

same manner. The fashion has been revived and is spreading, perhaps owing in part to the terrible decline in the manners of the Parisian cabman which all travellers report.

Costume in France is of the first importance. Accordingly, the "Bicepsman" wears his clothes tight, in order to display more clearly his muscular outline. The frock coat, or coat of any kind with long skirts, which would conceal or attenuate rotundity, is sternly discarded. The short sack, which conceals nothing of which an athlete feels ashamed, is most in favor. His collar, too, is straight but low and close-fitting, marking the outline of the neck. The turn-down collar, fitting loosely, is forbidden, because it looks as if the wearer was not in condition and was afraid of some sort of cerebral congestion. The shoes or boots are of course low-heeled and broad-soled, as befit a man who travels not on his nerves, but on his muscles. The Bicepsman, too, is grave and self-confident, and perhaps even a little defiant in his bearing, and has to be on his guard against displaying his strength rather than letting it be seen. One of them, whom the writer in the *Figaro* happened to see out of his window, exercising with dumb-bells, had the line from his heel to the back of his neck marked by a cleanliness, a firmness of design, an absence of hesitation or uncertainty, which spoke volumes as to his general make-up.

Considered in his relations to women, as every French type has to be, it would appear that the Bicepsman is more in favor with ladies who have reached the age of thirty than with the younger ones. The cultivation of the muscles apparently brings with it a certain gravity and sense of responsibility, which diminishes that gayety of the heart and play of the tongue which are necessary to success in the earlier years of love-making. A real Bicepsman, in short, has to be a mature man, a man whose bodily powers are at their best, and whose consciousness of their value has produced a mental calm and gravity of demeanor which very young girls would not appreciate. It will be seen, in fact, that, on the whole, the French athlete is sure to be a bit of an actor.

#### NOURRISSON'S APOLOGY FOR PASCAL.

PARIS, August 23.

'THE DEFENCE OF PASCAL' is a very singular title for a book. I did not know that Pascal needed any defence. M. Nourrisson, a member of the French Institute, well known for his many philosophical and historical works, has made himself the apologist of the famous author of the 'Provinciales' and the 'Pensées.' He explains the Jansenism of Pascal and his hostility to the Jesuits; he defends him against the accusation of scepticism or pessimism; he enters even into the domain of science, and shows that the scientific work of Pascal has not been appreciated at its full value. In order fully to appreciate the intellectual work of the famous writer, we must, according to the modern method, see him in his *milieu*, and study the relations between the development of his ideas and his life.

Pascal was born in 1623. After a very severe fall of his father, he made his first serious re-

flections on human destiny, and entered into relations with some ardent Jansenists. He was already twenty-three years old, but had, so far, only been occupied with scientific pursuits; but, from that moment, he turned his mind towards religious and philosophical subjects. He remained, however, a man of the world, and walked in the beaten track. This first shock of his father's malady was not strong enough. "If I had lost my father six years ago," he wrote, in October, 1651, "I should have been a lost man."

He experienced grace a second time, towards the end of 1654. His sister Jacqueline had entered Port Royal, and he unbosomed himself to her: he wished to detach himself from all earthly things, and he placed himself under the spiritual guidance of M. Singlin (whom Sainte-Beuve has so well described in his history of Port Royal), and made his first retreat to Port Royal in January, 1655, where he astonished Sacy by his famous conversation on Epictetus and Montaigne. What had taken place between what is called his first and his second and definitive conversion? We know only imperfectly, but we know that Pascal's health was very delicate, that he was of a very nervous and sensitive disposition. It has been said that he gave himself up for a time to worldly pleasures, that he was extravagant, that he gamed, that he was very sensual, and that he ended by having real hallucinations.

M. Nourrisson is very anxious, too anxious, it seems to us, to defend Pascal against these imputations. He will not allow that Pascal was ever fond of cards and games of chance. To be sure, he wrote the 'Règle des Partis,' but this was only an occasion for exercising his mind and for making ingenious calculations. He will not even admit that Pascal was wealthy, for wealth seems to M. Nourrisson a necessary condition of gambling. Pascal's fortune had been diminished by the reduction of rentes (we say conversion in our day), which his father had been obliged to accept. Pascal had also to give her dowry to Jacqueline when she entered Port Royal, and the dowry was not large, as Jacqueline speaks in a letter of "the little which God had given her." He had to pay some large debts contracted by his father (see the 'Recherches sur la maison où Blaise Pascal est né et sur la fortune d'Étienne Pascal,' by B. Gonod. Clermont, 1847). It is true that in her memoir on her uncle ('Mémoire sur la vie de Pascal'), Marguerite Périer writes that when the doctors saw him in a bad state of health, on account of his great application to science, they forbade him all fatiguing work. "He was forced to see the world, to game, and to divert himself." The legend of Pascal's extravagance before his second conversion has no other foundation than the story of an accident that happened at the bridge of Neuilly to a carriage in which was Pascal, and which was drawn by four or six horses. M. Nourrisson supposes that Pascal was that day not in his own carriage, but in the carriage of his friend, the Duke of Roannez, Governor of Poitou. This young duke was himself of a very serious turn of mind; he left his government, transferred his ducal title to his brother-in-law, and ended his life with the Fathers of the Oratory.

M. Nourrisson tries, also, to find out the exact truth about what has been called the "roman de Mlle. de Roannez." Charlotte Gouffier de Bois de Roannez was born in 1633; she had a very religious disposition and became acquainted with the Port Royalists. Her family took her to the province of Poitou, but in 1657, having returned to Paris, she fled and took the veil at Port Royal under the name of Charlotte

de la Passion. (The history of her flight to Port Royal has been told in detail by Hermant Godefroi, Canon of Beauvais, and author of a 'History of Jansenism.') Her family obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and she was obliged to leave Port Royal. She lived from 1657 to 1662 in great seclusion in the Hôtel de Roannez, and the Marquis d'Alluye asked in vain for her hand. She lost in 1664 her spiritual director, Singlin, and fell into what Arnauld, the Jansenist, called a spiritual lethargy. At the age of thirty-four, in 1667, she consented to marry François d'Aubusson de la Feuillade, but she led a very unhappy life. She was constantly ill, her children were ill; she finally died at the age of forty-nine, making in her will a legacy to Port Royal.

What part had Pascal in this sad and melancholy existence? Did he exchange spiritual fears, remorse, hopes, with Mlle. de Roannez? Did he wish to make her his wife, and, as he could not obtain her, did he try to give her over entirely to religion? Some of the letters written by Mlle. de Roannez to her family have been lately published; she protests to her mother, in one of them, that if she has decided to lead a purely religious life, "no person in the world has given her the first thoughts of it, nor contributed in any way to this resolution; it has not been a sermon, or a book, or a speech, but the pure grace of God." M. Nourrisson admits, however, that if Pascal did not push Mlle. de Roannez to the convent, he did all he could to fortify her in her resolution. We have some letters of his to her which are full of Christian considerations. It may also be remarked that the "spiritual lethargy" of Mlle. de Roannez commenced after the death of Pascal, which took place in 1662. On the whole, the "roman de Mlle. de Roannez" reduces itself to very little; M. Nourrisson even seems to us to exaggerate it; he admits that Pascal may have been struck by the beauty of Mlle. de Roannez, but there is no picture of her, and we don't even know if she had any beauty. He alludes to Descartes's admiration of the Princess Palatine Elisabeth, and to Spinoza's passion for the daughter of his Latin master, Van den Ende, the beautiful Miriam. He finds a confirmation of his hypothesis in a 'Discours sur les passions de l'amour,' written towards 1652 or 1653, which is attributed to Pascal, and is probably his work. All this seems rather far fetched, and we really have nothing on which to build a "roman."

Victor Cousin has spoken with unnecessary vehemence of this episode in the life of Pascal; of the "cruel and pious enterprise of Port Royal against Mlle. de Roannez, that noble and amiable person for whom a ferocious zeal disputed so long with the most legitimate natural and worldly ties." Cousin erred also when he attributed the second, the definitive conversion of Pascal to the fear which he experienced when the accident of the bridge at Neuilly took place, and when he came near being thrown into the Seine. "Pascal," said he, "one day saw death face to face, and he took flight. He is afraid of death, he does not want to die; but he addresses himself to what best guarantees the immortality of his soul." We agree with M. Nourrisson that this is a very coarse explanation of the drama which had for its stage the conscience of Pascal. Pascal was not smitten at Neuilly like Saint Paul on the road to Damascus; he had never ceased to entertain philosophical and religious ideas. What is called the second conversion did not take place rapidly, it took place slowly and by degrees. This is quite evident from the account given by Marguerite Périer. It was the work of time, of reflection, of disenchantment. The 'Mémoire

sur la vie de Pascal' is conclusive on this point.

Voltaire considered Pascal a madman, merely because Pascal was religious. "Do not cease," he wrote to his friends, "to repeat that, after the accident on the bridge at Neuilly, Pascal was mad." He reiterates the same thing in his 'Translation of a Letter of Milord Bolingbroke to Milord Cornbury.' He writes: "The 'Pensées' are the work of an enthusiast, and not of a philosopher. If the book which Pascal meditated writing with such materials had been composed, it would have been a monstrous building on a shifting sand. But he could not raise this building, not only because he had little science, but because his brain was deranged in the latter part of his short life." Pascal had really all the science of his time, and he added something to this science; as for his madness (and many will call it genius), Voltaire himself, in a moment of justice, wrote: "Of all these eternal disputants, Pascal alone remains, because he alone was a man of genius. He stands erect on the ruins of his century."

Cousin maintained that Pascal was not a real believer; that he only tried to believe in Christianity—that his faith was not assured. "The doubt before, the doubt after—such was Pascal's fate." It is easier to say that Pascal took a dark view of human destiny, that he was what we call a pessimist—a modern word, unknown by Voltaire, though Voltaire wrote 'Candide,' a most pessimistic work. "It seems to me," wrote the author of 'Candide,' "that when Pascal wrote his 'Pensées,' he intended to show mankind under its most odious form." M. Nourrisson is right when he says that when people accuse Pascal of scepticism, of pessimism, they ought first to give a more precise definition of these terms. The scepticism of Pascal was not the scepticism of the materialistic philosophers of the eighteenth century; his pessimism was not the pessimism of Schopenhauer. M. Nourrisson maintains that in religion Pascal cannot be called a sceptic, that he is a Christian; that in philosophy he is not a sceptic, but a disciple of Descartes, a Cartesian. His argumentation on this second point is very solid. It was essentially the object of Descartes to distinguish and to separate completely theology and philosophy. He was induced to do so partly by his timid circumspection, partly by the boldness of his mind. Pascal bore the mark of the Cartesian philosophy; he also is, in turn, an humble Christian and a bold philosopher.

M. Nourrisson's work, which will be read with interest by all the lovers of our great literature of the seventeenth century, ends with a scientific chapter on the subject of the famous experiment made by Pascal on the Puy-de-Dôme, in order to prove that the air has a certain weight. M. Nourrisson diminishes somewhat Pascal's merit on this point, as he tries to prove that the idea of the experiment originated with Descartes, and that Pascal was induced to make it by the great French philosopher. But, having made the experiment, Pascal was able to find out its laws, and to deduce from it all its consequences and applications.

#### COUNT TOLSTOI'S INVESTIGATION OF THE GOSPELS.

ST. PETERSBURG, August 15-27, 1888.

LAST winter Mr. Matthew Arnold discussed the writings of Count Lyeff Nikolaievitch Tolstoi in an article in one of the English magazines. I am unable to quote his exact words, because my acquaintance with them is

limited to the translation of extracts from them, which were published in a Russian newspaper; but I remember his saying that the fame of the gifted Russian author, as a writer of philosophical and religious books, must eventually rest upon his two volumes which treat of the Gospels. How much Mr. Arnold knew about these books it is impossible to say. I can readily understand that he had heard of them; but that he had heard of them in detail I doubt. They are not available for public judgment. Whether they ever will be so in any country, I do not know. But I can say with absolute certainty that they will always remain in Russia what they are to-day, unknown to all save a select few of the author's friends. No doubt the book would prove acceptable to many others, for various reasons, but it is inaccessible. Manuscripts of some of his other works have circulated here, it is true, in the lack of printed copies, and have become widely known. But this pre-Gutenberg method of procedure is out of the question in the present case, for the reason that the book is too long to readily lend itself to the copyist. Even curiosity has its limits when it has to undergo the ordeal of jotting down inspiration piecemeal, with the consciousness that, after all, one may be pinning one's faith to that version out of several of which the writer would not approve. For I understand that there have been two or three versions, with variations, not important, perhaps, but at least made by the author himself. Taking the bulk of the work and these things into consideration, I do not think that much danger to the creed of orthodox Greek Christians is likely to arise from it; and the mass of Russians, of whatever belief, will not be injured by it in a printed form. It will never be printed so long as the Church and State remain united in Russia, and so long as the Church is the Greek Church. The censor will never give permission, and he is quite right. If there is a State church, the State policy is to protect it from certain dangers and attacks, as much in Russia as in England. In England a bishop is brought to trial for using lighted candles and being more ceremonious with sacred things than the State approves of; in Russia a layman is refused a trial for being too unceremonious with what the State has accepted for the Church. In the present case, the attack is made upon the very root of the Church—the New Testament.

Those persons who have read Count Tolstoi's semi-religious, semi-philosophical works are well aware that he has proceeded very far along the path of unbelief, and have even, probably, wondered at times why he has retained any belief whatever, and just what that belief is. The wonder becomes more profound when one considers this 'Investigation of the Gospels.' In his introduction, he explains how he came to make, as it were, a new rendering of the Scriptures to meet the wants of his own soul:

"Driven to despair," he says, "and to the renunciation of life by reason without faith, I, on awaking once more as a living man, became convinced that this despair is not the common lot of all men, but that men have lived and do live by faith. I saw around me men who possessed that faith, and who drew from it such a conception of life as endowed them with the strength to live calmly and joyously, and to die in the same manner. I tried to order my life in the same manner as the life of believers, I tried to fuse myself with them, to fulfil all that they fulfil in life and in external divine worship, thinking that by this means the meaning of life would be revealed to me. The more closely I approached these people and lived in the same manner as they, and fulfilled all those outward forms of divine worship, the more I felt two forces acting upon me in contrary directions. On the one hand, the sense of life

undisturbed by death which satisfied me, revealed itself to me more and more; on the other hand, I saw that in that outward confession of divine faith and worship there was much falsehood. . . . I did not, as yet, doubt that the real truth of life was contained in the teachings of Christianity. My inward discord finally reached such a point that I could not deliberately close my eyes as I had done previously, and I was absolutely forced to examine that doctrine of belief which I desired to appropriate to myself."

After asking explanations of all ranks of the priesthood, the author undertook the study of theological books himself, and came to the conclusion that there is no church, "that the faith which our hierarchy confesses and teaches to the people is not only a lie, but an immoral fraud."

The reader must admit that such appalling frankness on the first page is not calculated to recommend what follows to the authorities. After considering the fact that the faith which has existed for 1,800 years is claimed in its purity by a thousand warring sects, Count Tolstoi turned to the foundation of the faith of all the sects, which is the revelation of Christ to be found in the Gospels. But he rejects the Church's interpretation of the Gospels because of the Trinity and other doctrines, which "cannot find lodgment in any sane mind"; and because there are a thousand equally authoritative interpretations instead of one, while their deductions are absurd. Nevertheless, an interpretation is required, and one in which all shall be able to agree. If the revelation is genuine, it need not fear the light of reason; if it proves to be nonsense, so much the better—we are rid of it. God can do all things but one—utter nonsense.

"By revelation," he says, "I mean that which furnishes an answer to the question which led me to despair and suicide, which cannot be solved by the understanding—What is the meaning of my life? This answer must be intelligible and not controvert the laws of reason; because I should not believe an answer which was contrary to reason. . . . The answer must be such that the meaning attributed to my life should solve all the problems of my life. The answer must be such that I could believe in it with all my soul and inevitably, as I inevitably believe in the existence of eternity. . . . Revelation is the knowledge of that to which man cannot attain by his reason, but which is brought forth for all mankind from the infinity of the beginning of all things. Such, in my opinion, should be the nature of the revelation which produces faith, and such I seek in the tradition concerning Christ, and therefore I turn to it with the strictest, most rational demands."

His statement that he does not read the Old Testament because it is merely a description of the faith of the Jews, which was merely local, from Adam's day to Christ's, and as foreign to us as the faith of the Brahmans, is not especially revolutionary, since the study of the Old Testament is not considered obligatory, nor, perhaps, even altogether desirable, in the Greek Church; but he denies the inspiration of the Old Testament, and accuses the Church of acknowledging this in words, but contradicting it in deeds to such an extent that it would never escape from the dilemma were sound sense in the least degree obligatory. And he blames the Church for having placed the seal of infallibility upon the books, "white, light, and gray" (i. e., those containing more or less pure doctrine, which it recognizes as canonical), thereby depriving itself of the right to combine, exclude, and explain what it has accepted, as it is its duty to do, but as it has not done and does not do. "Hence, the miracles, the Acts of the Apostles, the counsels of Paul about wine, the ravings of the Apocalypse, etc., are all sacred, and, after an existence of 1,800 years, these books now lie before us in the same rough, in-