

exceeding \$30,000. Petitions signed by over 3,000 names were sent to the Legislature requesting it to repeal this measure, and the Republican majority contemptuously refused to receive them with ordinary courtesy, and in the face of them declined to reconsider its action. The charge made against the movement is that the men in it are "Mugwumps" and "soreheads," or men who are too good for every-day politics. Yet, as we have intimated, they are the very flower of the State. They are the kind of men who made the Republican party a power in its best days. Many of them were Blaine men under protest in 1884, because they feared to trust the Democratic party. The very act which they are in revolt against now would in all probability never have been committed had they not thus surrendered to their fears two years ago.

Does anybody doubt that there are more Mugwumps in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts than there were two years ago? In the latter State what are the indications? Here is the *Boston Journal*, which advertised itself in 1884 as the only Republican morning newspaper in Boston whose conscience was equal to the strain of supporting the national Republican ticket, forced to protest against the conduct of the Massachusetts Republican Legislature for passing a bill for undermining the Civil-Service Reform Law. When the *Boston Journal* becomes "tainted" with Mugwumpism, it is time for the Republican party to get frightened. In New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey the original Mugwumps are not only solid in the faith, but they are reinforced by thousands of Prohibitionists who of themselves are numerous enough to hold the balance of power. The Prohibitionists are against the Republican party for a Mugwumpian reason—namely, that its candidates and conduct do not meet their approbation.

The leading Republican organ of Wisconsin, the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, protested the other day against the renomination of Mr. Blaine, on the express ground that the Independent vote was as hostile to him and men of his kind as ever. It said: "There is unquestionably a large class of voters who will support almost any other prominent Republican, but who will not vote for Mr. Blaine. Two years ago he lost this class of voters, and we have not heard of one among them who would be likely to support him in case of his renomination." The *Olean Times*, a Republican newspaper of this State, which admirably represents the conservative, common-sense views of rural Republican voters, takes a similar position. It says it supported Mr. Blaine in 1884, and will support him again if the "sense and voice of the party shall again concur in his nomination," but adds: "We think it would be a serious and are afraid it would prove a fatal mistake." Among its reasons for this belief the *Times* gives the following:

"Again, it will be said, it has been said, that Mr. Blaine was defeated by the Independent Republican vote, and he would not encounter that element of opposition in another canvass. Why not? We see no indications of their reconciliation to him. On the contrary, we fully believe that in a second candidacy the bolting vote against him would be greatly increased. Many men voted for him in 1884 who would vote for his adversary in 1888. The truth is, that there is in the party a large and influential class of

honest and earnest men who, while admitting Mr. Blaine to be an able man, still believe him to be somewhat sordid, and not by any means immaculate. The great majority of these preferred him to his adversary in spite of their scruples, and either voted for him or refused to vote at all. But this is not likely to happen again, and the probability is that that class of people, reinforced by many sympathizers, would vote in solid phalanx against him. We see no promise of recruits, but a rare prospect of desertions in the event of his renomination."

Of course there would be such desertions. Everybody knows that thousands of Republican voters were fairly forced into voting against their will for Mr. Blaine by their distrust of the Democratic party. They honestly believed that the country would be imperilled by the election of Mr. Cleveland. All these know now that they were mistaken, and if the opportunity recurs, they will join the Mugwump ranks. Indeed, nothing has done so much to stimulate Mugwumpism of all kinds as the overthrow of this bugaboo of danger from Democratic rule. If Mr. Blaine and his blind adherents fully realized this truth, we firmly believe he would lose all desire to be again a candidate.

THE EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH PRINCES.

THERE is a good deal of indignation and sorrow felt in Europe, even among good Liberals, over the bill which has passed the French Chamber and is now before the Senate, providing for the peremptory expulsion of the heads of all families which have ever reigned in France, and their direct heirs in the male line under the custom of primogeniture, but allowing the Government to exercise its discretion with regard to other members of these families. The persons at whom the bill is aimed are the Comte de Paris and his son; the Prince Napoleon and his son being probably thrown in merely to give the measure an appearance of fairness. The extreme Radicals have long been clamoring for something of this kind, but what has precipitated it is the marriage of the Comte de Paris's daughter to a son of the King of Portugal. On this occasion the Count gave a large reception, to which the whole diplomatic corps were invited, and President Grévy wrote a letter of congratulation to the King, as if it were a national affair.

But ever since the death of the Comte de Chambord, and the consequent transfer to the younger branch of the Bourbons of whatever claim the elder branch had on the French crown, the Comte de Paris has been an object of increasing suspicion on the part of the Republicans—a suspicion, too, for which, as long as there is a large monarchical party in France, there is absolutely no cure. There is a considerable body of rich and influential people in France who consider the Count entitled by divine right to reign over France and establish such institutions as would to him seem best. There is another and perhaps larger body of rich and influential people who, while thinking nothing of his divine right, nevertheless prefer a monarchical government, and think the heir of French kings is the best person to exercise it. In fact, everything which is called "society" in France—that is, the well-to-do class which takes its pleasure and

measures its success and importance in life by dining and picnicking and intermarrying with other well-to-do people—is still monarchical in its tastes, and has a great deal of reverence for a man who can show thirty-six generations of illustrious descent, and whose ancestors for nearly a thousand years were the foremost figures in French history and among the foremost in European history. In fact, there are not many Frenchmen, who know any history at all, whose imagination is not touched by facts like these. On the people, it is true, they have absolutely no hold. Mr. Hamerton, in his charming picture of French country life, 'Around My House,' mentions in illustration of this that when the Comte de Paris passed through the neighborhood there was probably not a peasant in the whole region who knew that he was the heir to the French throne, or anything about him, so completely has the monarchical tradition perished in the country districts. But this does not reassure French politicians. They have been so long accustomed to see the form of the government settled in Paris, and so long accustomed to see it carried on by people "in good society," that the doings and sayings of that class still fill them with anxiety. They are made nervous by the crowds of well-dressed people who accept the Comte de Paris's invitations, by the practice, both among them and among the army officers, of addressing him as "Monseigneur"—the old title which used to be reserved for princes of the blood and bishops—and by the eagerness even of military men to be among his friends or belong to his "set." They cannot believe that all this does not cover intrigues of some sort looking to a restoration, or that, as long as there are so many people ready to suggest a restoration, the Count himself can help thinking about it and seeking it.

They feel, moreover, that as long as the Count is the centre of a circle of this sort, and his movements are watched and chronicled by the press as those of an important personage, with a possible political future, the Republic will never assume in the eyes of the people that air of finality which is in France so necessary to the success of a government. Thus far the Republic has given no more proof of durability than any of the half-dozen governments which since the Revolution have preceded it. That is to say, every one of them has lasted about twenty years, and the Republic has not yet succeeded in lasting as long as that. The consequence of this experience is that every Frenchman looks with more or less certainty to seeing the Government under which he lives overturned; he does not expect it "to last his time"; he thinks he will see the end of it just as his father saw the end of the one which preceded it. Each generation, in fact, thinks the régime it lives under only transitory, and looks for a revolution in its own day.

To conquer this expectation, or live it down, is now the great aim of the Republicans, and they not unnaturally, as it seems to us, seek to remove from French soil every agency which in any considerable degree helps to keep it alive or strengthen it. That the presence of the heir to the throne in Paris, as the head of a large and wealthy circle, is one of

these agencies, nobody can deny. There is no doubt that the Comte de Paris is an accomplished and estimable man, who loves France well, and who would not set on foot any scheme of violence against the existing order of things. But he cannot help being the centre of revolutionary hopes. He cannot help reminding people or suggesting to people that something else than the Republic is possible or even probable. He cannot help, in short, being a Pretender—a worthy and honorable Pretender, we admit, but still a Pretender. Now, why should a republic permit a Pretender to remain on its soil any more than a monarchy? We confess we do not see. No monarchy has ever yet permitted a rival claimant to the throne to live within its dominions and keep on foot a court circle of his own. One of the first things the successful claimant of a crown always does is to expel his rivals, and the rivals go cheerfully and naturally, and wait on foreign soil for something to turn up, or until, as poor Chambord used to say, "God's hour strikes."

This is hard, but it is simply one of the numerous discomforts attendant on the condition of a deposed or disinherited sovereign in our day. France will in many ways lose by the departure of the Orleans family, but their absence will in all probability make the Republican experiment easier, and if so, the Republicans are fairly entitled to ask for it; and on the point whether it is necessary, their judgment is certainly worth more than that of any foreigner.

PASCAL AND HIS 'THOUGHTS.'

PARIS, June 4, 1886.

THE 'Étude sur le Scepticisme de Pascal, considéré dans le livre des *Pensées*,' by M. Édouard Droz, is a new commentary on a book which is still enigmatical in many parts, and which will always be considered one of the greatest works in French literature. The '*Pensées*' appeared under this title, 'Thoughts of M. Pascal on Religion and on Some Other Subjects, found after his death among his papers' (Paris: Guillaume Depeze, 1870). This little volume was a mere collection of notes taken by Pascal with a view to a great apologetic work on the Christian religion. The notes and fragments were found in different *cahiers*, without any order or any apparent method. Pascal wrote his 'Thoughts' on little bits of paper whenever they had taken hold of his mind. They seemed at first so informal that his friends doubted whether they could be printed and published. These friends remembered, however, an occasion when Pascal had developed orally the plan and method of his Apology, and they classified the thoughts (those, at least, which did not seem too obscure) as well as they could according to their recollections.

Pascal's work cannot be confounded with the works of the moralists of his time. It is full of maxims, but his object was not merely to strike intellectual medals, if I may so express myself, like Mme. de Sablé or La Rochefoucauld: Pascal clearly felt the influence of the literature of his time, and the form of detached thoughts or maxims was a favorite with his contemporaries. But the 'Reflections, or Moral Sentences and Maxims' of La Rochefoucauld appeared only in 1665, and, therefore, they could not have inspired Pascal, who, besides, had the most original mind, and did not belong to the "imitatores, servum pecus." It seems probable that Mme. de Sablé asked

Pascal for some maxims, and that many of the 'Thoughts,' in their terse form, were written for the select company which was assembled at Port-Royal. Some of the 'Thoughts' were found in the portfolios of Vallant, the secretary of Mme. de Sablé.

There is some danger in the excess of conciseness which is characteristic of the form of the "maxims": too much thought is placed in few words, and by this process the "maxim" becomes often a sort of Procrustean bed. But with Pascal we have not much to fear, as his "maxims" are but notes and indications; they are not his object, they are only his means. What was his object? It was, as we have said, to write an Apologia of the Christian religion. M. Cousin made a great sensation in the literary and philosophical world when he undertook to prove that Pascal prepared this Apologia for himself as well as for his contemporaries, and that the secret of the '*Pensées*,' or of their apparent inconsistencies, lay in what he called scepticism. M. Faugère rendered a great service when he published the autograph manuscript of Pascal in all its unrevisedness, with even mere portions of phrases and isolated words. Then came M. Havet, who, in a very remarkable work, united, in this collection of notes, what seemed to have a precise sense, and put all the fragments in a convenient and logical order. We must cite also M. Molinier, who gave in 1877-79 a new and more correct edition of the '*Pensées*.' M. Molinier, in his preface, treated the question of Pascal's scepticism. This question has not really been solved. Can it ever be? Can we go down in the abyss of any human soul? M. Droz denies the scepticism of Pascal, and will have it that his faith was not tainted by any doubt.

We know that Pascal, at the time when he wrote his '*Pensées*,' had entirely given himself to religious ideas; that he always bore on his person an act of faith, a sort of religious confession (which has been called the amulet of Pascal); but we know also that his soul was not always at rest. In a letter to his sister, when he was already a believer, but had not yet felt the effect of grace, he confessed that he felt a great abandonment on the side of God; that he felt no attraction, that he was only drawn by his reason and by his mind, and not by the movement of God. At other times he is full of joy, he has "certainty, joy, peace." M. Droz maintains that Pascal really believed in the miracles of Port-Royal. M. Havet says, also, that the "polemical discussion which arose from the miracle of the Holy-Thorn was the origin of the '*Pensées*.'" Mme. Périer says formally that "the joy which the miracle gave him was so great that he was penetrated with it, . . . and it was on this occasion that he showed this extreme desire to work at the refutation of the principal and most false reasonings of the atheist." In the opinion of M. Droz, Pascal was not a sceptic trying to find his way to religion, but an ardent believer, yet a believer who knew sceptics well, and who was trying first to combat them with their own weapons.

"Let us not," he says, "place Pascal among the French moralists between La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère, and let us well understand their different points of view. The authors of the century study man or men in a series of analyses, having for their only object to collect them in a synthesis. Pascal, on the contrary, is a profoundly religious man, whose faith is entire and cannot be augmented. If he undertakes the study of man, it is only one of his means to a certain end."

M. Scherer, the most profound of our present critics, does not quite agree with M. Droz: "I believe," he says, "that Pascal believes and doubts in turn, but always very seriously; that the boldness and the penetration of his mind show him difficulties which he tries to conquer

by reasoning, but which he can sometimes only avoid." The real secret of the '*Pensées*' is the secret of the great, profound, and troubled mind of Pascal. That there was in this mind something excessive, cannot be doubted. He was really what must be called a genius; that is to say, he was always superior to the subject he touched, he was a born master of things. As a child he rediscovered the geometry of Euclid. Nothing could enslave him, chain him. Staying in Normandy with his father, an *intendant des tailles*, or receiver of taxes, he amuses himself with making an arithmetical machine. He discovers the properties of the cycloid curve, merely to forget the pain of a toothache. He is at one moment on the verge of the discovery of the differential calculus. His physical discoveries seem to be mere inspirations, like his mathematical discoveries. When he becomes acquainted with Port-Royal, and feels the charm of this admirable society of pure minds, he finds his new friends engaged in a quarrel with the Jesuits. He throws himself boldly in front of the battle, and in a few days writes the first '*Lettre à un Provincial*.' In a moment, he shakes to its very foundation the powerful society. But all this was a mere preparation. Whether as a polemist or as a geometer, it seems that Pascal thought only of putting himself in training. He attaches but a slight importance to his discoveries; the only important thing is salvation. How can he reconcile a frivolous, corrupt society with religion? And his religion is not religion made easy, the religion of the world, the religion of the Jesuits and the casuists; it is the religion of Port-Royal—the pure, and austere, and puritanic doctrine of the *solitaires*.

When he began his Apologia, he saw at once that the first duty of the apologist was to be understood, and therefore to understand well his interlocutor. The interlocutor here is man taken in the abstract, or, if you like, human nature, with all its shortcomings, its defects, its ignorance, its limitations. This is why Pascal begins his work by a study or description of man, the most powerful, the most profound that ever has been written. This is why the tone of the '*Pensées*' is so pressing, so passionate, so fervent. It is like an eloquent conversation with somebody whom you are anxious to persuade. You address yourself to his heart as well as to his mind—even to his prejudices, to his interests. Some of the arguments of Pascal have been thought very strange, some have even been an occasion of scandal; but those who have accused him of being a sophist, or even an infidel, have not understood his method. He wrote for unbelievers, and he sometimes adopted their language and identified himself with them for a moment. His great object is to carry conviction, to move, to stir the dormant waters of the soul. He acts with the sinner as a father who speaks to a little child. If he deals with a gambler, he offers him a wager. "I will only act with you," he says, "according to your own principles, and I intend to show you by the same way you reason every day on things of the smallest consequence (on your game of cards or the amount of a bet) in what way you ought to reason in this, and what side you ought to take in the solution of this important question of the existence of God." Then comes the argument, which has become famous in the philosophic school under the name of the argument of the wager. "God exists or he does not," says Pascal to his interlocutor. "You must accept one or the other alternative. From the fact that you are a man and are embarked in this life, you must believe one or the other, so as to regulate your life by your decision. Which way will you adopt? Reason, you say, cannot determine you, since in your opinion such questions are above the domain of your reason. Then fol-