202
Staël, Mme. de, 19, 53, 100, 106
Stanhope, son of Lord Chesterfield, s. Article, 180–196
Sterne, 104
Suard, 143
Suard, Mme., 166
Sue, Eugène, 89
Sylla, 44

Tacitus, 11, 48 ff., 175
Talleyrand, de, 91
Tencin, Mme. de, 10, 185
Theocritus, 101, 146
Tiraboschi, 163
Titus, 39
Tonnerre, Duc de, 20

Tourzel, Mme. de, 28
Trajan, 50
Tronchin, Docteur, 155
Turgot, 102, 104, 109, 114, 178 f.
Turle de Mondonville, de, 90
Tyrawley, Lord, 195

Urfé, Honoré d', 144

Valory, Chevalier de, 156, 160
Vauvenargues, 21, 38
Vendôme, Duc de, 83
Vergniaud, 39
Villeroy, Maréchal de, 207
Vincent de Beauvais, 41
Virgil, 10, 15, 101, 136
Vitet, 198
Voisenon, Abbé de, 179
Voland, Mlle., 154
Voltaire, 3, 56, 79, 106, 132, 144, 154 f., s. Article 166–179, 181, 185 f., 190, 195 f.
Vossius, 147

Walckenaer, 70
Walpole, Horace, 205
Walpole, Sir Robert, 184, 204 f.

PRINTED BY BUTLER & TANNER, FROME. REPRINTED FROM PLATES AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD, BY JOHN JOHNSON, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

A LIST OF THE

WORLD'S CLASSICS

Oxford University Press

THE WORLD'S CLASSIC

A SERIES in constant progress, containing four hundred volumes, and offering in a adapted for the pocket, and at a low price, the famous works in the English language, with than a few translations. Many of the volumes tain introductions by the best modern writers.

POCKET SIZE, $6 \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches (as this list). L type, on thin opaque paper, in superfine art clo

MANY of the volumes are issued also in sup bindings which are specially recommended for pre tation.

THE VOLUMES are obtainable only through booksellers.

IN THE FOLLOWING LIST the books are cl fied as below:

Anthologies
Autobiography
Biography
Classics–Greek and Roman
Drama
Essays and Belles Lettres
Fiction (Short Stories are grouped separately)
History
Letters
Literary Criticism
Philosophy and Scien
Poetry
Politics, Political The and Political Econo
Religion
Short Stories
Travel and Topograp

AN INDEX OF AUTHORS is given at the en the list.

LATEST ADDITIONS

¶ *Biography*

CRABBE, LIFE OF. By his Son. With Introduction by *E. M. Forster* (404).

TREVELYAN (SIR G. O.). Life of Macaulay. With a new Introduction by *G. M. Trevelyan*. 2 vols. (401, 402).

¶ *Essays, &c.*

ENGLISH CRITICAL ESSAYS. (Twentieth Century.) Selected and edited by *Phyllis M. Jones* (405).

MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS. Selected by *H. S. Milford*. Second Series (404).

READING AT RANDOM. A 'World's Classics' Anthology (410).

¶ *Fiction*

AUSTEN (JANE). Northanger Abbey. Introduction by *Michael Sadleir* (355). Persuasion. Introduction by *Forrest Reid* (356). Sense and Sensibility. Introduction by *Lord David Cecil* (389).

CRIME AND DETECTION. Second Series (351).

DISRAELI. Coningsby. With Intro. by *André Maurois* (381).

FIELDING. Jonathan Wild (382).

GISSING. Veranilda (349). Will Warburton (348).

HOLME (CONSTANCE). The Lonely Plough (390). The Old Road from Spain (400). The Trumpet in the Dust (409).

KINGSLEY (HENRY). Austin Elliot (407).

LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. Undine, Sintram, Aslauga's Knight, and The Two Captains. With an Introduction by *Sir Edmund Gosse* (408).

SHORT STORIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS. Selected by *E. C. Parnwell* (332).

STORIES OF AFRICA. Chosen by *E. C. Parnwell* (359).

TROLLOPE (ANTHONY). The American Senator (391). The Eustace Diamonds (357). Last Chronicle of Barset. 2 vols. (398, 399). Tales of all Countries (397).

¶ *Poetry*

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY. Italian text and English translation, by *Melville B. Anderson*, on facing pages, with notes and full index. 3 vols. (392–4).

English translation only, with notes and full index, in one volume (395).

GOETHE. Faust, Parts I and II. Translated by *Bayard Taylor*. Intro. by *Marshall Montgomery* and notes by *Douglas Yates* (380).

¶ *Politics, &c.*

MAINE (SIR HENRY). Ancient Law. Introduction by *C. K. Allen* (362).

SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON THE BRITISH DOMINIONS (1918–1931), from Self-Government to National Sovereignty. Selected, with an Introduction, by *A. Berriedale Keith* (403).

COMPLETE LIST OF THE SERIES

¶ *Anthologies*

A BOOK OF NARRATIVE VERSE. Compiled by *V. H. Collins*. Introduction by *Edmund Blunden* (350).

AMERICAN CRITICISM. Representative Literary Essays. Chosen by *Norman Foerster* (354).

ENGLISH ESSAYS, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* (32).

ENGLISH ESSAYS, 1600–1900, chosen by *S. V. Makower* and *B. H. Blackwell* (172).

ENGLISH ESSAYS, MODERN. Two Series. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (280, 404).

ENGLISH LETTERS (Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries) (192).

ENGLISH PROSE from MANDEVILLE to RUSKIN, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* (45).

ENGLISH PROSE, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* in 5 volumes: I, WYCLIFFE to CLARENDON; II, MILTON to GRAY; III, WALPOLE to LAMB; IV, LANDOR to HOLMES; V, MRS. GASKELL to HENRY JAMES (219–23).

ENGLISH PROSE, Narrative, Descriptive, Dramatic (MALORY to STEVENSON), compiled by *H. A. Treble* (204).

ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS, compiled by *T. W. H. Crosland*. New edition, with the text revised, and additional poems (13).

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES (Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries), from SIR WALTER SCOTT to KATHERINE MANSFIELD, selected by *Hugh Walker* and *H. S. Milford*, with an Introduction (in Series I) by *Hugh Walker*. Three Series (193, 228, 315).

ENGLISH VERSE. Edited by *W. Peacock*. Vol. I, Early Lyrics to SHAKESPEARE (308). Vol. II, CAMPION to the Ballads (309). Vol. III, DRYDEN to WORDSWORTH (310). Vol. IV, SCOTT to ELIZABETH BROWNING (311). Vol. V, LONGFELLOW to RUPERT BROOKE (312).

LETTERS WRITTEN IN WAR-TIME (Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries), selected and arranged by *H. Wragg* (202).

A MISCELLANY OF TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS. Sixteenth to Nineteenth Centuries. Edited by *A. C. Ward* (304).

PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY, with 190 pages of additional poems by *FitzGerald*, *Tennyson*, the *Brownings*, *Arnold*, &c. (133).

READING AT RANDOM. A 'World's Classics' Anthology (410).

¶ *Autobiography*

AKSAKOFF (SERGHEI). Trans. by *J. D. Duff*. A Russian Gentleman (241). Years of Childhood (242). A Russian Schoolboy (261).

CELLINI (BENVENUTO) (300).

DE QUINCEY (THOMAS). Confessions of an Opium-Eater (23).

FRANKLIN (BENJAMIN). The Autobiography, edited from his original manuscript by *John Bigelow* (250).

GIBBON (EDWARD). Autobiography. Intro. *J. B. Bury* (139).

HAYDON (BENJAMIN ROBERT). The Autobiography. Introduction and Epilogue by *Edmund Blunden* (314).
HOLCROFT (THOMAS). Memoirs, continued by *W. Hazlitt* (302).
HUNT (LEIGH). Autobiography. Intro. *Edmund Blunden* (329).
MILL (JOHN STUART). Autobiography. Introduction by *Harold J. Laski* (262).
MORITZ (C. P.). Anton Reiser. Intro. *P. E. Matheson* (299).
TOLSTOY. A Confession, and What I believe. Translated by *Louise* and *Aylmer Maude* (229).
TRELAWNY (E. J.). Adventures of a Younger Son. Introduction by *Ethel Colburn Mayne* (289).
TROLLOPE (ANTHONY). Autobiography. Introduction by *Michael Sadleir* (239).

¶ *Biography*

CARLYLE. The Life of John Sterling. Introduction by *W. Hale White* ('*Mark Rutherford*') (144).
CRABBE, LIFE OF. By his Son. Intro. *E. M. Forster* (404).
DOBSON (AUSTIN). Four Frenchwomen: Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Genlis (248).
EMERSON. Representative Men. (With *English Traits*) (30).
FRANCIS OF ASSISI (ST.). The Little Flowers; and The Life of Brother Giles. Translated into English verse by *James Rhoades* (265).
GASKELL (MRS.). The Life of Charlotte Brontë (214).
HOUGHTON (LORD). Life of Keats (364).
JOHNSON (SAMUEL). Lives of the Poets. 2 vols. (83, 84).
MAUDE (AYLMER). Life of Tolstoy. 2 vols. (383, 384).
SCOTT (SIR WALTER). Lives of the Novelists. Introduction by *Austin Dobson* (94).
SMITH (J. T.). Nollekens and his Times. With Introduction by *Walter Sichel* (322).
TREVELYAN (SIR G. O.). Life of Macaulay. With a new Introduction by *G. M. Trevelyan*. 2 vols. (401, 402).
WALTON (IZAAK). Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, Sanderson. Introduction by *George Saintsbury* (303).

¶ *The 'Classics', Greek and Roman*

AESCHYLUS. The Seven Plays. Translated into English Verse by *Lewis Campbell* (117).
ARISTOPHANES. The Acharnians, Knights, Birds, and Frogs. Translated by *J. Hookham Frere*. Intro. *W. W. Merry* (134).
HOMER. Translated by *Pope*. Iliad (18). Odyssey (36).
SOPHOCLES. The Seven Plays. Translated into English Verse by *Lewis Campbell* (116).
VIRGIL. The Aeneid, Georgics, and Eclogues. Translated by *John Dryden* (37).
—— The Aeneid, Georgics, and Eclogues. Translated by *James Rhoades* (227).

¶ *Drama*

BROWNING (ROBERT). Poems and Plays, 1833–42 (58). [*Contents*: Pauline, Paracelsus, Strafford, Sordello, Pippa Passes, King Victor, and King Charles.]

CONGREVE (WILLIAM). Complete Works. 2 vols. Introduction by *Bonamy Dobrée*. Vol. I, The Comedies. Vol. II, The Mourning Bride, with Letters, Poems, and Miscellanies (276, 277).

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COMEDY. Edited, with an Introduction, by *W. D. Taylor*. The five comedies are FARQUHAR'S Beaux' Stratagem, STEELE'S Conscious Lovers, GAY'S Beggar's Opera, FIELDING'S Tom Thumb, GOLDSMITH'S She Stoops to Conquer (292).

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, LESSER COMEDIES OF THE. Edited by *Allardyce Nicoll*. The five comedies are ARTHUR MURPHY'S The Way to keep him, GEORGE COLMAN'S The Jealous Wife, MRS. INCHBALD'S Everyone has his Fault, THOMAS MORTON'S Speed the Plough, and FREDERICK REYNOLDS'S The Dramatist (321).

MARLOWE'S Dr. Faustus (with GOETHE'S Faust, Part I, trans. *J. Anster*). Introduction by *Sir A. W. Ward* (135).

RESTORATION TRAGEDIES. Five Plays, with an Introduction by *Bonamy Dobrée* (313). The five tragedies are DRYDEN'S All for Love, OTWAY'S Venice Preserved, SOUTHERNE'S Oronooko, ROWE'S Fair Penitent, and ADDISON'S Cato.

SHAKESPEARE. Plays and Poems. Preface by *A. C. Swinburne*. Introductions by *Edward Dowden*. 9 vols. Comedies. 3 vols. (100, 101, 102). Histories and Poems. 3 vols. (103, 104, 105). Tragedies. 3 vols. (106, 107, 108).

SHAKESPEARE, Six Plays by Contemporaries of. DEKKER, The Shoemaker's Holiday; WEBSTER, The White Devil; BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, and Philaster; WEBSTER, The Duchess of Malfi; MASSINGER, A New Way to pay Old Debts. Edited by *C. B. Wheeler* (199).

SHERIDAN. Plays. Introduction by *Joseph Knight* (79).

TOLSTOY. The Plays. Complete edition, including the posthumous plays. Translated by *Louise* and *Aylmer Maude* (243).

¶ *Essays and Belles Lettres*

BACON. The Essays, Civil and Moral (24).

BROWN (DR. JOHN). Horae Subsecivae (Rab and His Friends, &c.). Introduction by *Austin Dobson* (118).

CARLYLE. On Heroes and Hero-Worship (62). Past and Present. Introduction by *G. K. Chesterton* (153). Sartor Resartus (19).

DOBSON (AUSTIN). At Prior Park, &c. (259). Eighteenth-Century Vignettes. Three Series (245–7). Four Frenchwomen (248). Old Kensington Palace, &c. (258). A Paladin of Philanthropy, &c. (256). Rosalba's Journal, &c. (260). Side-Walk Studies (257).

EMERSON. English Traits, and Representative Men (30). Essays, Two Series (6). Nature, and Miscellanies (236).

ENGLISH CRITICAL ESSAYS. 3 volumes. I, Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries. II, Nineteenth Century. III, Twentieth Century (240, 206, 405).

ENGLISH ESSAYS, chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock* (32).

—— (A BOOK OF), 1600–1900. Chosen by *S. V. Makower* and *B. H. Blackwell* (172).

—— MODERN. Two Series. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (280, 404).

ENGLISH PROSE. MANDEVILLE TO RUSKIN. Chosen by *W. Peacock* (45). Also a selection in 5 volumes by the same editor; WYCLIFFE TO CLARENDON (219); MILTON TO GRAY (220); WALPOLE TO LAMB (221); LANDOR TO HOLMES (222); MRS. GASKELL TO HENRY JAMES (223).

ENGLISH PROSE. Narrative, Descriptive, and Dramatic (MALORY TO STEVENSON). Compiled by *H. A. Treble* (204).

FROUDE (J. A.). Short Studies on Great Subjects. Series I (269).

HAZLITT (WILLIAM). Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Introduction by *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch* (205). The English Comic Writers. Introduction by *R. B. Johnson* (124). Sketches and Essays. Essays on Men and Manners (15). Table-Talk (5). The Spirit of the Age (57). Winterslow (25).

HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL). The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table (61). The Poet at the Breakfast-Table. Introduction by *Sir W. R. Nicoll* (95). The Professor at the Breakfast-Table. Introduction by *Sir W. R. Nicoll* (89).

HORNE (R. H.). A New Spirit of the Age. Introduction by *W. Jerrold* (127).

HUNT (LEIGH). Essays and Sketches. Introduction by *R. B. Johnson* (115). The Town. Introduction and Notes by *Austin Dobson* (132).

IRVING (WASHINGTON). The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Introduction by *T. Balston* (173).

LAMB. Essays of Elia, and The Last Essays of Elia (2).

LANDOR. Imaginary Conversations. Selected, with Introduction, by *Prof. E. de Sélincourt* (196).

LEOPARDI. Essays (365).

MILTON. Selected Prose. Intro. *Malcolm W. Wallace* (293).

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS. Florio's translation. 3 volumes (65, 70, 77).

REYNOLDS (SIR JOSHUA). The Discourses, and the Letters to 'The Idler'. Introduction by *Austin Dobson* (149).

RUSKIN. (*Ruskin House Editions, by arrangement with Messrs. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*) 'A Joy for Ever', and The Two Paths. Illustrated (147). Sesame and Lilies, and Ethics of the Dust (145). Time and Tide, and The Crown of Wild Olive (146). Unto this Last, and Munera Pulveris (148).

RUTHERFORD (MARK). Pages from a Journal (358).

SMITH (ALEXANDER). Dreamthorp, &c. (200).

SMOLLETT. Travels through France and Italy (90).
STERNE (LAURENCE). A Sentimental Journey. Introduction by *Virginia Woolf* (333).
STEVENSON (R.L.). Virginibus Puerisque, & Across the Plains (296).
THACKERAY. The Book of Snobs, &c. (50).
THOREAU. Walden. Introduction by *Theodore Watts-Dunton* (68).
TOLSTOY. Translated by *L.* & *A. Maude*. Essays and Letters (46). 'What is Art?' and Essays on Art (331).
TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS, from JOHN KNOX to H. G. WELLS (304).
WHITE (GILBERT). The Natural History of Selborne (22).
WHITMAN. Specimen Days in America (371).

¶ *Fiction* (For SHORT STORIES see separate heading)

AINSWORTH (W. HARRISON). The Tower of London (162).
AUSTEN (JANE). Emma (129). Pride and Prejudice (335). Mansfield Park (345). Northanger Abbey (355). Persuasion (356). Sense and Sensibility (389).
BETHAM-EDWARDS (M.). The Lord of the Harvest (194).
BLACKMORE (R.D.). Lorna Doone. Intro. *Sir Herbert Warren* (171).
BORROW (GEORGE). Lavengro (66). The Romany Rye (73).
BRONTË (ANNE). Agnes Grey (141). Tenant of Wildfell Hall (67).
BRONTË (CHARLOTTE). Jane Eyre (1). Shirley (14). Villette (47). The Professor, and the Poems of the Brontës (78).
BRONTË (EMILY). Wuthering Heights (10).
BUNYAN. The Pilgrim's Progress (12). Mr. Badman (338).
CERVANTES. Don Quixote. 2 volumes (130, 131).
COBBOLD (REV. RICHARD). Margaret Catchpole (119).
COLLINS (WILKIE). The Moonstone. Introduction by *T. S. Eliot* (316). The Woman in White (226).
COOPER (J. FENIMORE). The Last of the Mohicans (163).
DEFOE. Captain Singleton (82). Robinson Crusoe. Part I (17).
DICKENS. Barnaby Rudge (286). Christmas Books (307). Edwin Drood (263). Great Expectations (128). Hard Times (264). Old Curiosity Shop (270). Oliver Twist (8). Pickwick Papers. 2 volumes (120, 121). Tale of Two Cities (38).
DISRAELI (BENJAMIN). Coningsby (381). Sybil (291).
ELIOT (GEORGE). Adam Bede (63). Felix Holt (179). The Mill on the Floss (31). Romola (178). Scenes of Clerical Life (155). Silas Marner, &c. (80).
FIELDING. Jonathan Wild (382). Joseph Andrews (334).
GALT (JOHN). The Entail. Introduction by *John Ayscough* (177).
GASKELL (MRS.). Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales, &c. (168). Cranford, The Cage at Cranford, and The Moorland Cottage (110). Lizzie Leigh, The Grey Woman, and Other Tales, &c. (175). Mary Barton (86). North and South (154). Right at Last, and Other Tales, &c. (203). Round the Sofa (190). Ruth (88). Sylvia's Lovers (156). Wives and Daughters (157).

GISSING. Veranilda (349). Will Warburton (348).
GOLDSMITH. The Vicar of Wakefield (4).
HARRIS (JOEL CHANDLER). Uncle Remus (361).
HAWTHORNE. House of the Seven Gables (273). The Scarlet Letter (26). Tales (319).
HOLME (CONSTANCE). The Lonely Plough (390). The Old Road from Spain (400). The Trumpet in the Dust (409).
KINGSLEY (HENRY). Geoffry Hamlyn (271). Ravenshoe (267). Austin Elliot (407)
LE FANU (J. S.). Uncle Silas. Intro. *Montague R. James* (306).
LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. Undine, Sintram, Aslauga's Knight, and The Two Captains. Intro. by *Sir Edmund Gosse* (408).
LESAGE. Gil Blas. Ed. *J. Fitzmaurice-Kelly*. 2 volumes (151, 152).
LYTTON. The Coming Race, &c. (327). Harold (165).
MARRYAT. Mr. Midshipman Easy (160).
MEINHOLD. The Amber Witch. Intro. by *J. W. Mackail* (325).
MELVILLE (HERMAN). Moby Dick (225). Typee (274). Omoo (275). White Jacket (253).
MORIER (J. J.). Hajji Baba (238). Hajji Baba in England (285).
MORITZ (C. P.). Anton Reiser. Intro. *P. E. Matheson* (299).
PEACOCK (T. L.). Headlong Hall; and Nightmare Abbey (339). Misfortunes of Elphin; and Crotchet Castle (244).
SCOTT. Ivanhoe (29).
SMOLLETT. Roderick Random (353). Humphry Clinker (290).
STERNE. Sentimental Journey (333). Tristram Shandy (40).
STEVENSON (R. L.). Treasure Island (295). Kidnapped; and Catriona (297).
SWIFT. Gulliver's Travels (20).
TAYLOR (MEADOWS). Confessions of a Thug (207).
THACKERAY. Henry Esmond (28).
TOLSTOY. Translated by *Louise* and *Aylmer Maude*. Anna Karenina. 2 volumes (210, 211). Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth (352). The Cossacks, &c. (208). The Kreutzer Sonata, &c. (266). Resurrection (209). Twenty-three Tales (72). War and Peace. 3 volumes (233–5).
TRELAWNY (E. J.). Adventures of a Younger Son (289).
TROLLOPE. American Senator (391). Ayala's Angel (342). Barchester Towers (268). The Belton Estate (251). The Claverings (252). Cousin Henry (343). Doctor Thorne (298). Dr. Wortle's School (317). The Eustace Diamonds (357). Framley Parsonage (305). The Kellys and the O'Kellys (341). Last Chronicle of Barset. 2 vols. (398, 399). Miss Mackenzie (278). Rachel Ray (279). Sir Harry Hotspur (336). Tales of all Countries (397). The Three Clerks (140). The Warden (217). The Vicar of Bullhampton (272).
WATTS-DUNTON (THEODORE). Aylwin (52).

¶ *History*

BARROW (SIR JOHN). The Mutiny of the *Bounty* (195).
BUCKLE. The History of Civilization. 3 volumes (41, 48, 53).
CARLYLE. The French Revolution. Introduction by *C. R. L. Fletcher*. 2 volumes (125, 126).
FROUDE (J. A.). Short Studies on Great Subjects. Series I (269).
GIBBON. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Maps. 7 volumes (35, 44, 51, 55, 64, 69, 74).
IRVING (WASHINGTON). Conquest of Granada (150).
MACAULAY. History of England. 5 vols. (366–70).
MOTLEY. Rise of the Dutch Republic. 3 volumes (96, 97, 98).
PRESCOTT (W. H.). The Conquest of Mexico. 2 vols. (197, 198).

¶ *Letters*

BURKE. Letters. Selected, with Introduction, by *H. J. Laski* (237).
CHESTERFIELD. Letters. Selected, with an Introduction, by *Phyllis M. Jones* (347).
CONGREVE. Letters, in Volume II. See under *Drama* (277).
COWPER. Letters. Selected, with Intro., by *E. V. Lucas* (138).
DUFFERIN (LORD). Letters from High Latitudes. Illustrated (158).
ENGLISH LETTERS. Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries (192).
GRAY (THOMAS). Letters. Selected by *John Beresford* (283).
JOHNSON (SAMUEL). Letters. Selected, with Introduction, by *R. W. Chapman* (282).
LETTERS WRITTEN IN WAR-TIME. Fifteenth to Nineteenth Centuries. Selected and arranged by *H. Wragg* (202).
SOUTHEY. Selected Letters (169).
TOLSTOY. Essays and Letters. Trans. by *L.* and *A. Maude* (46).
WHITE (GILBERT). The Natural History of Selborne (22).

¶ *Literary Criticism*

AMERICAN CRITICISM. Representative Literary Essays. Chosen by *Norman Foerster* (354).
COLERIDGE (S. T.). Lectures on Shakespeare (363).
ENGLISH CRITICAL ESSAYS. Selected and edited by *Edmund D. Jones*. 2 volumes. I, Sixteenth to Eighteenth Centuries. II, Nineteenth Century (240, 206).
HAZLITT (WILLIAM). Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. Introduction by *Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch* (205). Lectures on the English Comic Writers. Introduction by *R. Brimley Johnson* (124). Lectures on the English Poets (255). The Spirit of the Age. (Essays on his contemporaries) (57).
HORNE (R. H.). A New Spirit of the Age (127).
JOHNSON (SAMUEL). Lives of the Poets. 2 volumes (83, 84).
SAINTE-BEUVE. Causeries du Lundi. (In English.) 8 vols. (372–9).
SHAKESPEARIAN CRITICISM. (HEMINGE and CONDELL to CARLYLE.) Selected and Introduced by *D. Nichol Smith* (212).

¶ *Philosophy and Science*

(For POLITICAL THEORY and RELIGION see separate headings)

AURELIUS (MARCUS). Thoughts. Translated by *John Jackson* (60).

BACON. The Advancement of Learning, and the New Atlantis. Introduction by *Professor Case* (93). Essays (24).

CARLYLE. Sartor Resartus (19).

DARWIN. The Origin of Species. With a new preface by *Major Leonard Darwin* (11). Voyage of a Naturalist (360).

HUME (DAVID). Essays (33).

REYNOLDS (SIR JOSHUA). Discourses, &c. Intro. *A. Dobson* (149).

TOLSTOY. What then must we do? (281).

WHITE (GILBERT). The Natural History of Selborne (22).

¶ *Poetry*

(For AESCHYLUS and ARISTOPHANES see 'Classics' on p. 5)

ARNOLD (MATTHEW). Poems, 1849–67 (85).

BARHAM (RICHARD). The Ingoldsby Legends (9).

BLAKE (WILLIAM). Selected Poems (324).

BRONTË SISTERS, THE. The Professor, by CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and Poems by CHARLOTTE, EMILY, and ANNE BRONTË (78).

BROWNING (ELIZABETH BARRETT). Poems. A Selection (176).

BROWNING (ROBERT). Poems and Plays, 1833–42 (58). Poems, 1842–64 (137).

BURNS (ROBERT). Poems (34). Complete and in large type.

BYRON. Poems. A Selection (180).

CHAUCER, The Works of. 3 volumes. Vol. I (42); Vol. II (56); Vol. III, containing the whole of the Canterbury Tales (76).

COLERIDGE. Poems. Introduction by *Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch* (99).

CONGREVE (WILLIAM). Complete works in 2 volumes. Introductions by *Bonamy Dobrée*. I, The Comedies. II, The Mourning Bride, Poems, Miscellanies and Letters (276, 277).

DANTE. Italian text and English verse-translation by *Melville B. Anderson*, on facing pages, with notes. 3 vols. (392–4). Translation only, with notes, in one volume (395).

DOBSON (AUSTIN). Selected Poems (249)

ENGLISH SONGS AND BALLADS. Compiled by *T. W. H. Crosland*. New edition, with revised text and additional poems, 1927 (13).

ENGLISH VERSE. Vols. I–V: Early Lyrics to SHAKESPEARE; CAMPION to the Ballads; DRYDEN to WORDSWORTH; SCOTT to E. B. BROWNING; LONGFELLOW to RUPERT BROOKE. Edited by *William Peacock* (308–312).

FRANCIS OF ASSISI (ST.). The Little Flowers of St. Francis. Translated into English Verse by *James Rhoades* (265).

GOETHE. Faust, Parts I and II. Translated by *Bayard Taylor*. Intro. by *Marshall Montgomery* and notes by *Douglas Yates* (380).

GOLDEN TREASURY, THE. With additional Poems (133).

GOLDSMITH. Poems. Introduction by *Austin Dobson* (123).

HERBERT (GEORGE). Poems. Introduction by *Arthur Waugh* (109).

HERRICK (ROBERT). Poems (16).

HOMER. Translated by *Pope*. Iliad (18). Odyssey (36).
HOOD. Poems. Introduction by *Walter Jerrold* (87).
KEATS. Poems (7).
KEBLE. The Christian Year (181).
LONGFELLOW. Evangeline, The Golden Legend, &c. (39). Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn, &c. (174).
MACAULAY. Lays of Ancient Rome; Ivry; The Armada (27).
MARLOWE. Dr. Faustus (with GOETHE'S Faust, Part I, trans. *J. Anster*). Introduction by *Sir A. W. Ward* (135).
MILTON. The English Poems (182).
MORRIS (WILLIAM). The Defence of Guenevere, Life and Death of Jason, and other Poems (183).
NARRATIVE VERSE, A BOOK OF. Compiled by *V. H. Collins*. With an Introduction by *Edmund Blunden* (350).
NEKRASSOV. Trans. by *Juliet Soskice*. Who can be happy and free in Russia? A Poem (213). Poems (340).
PALGRAVE. The Golden Treasury. With additional Poems (133).
ROSSETTI (CHRISTINA). Goblin Market, &c. (184).
—— (DANTE GABRIEL). Poems and Translations, 1850–70 (185).
SCOTT (SIR WALTER). Selected Poems (186).
SHAKESPEARE. Plays and Poems. Preface by *A. C. Swinburne*. Introductions by *Edward Dowden*. 9 volumes. Comedies. 3 volumes (100, 101, 102). Histories and Poems. 3 volumes (103, 104, 105). Tragedies. 3 volumes (106, 107, 108).
SHELLEY. Poems. A Selection (187).
SOPHOCLES. The Seven Plays. Translated into English Verse by *Lewis Campbell* (116).
TENNYSON. Selected Poems. Intro. *Sir Herbert Warren* (3).
VIRGIL. The Aeneid, Georgics, and Eclogues. Translated by *Dryden* (37). Translated by *James Rhoades* (227).
WELLS (CHARLES). Joseph and his Brethren. A Dramatic Poem. Intro. *A. C. Swinburne*, and Note by *T. Watts-Dunton* (143).
WHITMAN. A Selection. Introduction by *E. de Sélincourt* (218).
WHITTIER. Poems: A Selection (188).
WORDSWORTH. Poems: A Selection (189).

¶ *Politics, Political Economy, Political Theory*

BAGEHOT (WALTER). The English Constitution. With an Introduction by the *Earl of Balfour* (330).
BUCKLE. The History of Civilization. 3 volumes (41, 48, 53).
BURKE (EDMUND). Letters. Selected, with an Introduction, by *Harold J. Laski* (237). Works. 6 volumes. Vol. I: A Vindication of Natural Society; The Sublime and Beautiful, &c. (71). II: The Present Discontents; and Speeches and Letters on America (81). III: Speeches on India, &c. (111). IV: Writings on France, 1790–1 (112). V: Writings on Ireland, &c. (113). VI: A Letter to a Noble Lord; and Letters on a Regicide Peace (114).
ENGLISH SPEECHES, from BURKE to GLADSTONE. Selected and edited by *E. R. Jones* (191).
MACHIAVELLI. The Prince. Translated by *Luigi Ricci* (43).

MAINE (SIR HENRY). Ancient Law (362).
MILL (JOHN STUART). On Liberty, Representative Government, and the Subjection of Women (170).
MILTON (JOHN). Selected Prose. Intro. *Malcolm W. Wallace* (293).
RUSKIN. 'A Joy for Ever', and The Two Paths. Illustrated (147). Time and Tide, and The Crown of Wild Olive (146). Unto this Last, and Munera Pulveris (148).
SMITH (ADAM). The Wealth of Nations. 2 volumes (54, 59).
SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON BRITISH COLONIAL POLICY (1763–1917). Ed. *A. B. Keith.* 2 volumes (215, 216).
SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, 1918–31. Selected, with Introduction, by *A. B. Keith* (403).
SPEECHES AND DOCUMENTS ON INDIAN POLICY (1756–1921). Edited, with Introduction, by *A. B. Keith* (231, 232).
SPEECHES ON BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY (1738–1914). Edited by *Edgar R. Jones, M.P.* (201).
TRACTS AND PAMPHLETS, A Miscellany of. Sixteenth to Nineteenth Centuries. Edited by *A. C. Ward* (304).
TOLSTOY. What then must we do? Translated, with an Introduction, by *Aylmer Maude* (281).

¶ *Religion*

THE OLD TESTAMENT. Revised Version. 4 vols. (385–8).
APOCRYPHA, THE, in the Revised Version (294).
THE FOUR GOSPELS, AND THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. Authorized Version (344).
THE NEW TESTAMENT. Revised Version (346).
À KEMPIS (THOMAS). Of the Imitation of Christ (49).
AURELIUS (MARCUS). Translated by *John Jackson* (60).
BUNYAN. The Pilgrim's Progress (12). Mr. Badman (338).
KORAN, THE. Translated by *E. H. Palmer.* Introduction by *Reynold A. Nicholson* (328).
TOLSTOY. A Confession, and What I believe. Translated by *Aylmer Maude* (229).

¶ *Short Stories*

AFRICA, STORIES OF. Chosen by *E. C. Parnwell* (359).
AUSTRIAN SHORT STORIES. Selected and translated by *Marie Busch* (337).
CRIME AND DETECTION. Two Series (301, 351). Stories by H. C. BAILEY, ERNEST BRAMAH, G. K. CHESTERTON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, R. AUSTIN FREEMAN, W. W. JACOBS, EDEN PHILPOTTS, 'SAPPER', DOROTHY SAYERS, and others.
CZECH TALES, SELECTED. Translated, with a Preface, by *Marie Busch* and *Otto Pick* (288). Nine stories, including two by the BROTHERS CAPEK.
DICKENS. Christmas Books (307).
ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. First Series. Nineteenth Century: SIR WALTER SCOTT TO HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE. Selected by *H. S. Milford.* Introduction by *Prof. Hugh Walker* (193).

ENGLISH SHORT STORIES. Second Series. Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries: MARY LAMB to GERALD WARRE CORNISH. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (228).

—— Third Series. Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries: HAWTHORNE to KATHERINE MANSFIELD. Selected by *H. S. Milford* (315).

GASKELL (MRS.). Introductions by *Clement Shorter*. Cousin Phillis, and Other Tales (168). Lizzie Leigh, The Grey Woman, and Other Tales, &c. (175). Right at Last, and Other Tales, &c. (203). Round the Sofa (190).

GHOSTS AND MARVELS and MORE GHOSTS AND MARVELS. Two Selections of Uncanny Tales made by *V. H. Collins*. Introduction by *Montague R. James* in Series I (284, 323).

HARTE (BRET). Short Stories (318).

HAWTHORNE (NATHANIEL). Tales (319).

IRVING (WASHINGTON). Tales (320).

PERSIAN (FROM THE). The Three Dervishes, and Other Stories. Translated from MSS. in the Bodleian by *Reuben Levy* (254).

POE (EDGAR ALLAN). Tales of Mystery and Imagination (21).

POLISH TALES BY MODERN AUTHORS. Translated by *Else C. M. Benecke* and *Marie Busch* (230).

RUSSIAN SHORT STORIES. Chosen and translated by *A. E. Chamot* (287).

SHORT STORIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS. Selected by *E. C. Parnwell* (332).

SPANISH SHORT STORIES. Sixteenth Century. In contemporary translations, revised, with an Introduction, by *J. B. Trend* (326).

TOLSTOY. Twenty-three Tales. Translated by *Louise* and *Aylmer Maude* (72).

TROLLOPE. Tales of all Countries (397).

¶ *Travel and Topography*

BORROW (GEORGE). The Bible in Spain (75). Wild Wales (224). Lavengro (66). Romany Rye (73).

DARWIN. Voyage of a Naturalist (360).

DUFFERIN (LORD). Letters from High Latitudes, being some account of a voyage in 1856 in the schooner-yacht *Foam* to Iceland, Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen. Introduction by *R. W. Macan* (158).

FIELDING (HENRY). Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, &c. Introduction and Notes by *Austin Dobson*, with an Illustration (142).

HUNT (LEIGH). The Town. Introduction and Notes by *Austin Dobson* (132).

MELVILLE (HERMAN). Typee (294). Omoo (275).

MORIER (J. J.). Hajji Baba of Ispahan. Introduction by *C. W. Stewart*, and a Map (238).

SMOLLETT (TOBIAS). Travels through France and Italy in 1765. Introduction (lxii pages) by *Thomas Seccombe* (90).

STERNE (LAURENCE). A Sentimental Journey. With Introduction by *Virginia Woolf* (333).

INDEX OF AUTHORS, ETC.

Addison, 6.
Aeschylus, 5.
Africa, Stories of, 3, 13.
Ainsworth (W. Harrison), 8.
À Kempis (Thomas), 13.
Aksakoff (Serghei), 4.
American Criticism, 4, 10.
Ancient Law, 3, 13.
Apocrypha, The (Revised Version), 13.
Aristophanes, 5.
Arnold (Matthew), 11.
Aurelius (Marcus), 11, 13.
Austen (Jane), 3, 8.
Austrian Short Stories, 13.
Bacon (Francis), 11.
Bagehot (Walter), 12.
Barham (Richard), 11.
Barrow (Sir John), 10.
Beaumont and Fletcher, 6.
Betham-Edwards (M.), 8.
Blackmore (R. D.), 8.
Blake (William), 11.
Borrow (George), 14.
British Colonial Policy, 13.
Foreign Policy, 13.
Brontë Sisters, 8.
Brown (Dr. John), 6.
Browning (Eliz. Barrett), 11.
Browning (Robert), 6, 11.
Buckle (T. H.), 10.
Bunyan (John), 8.
Burke, 12.
Burns (Robert), 11.
Byron (Lord), 11.
Carlyle (Thomas), 5, 6, 10.
Cellini (Benvenuto), 4.
Cervantes, 8.
Chaucer, 11.
Chesterfield, 10.
Cobbold (Richard), 8.
Coleridge (S. T.), 10, 11.
Collins (Wilkie), 8.
Colman, 6.
Congreve (William), 6.
Cooper (J. Fenimore), 8.
Cowper (William), 10.
Crabbe, 3, 5.
Crime and Detection, 3, 13.
Critical Essays, 3, 7, 10.
Czech Tales, 13.
Dante, 3, 11.
Darwin (Charles), 11, 14.
Defoe (Daniel), 8.
Dekker, 6.
De Quincey (Thomas), 4.
Dickens (Charles), 8.
Disraeli (Benjamin), 3, 8.
Dobson (Austin), 6, 11.
Don Quixote, 8.
Dryden, 5, 6.
Dufferin (Lord), 10, 14.
Eighteenth-Century Comedies, 6.
Eliot (George), 8.
Emerson (R. W.), 7.
English Critical Essays, 3, 7, 10.
English Essays, 3, 4.
English Letters, 4.
English Prose, 4.
English Short Stories, 13, 14.
English Songs and Ballads, 4.
English Speeches, 3, 12.
English Verse, 3, 4.
Farquhar, 6.
Fielding (Henry), 3, 6, 8, 14.
Four Gospels, 13.
Francis (St.), 5.
Franklin (Benjamin), 4.
Froude (J. A.), 7.
Galt (John), 8.
Gaskell (Mrs.), 8.
Gay, 6.
Ghosts and Marvels, 14.
Gibbon (Edward), 4, 10.
Gil Blas, 9.
Gissing, 3, 9.
Goethe, 11, 12.
Goldsmith (Oliver), 6, 9, 11.
Gray (Thomas), 10.
Harris (J. C.), 9.
Harte (Bret), 14.
Hawthorne (Nathaniel), 9.
Haydon (B. R.), 5.
Hazlitt (William), 5, 7, 10.
Herbert (George), 11.
Herrick (Robert), 11.
Holcroft (Thomas), 5.
Holme (Constance), 3, 9.
Holmes (Oliver Wendell), 7.
Homer, 5, 12.
Hood (Thomas), 12.

Horne (R. H.), 7.
Houghton (Lord), 5.
Hunt (Leigh), 7.
Inchbald (Mrs.), 6.
Ingoldsby Legends, 11.
Irving (Washington), 7, 10.
Johnson (Samuel), 5, 10.
Keats, 12.
Keble (John), 12.
Kingsley (Henry), 3, 9.
Koran, The, 13.
Lamb (Charles), 7.
La Motte Fouqué, 3, 9.
Landor (W. S.), 7.
Le Fanu (J. S.), 9.
Leopardi, 7.
Lesage, 9.
Letters written in War-time, 4.
Longfellow (H. W.), 12.
Lytton (Lord), 9.
Macaulay (T. B.), 10, 12.
Machiavelli, 12.
Maine, Sir Henry, 3, 13.
Marcus Aurelius, 11, 13.
Marlowe (Christopher), 6.
Marryat (Captain), 9.
Massinger, 6.
Maude (Aylmer), 5.
Meinhold (J. W.), 9.
Melville (Herman), 9.
Mill (John Stuart), 5, 13.
Milton (John), 7, 12.
Montaigne, 7.
Morier (J. J.), 9.
Moritz (C. P.), 5.
Morris (W.), 12.
Morton, 6.
Motley (J. L.), 10.
Murphy, 6.
Narrative Verse, 4, 12.
Nekrassov, 12.
New Testament, 13.
Old Testament, 13.
Otway, 6.
Palgrave (F. T.), 4.
Pamphlets and Tracts, 4.
Peacock (T. L.), 9.
Peacock (W.), 4.
Persian (From the), 14.
Poe (Edgar Allan), 14.
Polish Tales, 14.
Prescott (W. H.), 10.
Restoration Tragedies, 6.
Reynolds (Sir Joshua), 7.
Reynolds (Frederick), 6.
Rossetti (Christina), 12.
Rossetti (D. G.), 12.
Rowe, 6.
Ruskin (John), 7.
Russian Short Stories, 14.
Rutherford (Mark), 7.
Sainte-Beuve, 10.
Scott (Sir W.), 5, 9, 12.
Shakespeare, 6.
Shakespeare's Contemporaries, 6.
Shakespearian Criticism, 10.
Sheridan (R. B.), 6.
Smith (Adam), 13.
Smith (Alexander), 7.
Smith (J. T.), 5.
Smollett (T.), 8, 9.
Sophocles, 5.
Southerne, 6.
Southey (Robert), 10.
South Seas, Short Stories of, 3, 14.
Spanish Short Stories, 14.
Steele, 6.
Sterne (Laurence), 8, 9.
Stevenson (R. L.), 8, 9.
Swift (Jonathan), 9.
Taylor (Meadows), 9.
Tennyson (Lord), 12.
Thackeray (W. M.), 8, 9.
Thoreau (H. D.), 8.
Three Dervishes, The, 14.
Tolstoy, 6, 8, 9, 14.
Tracts and Pamphlets, 4.
Trelawny (E. J.), 5.
Trevelyan, 3, 5.
Trollope (Anthony), 3, 5, 9.
Virgil, 5.
Walton (Izaak), 5.
Watts-Dunton (Theodore), 9.
Webster, 6.
Wells (Charles), 12.
Wells (H. G.), 4.
White (Gilbert), 8.
Whitman (Walt), 8, 12.
Whittier (J. G.), 12.
Wordsworth (William), 12.

October 1932.

Further Volumes are in preparation.