

Yet at last came the time when she could dress herself, and could go down stairs, feverish with anxiety to deliver her books, settle her bills, and be gone—if, indeed, she could fully discharge the indebtedness she had incurred during those long expensive weeks of insensibility, and have money remain to take her—home? She was not sure she should go there.

Days passed. No one came, and her feverish anxiety increased to hasten away and lose herself in the great world, since they were so willing she should be lost. The wildest plans took possession of her weak brain, until she was in danger of a relapse into the fever they had snatched her from. One sultry morning, when she had cried herself sick for the day, as was her daily habit now, Mrs. Lawson came in to say a gentleman was waiting in the parlor, "for his book, I presume." For, feeling very pitiful toward the unfortunate young stranger in their midst, many of the citizens had called there to receive and pay for their books.

Sara rose and slowly made her way along

the hall into the parlor. She did not recognize the gentleman in the soft curtained gloom as she closed the door, until he rose, then, with a rapturous cry, she sprang forward—"You *have* come, John! Oh, John! John!"

He was advancing with hand courteously extended, but he paused. Through her blinding tears she held out hers, but John took her in his arms. "I think you love me, Sara," he said, in his usual quiet tones—quiet, old-fashioned, and tyrannical to the last, Sara said afterward.

Old-fashioned? Yes, but not so quiet as she thought; for there were tears in his eyes as he gravely bowed his head over hers, and murmured, "Thank God!" ere folding her

"So close and close."

When he saw she would stay, he said again, "I think you love me, Sara?"

And the strong-minded woman nestled her weak, weary head nearer, and replied, with the little nervous laugh he remembered so well, "I am afraid I do, John."

## THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.\*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Eighteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)  
RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XIV.

**B**UT continuing the exposition of the transcendental doctrines of Strauss, and coming to the exposition of his political doctrines, we must not forget his book of *The New Faith*, nor the stormy contests which it excited, and the transformation of his intelligence which it manifested. Strauss had broken the union between dogma and science, of which Hegel and Schleiermacher were the godfathers. The former, declaring that the substance of revelation and science is the same, had brought reason and revelation together, and the latter, discarding traditions and miracle, every thing outside of the mission of Christ, had brought together revelation and reason; so that the two systems had been reconciled and fused in something superior to the historical church, in the human conscience, which appeared to flourish with new bloom, and to yield as savory fruit a sure peace to souls.

The publication of the *Life of Jesus* broke this spell and brought about a new divorce. Philosophers, theologians, turned at once against him, accusing him of destroying without rebuilding. At the end of his days, in the last hours of his old age, shortly before his death, blind or nearly blind, he wrote his last book, his scientific testa-

ment, *The New Faith*. In this book he turns against all that tends to conciliate religion and philosophy. He wants no more eclecticism; he no longer supports the discordant concord of religion with science. He asks these questions: Are we still Christians? Have we still a religion? How do we regard life and the world? In the answer to these questions he sets forth all he believes of science, and declares its definite principles radically at variance with the idealist tendency, which, in spite of every thing, used to characterize his doctrine, falling into pure materialism and its most extreme results.

Farewell religion of childhood, the maternal Protestantism which he believed as pure, as innocent, as divine, as the evangelical ideas. Farewell mysticism of Boehm, which discovered even in the laws of nature mysterious theological combinations. Farewell idealist pantheism of Schelling, which saturated all beings in God, like sponges in the sea. Farewell Hegelian philosophy and its eternal Idea, producing, in the infinite movement of its career through space, spirits and suns. Farewell the last efforts to reconcile Christianity with science, revelation with reason, the divine idea with the human. Farewell heavens in which the resplendent soul of the philosopher was bathed, and the earth on which it was nourished. From the grand dialectic which constructed from the idea nature, state, art, religion, and philoso-

\* Continued from the May number, page 573.

phy, Strauss fell into contemporary Darwinism—the formation by minute causes of the planet, the successive evolutions of matter developed by means of progressive organisms, the theory that crystals are connected with plants, and plants with animated beings, and animated beings with each other, from family to family, from species to species, by means of intermediate families or species, springing one from another by virtue of natural or sexual selection, which gives the prize of perpetuity to the strongest or the most beautiful or the most agile, resolving all its principles into the laws of universal competition and the struggle for existence, which convert the planet into a cruel battle-field, where beings, families, species, and races fight with each other without truce or pause, heaping up the corpses of their rivals, of their conquered and dead enemies, after each bloody victory, advancing one step more in the progressive scale of organism.

This materialist philosophy, from which God, the soul, and the idea are forever absent, had its origin in the last century, having, like all modern ideas, many ancient predecessors in the science of the Greeks. Lamarck, a Frenchman, was the first to point out that species were developed through progressive evolutions. The immense authority of Cuvier discredited this theory, in spite of its having appeared again in St. Hilaire, until Darwin came to revive it, after twenty years of observations and study, in his wonderful book of the *Origin of Species*.

In Germany this doctrine had forerunners, and still has adherents, who extend and push it to extremes. Treviranus regarded the zoophytes as the root of the tree of organism, whose most perfect fruit is the human brain. Oken gives the same origin to all beings, says they grow, transform themselves one into another, and all continually ascend to a superior life. Goethe, whose studies on organic beings are much more meritorious and profound than his studies upon light, declares, in the *Metamorphoses*, the existence of an organic type, the leaf, of which all plants are variations and irradiations. And he considers the vertebra in zoological organisms the same as the leaf in the vegetable organism, and regards the human brain as composed of vertebrae similar to those which form the spinal marrow in vertebrate animals. The cranium is a bony capsule, a larger variation of the rings which encircle and contain the marrow, and the same is true of the cranium of all mammals. After having recognized in man the intermaxillary bone, which demonstrates his kinship with inferior beings, he declares that all organisms proceed from one common root; that there is a close relation between the vegetable organism and the animal; that some species are derived from

others, as the butterfly is derived from the grub; that by a centripetal force organisms are strongly attached to the fundamental law of their species, and by another centrifugal force they are disunited and diversified into innumerable species, which fill the eternal and the infinite with the rich texture of their forms.

We would never finish if we had to mention all the authors in Germany who have, before or since Darwin, sustained the principle of the transformation of species. The one who with most energy and success has promulgated the doctrine, under the high guidance of Darwin himself, is Haeckel, who is still bolder and more enthusiastic in his generalizations, carrying the theory from the vegetable and animal creations into history, and extending it as well to the development of worlds in space as to the development of humanity in time.

As the world moves between two poles, and the universe is kept in equilibrium by the two centripetal and centrifugal forces, species are determined by two laws, the conservative law of inheritance and the progressive law of variety. Variety in species proceeds from their nourishment, inheritance from their birth and generation; so that there are in organisms, as in societies, one force which urges forward, and another which gives stability and permanence.

Man observes the plants in his garden or conservatory, the pigeons in his dove-cote, the horses in his stable, the cattle in his pasture, and, by careful cultivation and labor, educates and perfects them; and as this artificial selection in plants and animals is of immediate utility for man, the natural selection in the universe is determined by the law of vital competition, by battle and death, among all beings, from zoophytes to man, to preserve and advance their lives.

The law which Malthus gave to production and consumption, the law of economic competition, is the law which Darwin finds throughout nature wherever extend the warmth of life and the combinations of organism. Among species also there are many called but few chosen in the great banquet of life. A multitude of eggs disappear before producing the being; many individuals die when scarcely born; others at their first steps encounter formidable enemies which destroy them. Some serve to feed others, and all are surrounded by dangers. But if among these species the superior individuals of different sexes meet each other, they engender superior individuals, who may succeed by progressive ascension to founding in time a still superior species by means of the law of variety and metamorphosis which rules all creation.

In the inferior grades of life, the monads, organic beings without organs, not far

removed from the mineral and vegetable kingdoms, reproduce themselves by segmentation, dividing and separating themselves into equal identical beings, like the leaves, which open and separate themselves in the bud. And from segmentation to sexual generation, by which the superior animals and various plants are reproduced, the generating functions pass through various series, from the imperfect to the most perfect, following the course of organisms. The germ of different analogous species is very much alike, and from this the metamorphosists base their argument to prove the relationship among them all; and from this almost imperceptible germ spring organisms and their attributes, maintained or perpetuated by the great conservative principle of inheritance which dominates in nature.

But side by side with the conservative principle of inheritance in nature there is also the progressive principle of diversity and variety. Inheritance proceeds from generation, and variety from nutrition. Nutrition does not simply mean food. The animal is nourished by the soil, by the air, by the electricity which traverses its nerves, by the water it drinks, the plants near which it lives, the magnetism and the light of the stars, the substances it takes in by absorption, the country in which it lives, the atoms which in their continual decomposition afford it the chemistry of life. And there is in species the faculty which the advocates of metamorphosis call adaptation, which consists in assimilating itself to its environment, the soil, the air, the light, and the food, and thus attaining to the transformation which its environment demands. And there is also what is called virtual adaptation, which consists in certain changes of organism, determined by the environment, which is not manifested immediately in the organism submitted to its influence, but in the organisms it engenders.

The struggle for existence elects among species and individuals the strongest, those gifted with some qualities lacking in their rivals. Every being struggles not only with those of its own species, but with those of other species, with the whole universe in open tenacious conflict. Nature creates them with offensive and defensive resources: this one has a horn like a lance; another, fangs which rend and cut like swords; another troubles the water to escape its pursuers; another rolls itself up in its own body, forming a ball of thorns; the lion's mane preserves its neck from the teeth and claws of its kind, which would dispute the possession of female companions. And sometimes the strongest, sometimes the most beautiful, sometimes the sharpest claws, sometimes the most conspicuous plumage, the loudest roar or the most melodious voice, may conquer or seduce, and form through

the creative magic of sexual attraction new and progressive species, which stand on a pedestal of bones heaped up by death.

The world was not formed by those violent revolutions which are now considered mythological, and of which Cuvier has discoursed. The miracle of creation is reproduced every day in our sight. The wave of the Mediterranean still forms the fossil, as the eruption of Vesuvius still continues the production of the soil which seems so remote from us. The mountain ranges were not formed by that species of immense gushing forth of incandescent matter produced by the cracking of the terrestrial crust. An incalculable time, millions and millions of years, are required to explain the elevation of the great ranges. Upon this scene of life chemical, physical, biological causes, all of them natural, produce organisms. The crystals are in the mineral kingdom the prophets of the organic world. In the composition of this world no matter is met with which is not met with in inferior worlds. In reality there is no organic matter. That which remains in the inferior state and that which rises to superior spheres are the same. Every thing in creation is interlaced among the beings which appear most various through intermediate points which unite them. The bird which loses itself in the blue of heaven, filling it with warbles and trills, is connected with the reptile which crawls upon the earth by means of the fossil found recently in the Jura, which has under its wings the tail of the lizard. Thus the monads, which appear inorganic beings, are in turn the natural term which unites the organic and inorganic worlds. The jelly-fish found in the sea, a vegetable in form, an animal by movement, is like a mysterious line which unites the confines of two worlds. The algae, the lichens, represent in their turn beings intermediate between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The mushroom and the field agaric absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid, in contradiction with other plants, as if announcing the limit of another new organic world.

The progression, the ascending series, continues in animals, which are in turn connected by means of mysterious links. The zoophyte belongs almost to the vegetable world. Its form, its color, its digestion and respiration united in a single organ, its growth in the water, its almost mineral superpositions, clearly seen in the coral reef, give it the appearance of a plant, and place it in those bodies where vegetable and animal life are lost in each other. But organism ascends a grade higher in the ascidians, whose development seems like a preliminary sketch of the vertebrate; and beyond the ascidians come the mollusks, of which some inhabit the water and some the land, and all, with their imperfect ganglia, ap-

pear to be stretching the mysterious cords of the nerves on the sounding harp of life. And beyond the mullusks the insects, which in their innumerable families, their multi-form wings, their brilliant attire, mark another advance of matter, a rich variety in the tree of organism, the prophecy of the world of vertebrates. The vertebra is extended in the fish. The batrachians next become the medium between the fish and the reptile, inhabiting at the same time the water and the land, with means of respiration in both atmospheres, hydrogen and oxygen, occupying in their sphere the places of the sponges and corals, points in the series of life, intermediate links of the immense chain of being. The last class of vertebrates are united by common traits, by having five fingers, by being therefore pentadactyls. The reptile goes on rising little by little in the battle of life until it becomes a bird. The archiapteryx, the fossil found in the Jura, with a lizard's tail, above which grow wings, represents the mysterious organism where reptiles and birds come together. Then come the running birds, like the ostrich, which is nearer to its fathers, the reptiles—it can not leave the ground; and then the flying birds, the lark, for instance, with the color of the ground, but the love of the sky, the sibyl of life, the priestess of the dawn, which in its minute body contains a whole orchestra of musical nerves, and which in its gayety and love fills the air with odes and symphonies. The ornithorynchus is the middle term between the bird and the mammal, and the mammals pass through divers series, from the marsupial to the ape, which becomes the father and ancestor of the last, the most perfect of all the mammals, man.

This is the new faith of the Christian theologian, the idealist philosopher, the young mystic—a philosophy which has nothing to do with spirit; a philosophy reduced to chemistry and natural history; a philosophy which by force of study and acuteness has encountered, if you please, analogies of one being with another and the relationship between different organisms, but which has never been able to explain, either through adaptation, nor atavism, nor inheritance, nor vital competition, nor by series, that superior world of the human spirit, that heaven of life, that mystery of speech, that harmony of art, that conception of right, that organism of the state, that succession of the sciences, that interior world which does not fall within the senses, which can not be analyzed in retorts, which can not be precipitated by any chemical combination, and which is called, and always will be called, the world of the spirit, upon whose summit is God.

At first view the faults of the system appear. To believe that alimentation explains

intelligence is to deny the eternal teachings of history. If the better fed were the more intelligent, why did not Philip the Third and not Cervantes write *Don Quixote*? The intermediate species have never been found. Even those creatures bordering on the inferior world, which have the greatest analogy with still lower grades of organism, belong resolutely to one species. The intermediate species do not appear. The new naturalists avoid this difficulty by saying that intermediate species have disappeared through their own weakness and in the period in which they arose. The anthropoid ape, which they seek every where, in every corner of the earth, in the bowels of the planet, among fossils, they have never been able to find. By his good luck and ours, that venerable father of the human race, that Japhet of the human organism, who gave birth to Raphael of Urbino and to Newton, must be found in the bottom of the Indian Ocean, drowned with the land which was his cradle. You must fish for him there.

The naturalists are troubled by our transcendental theories, our hypotheses, yet they present every where hypothetical animals, creations of their fancy, children of their naturalism. The protamniotes, for example, do not exist, have never been seen, do not possess, as the great apostle of Darwinism in Germany confesses, any thing more than a fantastic existence. But they have been created to establish more clearly the relationship between reptiles and birds and mammals, so that the metamorphosists are like those forgers of heraldic genealogies, who, when they lack a grandfather or so to flatter the vanity of customers with noble aspirations, if they do not find him they invent him. All that can be said of the anthropoid ape is that the orang-outang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee resemble man and belong to that caste. The whole argument to prove our descent from monkeys is that they are not quadrumanous; that they have feet and even claws, and that men are almost quadrumanous; that children grasp things with their feet. And as the anthropoid ape has never been found, neither has the man-monkey. Where is he? Where have you seen this man who does not speak? Show him to us! The existence of the speechless man is imagined, supposed, but never demonstrated. And these are the men who reject idealism because it does not fall within the jurisdiction of the senses, because it is not demonstrated according to the criterion of experience, and yet their theories, purely experimental, are devoid of sure data in experiment. But they may be fortunate enough to attain favor in European states, as princes and monarchs and the powerful of the world come to see that this theory favors them, and that their doctrine of divine right may be easily replaced

by that of atavism. Dynasties, instead of being personifications of artificial privileges, founded by the strength of the powerful, and admitted by the ignorance of the weak, may be called the work of the evolutions of matter, castes born from the very bowels of nature, privileged families which have risen by natural selection, which have been perfected by food which has conveyed enormous quantities of phosphorus to their brain, and which have conquered in vital competition in the battle of life. Haeckel, in his eighth discourse on Inheritance and Reproduction in his book entitled *History of the Creation of Organic Beings according to Natural Laws*, avows his belief in castes, aristocracy, and hereditary monarchies. Dumont, a disciple of the former, and the propagator in France of his doctrine, which he reduced to the proportions of a pamphlet so that it may be more easily circulated and read, has maintained that spiritualism, with its idea of liberty and of moral dignity, is essentially revolutionary, democratic, republican, because it gives to man eternal rights; while Darwinism takes away from us all pride, showing us that the germ of our race is identical with the germs of the vilest animals; that inequalities in society are justified by physiological inequalities in nature; that the hereditary principle is that of preservation, upon which monarchies and dynasties may take their stand; that the doctrine of evolution ought to be adopted by all conservatives, that apart from it they will fall inevitably into democracy. And doubtless through the theory of evolution the phenomenon may be explained, which at first appears inexplicable, that Strauss, the pure naturalist, the enemy of religious traditions, the ardent adorer of the liberty of thought, the great democrat of intelligence, the revolutionist in ideas, can appear also the most conservative of men, the most devoted to the political reaction as well as to dead institutions, comparing in his Darwinian book of *The New Faith* modern peoples with the Alani and the Vandals, and defending hereditary monarchies as the best form of government, best fitted for the education of humanity and the continuation of its progress.

It is a singular case. This man who saluted Darwin as a savior because Darwin had succeeded in proscribing the miraculous and the supernatural in the universe, because Darwin had succeeded in relying upon the geological works of Lyell, through the succession of ages, through the evolutions of matter, through the series of organisms, in explaining naturally creation, and the various species which dwell in creation—he stands in ecstasy before the monarchical principle, and gives as a reason for this preference the following words, which are the contradiction of his whole philosophical system: "In the monarchical form there is

something enigmatical and absurd at first view, but this is the reason and the motive for the preference which should be given to it. Every mystery appears absurd; nevertheless there is nothing more profound. Art, life, and the state are impossible without mystery." Could there be a more direct contradiction? He is not willing to admit any mystery in the infinite, in the absolute, in the eternal, in the horizons of religion, in the bosom of God, in Providence, in the marvelous work of nature, in the advent of species on the scene of life, in their changes, in their transformations, in the obscurity of death, and yet he admits mystery in the essentially human, in what depends principally upon our will and our reason, in the organization of the state, in the form of government; and after having tried to dethrone God, he makes a god of the king, and crowns him with the divine diadem of the supernatural, and envelops him in the cerulean mantle of mystery.

Does the transmission of genius exist? Can dynasties entail merit by the privilege of nature, as they entail power by the errors of society? There were five Caesars of the family of the great Julius, and none of them attained the universal and humanitarian genius of the illustrious chief of his race. Augustus, though able and prudent, was so timid that he would hide himself under a bed when he heard a crash of thunder. Tiberius avoided war, and wasted himself in pleasure. Claudius deserved that Seneca should compare his divine skull with a gigantic calabash. Caligula was a sanguinary madman, and Nero a sanguinary mountebank. Individuals of the same family, children of the blood, St. Louis and Charles of Anjou, the one was a saint and the other a demon; the one founded tribunals and the other suborned them; the one concluded peace and the other kindled wars; the one compelled respect to that point that kings submitted to his judgment the bloody strifes of nations, and the other excited hatred to such a point as to commend the horrors of the Sicilian Vespers; the one under the oak of Vincennes gives every man his right, and the other in the public square of Naples assassinates the last scion of the house of Suabia; the one leads the Crusaders like a great missionary and a great general, the other robs them by land and sea like a thief and a pirate. It can not be denied that Charles the Fifth bears gloriously on his shoulders for thirty years the weight of the world, but a century afterward the successor of that Atlas is called Charles the Second. Isabel the Catholic, who conquers Granada and discovers America, who ends the feudal age and initiates the modern time, is daughter of the feeble Juan the Second, and sister of the impotent Henry the Fourth. Charles the Third imbibes on

the throne, in great draughts, the moral spirit of the eighteenth century, assists the progress of his time, fills a glorious page in the history of Italy, and another glorious page in the history of Spain, but he leaves his name and his authority and his rights to two imbeciles, one of whom knows nothing but to kill javalies in the Prado, and the other to train kangaroos in Caserta. No dynasties exist in nature. Genius is like the god of Mohammed, without father or sons in its greatness and its eternity. The hereditary principle in power is a principle which is at once condemned by reason, nature, and history.

It seems impossible. Strauss, who is a monarchist and a reactionary conservative in his political works, in his political life, is a democrat and a republican, a revolutionist, in his best and most appreciated historical works. He wrote an apologetic memoir of Voltaire, that illustrious man who freed the human conscience from superstition, to prepare the advent of the French Revolution. He collected and translated into the vulgar tongue the works of Hutten, the free son of Franconia; the stainless cavalier, enamored of liberty as the ancient knights-errant were of their ladies; the pupil of the monks of Fulda, who never could bear the cowl on his neck or a censure upon his conscience; the keeper of those impregnable fortresses, full of material of war and saturated with powder smoke, near hostile castles where feudal lords sharpened their arms, surrounded by forests filled with howling wolves, the sanctuary of the noble family of Huttens, loaded with aristocratic titles which in the eyes of the most illustrious of them all were not worth the most insignificant idea; a writer wandering and poor, without home or bread, whose habitation was his hopes, and whose food was his studies; an admirer of antiquity, of whose orators and tribunes he made his example while following his vocation as a soldier in the savage war on the side of freedom of thought and of reason; a great satirist, who, by his sparkling wit, his keen sayings, his felicitous retorts, his immortal epigrams, destroyed the monastic edifice of the Middle Ages; the implacable persecutor of scholasticism and its commentators, of the ancient law and the Bartolist lawyers, of all reactions and all reactionists; the revolutionist who dethroned the Duke of Württemberg, the tyrant and assassin of husbands, the robber of fair women; the audacious critic who showed that the bodies of the Three Kings of Cologne were the skeletons of three poor peasants of Westphalia; the denouncer of the Inquisition and its barbarous executions, of the wretches who opposed the light of truth with the fire of the stake; the propagator of those effective contradictions to the domination of Constantine which were

destined to undermine the temporal power of the popes, which we have seen in our times fall and roll at our feet; the warrior and the poet, who draws with equal enthusiasm the feudal sword and the ardent speech of revolution in favor of human progress; an arm of iron and a lion heart, an artist pen, a style precise and tempered for combat, the language of the pamphleteer and the prophet, a Lucian in grace, a Demosthenes in eloquence, a Tacitus when he paints tyrants, a hero every where, preferring death to slavery; with one hand destroying theocracy in his immortal satires, elevating with the other, in the golden urn of his poems, the ashes of martyrs dead for the cause of free conscience; with all the terrible wrath and noble aspirations of the Renaissance in his soul, with the tocsin of revolution always resounding under his hand, with the arms of the soldier at his girdle and his shoulder, living for the religion of liberty, and gifted with all the faculties and aptitudes of men designed by Providence to impel humanity forward in its stormy way.

And he has not only idolized the tribunes and the reformers, all those who have brought us the material and the essence of modern ideas, whose natural organization is, finally, the republic, but he has also persecuted and attacked the kings. His pamphlet, *The Romanticist on the Throne of the Cæsars*, from the first to the last word is a bitter diatribe on Frederick William the Fourth. Romanticism was a name given in Germany to that reactionary tendency of poetry and philosophy to return to the time of the Middle Ages and its extinct ideas. The romanticist on the throne is Julian the Apostate. Giving the name of romanticist to Julian, who fought and opposed the inclination of his time to receive and adore the ideas which were later to compose the spirit of the Middle Ages, merely means that under the title of the emperor and under his purple the writer prudently hides the august person of the reactionary king who fights to restore a historical Christianity nearly related to Roman Catholicism. Thus the critic does not trouble himself about a faithful likeness of the historic emperor. It is enough if it resembles King Frederick William the Fourth, whom he abhors, who was one day the hope of young Germany, which as prince he encouraged with his ardent liberalism and humanitarian philosophy, and as king abandoned to join the bigots and the pietists; to restore the cathedral of Cologne, the ark where the beliefs of the Middle Ages were preserved; to pension philosophers of much mystic warmth of heart and little scientific light of understanding, corrupters of dogmas and of science, whose work was to resuscitate the ancient faith in false sophistries, and

to maintain new generations in everlasting servitude.

He therefore collects all the bitterest speeches hurled by his enemies at the ancient emperor, and applies them to the modern king. The Nebuchadnezzar, the Dragon, the Devil, the Apostate, the Fanatic, described by St. Gregory Nazianzen; devoted to exalted mysticism and the protection of pious frauds; apparently disposed to put an end to the theological wars born of the fever of his time, but in reality inclined to the popular superstitions; the rhetorician of phrases, fond of classic quotations, a coxcomb vain of his style, a comedian careful of his attitudes and gestures, a chemist who composed an extraordinary mixture of Greek literature, Christian religion, and Alexandrian philosophy; surrounded by a crowd of bureaucratic sophists and philosophers inspired by their salaries; grieved with the solitude of the temples and the falling off of the sacrifices; a conservative more of the names than of the ideas of the ancient gods, transformed and renovated by his semi-rationalist interpretations; conscious of his dignity of Pontifex Maximus, which he wore over his dignity of Roman Cæsar; an exaggerator of religious ceremonies and of hecatombs to such a point that cattle became scarce wherever he was; assiduous at the temple, scrupulous in sacrifice, ecstatic before the altars, observing even the futile regulations of fasting; a writer of circulars against the teachers and the professors of the new faith; filled with the archaeological mania of restoring the temple of Salonica upon its ruined foundation; opposed to the employment of Christians as masters in the imperial schools; more obstinate than strong, of more persistence than genuine conviction; always shaking his head, raising his eyes, unsteady in his gaze, restless in his movements, a loud laughter and uncertain speaker, short in his phrase as if he lacked breath, and long in his meditations, absurd and unexpected in his questions, heedless and contradictory in his replies—the Julian of Strauss is precisely the romantic King of Prussia, whom he abuses and ridicules for having opposed with the orthodox and realist reaction the enlightened liberalism of young and thinking Germany.

But this writer, who attacks the historic kings of his country and who sighs for the republican times of Greece and Rome, approves the elevation and the authority of one over the rights of all; censures the French for having exiled their own dynasties and having proclaimed the new republic; sings countless pæans to the imperial family of Prussia, and incites the people to submit to them and adore them; moves with all sails set into absolutism and Cæsarism; speaks with contempt of parliamentary government and the institutions born of free

investigation; counsels the restoration of aristocracies, with large possessions in the country and aptitude for war; condemns the middle classes, whose last hour he thinks is sounded on the clock of time—condemns them for their liberality; is greatly troubled by the persistent aspirations of the fourth estate; blames governments for having granted too great concessions to these Vandals; proposes all sorts of repressive measures; rejoices that the fomenters of democracies like Goethe and Humboldt have been replaced by Bismarck and Moltke, creators of armies. He calls universal suffrage barbarous, and gives his consent at most to a modest oligarchy. He wants large authority and little right. He announces that the world will always belong to the strongest, and with a furious eloquence worthy of the ultramontane De Maistre, he says that society requires as a necessary restraint the fatal hand of the executioner.

It seems, we say, impossible. This man represents a contradiction which wounds every sentiment and stupefies the intelligence. He has worked all his life for the liberty of thought and the emancipation of the conscience, and he desires that these labors shall have no influence in life, and that this struggle shall pause at the first of human rights without passing on to the rest. He wishes that we shall be conquerors in the sphere of conscience and of reason, and that we shall be conquered in society and in the world. He says that matter is one, and he denies that liberty is one. It is impossible to proclaim it in the higher spheres of life without immediately extending it to all spheres equally. Those who said in the sixteenth century that all men had the right to be priests, said at the same time that all men had the right to be citizens. Those who proclaimed religious liberty implicitly proclaimed political liberty; to desire the one and not to desire the other is to give freedom to speech and a gag to the lips. The labors for the emancipation of human thought, the rights of conscience, the war against all which oppresses the human understanding, the aspirations of great intellectual revivals, the praise given to the apologists, the heroes, and the martyrs of modern civilization, all this mass of ideas is practically condensed in great democracies, and sooner or later is organized in genuine republics. You load a man with chains and then put in his hands the fire of Prometheus. He will not be long in melting them and in giving freedom to the ideas of his soul in the heaven of conscience, to the movements of his organism on earth, to the faculties of his being in society. Liberty is like the Christian Trinity, various in its attributes, fundamentally one in its science. The day will come when all liberties shall be mutually interfused without the power of man.

to divide or separate them. Then it will be seen, even by the obstinate and the blind, that as our natural organism needs all its fundamental organs, liver, brain, lungs, and heart, our social organism needs all fundamental liberties, from the free interchange of ideas to the free interchange of products. And it will be also seen that our penal codes admit no castes in the fulfillment of duty, nor hierarchies in the administration of laws; that our political codes can recognize no castes nor hierarchies in the existence and exercise of right. And it will finally be seen that society, like the universe, has its laws, and that these laws admit no lawless intervention of any privileged family in their direction, and that only the true mechanism and the true force meet in that organization natural to the life of mature, cultivated nations, the organization of the republic.

I have always distrusted a philosophy which lessens or kills the dignity of man. I have always believed public liberties can not be founded without raising a luminous ideal of morality in the conscience, and that this can not be done without admitting the immortality of our existence beyond the grave. No particle is lost in the universe, no atom is dissipated in life, no being is annihilated in the tomb; and can it be that our personality is to be lost and reduced to nothing? "The dead, alas, are in ourselves," said a strange contemporaneous thinker; and, in fact, how many times have I seen in my youth, going to the cemetery in my village to bear some offering or some prayer to the grave of my grandmother, over the turf of the dead the grass of the fields growing, the balsamic flowers of May opening, the butterfly, warm with all the colors of the rainbow, fluttering, the bee humming, drunken with sweet juices, even the white and innocent lambs joyfully gamboling! It recalls to us the giddy dance of atoms, the transubstantiation of one material into another, the growth of one creature by imbibing the life of another, so that at last the fibres of the slave may be fed by the corpse of his tyrant in the mysterious chemistry of nature, wherever extends the warmth of provident attractions, the labor of incessant transformations, the renaissance of beings. Nowhere is death felt, nowhere is nothingness seen.

Who has not been moved at the reading or the representation of the immortal dramatic poem with which the first of Saxon poets has delighted the world? Poor Ophelia, who seems made of the mist of the lakes and the rays of the moon, all love, and therefore all sorrow and pain, clothed with gauze as white as her soul, crowned with flowers as fair as her first illusions, sprinkled with dew as clear as her tears, hanging like a prophetic harp from the willow over the

torrent, which, as she falls, bears her a moment on its surface, as if to listen to her melancholy love-song, and then swallows her up, as if to extinguish in death the thirst of her heart, eternal and inextinguishable on earth.

And then when Hamlet goes to the cemetery, and hears the mingled sound of the spades and the bottles of the grave-diggers, their drunken songs and the rattle of the bones among the rocks, their empty laughter and the empty skulls, he questions himself, not so much as to the mystery of being and not being as of the course followed in this world by the ashes of Cæsar and the ashes of Alexander, in whose hands the world had been taken as a fly in the claws of the spider, and who to-day serve only to stop the bung of the barrel from which the grave-diggers had drunken, or the hole by which the air enters and the rats come out.

Do what you please with the atoms that course through the fibres of plants, the globules of blood that descend to the callous feet of the peasant or rise to the brain of the philosopher, but do not attack my personality nor dissolve me in a barbarous communism of matter. I feel my close kinship with all created things, but at the same time I feel it with all uncreated things. We have been light, heat, gas, in the aerolitic or cometary journey of our planet during its fluid state, as when it hung like a red tress from the head of the sun. We have felt our flesh condensing itself in the first condensation of the world. We find the deepest roots of our bodies in the fossils buried every where, like letters of rock which declare in immortal carving and indelible epitaphs the triumphal career of organism. We have grown with the zoophyte, and swayed in bottomless seas with the sponge. We dragged ourselves with the reptile over the earth after having passed through the transformations of the insect. We entered, full of warm blood and lyric nerves, clothed with variegated feathers, into the wide ether singing in the sublime chorus of the birds. We have fought over and over with the beasts of the desert and the forest. We have made war with the lion and the tiger. We have run with the horse and the stag. We have been, if you please, the absurd buffoon of the universe with the ape, the chimpanzee, and the parrot. But from the moment when we have come to our organization we have felt flowing throughout our being something which did not live in time, which was not developed in space; something clearer than light, more rapid than electricity, more vivid than heat and magnetism, the spirit, the human spirit, and within it a never-setting sun which is called thought, an irresistible force which is called liberty. And when we had believed that this sun and this force were ours, and that



we belonged to ourselves, tyrants and conquerors have made us pass through another street of bitterness, through another passion longer than that suffered in our millennial voyages through matter; we have been pariahs, sudras, helots, slaves, and serfs, the creature of others' pleasure, the instrument of others' profit, every thing but free, until have arisen the prophets, the martyrs, the heroes, the redeemers, and they have revealed to us our own being, and have broken the chain upon our hands and freed our shoulders from the lash, have created us anew, giving us, as it were, a second spirit

with the idea of our right. And now we are citizens—a victory which still can not satisfy us, because after having completed our destiny in the world, after having realized our ideal in time, after having labored for the good of humanity and of the planet, we sigh with the desire of new worlds, of new horizons, of new heavens, for the harmony of arts more beautiful, the light of a science more grand; and we must labor and struggle through the love of the infinite, ascending in the scale of progress, bathed to-day in blood and to-morrow in light, until we meet face to face our Creator and our God.

## G A R T H :\*

Æ Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

#### HOW GARTH WENT TO A PICNIC.

ON picnic morning Garth was up early, though he had slept ill during the night. Fantastic visions of the morrow had flitted through his brain, and tossed him in flushed discomfort from one side of his bed to the other. He fancied himself on the brink of a new phase of life, and was puzzled to conceive how he should assimilate himself to it. He pursued a phantom Garth through all manner of grotesque adventures, and was distressed to observe that the spectre always contrived to fail, by an inch or a moment, of creditably acquitting himself.

Wishing that Garth incarnate might do better, the boy let himself quietly out of his bedroom window at sunrise, and struck off through the awakening woods toward the picnic grounds. He knew that some hours must elapse before the party would arrive, but he meant to employ this spare time in thoroughly reconnoitring the scene of the coming festival, and trying to accustom himself to the idea of facing so many people; for although he might know every person in the company, Garth dreaded confronting them in mass. Assuming as he did that every one would make a point of observing his slightest manifestation, and taking it for granted that he must appear to other eyes at least as transparent as he did to his own, it was not strange that his courage sometimes misgave him. On the other hand, there was Madge—or Miss Danver, as he must begin to call her, since their acquaintance was about to emerge from fairy-land into the every-day world—whom to meet he knew not whether he most rejoiced or

feared. To meet her, to be near her, perhaps to converse with her—oh, to think of it! After all, was not the real world a yet more marvelous place than fairy-land?

As he walked on, however, brushed by the leaves which had scarcely begun to be autumnal, and cheered by the lusty enthusiasm of the morning sunshine, his fears dwindled, and he felt brave enough to look his joys in the face. They were all Madge! The vistas of the wood, the glimpses of heaven overhead, the tonic breath of the pines, the stirring of the breeze, were beautiful because of her. He so delighted in these reflections and reminders of his mistress that the way did not seem long nor the time wearisome ere she should appear in her proper person. An older or more experienced lover would have found every thing irksome save the actual beloved presence, but Garth knew as yet neither the sweetness nor the disappointment of living hands and lips. He looked back, nevertheless, with long-drawn breaths and reddening of the cheek, at his several encounters with Madge thus far, and especially to that memorable evening when she had sat behind him on horseback, her small arm round his waist, and her face so near that when he turned to answer his grandfather, stalking beside them, he could feel her warm breath on his cheek. Ah! sighed Garth, would they ever ride thus again? At all events, he was resolved on making unheard-of advances to-day. He would go up to her as soon as she arrived, and take her by the hand in bidding her good-morning. He would sit near her at dinner-time, and persuade her to share the contents of his luncheon basket. He would pluck off the burs from the chestnuts for her; and in the games and trials of strength and skill which were to occupy the forenoon, he would win every prize for her sake: even Sam Kineo should not prevail against him.

After proceeding a mile or two on his way,

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Oh, so English!—so deplorably English! You're dying to see Kate; Kate's dying to see you; her father is dying to say, 'Bless you, my children; I'm dying to witness the reparation of a piece of mischief of my own making; O'Brallagan's dying to make a speech about it—there's a dramatic situation! And you coolly talk about conducting the play by correspondence! No, no; we must have a tableau."

"Mrs. O'Brallagan, you're the best woman in the world," I said, grasping her hand.

"English again! Why don't you call me Norah? O'Brallagan won't mind—will you, dear?"

"Certainly not, my darling," replied O'Brallagan, bobbing to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who happened to pass.

"Then you'll come with us?"

"I'll go."

What a miserable wretch I felt myself to be when I met Kate! How could I have doubted for a moment the faith of one so pure and beautiful? But it was a meeting that made amends. Fitzgerald frankly apologized for having distrusted me for a moment, and deplored having credited any statement published in the *Eagle*. We parted that night the best of friends.

The following morning I called on him, and promised to try and make his daughter happy if he would give her to me for life. I left him the happiest man in the world.

My house in Kensington is not large, but is as bright and cheerful as any for miles round, and my wife is the most devoted and beautiful of her sex.

Murphy, who had so much to do with the sad hiatus in my life, has settled down in London. He lives on the bounty of his daughter, but not in her house. O'Brallagan was willing to consent to any thing but that. He has become the leading orator at a discussion forum held in a tavern near Fleet Street, where he is nightly listened to with open-mouthed attention by the lawyers' clerks and newspaper reporters frequenting that haunt. I occasionally encounter him in the vicinity of Temple Bar. He invariably celebrates such occasions by endeavoring to obtain my name to a bill, failing which he borrows half a crown, amidst many adjurations to the respectable shades of his ancestors to avert their heads and drop a tear, lest in witnessing the progress of the negotiation they should infer the decline of their house.

## THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.\*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Nineteenth Paper.]

### III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XV.

THE impulse had been given, and the extreme Hegelian Left rose naturally from the development of the new dialectic. The master had stopped half-way, as his disciples thought, and they deduced the consequences of his doctrine with an irresistible rigor. The new school rejected two principles—in philosophy the transcendental principle, in politics the monarchical. The young Hegelians were much more radical than their immortal master, much more revolutionary, and they were impatient to realize the ideas of the new science. They were to form chiefly the nucleus of the republican party, young as well in soul as in body, resolved to wake up the old Germany from its spiritualist sleep and to plunge it in the material realities of life, so that, placed in intimate contact with society and with the earth, it might feel the desire to improve them.

Two principles divide the scientific world, the transcendental and the inherent. According to the first, the fundamental ideas of our mind have their origin, their absolute reality, in God. According to the second,

fundamental ideas have their sole origin and source in ourselves, their reality in life and in nature, their development in history, and their movement in dialectics. The Hegelians of the extreme Left decided for the inherent principle, believing and declaring that in every transcendental principle there is something of divine right, and in every principle of divine right there is a germ of monarchy and theocracy, and consequently reaction and slavery. The idea developing itself dialectically, without coming from the divine or going to the divine, as in the great system, but from nature to humanity, and from humanity to nature—the idea is incessant progress, because there is nothing inert, and every thing is impelled by movement in the universe, ideas as well as beings.

This neo-Hegelian tendency has close relations with that of the penultimate period of the ancient philosophy. The great speculations had entirely ended. Aristotle and Plato had closed their books, and had placed upon them the seal of their genius, transmitting them to posterity as a testimony of the Hellenic genius. Their disciples left the heights of the ideal for the reality, abstractions for practical life. They thus brought forth the most important social work of ancient times, Roman law, and

\* Continued from the August number, page 428.

the essentially practical people, the people-king.

Every great doctrine, by an irresistible force, descends to reality. That which appears most distant from the world, asceticism, changes at once into the practical and the worldly, in the organization of the monastic orders. Examine them, and you will see how they are transformed and descend to real life. What a difference there is between the ascetic monks, penitent and solitary, in the early ages of Christianity, in perpetual communication with God, in mystic separation from the world, fed by the dates of the desert, without any occupation but meditation, or any hope but the dream of death, and the providential monk, St. Benedict, who, in the middle of the sixth century, calls back the ascetics, gives them the spade and the pen to open furrows in the soil and furrows in the conscience! What an abyss separates the Franciscans, those monks who returned to primitive Christianity, from the Jesuits, filled only with the ideas of the world, of material influence, of religious and political power!

It was thus with the neo-Hegelians; their aspiration was essentially practical; they descended from the clouds. They ransacked the depths of abstract ideas to modify reality and social life, because they considered that otherwise the work of two centuries was lost, and all German science shipwrecked. Their metaphysics had a close relation with their political and social ministry. It was of no use to talk to them of Catholic theology or of Protestant theology, they have been the ruling principle of kings; nor to talk to them of religion or of metaphysics, which have materially poisoned the people. All which touches the ultramundane life wastes time, talent, vigor, and mind, which might transform the life of this world. War to tradition, war to the highest and most permanent of these traditions, that of theology. The social world must receive a new movement, and this system does with respect to society and to science as the system of Copernicus to astronomy. Providence moves atoms, stirs life, transforms the species, agitates society, impels generations, gives life and laws, engenders new arts and new sciences, reveals new rights, crystallizes unknown institutions, spreads torrents of the electricity of life and of revolutions, is the cosmogonic movement which impels without pause and without end all ideas and things.

We must confess that the blonde and dreamy Germany, lost in its historic idealism, needed a shaking up of this kind, of this violence, if it was to transform its social life in accordance with the principles of our time. It had emancipated the conscience, diffused liberty of thought, placed above the altars the oracle of reason, opened the

horizons of an infinite progress, given to the world the communion of all ideas; and under the very splendor of all these sciences, this horizon charged with innumerable worlds, there lay a land filled with feudal castles, the mother of lords and slaves, divided among more than twenty petty tyrants, marked with the seal of ancient empire, home of all the old ideas which have died in the universal sentiment, and which have been rejected by peoples less cultivated as relics of the Middle Ages. It was necessary to undermine the thrones, to attack the kings, to arm the peasants with the fury of the times of the Reformation, to destroy the feudal cavaliers, to take privileges by assault, to warm the blood of the new ideas in the veins of a great democracy, and to throw under the wheels of its triumphal car the old thrones and the old altars, the Protestant theology and divine right, monarchical principles and all religions, the old empires and the old churches.

So that this new evolution was the most political of all the evolutions of German science, but it was at the same time philosophical, literary, and, above all, religious, like the former evolutions. The chief of the extreme Hegelian Left is Feuerbach, an illustrious philosopher and writer. Son of a learned lawyer belonging to the school called "rigorist," on account of its devotion to the letter of the law, he began his career studying theological science, and ended by devoting himself to the cultivation of philosophical science. An enthusiastic disciple of Hegel, thanks to the teaching of his master, Daub, he withdrew from the doctrine of the philosopher to found another with a more human, progressive sentiment. Hegelianism is the Bible, and neo-Hegelianism is the gospel of the new science. The foundation of the doctrine is this: Religion replaces the perpetual laws of nature with the arbitrary human will converted to a God. Catholicism is at bottom the renunciation of our true life, and the sacrifice of the more essential portion of our being, of reason, and, to a certain point, of nature. Protestantism, in spite of the human principle of the liberty of conscience, has become so mystic that its teachers have discovered theology in all sciences, and have written even the theology of insects. True religion consists in the recognition of our dependence upon nature and our submission to nature. It seems to him more logical to regard, like the Mexicans, the sun as God, rather than the abstract principles created and adored by modern peoples. As one of the Incas was listening to the pious sermon of a Spanish missionary, he said, "Your God is dead, but mine is the sun which never dies." Feuerbach admires this phrase, which seems to him superior to all orthodox dogmatism. Because if the world was created by a su-

pernatural being, it is itself supernatural. Life does not descend from the absolute. It comes forward from the inorganic to the organic, from the animal to the rational, from unconsciousness to conscience. The second cause, which the theologians abandon for the first cause, explains creation in all its harmony.

God does not brandish the thunder-bolt. His breath is not the hurricane, nor his vesture the sky, nor his crown the sun. The pile of Volta, the variations of the atmosphere, the discoveries of Lavoisier, the solar spectrum, are more religious than mystic transports and legendary miracles. The creation of man by the Divine breath thrown upon a clay statue is purely legendary. Organic life is produced, wherever there are conditions favorable to organisms, by progress of matter. Man came into existence when the earth became humanized, that is to say, when it had the means of producing this superior species. It is said that we were born from the womb and not from the head, in blood and tears, and not in torrents of uncreated light; it is sad to die and be decomposed; but he who does not wish to pass through these conditions of life should renounce living. Eternity is like vacancy; there is no life there. When a child asks its mother how its little brothers are born, she answers with some fable, saying that a fairy brought them, or that the nurse fished them out of the pond. In like manner the theologians explain the advent of species on the scene of the world.

But to whom shall we fly in our troubles, if heaven is empty, if we are all orphans? To this question Feuerbach resolutely answers, "To no one." Nature takes little care of individuals. It fulfills its laws with mathematical exactitude, and produces life with complete spontaneity. Little does it matter if some fall into misfortune and others into death. Formerly nature was peopled with demons, in the more mystic times of the Middle Ages. The aroma of the rose, the song of the nightingale, the first ray of the sun refracted in the tremulous dew-drop, were temptations of the devil. Now nature is made divine; every thing in it is of God; but neither before nor since has there been any such superior agency in its breast. Nature is natural. It is neither demoniac nor divine. Religion is being converted purely into morality, and in proportion as it is converted into morality it is destroyed, because the essence of religions is not morality, but dogma.

When Homer invoked the muse, he did it because he considered her outside of himself, when, in fact, this muse was his inner fancy. The human race calls upon God, thinking Him outside of us, and He is within us. God is humanity. The unity of God is the unity of the human conscience.

Created beings do not explain the Creator, because nature produces through necessity, and not through any superior and arbitrary will outside of itself or superior to its essence.

The modern world should cease to be religious. When Kant said that the essence of the Christian religion is morality, he destroyed the Christian religion, as Aristotle, when he said that the essence of the pagan gods was thought, destroyed paganism. And the modern world should cease to be religious because all religion is essentially reactionary. God, as a father, exercises His paternal authority by means of His delegates, the kings. Every worship supposes a mediator between God and man, a genuine priesthood. Every priesthood composes a caste; every caste oppresses and degrades.

Feuerbach frequently gives vent to his political ideas in the discussion of his religious ideas. Men who enslave themselves to God end by enslaving themselves to the king, in whom they discover God himself. The royal majesty dazzles them, and they permit it to dispose of life and death. Thus kings and emperors are called Majesty, something superior and supernatural; and men, subjected to superstition, come to imagine that the earth would be destroyed if we tore away from it the throne of the king or the sacred seat of the pope. You can not expect sentiments of progress where religious fatalism predominates. Man submits to misfortune and evil because he believes them the work of God, and can not look forward to reformation or social improvement. The thought of the shortness of his life discourages him from any effort to better it; and as, among the ancient peoples, wealth grew, founded upon slavery, in modern times the insolent pride of the kings has been reared above the religious humiliations of the peoples.

There is, in Feuerbach's opinion, a parallel between political and religious errors. Religion comes from mystery, as monarchy does. Religion is imposed as an article of faith on the conscience, and monarchy as a supernatural force upon the will. Religion divides objects into sacred and profane, and monarchy divides men into aristocrats and plebeians, into the privileged and the subject. Religion sacrifices the conscience to its absurd principles, and monarchy natural justice to its false laws. Religion arbitrarily points out what must be true, although it may have nothing in common with the truth, and monarchy what shall be considered just, although it has nothing in common with justice. Religion places above all moral duties our duties toward God, and the monarchy above all political duties our duties toward the prince. Religion justifies its demands by its supernatural character, and monarchy its despotism by the reason

of state. Religion sacrifices the conscience on its altars, and when it seems necessary the monarchy sacrifices human life to its pride. Both obscure heaven and earth, oppress the state and man.

Stirner carried still further the ideas of Feuerbach. The theory of the I, whose object was to rescue the human personality from historic tyrannies, arrives at its highest exaltation, one may say its delirium, in this writer. "That which I know best in the world is my own being," he said; "that which I most love in the world is myself: consequently my liberty can and ought to have no restraint." The word God is utterly forgotten in his conception. He has substituted for it another word which he believes equally oppressive and reactionary, a species of God—humanity. There is nothing more than I. But this I, this individual, is it matter or spirit? they ask. And next Stirner declares that it is spirit. Then other Hegelians, equally exalted, accuse him of being religious and reactionary and a pietist, and they argue that there is nothing in the universe but matter, brute matter. Thought is evolved from matter, as magnetism from the magnetized body, as the aroma from the calyx of the flowers, as warmth from light. Thought is a secretion of the brain. The will is a mechanical force, which is determined by nutrition and aliment. Giving themselves up to this materialism, the Hegelians imagined that they were burying the ancient beliefs, and with them the traditional and historic kings which had been nourished and maintained by them.

The true chief of the school in the sphere of politics, the most persevering in purpose, the most elevated in ideas, a writer of great merit, is Arnold Ruge. The principal work of his life consisted in demonstrating to modern Germany that the artistic and the theoretical period was passing for her, and that she should now begin practical political life by means of free states organized in republics. And, in fact, this nation, which had resisted the yoke of the Roman Empire, which claims the glory of having cast into our life the leaven of liberty, which applied the democratic principle to the personality at the close of the ancient world and the ancient state, which emancipated the conscience in its religious revolution, matured human reason in its philosophy—this nation, devoted to song, to art, and to thought, and always tyrannized and oppressed, appears like those Græculi of Rome, learned, poetical, wise, skillful in every handiwork of wit, clever sculptors and musicians, profound philosophers and eloquent rhetoricians, but slaves without dignity of soul, with the mark of their humiliation on their flesh, and whose only world was the apartments of the slaves.

Political emancipation ought to be direct-

ed by philosophical thought, according to Ruge. Scientific ideas are mere skeletons, souls without bodies, vapors dissipated in the air, if they remain on the summits of intelligence, and are not even gradually filtered into the soil of reality. Every great philosophical movement has produced moral, political, and social movements in the various spheres of life. The thought of antiquity, the science of Greece, bequeathed to the modern world two capital works, Roman law and Christianity. German philosophy, after having sounded the depth of modern thought, after having run through all the spheres of universal life, would remain sterile and barren, far off in the void, if it were not to bring germs at least of new institutions, the matter of new laws, to practical life.

Imbued with these ideas, greatly excited by them, eager for the regeneration of Germany, Ruge came to the German Parliament, and placed himself at the head of the twenty-seven republican deputies who were there. This number proves how little advance had been made in our ideas in reality, in spite of the great movement produced in science. Among seven hundred German deputies who had come together in Frankfurt, twenty-seven only professed the true doctrines of democracy, after the establishment of the republic in France, and the profound revolution which had moved the very heart of Germany. This proves that to impel a people in its course it is not enough to feed it with abstract ideas alone. It is necessary to combine thought and action, science and life, theory and reality, because otherwise the soul soars away on the wings of vague dreams toward the infinite, while the body lies inert and cold on the damp straw of dungeons.

Germany elected an Austrian archduke as vicar of the empire. Ruge, seeing there was nothing to hope for, left Frankfurt, and bound himself indissolubly to Prussia, looking to her for the two works which he thought indispensable—the national work of German unity, and the human work of its democratic liberation. In the journal, *The Reform*, published in Berlin, and sustained with as much vigor as eloquence, Ruge preached these salutary ideas, and continued this work, so meritorious and so worthy of humanity and his country. But the political reaction came, and confiscated his paper and condemned him to exile. Thence he went to Frankfurt, and thence to Baden, where the revolution broke out. His friends induced him to go to Paris, and come to some understanding with the Mountain in the Constituent Assembly, to organize the republican movement throughout Europe. Useless attempt. The reaction was beginning, and the democratic spirit was declining. The republic, which had come to France

by one of those sudden revolutionary outbreaks which show all the force of a new idea, was wounded to death by the errors of its own partisans. They forgot that by uniting it with the Utopian ideal they forced it necessarily to abortion. They forgot that sudden catastrophes engendered nothing, while slow evolutions of matter and of thought engendered science and life, as slow evolutions of society found secure and great liberties. They left out of view one of the indispensable terms of all political organism, authority, stability, the historical conditions of the time, and they seemed to think that one hour of the republic was to cure, as if by miracle, the evils of twenty generations of monarchy. They thought that after three days of revolution, like those of February, there could come revolutions without number, being ignorant of the fact that there are in the spirit action and reaction, as flux and reflux in the ocean, and that after a year we find ourselves in the period of reaction. And without having learned any thing in the mournful teachings of the days of June, 1848, they set about to complete their ruin in June, 1849. They resorted anew to insurrections, and precipitated themselves into reaction, awakening from their historic errors and their political hallucinations in bitter exile. Ledru-Rollin, in the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, led the insurrection against the government for its absurd intervention in Rome—a crime of the President and the Chamber which could not be cured by a madness of the Mountain. After the mutiny he went to London, and in company with him Ruge formed a part of the Central European Committee, which was to labor industriously, though vainly, for the new revolution.

It is another error of European revolutionists to imagine that they can construct a revolution at their pleasure. These universal, creative, extraordinary acts are not in the power of any individual. They are formed like rain or electricity in the great laboratory of social life. In the year 1866, when it was least expected, a portion of their ideas found its sudden realization, a portion of their wrongs complete vengeance. Prussia rose, uniting the spirit of Luther against the Roman pontificate with the spirit of Frederick the Great against the Austrian Empire and the spirit of all the great thinkers of Germany against the division of the country; and in the battle of Sadowa it struck to the earth the giant which had formed the alliance with theocracy to corrupt and oppress the understanding, the supporter of all reactionary ideas, the enemy of all democratic ideas, the Austrian Empire. Since then Ruge has been more German than republican, either through the disillusion suffered in a long life or through that patriotism which always becomes ex-

aggerated in exile. The truth is that having begun by demanding an alliance of Germany with the republican party of France against Bonaparte, he ended by saying, at the fall of Bonaparte, that the French republic was maintaining a war of conquest, when in fact it was maintaining a war of defense, and to approve the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, when in fact they are the germ of international war, and therefore of a vicious and terrible Cæsarism.

In spite of this error, his services to universal democracy are inestimable, and should be gratefully guarded in the memory of the world. Opposed from his earliest years to despotism; enemy of a state which gave place only to the personality of the monarch and of a Church ruled by an intolerant orthodoxy; a consistent conspirator and an ardent publicist from his childhood; a prisoner for a year in Köpenick and for five in Colberg—worthy, therefore, of that consideration which is due to suffering and to martyrdom; a great agitator in captivity, when his still free spirit communicated with all the ideas of his time; editor of the *Annals of Halle*, which agitated opinion and kept alive the ideas of liberty and progress in the national conscience; a constant terror of the German courts and of the kings and princes, frightened at the boldness of his polemic; opposed to the Utopia which has destroyed so many high intelligences, as is shown by his disputes with the socialists; a tribune of liberty in Frankfort, journalist of liberty in Berlin, and rationalist in Leipzig, every where defender of the new ideas, his name is indissolubly connected with the history of the republican movement in Germany and in Europe, and his numerous works, in which passion is seen united to the idea, have given great light to the rising generation, and have kept alive among them during adverse days the hope of a resurrection.

It was necessary that Germany should return to that practical sense which in the sixteenth century it had shown as few peoples have done. As soon as Luther hurled against the religious powers his fiery defiance, there resounded, like the shock of an earthquake, the revolution in the fields. The interior world was never moved and troubled without the outer world sharing in the disturbance. The time was past in which a revolution could remain isolated in the conscience, as it happened in the end of the ancient world and the beginning of our era. Every word should have for its echo a deed. When the foundations of religious faith were moved, the old structure of the political organization should fall by its own weight. Luther himself, although he principally endeavored to strike at Catholicism, to renovate the Church, to bring a free life to the conscience, several times

diverted his attention to political matters, and wrote with a master-hand of those kings who were sent by the wrath of God to nations, and branded with the bitterest epithets especially Henry the Eighth of England. The poorest serf felt in that religious renovation something like a song of liberty. Continually rising in arms, bearing as their ensign against the shining boots of the lords the hobnailed shoes of the peasants, they had never been definitely beaten; and in that supreme hour of the Reformation they had heard of the Gospel, of the inner liberty, of Christian equality, and they wished to see if all these ideas could be united on the soil of their fields, moistened by their sweat and tears; and the feudal castles crumbled, and the shadows of tyranny vanished, and its handcuffs and pillories were destroyed, and the peasants in the fury of war demanded the abolition of corvees, of fiefs, and of titles, and all those taxes which made them not only slaves, but kept them in hunger and misery. As it always happens when there is in human society an irresistible aspiration, it was found in this case personified in one man. Muntzer was intoxicated with the revolutionary idea. He converted it into torrents of eloquence, cursing the kings who oppressed the peoples, and the reformers who closed the way of pure ideas to reality. He struck the alarm-bell which responded to the fury of the peasants. He brought together thirty or forty thousand men, excited by revolutionary passion, and they scattered all the horrors and disasters of premature revolution. He maintained his banner of equality until, persecuted, hunted like a wild beast, he fell, conquered by the artillery of kings, amidst seas of blood and heaps of corpses, for having desired to realize, with vigorous logic, though extravagant measures, the political revolution contained within the Reformation. It would seem that in that moment Germany lost the sentiment of reality. The fact is, that having given to the modern democratic movement its impulse, with the steam of the new idea, with the Reformation, it left to another more practical people—the Anglo-Saxons—to deduce in America its ultimate consequences, to found a state without hereditary hierarchies, animated and sustained solely by the ideas of liberty and equality.

Ruge complains bitterly of this, and often repeats that Germany has not this gift to carry to the sphere of practical reality the pure ideas of her conscience, and that she has left this great ministry to another people of the Germanic family in the New World. If we look for the cause, we soon see that in the Germanic movement there is much brilliance of ideal, much spirit of innovation in impulse, much revolutionary force in procedure, but there is not that

good sense, that moderation, that knowledge of things, that line drawn between the ideal and the possible, which explains the success of the American Revolution and the perpetuity of its progressive institutions. In every important revolution there are great exaggerations, which perhaps serve to moderate it and convert it to reality. In the Reformation the Anabaptists appeared; in the English revolution the Levelers; in the first French revolution the Babeu-fists, in the second the Socialists, and in the third the Communists—as in the last Spanish revolution appeared those who, guided by a false conception of federalism, wished to destroy the mighty work of our ancestors, the national unity, and even to deliver up its scattered fragments in the guardianship of foreign nations. All nations who are not able to control this exaggeration, which is done through the mysterious union of social forces and through the action of laws as yet unknown, either succumb or go backward. Only to prudent peoples is liberty conceded. Perhaps in the republican party of Germany in 1848 there was, as among the peasants, a surplus of aspiration and a deficiency of practical knowledge, universal hopes, and scanty attention to the means by which they were to incarnate their ideas in reality.

Ruge was not contented with preaching practical politics. He took part in the philosophical and religious movement, like a good German. His doctrine was an offshoot of ancient rationalism. The philosophy of the eighteenth century denied superstition, and the philosophy of this century fights it. When the mind is freed from superstition it is necessary to bring in the conception of right, which springs from philosophy. For this purpose no effort, however great, is enough in view of the resistance of reality. The Hegelians pretended that the idea made itself real through its own virtue in its perpetual movement. Every moment of history is, in their opinion, good, because it is born of the preceding moment, and gives birth to the succeeding ones, with inevitable logic, the real and necessary law of things. These points of view, these respites given to the impatience of progress, have a great attraction to many dreamers, who are addicted to thinking that it is enough to formulate the pure conception of right, the true organism of the state, to have them promptly incarnated in reality. Ruge thought this tendency as fatal as reaction, because it condemned Germany to contemplation, when her only salvation was through action.

And he believed, like all the young Hegelian school, that the only means of opposing the somnolence of the German character was in combating its vague religious spiritualism. If you make nature fanciful, he said, if you place in its breast good and evil genuses mingled, you will have the origin of

religions. Ignoring the laws of the universe, they substituted an arbitrary will, which at its caprice grants or denies life to bodies and pardon to souls. Christianity putting forward the doctrine of sacrifice is a renewal of Buddhism. The poetical conception of the universe has given life to the Christian religion. The birth of Christ, His death, His resurrection, His passion, His principal feasts, are, like those of the Greeks, only so many symbols of nature and of its immortal poetry. Christ would have succeeded in what the ancients attempted, converting religion into a pure humanism, if there had not been mingled with His ideas the mythological falsehoods of the supernatural and the marvelous. Science destroys the supernatural, and declares that the incarnation of God can only take place in history. The supreme being is thought and action. The supreme good is the free democratic state. For man to feel the virtue of new ideas and the necessity of arriving at this state, he must undo the conception of the primal fall, of original sin, which enfeebles the will, obscures the understanding, impedes the development of humanity, and converts into a punishment the first of all merits, that of labor. And when in place of this false theological conception is substituted the true scientific conception of his nature, the hour of social transformation will have come, and with it the advent of these three existences necessary to the modern world, liberty, democracy, and the republic.

### A PAIR OF SCALES.

IT was nearly noon, the sun at its zenith, but the solid row of brown-stone fronts on Blank Street remained impervious to the heat and glare of the warm spring day. The heavy cornices at the roof took a warmer tinge, and a few oblique rays made the marble vestibule hot to the buskined feet of the butler at No. 7, but did not penetrate through the first layer of leather in the cowhide boots of John Dobson. He stumped up the broad steps, clattering his umbrella, and pulled the silver knob with a force that made the gong resound through the high halls of the interior. That boom had something portentous about it. Never before had the gong been stretched to its fullest capacity for sound, and the butler opened the door with a frown. Upon seeing the round rubicund face of Mr. Dobson, with its long cunning eyes, its protruding lips, and firm solid chin, the frown upon the face of the butler deepened into a grimace of disgust; he did not unfasten the chain, but simply shook his head.

"Nobody at home," he said, with laconic severity.

"Oh, I guess there is," said Mr. Dobson.

"I rather think you can find some one, young man, if you look pretty hard. Just tell your young lady that Mr. Dobson's here, and wants to see her mother if she can make it convenient; and in the mean time be kind enough to undo that contrivance there and let me in, for the sun's pretty hot outside here."

The butler undid the chain without a word, and Mr. Dobson entered. There was something in the grocer's manner that told the shrewd servant further resistance was useless.

"The game's played," said the butler to himself, as he found Mr. Dobson passing the chairs in the hall, and making his way into the sacred precincts of the drawing-room. "It's all up," he repeated, for the butler knew pretty well, as did all the other dependents in the household, that for many a month they had been hanging upon the edge of Mr. Dobson's leniency.

When he put his ear to the keyhole a little later, his worst suspicions were confirmed.

"Oh, your mother can't see me, hey?" said Mr. Dobson; "she's not very well, you say? She never is when I'm around. One would think there was something about me that sickened her delicate taste. Well, I don't know as it makes much difference. Just tell her for me, will you, that there'll be a red flag at the door on Wednesday morning, and every thing 'll go without reserve."

The grocer got upon his feet and took his hat from the floor; he looked with one comprehensive glance about him, and took a step to the door. That look gave a desperate courage to Miss Livingstone, for it spoke of ownership, and said plainly enough that from that moment he was the master there.

"Stay, Mr. Dobson," cried poor Kate, with a gesture of entreaty. "There is one favor—a very great favor—I must ask of you."

Mr. Dobson looked upon the young girl with a cautious yet curious reserve. He distrusted and yet was gratified by this concession on the part of a Livingstone.

"It ain't any more delays, is it? No flummery of that kind?"

"No, no," said Kate. "Heaven knows I am glad to be done with this agony of suspense."

Mr. Dobson's face softened more and more.

"If it's any of these gimcracks about," he blurted out, generously; "any of these figgers or pictures—hang it, you can have the pianny there, if you want it; there's plenty more for Mary Jane where that came from."

"No, no, Mr. Dobson, nothing for myself; but oh, Mr. Dobson, my mother! She is no longer young; she is not strong; she must not know the depth of our reverses. Give me, I beg of you, the furniture in my mother's room!"