

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

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[Sixteenth Paper.]

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

THE exaggerations of the orthodox school brought with them necessarily a genuine impulse toward the philosophical school. The most important at that time was the school of Hegel. In his desire to constitute a synthesis within which all the manifestations of activity should be embraced, Hegel accepts religion as a necessary phase of the spirit, as an incident required in the total development of the idea. In this point of view his system was of use to the theologians; but religion, superior to art, in Hegel's theory, is inferior to philosophy, and in this point of view the Hegelian system was of very little service to Protestant theologians. It was not possible that pious souls should admit human science as a worthier, purer, and more luminous manifestation of faith than the traditional revelations of God. The excesses of the theological school had been such that the general thought, flying from this dreary dogmatism, took refuge in philosophy, where at least the air of liberty came to soothe and refresh the spirit. One of the most eminent theologians of this time and of this tendency was Daub. He delighted especially in the contemplation of the Kantist formulas, of his categorical imperative, dictated by conscience as the supreme law of duty, his pure subjectivity where the individual recovered for himself all inner liberties, his severe and austere morality, his God buried in the icy deserts of those eminences where pure reason isolates itself, and afterward resuscitated in the deep valleys of reality and practical reason. And from the critical philosophy he precipitates himself with a leap, as if seized with dizziness, in the immense ocean of objective idealism, in its intoxicating life, its exuberant nature, its mysterious magnetism, its electric currents, in its gigantic flora of ideas, in its supernatural intuition, its miracles, and its revelations. He goes next, as if weary of repose and abhorrent of constancy, toward Hegelianism, and its eternal voyages from primitive being to the idea, thence to the dialectic, and thence through nature to the state, where it is developed in a thousand forms, and lives through innumerable ages; to art, which places the material universe above the conscience in the East, which harmonizes spirit and matter in Greece, which raises the soul above nature in the modern world; to pass thence to religion, and thence to philosophy, always in accordance with the law of contradiction, which engen-

ders open oppositions and resolves them into sublime syntheses and trinities; to arrive at last to the full consciousness of self, and to be the idea, through superhuman efforts and successive developments, of an eternal and absolute God.

Marheineke is the great theologian of the Hegelian school. He struggles consequently against all the extremists, as well against those who give themselves up, retrograding to objective idealism, as against those who fall into the excesses and the violences of the extreme Hegelian Left. Science is the logical development of the idea in itself, and theology, consequently, the logical development of the idea as God. The idea of God is not a mere representation of God, not a mere mirror where God is reflected. It is God Himself, eternal in the thought of man. The idea of God has three forms, Scripture, faith, and science. The idea of God does not begin with knowledge of itself, but only when an object exterior to it strongly invites it to define and concrete itself, and this object is the gospel. Hence revelation, to which the new-born idea must submit itself blindly, as the child submits to its mother; and from revelation, regarded as supernatural, proceeds blind and obedient faith. But this primitive faith, this blind belief, is the first sketch of knowledge and the most elementary grade of the idea. There is no certainty except when the object of faith recognizes itself through philosophy as identical and one with the content of subjective conscience. Dogma is faith comprehending itself. Therefore, as the knowledge of God does not reveal itself in man except through thesis and antithesis, dogma does not present itself except in the form of contradiction; but as all contradictions are finally resolved into harmony, the discovery of these principles is destined to reconcile all the churches.

The division of the system is explained by these philosophical premises. In its logical development the divine idea, God, is conceived first as an absolute and consequently impersonal substance. Thus the being of God and His attributes constitute the first part of dogmatic theology. Distinguishing afterward from this absolute spirit, the spirit which thinks, which loves, which adores, the dogma in its second part treats of the God-man revealed in His Son. The divine idea in Christ breaks the subjective form, and rises, without ceasing to be individual, to the universal, as Christ, without ceasing to be man, becomes God,

until the spirit acquires full and divine knowledge of itself in the bosom of the church; and the science of the church forms the third section of dogma.

If man denies himself the possibility of comprehending God, he denies God at the same time, because the thought of man is no other than the creative thought. God is comprehensible. The knowledge of God is called religion. Religious history is the development of the labor employed to arrive at the idea of God, and the development of the labor employed through the idea of God to arrive in turn to a full consciousness of self. The Christian religion is the definitive religion, because in it the spirit arrives at the full evidence of its own absolute being. As the idea of God is God comprehending Himself, there could be no other proof of the existence of God except this. God is thought; and as thought is identical with being, God is being. His attributes relate to substantivity, the Father, to subjectivity, the Son, and to beatitude, the Holy Spirit.

Creation is eternal, incessant, without any kind of interruption or eclipse: necessary, because without it God would be no more than an abstraction. The object of nature is to reveal God to God Himself. Identical with the absolute as to its essence, diverse as to its individuality, the human soul is the image of God. The identity which fuses the finite spirit with the infinite, as the fetus is one with the womb of its mother, constitutes innocence or the unconscious state. The spirit is soon distinguished into subjective and objective, and consequently distinguished from God. The individual soon comes to egoism, and subjects the world to his pleasure. Hence the birth of evil. Sin has its root in the nature of man; sin is original, a vice inherent in our nature. Man can not exist without God, nor God without man, because the finite needs the infinite, and the infinite the finite. God is essentially God-man, and man essentially man-God, and religions have no other object than to make the man divine and God human. Christianity is the absolute synthesis of the finite and the infinite.

The work of Christ is the realization of the divine ideal of the human individuality; every thing for the world, nothing for Himself, is His motto. He thus dominates instinct, effaces every sin, subjects every passion, and is the luminous centre of history. Christ will always be called the Redeemer, because He has shown us with the example of His life and of His death that it is possible to attain holiness. His life is the realization of justice existing in human nature. God is decomposed into the Trinity and recomposed into Unity. The individual dies, but the personality is immortal, and from grade to grade of perfection rises to God.

XIII.

From the moment when reason appropriated to a philosophical school all religious dogmas, it was necessary, as an additional term in the logical series of the progressive development of the idea, that some one should come who should carry out this thought to its furthest result, and conclude by opposing Christianity. The school of Hegel had been divided since the death of the great master into Right, Centre, and Left. The Right formed a party in philosophy conservative of the pure idea of the master, and in politics conservative of the hereditary monarchy, of the death penalty, and especially of those theories of "representative men," as the illustrious Emerson calls them, of the men who represent ideas and ages, which Hegel extended to the kings of art, science, and industry, to the possessors of genius by divine grace and direction, to the kings of the spirit, but which the kings of the world limited to their traditional dynasties, as Napoleon the Third did in his celebrated history of the life of Cæsar. The Centre preserved the philosophical ideas of the master, but gave to his political ideas a more liberal and progressive sense. The extreme Left transformed every thing; it admitted the movement of the idea, the current of dialectics, but it eliminated in this movement and this current a most essential term and indispensable point, the generator of successive ideas in the Hegelian system. It eliminated religion, opposing it as contrary to science and progress, and admitted in politics the pure democracy, pure justice, the republic, presenting in its principles the ideal of the new society. But there is among these thinkers one man who, theologian by profession, and not philosopher, was to rouse either for or against him the enthusiasm of the whole world with a work of religious criticism, and who, admitting the philosophical sentiment of the extreme Hegelian Left with respect to religion, was to contest its entire political sentiment. These words will clearly indicate the most noisily famous writer of modern Germany, the one most attacked and criticised, Strauss, author of the *Life of Jesus*, the object of so many controversies, whose stormy life, whose numerous writings, and whose radical inconsistencies throw a great light upon the moral state of Germany, and have strongly influenced its political movement and its historical crises. The ancient Suabia is a most delightful region, varied in its landscapes, watered by clear rivulets and deep rivers, covered with cultivated fields and wild forests; with smiling hills and lofty mountains; rich in pastures where magnificent herds are fed, and in vineyards where delicious grapes are gathered; beautiful through the fecundity of its nature, still more through the virtue of labor. This

region has produced bands of poets whose glory has extended through all Germany. Here was born the great philosopher, Hegel, and his unfaithful disciple, Dr. Strauss. It is useless to recur to biographers to know the life of this man, the sentiments and the sensations of his early years, the parents who gave him being and who reared him, the masters who instructed him, the development of his intelligence, the life of his heart, because he himself has revealed all this to the world, and transmitted it to history in pages and fragments which are remarkable for their fluency of phrase and their purity of taste.

He has written, in pages full of a delicate poetry, of his mother repeating to her children, and offering them as an example to imitate, the life of their pious grandmother. You need not seek in these narratives the tragic art of Rousseau, who in his birth gave death to her who gave him life, and whose whole life was as troubled as if he ran above chasms opening into hell. The house where Strauss was born and grew up was full of that intimate poetry of the heart which does so much to vivify and maintain the sentiment of individuality among the German race. His mother was early left an orphan. Her maternal grandfather received and educated her in accordance with his humble means with the most tender affection and the deepest care. This grandfather had a business house, where he taught his grandchild some knowledge of affairs. He had a productive vineyard, where she acquired a love for the country and for nature. When the grapes began to ripen he did not permit her to gather them, but when the time of the vintage came she was free to eat all she chose. In that little village, which the writer blesses as the cradle of his happiness, his mother went to the simple school of the last century, where she learned to read in only one book—the Scriptures; to cipher in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. She knew no French, nor even classic German. She spoke in the Suabian dialect, but she astonished every one by her solid information, common-sense, great memory, and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in which even her son never surpassed her, in spite of his long career as theologian. Her grandfather assisted in her education, and she always preserved for him a religious veneration. On one of her birthdays her husband hung upon the wall a common oil portrait of her grandfather, a copy of an older one, and when she came in and saw it she was profoundly moved by the delicate surprise, weeping at once with grief and joy.

In Stuttgart, where she was sent to learn to sew and to cook, she married the father of Strauss, who was also a merchant, al-

though he was dependent upon other associates, and therefore without any control of the business. In 1807 Strauss was born. A few years after his birth his father, in his forty-fifth year, became director of the house; but this position, which he had so desired, only served to ruin him. The war of independence and the financial measures of Napoleon destroyed his establishment and dissipated his dreams of fortune. The father of Strauss was learned in classic literature, an indefatigable reader of Horace and Virgil, whose writings he always carried under his arm, and an amateur of bees, those daughters of light and mothers of honey, who offer us in their products the blood and the soul of flowers, and delight us with the monotonous music of their vibrating wings. He should have been a man of letters or a philosopher, and not a merchant, for which business he had no talent or fitness. He would have become bankrupt if it had not been for the labor of his wife, her economy, her zeal, her knowledge of household affairs; she passed her life in suffering and in hiding her sufferings from the family. She had always desired to own a vineyard, as in her childhood, but never had been able to procure one. A relation ceded her a little piece of garden, and she there planted household vegetables, and with them roses and violets and other modest flowers, devoting herself thus to nature, and praising God in songs as spontaneous as those of birds. What a pain for this pious woman was the publication of the *Life of Jesus*! She did not share in her son's ideas; she had not forgotten the faith learned in her church and her Protestant school; but she would not admit that evil motives, offended pride, disappointed ambition, a desire of celebrity or glory, had guided his pen. Nevertheless, intolerant orthodoxy and savage pietism extended even to the mother the insults heaped upon the son, and embittered the last days of this good woman, who had educated him in the severest virtue by her example, and in the divine language of mothers had inspired him with the Christian faith.

From the house of his father Strauss went to the monastery of Blaubeuren, founded by the Benedictines in the eleventh century as a religious house, transformed by the Reformation into a seminary of young ecclesiastics, presided over by a rector called an Ephor, seconded by various professors called Repetents, adorned with ogive windows of evident antiquity, broken by vaulted cloisters whose roofs were groined in oak, full of seminarists who had left the shelter of their families to fall under the severe discipline of conventual life and excessive labor, sometimes above their powers, unsuited to their age, and only interrupted by occasional walks in common and occasional loud prayers and choral songs.

His two principal masters there were Bauer and Kern, men of genuine learning; the first more thoughtful and more devoted to the diffusion of his thought; the second more scholarly, with great talent for assimilation, but undecided in his religious faith. The former, professor of the Latin and Greek prose writers, read delightedly with his pupils the dialogues of Plato. The other, professor of the Latin and Greek poets, read with equal enthusiasm the verses of Homer and Sophocles. The one more philosopher than philologist in his teachings; the other a consummate man of letters and artist—both excellent educated men. Nevertheless, both had grave defects for the secondary education. They passed the limits proper to their work. They took no account of the tender age and intelligence of their pupils. They went so high and so far that they lost themselves in the immense heaven of thought, forgetting the young in their mud nests, where their slender wings were as yet scarcely fledged to follow them—cir-

cumstances injurious to most, and only favorable to the strong precocious character of the young theologian, who gave promise even then of those tongues of fire which were one day to illuminate his brow.

Strauss has left us in the biography of his friend Marklin a description as well of the impression produced upon him by these masters as that produced by those scenes; the picturesque hills crowned with vineyards; the grim mountains covered with rocks and broken by perilous ravines; the smiling banks of the Neckar; the deep valleys opening between the narrow ranges; the vivifying air which was breathed on the lofty peaks; the recollections awakened by the ruined castles; the torrent of La Blau—which invited them to bathe in summer, but from which, though they entered white and rosy like good Germans, they would come out red and transformed into boiled lobsters—the lake which beyond the cloister mirrored the heaven on its tranquil surface like the lakes of Tyrol and Switzerland.

MISS ANGEL.

BY ANNE THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I.

A PRINT OF SIR JOSHUA'S.

YESTERDAY, lying on Mr. Colnaghi's table, I saw a print, the engraving of one of Sir Joshua's portraits. It was the picture of a lady some five or six and twenty years of age. The face is peculiar, sprightly, tender, a little obstinate. The eyes are very charming and intelligent. The features are broadly marked; there is something at once homely and dignified in their expression. The little head is charmingly set upon its frame. A few pearls are mixed with the heavy loops of hair; two great curls fall upon the sloping shoulders; the slim figure is draped in light folds fastened by jeweled bands, such as people then wore; a loose scarf is tied round the waist. Being cold, perhaps, sitting in Sir Joshua's great studio, the lady had partly wrapped herself in a great fur cloak. The whole effect is very good, nor is it an inconvenient dress to sit still and be painted in. How people *lived* habitually in such clothes I can not understand. But although garments may represent one phase after another of fashion, loop, writhes, sweep, flounce, wriggle themselves into strange forms, and into shapes prim or romantic, or practical, as the case may be, yet faces tell another story. They scarcely alter even in expression from one generation to another; the familiar looks come traveling down to us in all sorts of ways and vehicles; by paint, by marble, by words, by the music the musician left behind him, by in-

herited instincts. There is some secret understanding transmitted, I do believe, from one set of human beings to another, from year to year, from age to age, ever since Eve herself first opened her shining eyes upon the Garden of Innocence and flung the apple to her descendants.

This little head of which I am now writing has certainly a character of its own. Although it was great Sir Joshua himself who painted Miss Angel—so her friends called her—and set the stamp of his own genius upon the picture, although the engraver has again come between us to reproduce the great master's impression, beyond their art and unconscious influence, and across the century that separates the lady from the print lying on Mr. Colnaghi's table, some feeling of her identity seems to reach one as one stands there in the shop, after years of other things and people; an identity that seems to survive in that mysterious way in which people's secret intangible feelings do outlive the past, the future, and death, and failure, and even success itself. When I began to criticise the looks of my black-and-white heroine, and to ask myself if there was any thing wanting in her expression, any indescribable want of fine perceptive humor, the eyes seemed suddenly to look reproachfully and to refute my unspoken criticism.

Those outward signs that we call manners and customs and education have changed since that quick heart ceased to beat, since Miss Angel lived and ruled in her May-Fair kingdom; but the true things and significa-