declares that the French Christians have neither comprehended nor performed their duty. He insists that there is an immense work open to them, which they must perform—that they must be active in preparing for peace, and must not await events with folded arms and eyes fixed on heaven.

In his "Programme of Relief," he opens with this striking utterance:

"Liberty before every thing!

"I will not indulge in illusions. The cause of liberty really has small chances with us; neither the spirit of liberty nor the spirit of peace finds much favor here. The name of liberty—yes! its practice—no! Such is the general formula. Of liberty in theory and phrases, just as much as you will; but, the moment this liberty is applied to practical facts—the moment when, with its rough and faithful hand, it touches the sores of our body politic, or speaks, or wearies us, or scandalizes us, or forces us to give the true motives for our acts—that day liberty is doomed.

"Yet, who knows if the real spirit of liberty will not, some day, awaken in our people? The friends of liberty and peace must not lose courage, for duty cannot be regulated by success."

But, in his definition of true liberty, he protests against the despotism of majorities, which is the greatest evil which republics and democracies ever have to contend against. Reviewing the efforts made during her several revolutions by France to establish equality before the law, and commenting on the famous "Rights of Man," he says:

"The infallibility of the people has been proclaimed by themselves, even as the pope has proclaimed his own.

"Two methods equally serve to suppress liberty, to stifle morals and silence conscience, and to bow down all foreheads before accomplished facts—numbers and force.

"Danton, urged to resist the massacres of September, replied: 'The voice of the people is the voice of God!' When the 31st May arrived, Hérault de Séchelles cried, in his turn: 'The people are always right!'

"'The people is good, and the will of the people is truth, is justice!' Such was the doctrine of Robespierre; and from it sprang the social contract and the *national sovereignty*. But of true liberty, and of truth, there was no further inquiry.

"It is impossible for me to express how revolting are the prostration of spirit, the sheepishness, the silence, the prostration before popular passion or prejudice, the submission to the orders of the government of the hour, whatsoever it may be, the weaknesses and the crimes, which the events of 1870 have demonstrated on the part of our people. . . .

"Liberty requires far other things than these. It requires—and this we should ever recall and remember—above all things, men and conscience."

He warmly urges the separation of Church from State, and is very bitter against the Catholic Church and the priesthood, seemingly his favorite aversions next to Thiers and the revolutionary "Reds," who (in common with most sensible and enlightened Frenchmen) he holds in contempt and loathing. He is also a sworn enemy to "passivism," or "quietism," as he terms it, and which he thus illustrates:

"Let the will of God be done; and let us not interfere. Let us leave Him to act, and await the results, without effort on our part.

"What would you say of an agriculturist, a captain of a vessel, a lawyer, or a priest, who carried out this doctrine?"

He scornfully denominates these "quietists" as the "citizens of heaven," not of earth (*bourgeois des cieux*); and reminds them that, if they are "citizens of heaven," they are also citizens on earth, and that a man ought to be a better rather than a worse citizen for being a good Christian.

Among the methods for reconstructing France he proposes a better system of education than that now in vogue, which he complains does not meet the requisition of public instruction. The other articles of his programme are decentralization, free trade, no more conquests or annexation, a general disarmament, and the substitution of arbitration for war.

In his treatment of all these topics there is some vigorous and much eloquent writing; but it is easy to see that the writer is more a man of the closet than a combatant in the warfare of life—more of a theorist than a practical legislator. Like Acestes, in the "Æneid," he fires his arrows in the air, not at a target, and therefore cannot affect actual legislation. But his sincere, outspoken, and thoughtful utterances of truths, which few would have the manliness to enunciate at the risk of wounding the jealous sensibilities of a people above all others vainglorious and thin-skinned, merits, and must receive, the commendation due to courage and conviction.

The seeds which he has strewed may not immediately bring forth trees and fruit, yet they will sink deep into the hearts and minds of thinkers and patriots, and germinate in good time. France cannot long continue in the chaotic condition in which she is at present; the hour is at hand when, reconstructed and disenthralled, redeemed, and regenerated, France will have time seriously to reflect on the grave moral and social questions discussed in this book, and will seek to live a new life very different from the old. And then shall the name of the Count de Gasparin be worthily recognized as that of one who, in the darkest days of her trial and trouble, never despaired of her regeneration, and who, scorning to fawn or to flatter, yet mourning over her sins, which had reaped so heavy a retribution, spoke wise and warning words, and gave honest counsel to his countrymen.

LONGING.

IN the wide valley open to the sun,
Where the slow river flows on toward the south
Between the grain-fields, whose low fences run
As far as eye can reach, ne'er ending, ne'er begun,
The longing people pause amid the burning drouth,
And, gazing over the hot fields with dreaming eyes,
They seem to see a distant rocky island rise
From out the furrows; and a cry bursts forth—
A cry of weary longing for the North:

"Oh, for the cedars that grow on the northern island,
Oh, for the larches that toss in the northern breeze,
Oh, for the path beneath the dark aisles of the spruces,
The dancing foam-crested waves of the fresh-water seas!
Oh, for a sight of the clambering mountain blue-bell,
The wash of the sounding surf on the pebbly shore,
The spicy smell of the blue-green juniper-berry,
The storm-beaten peaks of the gray cliffs towering o'er
Cool-shaded nooks, afar from this heat and glare—
Would I were there, would I were there!"

On the far island at the great lake's head,
Where the short summer scarcely warms the air,
Or turns the early cherry to its red,
Before quick-coming autumn nips the forest dead,
The silent people in their stony furrows bare
Pause in their task, as though their weary, care-worn eyes
Saw, from the waves, a distant sunny valley rise,
And, dreaming, gaze until, from hard-set mouth,
Bursts forth a cry of longing for the south:

"Oh, for the deep lush grass of the green mill-race meadow,
Oh, for the broad fields golden with fast-growing grain,
Oh, for the pulse of the earth in ripening weather,
The glowing heat of the sun on the dead level plain!
Oh, for a sight of the full-bosomed water-lily
Basking at ease as the slow river onward flows,
The sound of the myriad-gilded summer insects,
The scent of the heliotrope and the sweet tube-rose!
O land of the South, fruitful, blossoming, fair—
Would I were there, would I were there!"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CHANTILLY AND ITS OWNERS.

THE Duke d'Aumale (younger son of Louis Philippe) has returned to reside at his famous castle of Chantilly.

Once more its forests are to reëcho horn and hound, for the duke, who is devoted to the chase, has sent over to his seat in Worcestershire, England, for his pack, and intends forthwith to resume the sport for which Chantilly has oftentimes been specially famous.

The history of this celebrated estate abounds with vicissitude and interest.

Chantilly originally belonged to the Duke de Montmorency — beheaded by order of Richelieu, in 1632—when his domains were granted to the king's cousin, Henry III.,