

Chasles is very happy in his illustrations. Not so much on account of their own novelty, as because he looks at things from new points of view; he has an original manner of his own, which consists in placing in a strong light some well-worn, hackneyed fact, and thus bringing out features and salient points hitherto unnoticed. He seizes, with acute perception, on the often hidden connection between the things of the Past and the Present; he reveals suddenly some ignored resemblance, some unsuspected link. He not unfrequently indulges in a startling proposition, which he then methodically and carefully proves; in a word, he is an original thinker; and puts the result of his cogitations clearly and forcibly before the reader's mind. He looks at History, not as a mere "lumber-room of dusty documents," not as a collection of names, dates and events, in which dynasties, battles and treaties are of chiefest interest, but rather as the record of the working of certain principles, and of the necessary results of certain combinations. He discusses History as a Philosopher, not as a Recorder. He analyses the effect of the separation of races into nationalities, languages into dialects; he strives to show how all such divisions and separations tell against the march of civilisation, how the more these barriers that national and local pride have thrown up are destroyed, the more will the world benefit thereby. Deprecating the isolation of one people from another, by whatever means or for whatever end, he says "Whatever isolates, diminishes us." True to his life's work, he strives to make every nation appreciate the works produced in another land, for "the very grossest barbarians alone pretend to abolish communication, to extinguish light-houses, to tear up and destroy railways. "Corneille is Spanish, Voltaire is English, Shakespeare is Italian, Dante is Provençal. Yet who more English than Shakespeare, more Italian than Dante, more French than Voltaire?"

In that part of his book which treats of social questions, he attacks the numerous classes of Tartuffes who still flourish in every part of the world.

"Mistrust," he says, "all that ends in *ism*: *sophism*, *liberalism*, *fanaticism*."