

France from being dismembered. The Grand Allies united to get rid of Napoleon as the disturber of the world and render France free from his grip. After 1813, the Czar, Alexander, saw the necessity of common action against the common evil, and from 1813 to 1815 he cheerfully joined in the ally work. In 1814, when Napoleon turned in part successfully against the invaders, but so much so that the Grand Alliance hung upon a thread, it was to the combined firmness of the Czar and Castlereagh, that the invasion of France was persisted in. And these two personages secured the treaty of the 1st March, 1814, the most remarkable document in historic times, wherein the four allies bound themselves to reduce the frontiers of France to what they were in 1792.

"Let us march to Paris," exclaimed the Emperor Alexander, on the 25th March, 1814. The allies followed his counsel, arrived on the heights of Chaumont, the Russians and Prussians fired on Paris, and twenty cannon sent bombs as far as the Boulevard des Italiens of to-day. As commander and chief, the Czar in the name of the allies, assured Parisians that nothing like pillage would be tolerated. Just as after Waterloo, Wellington issued a similar proclamation, and placed one Highlander only on the bridge of Jena to defy the Prussians to execute their threat to blow up that monument. The Czar even prevented the Parisians themselves from pulling down the Vendôme column, but which the Communists effected fifty-six years later. The Treaty of Paris was signed, and though not a village was reft from old France, not a palace sacked or a museum rifled, the French felt disappointed that the Czar refused any republican conquests to France.

Alexander, having become guarantee for Napoleon's word of honour not to escape from Elba, left him to his fate when he violated it. At the 1815 Congress at Vienna, the extraordinary spectacle was witnessed of England, France, and Austria, negotiating an alliance to check the territorial rapacity of Russia. The Crimean war was undertaken to keep Russia out of Turkey; and Russia, in exchange for the permission to tear up the Treaty of Paris of 1856, allowed Germany to crush France in 1870-1: By menacing Austria and Italy did they fly to the rescue of the Gauls? The assertion that the Czar prevented Germany in 1875 from invading France is untrue, but the fable is accepted as gospel by the French.

M. Rambaud does not give his countrymen these sobering and additional illustrations, that alliances are dictated by the force of circumstances, by interests, and not by fine phrases or sentiment. At present war is viewed as nearer between Austria and Russia than between France and Germany, although three centuries have elapsed since Russia and Austria battled. Why? Because the Czar pursues the traditional policy to obtain Constantinople, while Austria replaces France—England remaining unchanged—to bar him out. It is not unnatural that M. Rambaud should desire to see his country regain her rank as the first European Power—the real Alsace-Lorraine restoration; equally natural is it that she be free to select what ally can best aid her in that object.

Under Richelieu and Mazarin, Russia counted for little; the country was too far away; besides, as Retz observed, Richelieu did not consider the State beyond his own life interest therein. He cannot be blamed for not seeing two centuries and a-half into the future. The test of a modern statesman is to have forethought for two years. Bismarck was held to possess this "precious seeing of the eye," till his pupil, William II., destroyed the legend. The foreign policy of Richelieu was to protect France on the east of her frontier, by paralyzing Austria, and checkmating her with Sweden, Poland, and Austria. Then France held the commerce of the Levant in the hollow of her hand: the French ambassador was the Grand-Vizir of the Christians. To have a body of Turks ready to march on Vienna assured quietude on the eastern frontiers of France. That explains why Louis XIV. protected Turkey, defended Poland and upheld Sweden. To-day, in order to bar out Russia from invading Western Europe, England and Austria protect Turkey, and uphold Roumania and Bulgaria.

In 1814, Talleyrand prophetically observed, when it was mooted to augment Prussia by giving her Saxony, and so make her a boulevard against Russia: Supposing Prussia should support herself upon Russia, to gain extension in Germany, in exchange for her conniving at the Muscovite's advance on Constantinople? The Germans at Versailles and the Russians at San-Stefano illustrate his prediction. By marrying Marie Leszcinska, and so remaining on the Freedom-shriek side of Poland, Louis XV. was the hereditary enemy of Russia; had he married the daughter—Elizabeth—of the Empress Catherine, Russia might be now in Constantinople, and the Poles not the less devoured and digested. To day, France thinks more of her Tonkinois than the Poles. But that marriage would have entailed on France the alliance of sacrificing Turkey to the Czar, while compromising her commercial and Latin influence in the East. At Tilsit, where Alexander and Napoleon agreed to divide the world between them, Bonaparte would concede everything save Stamboul, which he wanted for himself. Alexander could not destroy the commerce of his empire by joining the continental blockade against England and having the Baltic closed against Russian trade. Even with the aid of France—could Russia take Constantinople?—two British warships made her victorious legions halt at Stamboul a dozen years ago. The most permanent alliances are those founded on commercial interests; when such are destined for fighting, they ought only to be limited to the job in hand. In neither is there room for mutual admiration.

MADAME DE STAËL. By Albert Sorel (Hachette). The most extraordinary circumstance about this celebrity is the few books that have been written about her, as compared with the position she filled in the public eye in her day. She made a noise rather than a mark. The dead it is said have no sex, so it is as writer, as an authoress she must be judged. Following this standard, then, her *bagage littéraire* is not heavy, and may be rapidly estimated. If "Delphine," her first serious work, and published when she was thirty-six years of age, be added to her "Corinne," published three years afterwards, and her "De l'Allemagne," given three years after the latter, there are not sufficient claims to give her a niche in the temple of posterity, even making every allowance for the sentimental epoch in which she moved, and the so-called "Age of Reason," based on gush and pathos. All is a torrent of words, highly coloured, and weighted down with imagery. We wade through Ruben's-run-mad, in search of Raphael. Madame de Staël gives us neither individualism of style nor of ideas. In the absence of these there can be no originality; the few ideas her readers may encounter belong to others. She had a retentive memory. "Corinne," that she took twelve months to write, is still "a picturesque tour couched in the form of a novel." "De l'Allemagne," which she spent two years to write, is not French, according to Napoleon, and it lacks much to be German.

It is as a woman of society that Madame Staël is remarkable. She was an incomparable *saloniste*, if the Academy will excuse the coinage. And that was the only accomplishment she copied from a mother, between whom and her child there never was sympathy. But Anne Necker loved her father, and became a rival in a sense of her mother for his affection. Her mother was a Swiss Calvinist, rigid as Puritanism; in trying to bend her daughter to the same standard, she nearly wrecked the young girl's health. Madame Necker was very handsome and intellectual; she cultivated intellectual society of the profound class. Gibbon, the historian, who was a Wilkes in plainness, was her first lover. Her daughter was very ordinary; she resembled a country wench, strongly muscled, with deep expressive eyes, and a wealth of intellectual power. She was married at twenty to the Baron de Staël, the plainest of men, aged thirty-seven, and first secretary of the Swedish Embassy; he was poor; she was the daughter of the wealthiest banker in France.

When presented at court after her marriage, Marie Antoinette received her coldly; the courtiers observed that she was very economical in the matter of bowing, and very indifferent about the lace trimming of her dress. She despised the court, its puppets, and their frivolities. But she emptied her woman's heart of pity when the Queen was beheaded. Her *salon* was the rendezvous of philosophers and politicians under the Directory, during part of the Empire, and the Restoration; and it was held in her Swiss home at Coppet, when she had to leave Paris. She kept up her *salon* by sheer force of cleverness, for she lacked that beauty which "draws with a single hair," and those magnetic manners that enchain, possessed by her friend, Récamier. Madame de Staël, Byron said, "made Coppet as agreeable as society can make any place on earth." But her *salon* would not have made her so famous had Bonaparte not declared war against her; tried to boycott her and her friends; her pin-cushion war of the pen goaded him, so that he descended to break the butterfly on a wheel. He detested blue stockings. She pestered him, as she did other great men, and, by securing the Emperor's point-blank hostility, obtained the right to pose the darling weakness of her strong character and the passion of her temperament. She rescued Talleyrand from suicide by prevailing on Barras to appoint him Foreign Minister. Then she had her lovers; that too was part of the age of sentiment and tears in which she lived. She separated amicably from her husband; they had three children: One—the only daughter—became mother of the present Duc de Broglie. The journal of Benjamin Constant shows us Madame de Staël with her turban off, indulging in idle tears of love. She was married, twice over, to "mak sicker," to de Rocca, a Swiss officer twenty-three years her junior. She had unlearned up relations with Narbonne; but then she was all sympathy: all her life was passed swimming in love for human nature. Her text books were: Rousseau, Clarissa Harlowe, tempered with Montesquieu. She was proud of her conversational powers, but in "Delphine" and "Corinne" where she depicts herself, the embellishments she lays on are the measure of charms she lacked. Leonce loved "Delphine," and Oswald "Corinne," but neither had their loves; they obeyed their parents and espoused other ladies.

Here she displayed inability to observe life and interpret its passions. She replaced nature by theories of nature; hence her novels, or rather rhapsodies, want precision, exactitude and *eclat*. The French do not pardon Madame de Staël for her taking side with Bernadotte and Moreau, and the kings against France. Murat, too, fought against his countrymen. M. Sorel skips over this part of the biography, and none was in a better position to clear it up than the Secretary of the Senate, and that might account for much of Napoleon's hate and severity towards her. Byron asserts: Madame de Staël was a good-natured creature. She even undertook to see his wife, and reconcile them. She loved her father, and nursed her separated husband on his death-bed, and de Rocca when in consumption. She had a religion of her own; dreaded a nation without faith, and crowds without belief. Before expiring she said: "I have always been the same, lively and sad; I have loved God, my father, and liberty."

THE IMAGINATION AND ITS DEVELOPMENT.

MR. ALDERMAN BAILEY, in an address to a body of engineering students at Manchester, has been telling his hearers, and telling them very rightly, that they ought to cultivate their imaginations. Engineers, he pointed out, must necessarily be on one side of their minds very hard-headed, practical persons. They must be accurate, for instance, to the hundredth part of an inch, for an error in measurement is certain to bring its results—results which are not unlikely entirely to spoil the finished work. But this worship of the two-foot rule, this devotion to the concrete, is apt to stunt the mind. A man who is perpetually thinking of minute material details, who is forced to train his mind to abhor the inexact, and who can never allow himself to imitate the liberal maxim of the social polity, and declare that *de minimis non curat scientia*, is very apt to find his intellectual faculties growing crystallised, and his mind approaching every new question with the deadening interrogation: "Isn't it contrary to common-sense?" The necessity for expressing every idea in terms of yards of earthwork or masonry, or tons of iron, is, in fact, constantly tending to deprive him of that inspiration which is nevertheless as essential to the great engineer as to the great poet. The man who proposes to undertake the subjugation of the forces of Nature in a hundred different ways never attempted before is specially bound to prevent any hardening of the mind. The soldier and the statesman, the physician and the man of science, the scholar and the mathematician, no doubt all require imagination to succeed; but the technicalities of their various professions do not in anything like the same degree deaden that faculty of the brain. Hence it is perfectly right that the engineers should be particularly warned that they cannot do their work well unless they cultivate the imagination.

But how is the imagination to be cultivated? That is a question which it is far easier to ask than to answer. Still, if the cultivation is to be attempted, a reply must be found, for it is obviously necessary to know the nature of what we intend to foster. Perhaps the best definition that can be given of the imagination is: that it is the creative faculty of the mind—that function of the intelligence by which the brain moves outside the circumscribed orbit of experience, and becomes capable of construction on its own account. Of course this process is never purely independent of trains of thought that have their ultimate origin in our sensuous impressions. No man can imagine something absolutely different in kind from all human experience and utterly divorced from knowledge, except, indeed, it be in regard to a future life and the existence of a Deity. In these two particulars alone is the product of the human mind isolated and unconnected by some ladder of thought, however slender, with the ordinary perceptions of mankind; and it is, therefore, far more reasonable to regard them as due to intuition than to suppose the rule broken only twice. In every other instance, man, even when he scales "the highest heaven of invention," has all the time only risen from the earth by a series of steps, one based upon the other. But though it is thus impossible for a human being to think thoughts new in kind, he may construct images that are different to any previously conceived. Man takes his sensuous impressions, and so combines them as to make a fresh development. To take a very simple instance: Experience has made known to him the bird and the snake. Imagination works upon these, and we have the freshly created creature, the dragon. This is typical of the process by which is being gradually built up the whole fabric of human thought, and by which every fresh invention is made. Nature provides us with a view of the material universe in which the objects perceived by the senses appear under a certain configuration. The imagination, however, gives a turn to the kaleidoscope, and out of what are precisely the same materials produces a perfectly new set of appearances. It is not satisfied with the order of Nature, but "selects the parts of different conceptions," and forms thereof a whole more useful or more pleasing, as the case may be. Imagination is no doubt sometimes used almost as if it meant a certain power of producing fantastic or unreal images; but this is a wholly mistaken use. The part of imagination which is thus restricted in its scope should more properly be called fancy. Imagination includes fancy, but is far wider. In truth, imagination is co-extensive with invention. It is the faculty by which the mind leaves the plane of human experience, and builds up, stage upon stage, new phenomena of thought, some destined to remain abstractions, others to be applied to the material universe. But imagination, as usually employed, means, we admit, something more than this building-up of thought-structures. It means not only the process, but its carrying-out with rapidity. The man of imagination is he who can skip, or rather appear to skip, the series of gradations by which his new conceptions are connected with what may be called the *terra firma* of thought—i.e., the phenomena of human experience—and project his mind almost instantaneously to the desired conclusion. Imagination, in a word, builds up, and then employs the ladder of thought with lightning rapidity. It seems to be leaping, though in reality it is climbing. When, then, we say that an engineer should have imagination, we mean that he should be able to spring to or climb to fresh conclusions, as if he were more than a limited human being. The imaginative are coral insects who pile cell on cell so rapidly that we cannot follow the process, and who, therefore, half-persuade us that they have